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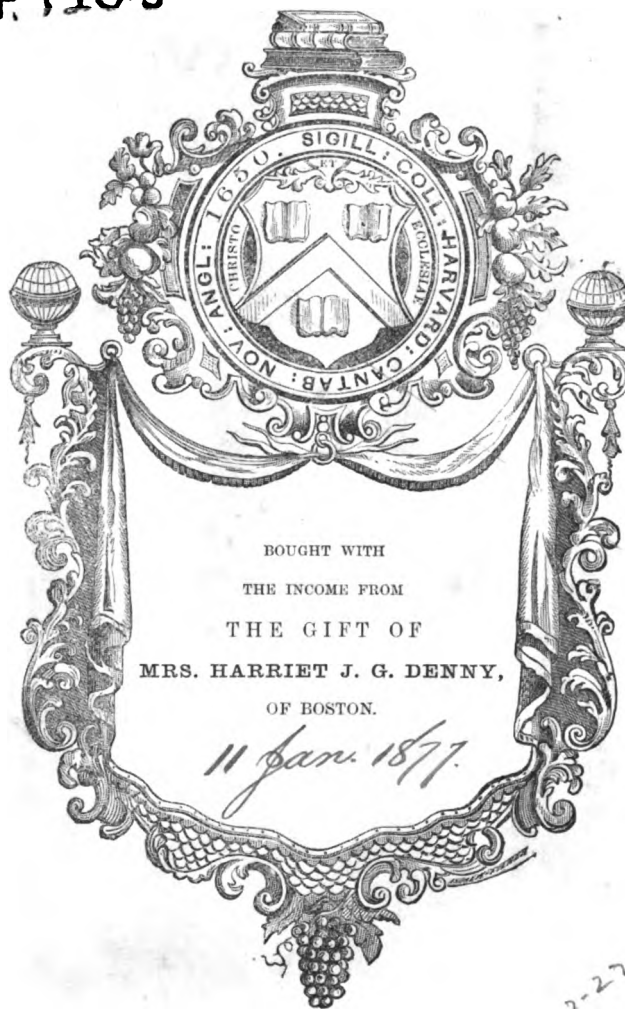
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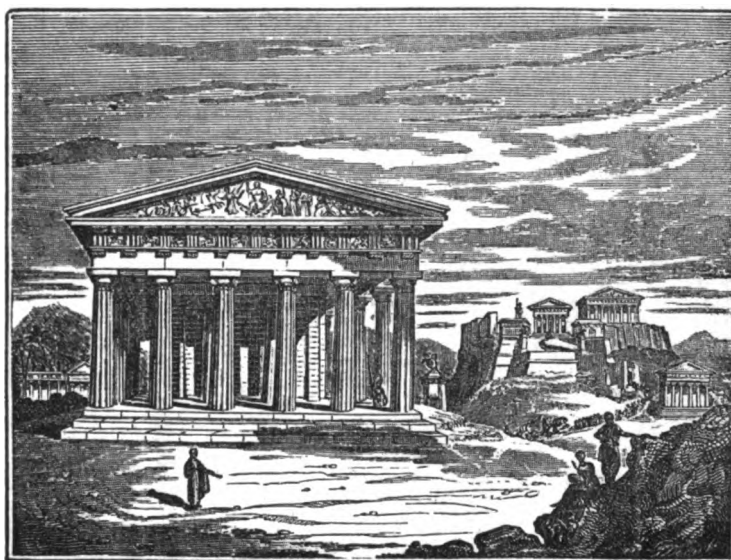
ATHENÆUM

AND LITERARY CHRONICLE.

FROM

JANUARY TO JULY,

1829.



LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY F. C. WESTLEY, AT 165, STRAND.

P120.5

1877, Jan. 11.
Lenny Fund.

522

THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 63.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1829.

Price 8d.

THE FOREIGN REVIEWS.

THE establishment of an English Foreign Review marked, as it seems to us, the commencement of a new era in our literature. The expediency of such a publication does not depend upon the solution of the question, whether periodicals are or are not the best media for transmitting thoughts from one part of the world to another. They have been long the media through which all our home trade has been carried on; and as the laws of this trade regulate our notions of trade generally, our foreign commerce could scarcely be considered as placed on a safe and permanent footing till the same principle was adopted in our intercourse with our neighbours as in that with each other. And, in fact, it was obvious that we did not study a French, a German, or an Italian book, with feelings at all similar to those which we experienced on taking up an English one. We regarded the literature of other countries as a subject of far-off contemplation, and scarcely realized the idea of its being the expression of the thoughts of existing men, or that anything was required in the study of it besides a tolerable acquaintance with the words of the language. These false notions we expect to see entirely eradicated by the works of which we are speaking; and the mere establishment of them has done so much to introduce a more living communion between England and other countries, that we regret the press of England has not exerted itself more vigorously to promote their circulation. We include ourselves in this censure, and we propose to do something in the present article towards atoning for our past negligence.

The 'Foreign Quarterly Review' deserves the first place in our notice, because the idea of this class of works originated with its founders. It seems to us the best edited periodical in this country; and we should think no review, monthly, quarterly, or weekly, can cost so much labour to its conductor. In all journals, the task of making a good selection of subjects, is hard and onerous, and one that perhaps, in the majority of cases, is ill enough discharged. But all the temptations into which the editor of an ordinary journal is liable to fall,—such as the temptation of allowing a clever contributor to work some unprofitable mine of thought merely because he has conceived a liking for the labour,—the temptation of being swayed by the turn of his own mind to string together many articles in which there is a great sameness of style—the temptation of fancying that because the public taste is not to be consulted about the sentiments expressed in an article, therefore it should not be consulted about the topics it treats of,—all these must be trebled in the case of the editor of a Foreign Review. The tracks of study into which the men from whom he must obtain his contributions have wandered, have been often so much determined by accident or the knowledge needful for some special occasion—the remedy of converse with other men against becoming wedded to one particular set of writers in our own language is so utterly unavailing here—and the plausible sophism that as the English care little for the literature of other countries at all it does not much signify to what corner of that literature their attention is drawn, is so ready at hand to stifle any concern about pleasing the public, that one would certainly have anticipated and pardoned many and glaring faults in the management of such a work. In the case

of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' however, no pardon is needed.

The mixture of subjects is admirable. Not only is there no preference shown for one country above another,—no French, Italian, German, or Spanish ascendancy visible anywhere—but what is much more difficult, the books selected from each of these languages are those, which are best calculated to illustrate the spirit of the different nations from which they have issued. This end seems never to be lost sight of, and it is very skilfully combined with the other, less considered by a philosophical reader, but highly important with a view to the pleasure of the 'general,' giving of the work an English and a present interest. Our readers will not be able to form a judgment of the extent to which these remarks are true, except by consulting the work, and even then they must have some experience in periodicals fully to perceive their force, for it is generally the case that those merits in the compiler of a journal, which make the most difference in the reader's enjoyment of it, are so worked into the tissue of the composition as entirely to escape his observation. The contributors to 'The Foreign Quarterly,' appear to be, in general, men of strong and mature minds, who have outlived the first love-feelings which a new literature inspires in persons just entering upon the study of it, but who have gained in exchange a power and a habit of surveying its productions with as much sobriety of feeling as any volume in their own language. They have come into such close acquaintance with the treasures of other countries, that all the enchantment which distance lends to the view has vanished. Leipzig is no more in the estimation of one of these critics than London: the name of Morini has no prepossession for him which does not belong in a much greater degree to that of Murray—

'A primrose on the Danube's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.

It may be thought that there are some disadvantages in this calm, unenthusiastic spirit. A little exaggeration, some would be inclined to say, of the merits and value of the treasures to be dug out of these neglected mines, could do no harm among a people the most of whose inclinations are generally the other way; while the least excess of coldness might operate as a cruel discouragement to those who are setting out upon a long and painful mission into the unknown regions, in hopes of bringing back riches which will repay them for their toil and enterprise. In the main, however, we are inclined to think the principle of the Foreign Quarterly Reviewer is a right principle, and therefore one which must do good. It is calculated immediately to remove a great many apprehensions which respectable and ignorant people are apt to entertain with respect to the tendency of Foreign Reviews as being likely to create a Foreign taste,—it sets students upon inquiring whether it was the novelty of the strange costume or the beauty of the strange forms which have hitherto delighted them,—and if it stop one or two adventurous youths from embarking for El Dorado, it is surely good for themselves that they should not start on a fool's errand—and good for society, that they should not come back with woe-begone faces, complaining that all is barren only because they did not meet in every forest and glen with fairer nymphs than our own Unas, and Amorets, and Rosalinds.

Among the numerous admirable articles that have appeared in this Review, which has been steadily improving since its commencement, our special favourite is the Life of Wieland, in the third Number. In spite of some opinions which, perhaps, from our want of experience to understand their truth, seem to us somewhat inconsistent with the general spirit of the writer, we should feel little hesitation in saying that there never has appeared in any Review a more striking and beautiful article. If the highest metaphysics are those which are concerned not in the comparison or consolidation of systems, but which assist the study and minister to the growth of the individual, this admirable biography possesses all the value of a metaphysical treatise; and if the best novels are not those which illustrate the shifting varieties of manners, but the essential varieties of character, it has all the attraction of an excellent novel. And in this age of slovenly writing, it is no slight addition to these praises to add that the composition of this paper combines those good qualities which one looks for, and scarcely expects to find, in long and elaborate works.

Next to this paper, we should be inclined to rank the article at the beginning of the second Number, and the one (apparently by the same hand) on the French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century in the first. The latter article especially, though it does not profess to give a complete view of the system of M. Cousin and his disciples, and though it would probably be denounced, and even ridiculed, by those gentlemen, because it does not put their cause in the light in which it looks to most advantage, exhibits, it seems to us, in a masterly manner, those points of controversy with which it is most important that Englishmen should be acquainted. The writer cheerfully acknowledges the vast superiority of the new school in point of logical consistency, and (so far as the acknowledgment of the existence of feelings implies the possession of them) in feeling likewise, to the miserable one-sided sensationists of the last age; but he appears to think, and we wish every searcher after truth in England thought with him, that though it may be very necessary that a nation which has been perverted through the use of reason, should pass through a process of restoration by the means of reason simply, we who have some life, however little that may be, and however at times crushed under the pressure of the cases that contain it, preserved for us in the religious instructions of our infancy, in our institutions, and in the traditions of our fathers, should be very wrong to exchange that life for a philosophy from which, after all, the worst system that ever prevailed in France only differs as the dry bones that lay scattered on the valley of Hinnom differed from the complete skeleton into which, at the bidding of the prophet, they were amalgamated. But we are wandering from our purpose, which was merely to give an account of the Foreign Reviews. From the instance which we have mentioned, however, our readers may see how little ground there is for suspecting that these reviewers will make an insidious use of their talents and knowledge, for the purpose of weakening our English sympathies, or of importing foreign vintds that are unsuitable to our climate and constitution.

The 'Foreign Review' is a very powerful competitor to the work we have been describing, but its articles are written in a style so very different, and the field is so immensely extensive, that we

have no doubt of each being able to gain and to maintain a footing for itself. 'The Foreign Review' has greater vivacity than its contemporary; its articles are written with less care, and, to general readers, are more amusing; they are probably in most cases, the workmanship of younger, more active, and more ardent artificers. Speaking thus, we allude to the majority, for every here and there it is evident that very grave and ancient persons are willing to lend a hand. Mr. Southey is no chicken, as we all know; and even if the subject did not convict him, there are tolerable traces in the style of one article, 'On the Expulsion of the Moriscos' from Spain, that the number which has just issued from the press owes him 56 pages worth of obligation. The most lively, persevering, and able writer in this Review, is the translator of Wilhelm Meister, if we are not mistaken in attributing to that gentleman two articles, on Goëthe, one on the life of Heyne; and one in the last Number, 'On German Playwrights.' The most obvious peculiarity in these articles, is their quaint and lively style, a style which, though it sometimes degenerates into what an intolerant critic might call affectation, seems on the whole, a very appropriate expression of the enthusiastic spirit of the writer, and possesses the power which more regular styles often do not possess, of communicating that spirit to the reader. But there are much greater merits than this doubtful one in Mr. Carlyle's articles. Putting his opinions out of the question (and though the colouring of these may be foreign, they are painted, as far as we can judge, upon a ground of good old English feeling), his articles contain unquestionably the most lively, and the most accurate picture of different phases of the German mind that has ever been presented to our countrymen. The article on Wieland, which we mentioned as doing such infinite credit to the 'Foreign Quarterly,' is interesting chiefly as the sketch of an individual mind; and the light that it throws upon the national character is not so much a direct as a reflected light. On the other hand, the main purpose of Mr. Carlyle's article is to elucidate the peculiarities of German feeling and life; and the men to whom he introduces us are brought forward chiefly because they embody, better than any thing can, these peculiarities. This idea is a happy one—especially happy with regard to Germany—a country which both we and its own inhabitants are too apt to regard as a region of systems and not of human beings. On the whole, the 'Foreign Review' is, like its rival, a decidedly improving work. The article on Russian Literature, in the fourth number, (in spite of some inaccuracies, in the original as well as the translated parts, which we think could scarcely have proceeded from the able writer of it,) was valuable, and in a great degree novel; and the present number contains a very interesting communication respecting Turkey, from the pen of a person who seems well acquainted with the subject. This number we think is the best that has yet appeared of the 'Foreign Review.'

We had intended to conclude with some reflections on the particular advantages which ought to result from the existence of both those works, but as our article has already run to a considerable length, we will content ourselves with mentioning one, and it appears to us the most important, good which they are likely to work out for us, and which has never been sufficiently dwelt upon, even by the founders of these valuable periodicals. We think they will assist in making us more strictly, more genuinely, more completely national. This is no paradox, nor are we using the word national in a different sense from the ordinary one. We mean, that as we advance in a knowledge of foreign literature, we shall become more wedded to our own truly national literature; we mean, that we shall be more averse from imitation; we mean, that we shall be more earnest to cultivate a certain idiosyncrasy in all our thoughts, habits, and feelings. And how will this

lesson be taught? It will be taught, so far as experience can teach any thing, by our discovering in the history of foreign literatures that they have risen into greatness or waned into insignificance, just in proportion as they have nourished or have repressed their individuality; and it will be impressed upon us far more potently and feelingly by the study of those literatures themselves, which, stirring up the activity of our minds, and urging us to create something, but presenting to us forms borrowed so entirely from circumstances with which we are unacquainted, that we cannot have the slightest right to them as models, will compel us, after a few ineffectual essays at copying, to draw the materials with which we work from the world around us, from our own words, and lakes, and firesides, and the glorious events of our history.

In the 18th century, every one cried out that French literature must be the most glorious literature in Europe, because every nation in Europe had taken it in preference to its own. The plays of Corneille and Voltaire, screamed the Blairs and the La Harpes, are acted in every town from the Tagus to the Volga—what other proof do you want of their power and their universality? We want no other proof of their being the most beggarly productions of the human mind that ever aspired to the name of poetry. If there had been any power and originality in these works, they must either have evoked originality in the minds to which they were addressed, or have become distasteful to those minds, because there was no congeniality of feeling between them. There is no instance on record—and it is impossible, from the first principles of the human mind, that there should be an instance—of a work of genius continuing to be admired by an individual or a nation, in whom none of the powers which produced it are consciously alive. It was because French poetry was so powerless, so ungenerative, that it continued to be relished by people who could fashion nothing for themselves. There was a sympathy of deadness between the mind and the literature. The two corpses claved to each other, till the embrace was broken, as in the case of Germany, by the dead public mind acquiring life, and throwing off the incubus that encumbered it; as in the case of Spain, by their both putrifying together. The French, of all the literatures in Europe, we apprehend, is the only one that could maintain long an ascendancy in any country, because it is the only one which, meeting with a nation capable of enjoying it, would not have been the means of summoning forth that hidden native strength which would endure no foreign domination. The feelings of Frenchmen at the present moment, with regard to our literature and the German, seem, but only seem, to be an exception to this truth. Shakspeare and Goëthe, it is true, are beginning to be admired, after a fashion, in that country; and it is true that no national poetry has yet appeared there which the impulse of that admiration can have created. But this is only a temporary state of mind, which will speedily pass away: after a short struggle, they will either vomit up the new food, and return to the diet of their fathers; or, it will be really digested, and, losing all its primary qualities, will mix with their life's blood, and become a part of their system.

Away then with the notion that we shall be Italianized by studying Ariosto,—Hispanised by delighting in Calderon,—Germanised by loving Schiller. No!—the Spanish scholar, because he has become enamoured of the Castilian or the Morisco costume, for its picturesque adaptation to the people who wear it—will be just the man most superstitiously to clothe his English children in plain broad cloth and stout hose—the greatest enthusiast for Johannisberg amid the scenery of the Rhine, will cling most devoutly to Port on the banks of the Thames—the admirer of blue skies, as harmonising so well with the musical indolence of an Italian's mind, will be just he who would hold out most stoutly for our alternations

of sunshine and fog. As we become more acquainted with great foreigners, we shall become more impregnated with their spirit; and the strongest feeling in the spirit of each of them was a wish to form the loose elements of thought and feeling which lay scattered over the countries which he adorned into a firm, concentrated national mind.

THE ELLIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Ellis Correspondence. Letters written during the years 1686, 1687, 1688, and addressed to John Ellis, Esq., Secretary to the Commissioners of his Majesty's Revenue in Ireland: comprising many particulars of the Revolution, and Anecdotes Illustrative of the History and Manners of those Times. Edited, from the Originals, with Notes and a Preface, by the Hon. George Agar Ellis. 2 Vols. Colburn, London, 1829.

THE most worthless portion of English history, that portion which presents us with scarcely any characters that are not despicable, with scarcely any events that are not spots on the national escutcheon, is the very portion of which we possess the most accurate and perfect knowledge. The Memoirs of the Count de Grammont, as the most perfect private court history in any language, from the pen of one who could say *quorum pars magna fui*,—the diary of Evelyn as a view of men and things from one who was just near enough to form a tolerably right judgment of them, without being much corrupted by the contact,—the diary of Pepys, a private still of gossip, absolutely undiluted by the least mixture of thought or feeling: these works present us with a more perfect picture than probably any nation possesses of any period of its history. But the interest of the greater part of them ceases with the death of the merry monarch. His brother, though so very considerably engaged in the gallantries of Charles's court, seems, after he became religious, to have contented himself with one mistress; and there was not much leisure in that reign for any diversions except executions. The loss too of the great star of chivalry, of him,

'With whom alone 'twas natural to please,'

had thrown a damp upon the court at the close of the preceding reign; and its liveliness was not likely to be restored by his rebellion and death. In short, those who cannot be satisfied to exchange the smile of Jermy for the frown of Jeffries, and to consider one revolution some compensation for the loss of five hundred *faux pas*, may as well close the volume of history at the accession of the last Stuart, and, therefore, need not take up 'The Ellis Correspondence.'

This work is a collection of letters, written generally by unknown correspondents, to a collateral ancestor of the editor, Mr. Agar Ellis, who was Secretary to the Commission for the Public Revenue in Ireland, in the reign of James II., and became Under Secretary of State after the Revolution. The remarks we have just made will account for the letters containing little besides dry news, the age of lively private scandal being at an end, even if there had been a Count Anthony Hamilton to describe it. The writers of these letters, too, (some of whom Mr. Ellis conjectures to have been persons hired for the purpose of reporting,) seem to observe considerable caution in expressing their opinions about the measures of which they speak.

Whether this arose from the correspondents being aware of each other's sentiments, and not thinking it necessary to refer frequently to them, or from their having shrewd suspicions that excessive loyalty to an imprudent court was unwise, certain it is, that much of the interest which might have belonged to such letters is lost by this abstinence, and they add but little either to our stock of facts, or to our concern about those with which we were acquainted previously. We will endeavour to make a few extracts which may be interesting to our readers.

The following is more lively in its style than most letters in the collection:

' London, March 27th, 1686.

' Yours are of so old a date and filed up, that I cannot tell when I last heard from you. I hope my quarrel may most justly be laid upon the ill weather, for all blows rank storms here these sixteen last days; yet his Majesty to-day (God bless him) underwent the fatigue of a long fox-chase. I saw him and his followers return, as like drowned rats as ever appendices to royalty did. I can send you little certainty of matters, but that the Navy Commission is filled up according to Peppys's good liking. I went on purpose this afternoon to your monkish brother, and spent some hours with him; that sort of interest is strong, and a sort of necessity for using it. The chief of my aim was to urge him to attack Peppys, in order to make you a Commissioner on this side the water in the Navy; he has promised me to go speedily to him, with whom he has a fair acquaintance, and the high channel your brother's credit runs in makes not the worse for you. We often believe men have greater credit with Princes than really they have, which undoubtedly capacitates them to do us greater services with equals; as in this case I hope to your satisfaction you will find. Neither are you by any means to find fault with the way taken to attain this, for St. Paul refused not to go in the ship, though dedicated to Heathen Gods. He harped at something of your backwardness to lay down some money for Sam. Pray let me intreat you, if your convenience will in anywise admit of it, consult with Will, and do it; there is the indelible obligation and affection of a brother on the one hand to urge you, and the insuring one that is both forward and able to do you offices of value on the other.

' The matter now grows somewhat barefaced which way the Catholic cause is to be advanced, for the Palatine's envoy has taken a house in the city, and is making conveniences for a mass chapel, that looks like something else than a place of prayer for his private family; whereupon the Lord Mayor, by some damned Protestant instigation, goes and forbids farther workings, locks up the place and takes the keys; but last night, his Majesty (not being to be so used) sent for Lord Mayor, and bade him return the man his goods, and ask pardon of the public minister. It may reasonably be expected that in a little time a great many so characterized may follow the example *ad propagandum fidem*. It looks with an odd face, and provoking to the mob, and ours have as weak a pretence to prudence upon such occasions as any *mobile* in the world. Stroude is dead, or dying. Lord Pembroke will succeed in one or both the commands, as I guess. Sir Edward Hales made Governor of Barbadoes. Merideth, a sort of Privy Councillor to Lord Sunderland, has put Clarke in dead Fr. Benson's room. Duchess of Northumberland's affair, I believe, is accommodating in the mouth of the river; a wise undertaking always ends thereafter.—Vol. i., pp. 81—86.

The importance attached to such an event as that mentioned in the next extract is characteristic of these times:

' On Sunday at Stamford's Chapel came in a heedless pretence, where being laughing and staring, an officer of it bade him go out, since he appeared not by his behaviour to be of that religion. He said he would not go out, and if they said much to him, he would break their crosses and juggling-boxes down; whereupon a constable seemed to form; a constable was charged with him, and the Militia officer on the guard called, but between them the fellow in fault slipped away; yet not so far but he watched the outcoming of either the priest, or an appendix of the Chapel, and beat and dragged him through the kennel. The Lord Mayor was yesterday called before the Council upon it, and told, if he kept not the peace better, the King would send some of his regiments to do it, and in the mean time, that the negligent Militia officer be taken and secured to answer the law.—Vol. i. pp. 111—112.

The following letter goes greater length than almost any in the expression of opinion, and our readers will observe the caution at the close:

' London, July 27th, 1686.

' We have many packets due here; none since Friday was sevennight. My Lord Ormond stays here in expectation; my poor Lord's concern is the chief cause of it. I was at Windsor last week, and was once in the mind to have carried the reference of the Carriages to the Attorney-General, but was kept back, and resolve to let it sleep till after Michaelmas. Your great Lord Tyrconnell we expect here next month to turn his park, for we are assured he only thinks it enough on one side yet. High doings at court and camp: the officers all ready to look out for purchases; but they must keep in the high-ways for them, inclosures being

too high for them. His Majesty, as a piece of gallantry, made all his 4000 horse march at two in the morning into Staines Meadow, and attend the Queen from thence to the Heath, where she honoured Lord Arran with dining with him. But his Sacred designs a farther graciousness in a few days, viz. to go and let all his good friends of Bristol, Taunton, and the towns about see him, and judge how decent an attendance 4000 men at arms are. The Chancellor of Scotland stays here to take Lord Middleton down with him President of the Council of that kingdom; poor Middleton hangs back, thinking of Cleveland's judgment, and of Cain's doom. The chief reason is to admit Lord Montague into his room, who is come in with the Jesuits, and will be Secretary. We little value the Austrian fashion, and keep close to the French. All our old bugs are routing out to rig up a fleet against spring; 5000 men at work in the yards: the Hollanders see the storm and dread it, for we are much beforehand with them. When matters are ripe, the Treasury will run into commission, and Powis preside. The Monk and Jesuits pull hard, the first by the King's sleeve, the other by the Queen. I think they will shuffle out Pere Mausuete from Confessor to the King, and Peters the Jesuit get in, who is also made President of Whitehall new Chapel. Your brother and Marsh and Mausuete make a sort of triumvirate of it at present. Have a care how you let any of this be seen. The gazette will tell you foreign matter.

' Lord Carlingford will go General of our Holland forces, to better model them, and not let them stay long there.—Vol. i. pp. 152—155.

These absurd verses are quoted in one of the letters, and are specimens of the trash with which Dryden was assailed by his Whig opponents:

' On the Author of "The Hind and Panther."

' Predestination how can he deny
Whose nimble Hind is "fated not to die?"
Yet how can she who this receives from fate
Of her own strength receive immortal state?
But in that faith it is not strange to see
Choice transubstantiated to decree;
Our Poet's choice is mere necessity. . . .
His vocal wants admonish him to range,
And 'twere great pity he should starve and change.
His praise of Nol obtain'd no lasting boon,
Because his hated memory stunk so soon.
Now sure he cannot fail of a supply
From a rich mother? fated ne'er to die.
But how can he receive it from the Cows,
Who likens their beloved Nuns to owls?
Nor can the Sovereign hand reward his tongue,
Who counts it his prerogative to wrong.

The lawyers' maxims he's allow'd to blame,
' Whose old possession stands till th' elder quits his claim,"

Which since the elder is not pleased to quit,
That this should yield unto its fate 'tis fit,
Like the crazed ruins of his monumental wit,
Whose darkness in the abyss of light is set,
Though glory blazes round, 'tis darkness yet.

' On the same.

' To put religion into doggel rhyme,
May well become the *Trent-lets* of our time;
For being naked found in holy writ,
They fly for refuge to her fig-leaved wit.'

Vol. i. pp. 318—319.

The trial of the Bishops is described in the following newspaper style:

London, June 30th, 1688.

' Yesterday the seven Bishops came to their trial, which held from morning till seven at night. We gave you an account of the jury in our last. The first twelve stood, only Sir John Berry was not there: they did not bring in their verdict last night, and it is said they had not agreed upon it this day at four in the morning.

' The Counsel, in handling the matter for the Bishops, divided the substance of the information into two parts, whereof the same consisted; the first was, that they had maliciously, seditiously, and slanderously made, contrived, and published, a false and seditious libel against the King, which tended to diminish his regal authority and prerogative: the second part of the plea for the Bishops was as to the special matter of their petition, which showed there was no malice or sedition in it.

As to the first point, much time was spent in proving the hands of the Bishops: that of the Archbishop was proved and well known by several; but that of

the other Bishops was not otherwise made out than by the belief and supposition of the witnesses, though their own servants were subpoenaed against their masters, so that the Court was of opinion there was not sufficient proof of their hand-writing.

As to the Archbishop, it was objected, that he could not be within the indictment, for that it was laid in Middlesex, and his grace had not been out of Surrey in seven or eight months. To this it was answered, that his signing and writing of the petition, and sending of it over to be delivered in Middlesex, was a sufficient publishing of it there. But the Court was divided in this point.

Then the King's Counsel alleged, that the Bishops had owned their hand-writing in the Council, and had also confessed the delivery of the petition. It was replied on the Bishops' side, that they had owned their hands, but after that the Lord Chancellor had required them to do it; and that they had done it, trusting to his Majesty's goodness that no advantage would be made of their confession against themselves. But they denied they had owned the delivery of the petition, much less that they had published it; and there being no other evidence of it than that they had been with the Lord Sunderland, and had offered his Lordship a sight of a petition, which he had refused, nor did he see them deliver it to the King, the Court said it was only a presumption, and no proof.

' As to the matter of the petition, whether a libel upon the Government or no, the Attorney and Solicitor-General maintained it was; for that it boldly meddled with the acts of the Government, declaring his Majesty's toleration to be illegal, and thereby tending to diminish the King's authority and prerogative royal.

' To this the Bishops' Counsel replied, that they had done but what was the right of every subject, to petition the King, and that in matter of conscience, and upon the account of religion, which they were by their oaths and by the laws of the land to take care of; and quoted several laws and statutes to that purpose. They urged also, that they did not declare the King's Declaration of indulgence to be illegal, but said only that the Parliaments of 62, 72, and 89, had declared so; whereupon the Journals of Lords and Commons were read.

' The Court was also divided in this point. The Chief Justice and Judge Allibone said that it was a libel, but Judges Powell and Holloway were of a contrary opinion.

' The Attorney and Solicitor were only for the King, and kept their ground against Pemberton, Sawyer, Finch, Pollexfen, Treby, and Sommers, who were for the Bishops.

' This morning, between ten and eleven, the Jury brought in their verdict, the Bishops attending in Court, Not Guilty in part or whole: which causes great joy.—Vol. ii., pp. 7—11.

We will take one letter out of a number, which describe the alternations of hope and fear respecting the Orange invasion:

' London, Oct. 23d, 1688.

' Our Irish tall fellows came into Holborne, where they quarter, on Saturday; on Sunday a squabble with the neighbourhood, but not much hurt, though the world talk of murder, ravishment, &c. There seems to be little use for them at last; for our last accounts from Holland say a mighty sickness among men and horses, and the Prince of Orange very melancholy. They were much shattered, to be sure, and concealed their harm what they could. We begin to vapour here apace, and strive for troops. I wish myself quit of some burthensome horses; for I look upon the terror over, but what they will have by our fleet and fire-ships, if the wind would shrink but to a moderate gale. Yesterday, before the preceding tidings came, was held a high Council here. There were summoned the Lords Spiritual and Temporal here or hereabouts, the Judges, (whereof Sir Thomas Stringer, to-day a new one, in the place of Allibone, dead,) Lord Mayor of London, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, and the eminent lawyers; where the King, in short, told them, that he did not doubt but they were all satisfied the design of Holland was to invade him; that he was firmly resolved to oppose them in person; and because he knew not how Providence might dispose of him, he had called them there, he hoped, to convince them of the barbarity of the report that had painted him so unnatural that he would debar his own daughters from the right of succeeding him, to give his kingdoms to a suppositious son; therefore, he offered the proof to be scanned before them of the legality of his son the Prince's birth, which was the Queen Dowager's oath, Lady Roscommon, Lady Bellasis, Arran, and Sur-

Sunderland, and many others, that swore very plainly and positively in the matter; and his Majesty at last declared, upon his honour, that he had often laid his hand upon the Queen's belly, and felt the child stir. This will be registered in Chancery after the same manner the late King's declaration was of the Duke of Monmouth's illegitimacy. We are low in the pocket at Court, and so am I that lie now in the neighbourhood of it: therefore, hereafter direct your's to me at Mr. Michael East's, in Ax-yard, King-street, Westminster: Sarsefield said he had not answered my note at Dublin, but would do it here, which I faintly hope. If you can do any good with Mr. Eustace, send me a bill.

'I have been scandalised and used like a dog by Lords Dartmouth and Preston: they casting out in their cups that I was a spy employed by the priests to give intelligence and drive that interest. God knows how far I have been from such designs, or injuring any body for the freedom of their private discourse; yet is this whispered about to my great trouble; and upon taxing Lord Preston, he denies all with imprecations; and Mr. Musgrave pretends to answer for my Lord Dartmouth, that he never either said or thought such a thing. I could well enough sit down with this dirt thrown at me, knowing that it will rub off when it is dry; but that the thought, I fear, sticks with my Lord D. of Ormonde. You have known some of my nearest thoughts: if you think I deserve your good word, say something to him in your next.'—Vol. ii. pp. 255—259.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE.

Memoires sur l'Imperatrice Josephine, ses Contemporains, la Cour de Navarre et de la Malmaison. Vol. II. Colburn. London, 1828.

We believe the work before us has excited much greater attention in this country than in France. Indeed, however novel among ourselves might be the anecdotes it contains, we imagine they were by no means so among our neighbours, and probably there are few of the writer's contemporaries, frequenting good society in Paris, but who might have furnished us with memoirs of equal interest and importance. It is not our wish to represent the volumes as devoid of information, far less do we design to impugn the credit that is due to them. The authoress seems to write with care, to believe what she has written and to report of Josephine much which she had herself seen; but to see and to observe are very different things. Our principal astonishment is, that any one who possessed such opportunities of contemplating the illustrious woman to whom these memoirs owe their chief attraction, should have found so little to record, about which the world will ever care to be instructed. Many traits are indeed described of her, all tending to justify the respect and veneration which society will ever cherish for her gentle and amiable character, but any one who refers to these pages with a hope of obtaining minute details of her private life, or fresh expositions of her sentiments, feelings, and opinions, will certainly be disappointed.

The book is entitled 'Memoirs of Josephine,' but Josephine occupies a scanty portion of its chapters; in her absence, however, it must be confessed other characters figure on the scene who are not altogether unworthy of attention. Let us take one of the most interesting, the Princess Pauline. Pauline Buonaparte as it is well known, was at first married to General Le Clerc, and on his death to the Prince Borghese, one of the richest noblemen of Italy:

'Madame Leclerc, was, without doubt, the most lovely person I have ever beheld. Jealousy and envy, so ready to observe defects in that which is admired, never succeeded in finding the slightest imperfection in that exquisite countenance, to which were united the utmost elegance and perfection of form, and the most fascinating grace. To censure her exterior was absolutely impossible; it was requisite either to be silent or to add ones own eulogies to those which that surpassing beauty every where excited. Happily for those women who repine at the success of others, they found opportunity enough of revenging themselves on the mind, the character, and the conduct of Madame Leclerc.'—p. 19.

The authoress having then noticed her extreme ignorance in every thing not immediately relating to dress, adds—

'At a later period, when she was known as the Princess Borghese, flattery, carried to the most abject adulation, may have found the means of proving that a sister of the great Napoleon was necessarily a woman perfect in every particular; but at the time of which I speak, the world went no further than to praise with enthusiasm her admirable face. It was right—all that could be said on that point was below reality. Without desiring to enter here into details of her private life, one must yet acknowledge the dissoluteness of her manners.'—p. 20.

The princess's indiscretions survived her personal attractions. They who beheld her a few years previous to her death, when a certain Russian nobleman engrossed her attention, looked in vain for that exquisite beauty of form and feature which had once not merely excited the admiration of the Salon, but which the tasteful genius of Canova so much delighted to portray. Our next extract is of a different character.

'M. Rabusson, the brother-in-law of Horace Vernet, evinced before Napoleon a presence of mind which gained him two steps, and prepared for him the promotion which he has since obtained. He was a sous-lieutenant in some regiment. The Emperor at a review let fall his hat, which M. Rabusson pressed forward to pick up. "Thank you, Captain," said the Emperor, without paying attention to the rank of him whom he was addressing. "In what regiment, Sir?" "Ah! true, in my guard," replied Napoleon, smiling at his own mistake, and the coolness of the spokesman. He asked his name, and learned that he was a brave man, whom various acts of merit had rendered worthy of the cross of the legion of honour. Afterwards, he kept his eye upon him, gave him some perilous opportunities of distinguishing himself, from which he came out with honour, and granted him various successive rewards.'—p. 137.

The following anecdote of one of the old noblesse of France, may perhaps surprise those of our own countrymen who have not been in the habit of considering a declaration of bankruptcy an honourable means of obtaining distinction. The father of our authoress one day surprised the Duke de Lauraguies in an agony of grief, and exclaiming that he was a ruined, a dishonoured man.

"But how, M. le Duc! what has befallen you—a frightful, horrible thing—have you lost a large sum at play?—Pooh, I am used to that,—much worse,—a fearful misfortune I tell you. You alarm me; I know not what to think, for the sorrows of the heart seldom trouble you,—and—oh! if it were only the death of a mistress!—but, alas! it is much worse than that. Twenty years ago, I did all I could to effect my own ruin; eighteen months since I became bankrupt, very honourably, very reasonably, and all Paris talked about it. Well, but see now; has not this rascal Guéméné thought proper to fail for fourteen millions! I am completely shovelled aside; I shall pass along unnoticed now; I shall now be talked of no more than a citizen of the Rue Saint Denis—you must acknowledge that I am most unfortunate."—pp. 156, 157.

The fifteenth chapter of this volume contains an animated and lively account of the alarms that must have agitated the inhabitants of Paris at the advance of the the allies on that city in 1814.

'Previous to the entrance of the allied armies into Paris, the whole disposable force of every description was called forth for its defence. To free themselves from the trouble of mounting guard, the most distinguished performers of the capital enrolled themselves in the principal military bands, of which Mehul, Cherubini, Berton, and Paër, were leaders; Nicolo, clarionet; Boyeldieu, *chapeau Minois*; Nadermann, big drum; Talon, fife, &c. All these distinguished characters, beating and blowing in amusing emulation, created a fearful discord; and, in listening to these harsh sounds, it would have been difficult to believe that the different parts were entrusted to men of celebrity in the musical art.'—Note, p. 172.

After the capitulation of Paris, Josephine, uncertain of the result which events might have upon her own fortunes, fled from Malmaison, and took up her abode for a short period at Navarre. Her only amusement seems to have been wandering in

the grounds of the palace by herself, or with a single companion.

'The conversation that at any time ensued, turned naturally upon the political state of France, or the situation of Napoleon, of whom she took a pleasure in relating anecdotes, with which she only was acquainted; but at the end of the walk she would appear overpowered with the weight of accumulated grief, and constantly finished with these words, accompanied with a sigh—"Ah! if he had only listened to me."—p. 190.

Glory and distinction are but rarely the portion of women; to them, whatever may be their mental endowments, society holds out few inducements to desert the great circle of domestic life. The transcendent abilities of some individuals of the sex have indeed caused them to be excepted, but they are few in number; the generality of those who have attracted the attention of mankind have owed that distinction rather to some fortuitous circumstances of life or death, than to their talents or their virtues. And happy has been the woman who, chosen by fortune to rank and station above her fellows, has shown herself equally pre-eminent by the excellence of her understanding and the benevolence of her heart. Of this class was Josephine, she rose from a private place in society to the most exalted, and she was respected and beloved while among her equals, and when Empress she united all around her in one common bond of delighted and grateful affection.

It was in returning from an entertainment given by her daughter Hortense to the sovereigns, that Josephine experienced the first attack of that disorder which terminated in her death. For a long time she resisted the progress of the diseases. Her thoughts and her wishes were with Napoleon in Elbe; and, could she have joined him, it is possible that her life might have been prolonged to a later date. "Never," said she, remarking on the situation of the Emperor in Elbe, "never have I deplored so greatly a divorce which has always been to me the source of affliction." On the 10th of May, the Emperor Alexander dined at Malmaison, but Josephine was obliged to retire early, in hopes that rest would bring renovated health on the morrow; but the morrow and the following days found her so much worse that, on the 24th, when Alexander and the King of Prussia were to breakfast with her, the physicians forbade her appearing; this order, however, she refused to obey, till weakness compelled her to leave her place to be supplied by Hortense. From this moment her malady took a serious turn; on the 25th, the Emperor of Russia proposed to send his own physician, but this she declined. Indeed, any aid at this time seems to have been vain; all that was possible was done by her own medical attendants. Her sickness gradually increased. On the 28th, she received the sacrament, and at that time could scarcely articulate, but her countenance had lost nothing of its accustomed calm and kindness. Alexander paid his last visit on this day at Malmaison, and at sight of him Josephine seemed to revive. The Prince Eugene on his knees near the bed, with his sister Hortense, received his mother's benediction. "At least," said Josephine, with an expiring voice, "I die regretted; I have always desired the happiness of France; I have done all that was in my power to contribute thereto, and I can say to you with truth, to all you who are present at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon has never occasioned any tears to be shed." Such were the last words Josephine pronounced, and the next day, 29th May, 1814, at half-past eleven in the morning, all her sorrows terminated.'—p. 241.

At the conclusion of the volume there are a few letters which will be perused with considerable interest, rather on account of the distinguished characters to whom they relate than the matter which they contain. In concluding our remarks, we must say one thing respecting the style which the authoress has adopted; she has not indeed fallen into the sin of fine writing which is generally so fatal to authors of journals, memoirs, and travels. But her book is entirely devoid of that naïveté and simplicity which constitute the legitimate grace of narration. Still we can recommend the work on many accounts to our readers, and we feel assured that those who have found amusement in the former volume, will be much more gratified with the present.

MALCOLM'S POEMS.

Scenes of War; and other Poems. By John Malcolm. 24mo. pp. 191. 7s. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh, 1828.

SCOTCH philosophers—lecturers at the Royal Society—authors of prize-essays at the University—and writers in 'The Athenæum,'—in one word all those persons, who are expected to furnish handfuls of reasons for every phenomenon which occurs in the world, that their hearers, readers, or sleepers may not complain of not having been allowed a choice, would be hardly driven to account for the circumstance, that soldier-poets should be as rare now as they were common in many periods of English and classical history. What can have divorced two pursuits, between which there is certainly no repugnancy,—between which, at one time, there seemed to exist something almost like sympathy? Is it because the age of chivalry is over? Alas! in the Persian and Samian war it had not begun. Is it gunpowder, then, the never-failing resource of hard-run speculators? That would be plausible, if one could only exterminate Surrey, and Sidney, and Essex, and Raleigh, and Cervantes out of history. Well, may it not be the disuse of heralds in declarations of war, which took place about the peace of Westphalia? Yes; that must be the reason,—the disuse of heralds is evidently the differing point between Æschylus and the Duke of Wellington.

These premises being settled, we are somewhat surprised that, without that ancient custom having been resumed, a gentleman should come forward to proclaim himself one of a class which ought, upon principle, to be extinct. Yet such a person is before us. Mr. John Malcolm asserts that he is a soldier; and to convince us of the fact, he has chosen, for the subject of the poems at the head of our article, the scenes with which, in his military capacity, he has been conversant. What are we to do? Shall we give up our theory? Perish the thought! Or shall we deny that Mr. Malcolm is a good soldier? That were impossible, for he has scars. Shall we then deny that he is a poet? That, indeed, is a tempting proposal to a critic, and we must consider of it.

We have considered, and we have generously decided in the negative. We will not deny that Mr. Malcolm is a poet—for we hope and trust he is one; and, did we not see one or two symptoms in his verse that are rather alarming, we should say very decidedly that he is one. The symptoms we allude to are a little too much carelessness (or else trouble, for opposite causes often produce similar effects) in the use of diction; a dangerous habit of running into the muses' shop, and buying a ready-made phrase, rather than stop to be measured for one, and too little caution even in the choice of these prepared articles, about their size and fitness. These things do, as we have said, somewhat frighten us, (being cowards not merely by instinct, but from reviewing experience) and make us hesitate in uttering the words that were just rising to our lips, that this gentleman is *doctus utriusque lingue*—one who can express his meaning, and make impressions either with his sabre or pen; and who, as he has not feared Mah-ratta soldiers, must not fear English critics.

In spite of this fault, however, we do trust Mr. Malcolm has the root of the matter in him; he is evidently an amiable, right-hearted man, and such a man has, no doubt, a stock of thoughts which he will be able to pour forth into true poetry, if he will only forget that he is writing for any purpose but to express his thoughts, and will just take the plainest, most straightforward, soldier-like language, for the clothing of them.

The following passage, from a poem called 'Retrospective Musings,' is a fair specimen of Mr. Malcolm's writing; and, if our readers should think, upon perusing it, that we have not done full justice to him in our remarks, we shall be half in-

to regard certain faults with a too jealous eye, because they are those which have most kept out of view the real essence of poetry, and have substituted the worst counterfeits for it; but, in individual cases, we are willing to allow that these faults ought to meet with great tolerance; for that very frequency which has made them so mischievous, has likewise made it exceedingly difficult to avoid them.

'Tis eve, but on the mountain-head
No farewell sunny smile is shed;
The woodland choristers are gone,
The hermit-robin sighs alone;
The waning beauty of the earth
To musings sadly sweet gives birth;
Recalling from the past again
Of thoughts a pale and pensive train,
And scenes that sun them in the rays
Reflected from departed days;
And in the mellowed radiance wear
A sainted aspect, sadly fair,
O'er which the tints of time have shed
The mournful beauty of the dead:
And there, while Memory wanders o'er
The regions of a lonely shore,
A moaning of the distant main
Is blending with my dreamy strain:
In dying sounds of softened tone,—
From music to its echo grown,
From far away come back on me
The torrent's mountain melody;
And faint and low the murmurs mild
Of streams that warble to the wild.

'For there, beneath the evening-star,
From home, and haunt, and man afar,
Oft have my wandering footsteps sought
The scenes that wakened solemn thought;
But ever dearest seemed to me
Companionship of the lone sea,
Where, o'er the foam around them flung,
The world's grey fragments frowning hung,
Dim-shadowed in a misty shroud,
Or hooded in the stooping cloud;
Where Ocean, with a quire of waves,
His anthem thundered through the caves,
And rolled through Nature's vaulted piles
Like organ's down cathedral aisles.

'There, when the wintry storm was o'er,
I loved to linger on the shore,
And gaze upon the floating wreck
On Ocean's breast, a darkening speck,
And muse on its pale crew, who found
No rest in earthly burial-ground;
But sunk, perchance, 'mid tempest's roar,
A thousand miles from every shore;
Or on some night of fate and fear
Went down when their sweet homes were near;
And while around each native hearth
Pealed songs of joys and sounds of mirth,
Perchance arose from sea to sky
Their shriek of mortal agony.—
'Tis thus the rolling world doth run,
One half in shade and one in sun;
Thus some rejoice while others weep,
And some must wake while others sleep.

'And oft upon the silent hill,
While evening brooded bright and still,
And shed a dying beauty o'er
The beetling cliff and ruin hoar,
I watched the snowy sails at rest
Far off upon the billow's breast,
And thought how blest the crews they bore
To many a sweet and summer shore,
And longed for that expected time
When I should seek a brighter clime,
And scenes that Fancy painted there
Of dying saints as visions fair.—
Delusive were the happy dreams
As those of childhood, when it deems
That earth is circled by the eye,
And wedded to the azure sky.

'When eve, of day and darkness born,
Paled like the spectre of the morn,
And from the hearth the blazing pile
Shed round the pictured wall its smile,
Whose silent dwellers there would seem
More life-like in the sportive beam,—
How sweetly then the cares of day
From weary bosoms past away,
While music's witching accents run.

Those strains that prompt the bosom's sigh,
Those magic airs that cannot die,
Eternal as the rocks that stand
The bulwarks of our native land,
Immortal as the feelings given
Unto the human heart by Heaven!

'Oft, when on high the harvest-moon
Rode clear and cloudless in her noon,
We wandered onward with delight
Beneath the cool and silent night,
When not a frowning shade was there
To dim the soft and azure air,
But all was lustre pure and mild,
A pale light o'er a pathless wild;
When Silence slumbered on the hill,
And lakes below lay bright and still,
As at Creation's dawning morn
They slept ere yet the winds were born;
Reflecting mountain, rock, and tree,
Fair as the good man's memory
Gives back, ere life's last sun is set,
Its scenes unclouded by regret.'—pp. 59—65.

CONSPIRACY OF BABEUF.

Conspiration pour l'Egalité dite de Babeuf, suivie du procès auquel elle donna lieu, et des Pièces Justificatives, &c. &c. Par Ph. Buonarroti. Deux Tomes in 8vo. Bruxelles. A la Librairie Romantique. 1828.

[Concluded from page 938.]

THE political dogmas of that levelling sect, whose formation and proceedings we have sketched in a former Number, were identical with the most violent of those to which a moment's triumph had been given by the short and terrible reign of popular frenzy; and, indeed, are pretty much the same with those which are, at all times, most favourite with a certain class of morbid mock moralists, and with the coarser, if not more criminal disciples, who receive and 'better' their instructions. The civic order, which was finally resolved by Gracchus Babeuf and his patriot band of brothers, had received its finishing touches (in theory) in the mysterious *atelier* of a secret committee, which met at the house of Amar, Rue Cléry, 'to prepare an insurrection against the tyranny, of which the iron hand pressed hourly with more weight upon the neck of the French people.' In this 'political lyceum,' after laying bare the causes of the evils which afflict nations, they arrived at a clear insight into the principles of that social order which offered the strongest remedies and securities.

'Never,' it was observed, 'had the mass of the people attained to that degree of instruction and independence needful for the exercise of the public rights essential to its liberty, its safety, and its well-being. The wisest nations of antiquity had slaves who put them incessantly in peril; and, with the exception of the Peruvians, the inhabitants of Paraguay, and other imperfectly known tribes, never had civil society been able to discharge from its breast that imposthume of the commonwealth, that herd of men made miserable by the idea of advantages of which they are deprived, and of which they believe that others are in possession. Every where the multitude is bound beneath the rod of a despot, or of privileged classes. And, if we take a less extended range, we view the French nation enslaved, by the machinations of victorious egotism, to the possessors of inherited or acquired riches.

'The cause of these disorders was discovered in the inequality of fortunes and conditions, and was traced to its true origin in the institution of private property, by aid of which the most adroit or fortunate have despoiled, and still despoil, the helpless multitude, which, compelled to long and painful toils, ill fed, ill clothed, and ill lodged; deprived of the enjoyments which it sees multiplied for the few, and undermined in physical and moral strength by misery, by ignorance, by envy, and despair,—sees nothing but hostile elements in society, and loses even the possibility of having a country.

'The history of the French revolution came to corroborate the reflections of the committee. It saw the class formerly rich, and that which had become so, assiduously engaged in securing their own pre-eminence; it saw ambitious pretensions ever marching in line with hatred of labour, and desire of riches; it saw the attachment of the people to their political

aristocrats consisted in impoverishing, dividing, disgusting, terrifying, and keeping down the labouring class, of which they represent the remonstrances as the most active cause of national disunion and decline.

'Consequent on these observations was the conclusion, that the ever-fruited origia of servitude in nations is social inequality, which, so long as it exists, must render almost illusory the exercise of their rights to a crowd of men which our civilization has sunk below the level of human nature.

'That to destroy this inequality was the task for a virtuous legislator, was the principle which resulted from the views of the committee,—and how to accomplish this, became the subject of renewed deliberations.'

Communistes des biens et des travaux was decided to be the true scope and ultimate perfection of society, 'the only public order capable of crushing oppression in every form, by rendering impossible the ravages of ambition, and of avarice, and by securing to every citizen the greatest possible portion of happiness.' It was decided in the committee, that no useful application of the laws of liberty and equality was possible, without a radical reform in the division of property.

'In developing these ideas, much was said of the philosophers, and, above all, of the revolutionary leaders by whom their justice had already been recognised. Of this number were Robespierre, and his companions in martyrdom, who, in the eyes of those whose doctrine has been just explained, had clearly aimed at the equal distribution of rights and burthens. At the name of Robespierre, Amar, who, on the 9th Thermidor, had been one of his most violent persecutors, acknowledged his error, expressed his penitence, and only endeavoured to excuse himself by alleging the ignorance under which he had laboured with regard to the beneficent views of him whom he had aided to calumniate and to sacrifice.'

Hitherto, says M. Buonarrotti, we had confined ourselves to rallying and re-animating the most active elements of revolution. It was now time to agitate the people of Paris.

'Endeavouring to conciliate the publicity indispensable to our sittings with the regulations of police, and above all with the *menagemens* inculcated by prudence, we at length became convinced that our political doctrine being a rigorous deduction from the laws of nature, it was equally rational as easy to present it as the code of the Divinity, that is to say, as the object of natural religion.'

'In fact, the practice of a worship, which represents the Supreme Being as the Creator, as the Legislator, and the protector of equality, afforded the incalculable advantage of pleasing all who only hold Christianity for the sake of its morals,—all who reject Atheism while abhorring superstition. Besides, it was founded on the opinion of sages whom humanity reveres, and reasonings impossible to be refuted; it might become, in the hands of reformers, a powerful lever for the erection of democratical institutions; it was the only legal method of addressing large assemblies of people.

'It was therefore resolved to appear in the public temples, under the title of deists, preaching exclusively the moral system of nature.

'And in order to accustom the multitude to replace by new observances the ritual of the Catholic church, an object which the government itself was endeavouring to accomplish, by introducing *fêtes decaidaires*, it was resolved to celebrate these festivals publicly, and to ask of the Directory a large church for the purpose.'

The Directory, whose articles of faith, however liberal, were not exactly comprehensive enough to include the new church militant of Tribune Babeuf, returned a civil answer, that they themselves, anticipating the devotional propensities of the gentlemen of the Pantheon, were engaged at that moment in preparing the celebration of the decadary festival. The Pantheonists, thus placed in the position of dissenters from the national establishment, resolved to 'hire a temple,' and get up, without loss of time, a catechism and ritual of their system of nature. But by this time the Directory, not unnaturally jealous of this schismatical secession from their own church in

personal invectives launched against their own body by the non-conforming club-men, as well as seriously alarmed by their increasing numbers and boldness, closed the Pantheon, as we narrated in a former number. The suppression of this, to speak plainly, somewhat heathenish synod, was entrusted to an officer, fated at no distant period to effect the re-establishment of a more regular hierarchy; and the club-law of the great Gracchus Babeuf rose in the scale against the sabre-law of General Buonaparte.

Thus baffled in their devout imagination of new fashioning religion on political principles, the ex-members of the Pantheon now determined to supersede the existing government by a secret Directory. This laudable design, however, not being of a nature to transgress with impunity the 'secrecy' of its title, was carried on by secret channels of communication with the populace of Paris, with the troops of the government (whom to seduce from their employers was one principal object,) and with the Republicans of Lyons, a small number, one would think, after the horrible extemities which their city had undergone beneath the Jacobin ascendancy. The *Tribun du Peuple*, the *Eclaircur*, and the *Journal des Hommes Libres*, were the avowed and published organs of the party. In addition to these, a quantity of flying sheets, placards, and pamphlets, were diffused throughout the country with incredible industry; counting the brood of anarchy before it was hatched, the 'secret' directors agreed that the populace of Paris, on whose habits of revolt they reckoned confidently, should nominate the provisional authority to which the government of the nation was to be trusted on the success of the intended insurrection. The new Government was to consist of a national assembly, composed of one democrat for each department of France; and the new revolution being completed, the secret directory was still to keep its seat, and to watch over the conduct of the national representative, as the Committee of Public Safety had done before it. The preparations were completed, the conspirators assembled, the day of insurrection fixed, and a member of the revolutionary committee had, under its dictation, written the first line of a proclamation to the French people—'*Le peuple a vaincu, la tyrannie n'est plus, vous êtes libres*'—when his own freedom was unfortunately violated by the arrest of that tyranny which he was thus unceremoniously denouncing as having ceased to exist. The whole documents and proofs of the conspiracy were discovered at the house of Babeuf, who addressed from his prison an epistle to the Directory, in which he offered them terms with all the coolness of a demagogue at the head of an unsubdued and powerful party. Impelled by an equally invincible fanaticism, his partisans, in the night of the 23d Fructidor, (August,) marched at midnight, about 600 or 700 in number, to the camp of Grenelle, where they expected to be abetted in their projects on the rest of the troops by a battalion of the department of Gard, which, unfortunately for them, had been displaced from its station. Alarm was given,—the dragoons, half-naked, charged the insurgents, and military commissions finished afterwards the work which their sabres had not time to complete. As for Babeuf and his accomplices, after a summary trial, which they signalized by the boldness of their defence, and by singing the *Marseilloise* in chorus at the close of each sitting, the two principal plotters (Babeuf and Darthe) received the sentence of death, which they vainly attempted to anticipate by suicide; and seven others, amongst whom was the author of these volumes, were transported to Cayenne.

Want of space forbids us to translate for our readers the farewell letter of the Tribune to his wife and sons, Emilius, Camillus, and Caius, beginning '*Bon soir, mes amis: Je suis prêt à m'envelopper dans la nuit éternelle.*'

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF SELKIRK.

The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk; containing the real Incidents upon which the Romance of Robinson Crusoe is founded. By John Howell. 12mo, pp. 196. Oliver and Boyd. Edinburgh, 1829.

MR. HOWELL, besides being a Scotchman, is also evidently a very meritorious man. He read Robinson Crusoe when he was a boy, and herein he differed not from many of his contemporaries; but the reading produced one effect upon ordinary men, and another upon Mr. Howell. He did not dream as we, or any body else might have done, about the scenery of Juan Fernandez, Friday, and so forth; nor did he conceive the intension of visiting Juan Fernandez, and procuring a footman with a cognomen derived from one of the days of the weeks; nor did he seclude himself from his family, and endeavour, so far as might be in a Scotch parish, where there is much butter-milk, and many things else that make glad the heart of man, to realize the discomforts of his hero's situation. His thoughts were of higher matters: he was resolved to find, not the paltry island which had been merely the theatre upon which Robinson had acted, and which might as well have been any other place not in the Pacific, but the very man himself, the identical Crusoe. For this purpose, early one morning, in the year 1823, Mr. Howell journeyed forth in search of the parish of Largo, in which Robinson Crusoe, there better known by the name of Selkirk, first saw the light. Great were the rejoicings of Mr. Howell when he discovered his name entered at full length in the parish books; but there were yet happier days in reserve for him than this; the cups and the chest in which Alexander Selkirk had kept his tea were revealed to him, probably by some miraculous interposition; and not long after, an aged person connected with this world, we believe, though that point is left in some mystery, who knew some stories—not very good ones, but that signified but little—of the wanderer. Two years passed over the head of Mr. Howell, and the end of them still found him an unquiet man, for as yet the character of Robinson had obtained but little elucidation from his labours. But now was coming the crowning joy of his existence. Mr. Howell, while walking to and fro in search of facts, met with a great-grand-nephew of the adventurer. This apparition, we confess, would have overpowered us; we could not have approached such a being for the world; the departed Robinson is almost a too insupportably living creature for us, but an actual bodily great-grand-nephew of his would have completely upset us. Mr. Howell, however, is a very bold man. He not only came near the man, but literally (we almost tremble while we repeat his words) made his acquaintance, and found him, strange to say, a very pious, humble sort of man. From him Mr. Howell learnt much; but his insatiable love of truth, as he rightly calls it, caused him to hunger for more. After reading files of all the English periodicals, looking through most of the newspapers published in the last century, diving into MSS., reading through folios, he at last succeeded in collecting the facts that he deemed necessary for a life of Selkirk, and thus, having first committed this very entertaining little volume into the hands of the printers, he reposed from his labours. Alexander was a sadly unruly boy. His first feats are thus described:

'When the accounts reached Scotland of the Revolution, and of the expulsion of the Stuarts, the complying clergy, who were in general much disliked by their parishioners, were in many places turned out of their churches with tumult and reproaches. In no part of Scotland was more zeal shown at this time for the non-complying ministers than at Largo. On the first Sabbath-day, the people assembled in the churchyard, with such arms as they could muster, to resist the clergyman's entry into the church to do the duties of his office. Alexander's eldest brother, John, was ringleader, and Alexander himself, though only thirteen years of age, flourished his bludgeon by his side. But no attempt was made to resist the mob, and their

pastor, after dividing among the poor what money was in the poor's-box, quietly retired from his parish, having few supporters when forsaken by the government.

Until the year 1695, Alexander continued at home working with his father; but he was still very unsettled, and gave to his parents much cause of uneasiness by his wayward humours and irregular conduct, which at length brought him under church censure. Being now eighteen years of age, and spurning the control of his father, he went to sea, rather than be rebuked in church for his improper behaviour. For a period of six years he remained abroad; but in what situation, or in what particular part of the world, there are no documents to prove. That he was with the Buccaneers in the South Seas I am much inclined to believe for the two following reasons:—1st, His boisterous conduct to his younger brother, Andrew, who was weak in his intellects, for only laughing at his drinking salt water by mistake, and his attempt to seize a pistol (probably brought home with him from sea,) shows a recklessness of consequences which he could only have acquired among that body. 2dly, His appointment to be sailing-master of the Cinque Ports galley, a situation of trust, requiring a previous knowledge of the seas to be navigated, when a fit person can be obtained. At this period there is no probability that they were scarce; and Dampier himself, an able seaman, knew well how to choose his officers, and never would have given his consent to the nomination of a master not fully qualified,—pp. 22—28.

The voyage in the Cinque Ports galley, Captain Dampier, of which he was master, is given at great length. The cause of his landing at Juan Fernandez is thus stated:

‘From this period, until the end of August, the Cinque Ports kept cruising along the shores of Mexico, or among the islands, without any success, the St. George having gone to the coast of Peru. During this period a violent quarrel arose between “Honest Selkirk,” as Harris call our hero, and Captain Stradling. So high did the dispute arise, that Selkirk resolved to leave the vessel, whatever might be the consequence. At length want of provisions, and the crazy state of the ship, compelled Stradling to sail for the island of Juan Fernandez, to refit. He was in hopes of recovering the stores and men which they had left there at the commencement of their cruise in these seas; in which, as has been already remarked, he was disappointed, as the two French whalers had taken away every thing, and he only recovered two of his men, who had been successful in concealing themselves. Their account of the manner in which they had spent their time, fixed the resolution that Selkirk had formed some time before, to leave the ship and remain upon the island.

‘From the beginning to the end of September the vessel remained undergoing repairs. The disagreement, instead of being made up, became greater every day, and strengthened the resolution which Selkirk had made to leave the vessel. Just before getting under weigh, he was landed with all his effects, and he leaped on shore with a faint sensation of freedom and joy. He shook hands with his comrades, and bade them adieu in a hearty manner, while Stradling sat in the boat urging their return to the ship, which order they instantly obeyed; but no sooner did the sound of their oars, as they left the beach, fall on his ears, than the horrors of being left alone, cut off from all human society, perhaps for ever, rushed upon his mind. His heart sunk within him, and all his resolution failed. He rushed into the water, and implored them to return and take him on board with them. To all his entreaties Stradling turned a deaf ear, and even mocked his despair; denouncing the choice he had made of remaining upon the island as rank mutiny, and describing his present situation as the most proper state for such a fellow, where his example would not affect others,—pp. 62—64.

His feelings on the island we will not give after Mr. Howell, because, as the name does not make much difference in this matter, we take it that Defoe's account of them may be altogether as true. His rescue we give:

‘Alexander saw the boat leave the Duke and pull for the beach. He ran down joyfully to meet his countrymen, and to hear once more the human voice. He took in his hand a piece of linen tied upon a small pole as a flag, which he waved as they drew near to attract their attention. At length he heard them call to him, inquiring for a good place to land, which he pointed out, and, flying as swift as deer towards it, arrived first, where he stood ready to receive them as they stepped on shore. He embraced them by turns; but

his joy was too great for utterance, while their astonishment at his uncouth appearance struck them dumb. He had at this time his last shirt upon his back; his feet and legs were bare, his thighs and body covered with the skins of wild animals. His beard which had not been shaved for four years and four months, was of a great length, while a rough goat's-skin cap covered his head. He appeared to them as wild as the original owners of the skins which he wore. At length they began to converse, and he invited them to his hut; but its access was so very difficult and intricate, that only Captain Fry accompanied him over the rocks which led to it. When Alexander had entertained them in the best manner he could, they returned to the boat, our hero hearing a quantity of his roasted goats'-flesh for the refreshment of the crew. During their repast he gave them an account of his adventures and stay upon the island, at which they were much surprised. Captains Dover and Fry invited him to come on board; but he declined their invitation, until they satisfied him that Dampier had no command in this expedition; after which he gave a reluctant consent.—pp. 91—93.

We omit his next set of adventures, which, however, are well worthy of record, and are well recorded, to join him on his return to Scotland:

‘For a few days Selkirk was happy in the company of his parents and friends; but, from long habits, he soon felt averse to mixing in society, and was most happy when alone. For days his relations never saw his face from the dawn until late in the evening, when he returned to bed. It was his custom to go out in the morning, carrying with him provisions for the day; then would he wander and meditate alone through the secluded and solitary valley of Keil's Den. The romantic beauties of the place, and, above all, the stillness that reigned there, reminded him of his beloved island, which he never thought of but with regret for having left it. When evening forced him to return to the haunts of men, he appeared to do so with reluctance; for he immediately retired to his room up stairs, where his chest at present stands, and in the exact place, it is probable, where it then stood. Here was he accustomed to amuse himself with two cats that belonged to his brother, which he taught, in imitation of a part of his occupations on his solitary island, to dance and perform many little feats. They were extremely fond of him, and used to watch his return. He often said to his friends, no doubt thinking of himself in his youth, “That, were children as docile and obedient, parents would all be happy in them.” But poor Selkirk himself was now far from being happy, for his relations often found him in tears.

‘Attached to his father's house was a piece of ground, occupied as a garden, which rose in a considerable acclivity backwards. Here, on the top of the eminence, soon after his arrival at Largo, Alexander constructed a sort of cave, commanding an extensive and delightful view of the Forth and its shores. In fits of musing meditation, he was wont to sit here in bad weather, and even at other times, and to bewail his ever having left his island. This recluse and unnatural propensity, as it appeared to them, was cause of great grief to his parents, who often remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to raise his spirits. But their efforts were made in vain; nay, he sometimes broke out before them in a passion of grief, and exclaimed, “O, my beloved island! I wish I had never left thee! I never was before the man I was on thee! I have not been such since I left thee! and, I fear, never can be again!”

‘Dr. Lamond, who resided in Largo, and died there a very old man, used often to point out to John Selcraig, the teacher, the spot where the cave was formed, as he remembered, when a child, to have seen the solitary Alexander seated under its roof.

‘Having plenty of money, he purchased a boat for himself, and often, when the weather would permit, he made little excursions, but always alone; and day after day he spent in fishing, either in the beautiful bay of Largo, or at Kingsraig Point, where he would loiter till evening among its romantic cliffs, catching lobsters, his favourite amusement, as they reminded him of the crawfish of Juan Fernandez. The rock to which he moored his boat is still shown. It is at a small distance from Lower Largo, to the eastward of the Temple-house.

‘It was thus he lived during his short stay at home, evidently far from being happy or contented. The visions he had formed of domestic life could not be realized, and he remained among his friends only because he knew not what better to do with himself. He found that he was not fitted for society; his enjoyments were

all solitary; his pleasures were derived wholly from himself; he felt oppressed by the kind attentions of strangers. At length chance threw an object in his way, that awakened in his mind a new train of thoughts and feelings, and roused him from his lethargy. In his wanderings up the burn-side of Keil's Den to the ruins of Balcruivie Castle and its romantic neighbourhood, he often met a young girl seated alone, tending a single cow, the property of her parents. Her lonely occupation and innocent looks made a deep impression upon him. He watched her for hours unseen, as she amused herself with the wild flowers she gathered, or chanted her rural lays. At each meeting the impression became stronger, and he felt more interested in the young recluse. At length he addressed himself to her, and they joined in conversation: he had no aversion to commune with her for hours together, and began to imagine that he could live and be happy with a companion such as she. His fishing expeditions were now neglected. Even his cave became not so sweet a retreat. His mind led him to Keil's Den and the amiable Sophia. He never mentioned this adventure and attachment to his friends; for he felt ashamed, after his discourses to them, and the profession he had made of dislike to human society, to acknowledge that he was upon the point of marrying, and thereby plunging into the midst of worldly cares. But he was determined to marry Sophia, though as firmly resolved not to remain at home to be the subject of their jests. This resolution being formed, he soon persuaded the object of his choice to elope with him, and bid adieu to the romantic glen. Between lovers, matters are soon arranged, and, accordingly, without the knowledge of their parents, they both set off for London. Alexander left his chest and all his clothes behind; nor did he ever claim them again; and his friends knew nothing and heard nothing of him for many years after; still they kept his effects untouched in hopes of his return. Both his father and mother were dead, when, in the end of the year 1724, or beginning of 1725, twelve years after his elopement with Sophia Bruce, a gay widow, by name Frances Candis or Candia, came to Largo to claim the property left to him by his father,—the house at the Cragie Well. She produced documents to prove her right; from which it appeared that Sophia Bruce lived but a very few years after her marriage, and must have died some time between the years 1717 and 1720. This is farther established by the will and power of attorney, preserved in the Scots Magazine, vol. xlvii., page 672, which is dated in 1717.—pp. 128—135.

Our readers will perceive from these extracts that the work is not the less amusing because much pains have been bestowed upon it.

LETTER TO SIR ALEXANDER MALET, BART.

A Letter to Sir Alexander Malet, Bart., in reference to his Pamphlet, touching the late Expulsions from Winchester School; with a Word, in passing, to the Editor of 'The Literary Gazette.' By an Old Etonian. pp. 26. Wilson. London. 1829.

We wish we had any authority for saying, that the writer of this pamphlet had impudently and falsely assumed the designation of an ‘Etonian.’ It would be perfectly consistent with the whole spirit of his pamphlet that he should have done so; yet it has so often been our misfortune to meet with young men combining, in a remarkable degree, the brains of idiots and the hearts of coxcombs, who, we were positively assured, did issue from that ancient foundation, that we should be afraid to impeach the veracity of any new person similarly endowed, who should put forth the like pretensions.

Fortunately the true Etonians, gentlemen alike in feeling and in exterior, are also very numerous; and to those we must trust the defence of their venerable institution from the disgrace which such a person as this would entail upon it, if he could be believed, for a moment, to be a fair representative of its feelings. In his attempt to answer the excellent pamphlet of Sir Alexander Malet, this very foolish and very ill-meaning person maintains that fagging is to be preserved, because it is not expedient to part with our public schools, and to substitute modern schemes of education for the schemes that were contrived by our forefathers,

We should not have conceived it possible for idiotcy to reach such a sublime point as this. That a human brain should be found capable of confounding the notions of the scheme of education laid down by a set of men wise, at least, in their day, with the monstrous invention which the evil passions of boys have grafted upon it, certainly never entered into our imagination. We are obliged to the author for proving that a lower depth of imbecillity than we had ever sounded may exist in every creature—but we must at the same time exhort the members of his school, lest other monsters as extraordinary should arise up and call themselves Etonians, to prove, by their zealous support of the reform which Sir Alexander Malet has had the honour of recommending, that in their opinions it is necessary to the permanence of the institutions established by our forefathers, that they should be purged of the abuses which have been introduced into them by their descendants.

CATALOGUE RAISONNE OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Hermes Britannicus. A Dissertation on the Celtic Deity Teutates, the Mercurius of Caesar, in further Proof and Corroboration of the Origin and Designation of the Great Temple at Abury, in Wiltshire. By the Rev. W. L. Howles, M.A. J. B. Nichols and Son. London, 1828.

This learned treatise, by a learned man and a poet, is well worthy the attention of our readers. We have not now time to go into an antiquarian discussion, but we shall probably return to the subject which involves much that is curious in historical mythology.

Present State of Van Diemen's Land; comprising an Account of its Agricultural Capabilities, with Observations on the Present State of Farming, &c. &c. pursued in that Colony: and other Important Matters connected with Emigration. By Henry Widowsen. S. Robinson. London, 1828.

This work must be exceedingly useful to Emigrants. Its contents do not possess enough of general interest to warrant us in making extracts; but we heartily recommend any person who has an inclination of visiting the settlement, to study them carefully.

Dews of Castalie: Poems, composed on various Subjects and Occasions. By J. Johns. R. Hunter. London, 1828.

THESE Poems are evidently the production of an ardent mind. The writer, we think, has had a strong desire of fame before his eyes while writing them; and this stimulus has sometimes supplied the place of that stimulus, which is furnished by a 'mind o'er-labouring with the weight of thoughts.' If Mr. Johns will resolutely banish all consideration of the honour which is to come from his poetry, and will just consider the poetry itself, we have no doubt the fame which he is now likely to lose by seeking it too earnestly, will reward his labours. The 'Dews of Castalie,' however, display considerable talent.

The Companion to the Almanac; or Year-book of General Information, for 1829. Knight. London, 1829.

WE noticed some weeks ago 'The British Almanac,' published under the direction of the 'Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.' That diligent body has now compiled another work as a companion to the preceding, which contains more matter, and is likely, we think, to obtain even a wider circulation.

The Origin of Life, the Cause of Diseases, and the Source of our Feelings and Senses Explained and Demonstrated. By James Morrison, the Hygeist. 8vo., pp. 16. Sherwood and Co. London, 1828.

THIS beats cock-fighting. A man undertaking in the space of sixteen pages to explain the origin of life—the reason of diseases—and the causes of our feelings and senses. Of course, the learned author begins with demolishing the hypothesis of a soul, which such weak persons as Bacon and Leibnitz were fain to entertain. This is done in two lines; and the rest of the book is employed in establishing the author's own system, which, after all, is not much more

monstrous than that of other materialists; for if man once gives up the certainty that he has a soul, if he once admits that he can be argued out of his consciousness, he involves himself in a sea of contradictions, in which the wisest are as much lost as the most contemptible, and Hume and D'Alembert become degraded to the level of Mr. Morrison the Hygeist.

NEW MUSIC.

No. IV. of Select Subjects from Haydn's Creation and Seasons, newly adapted as Divertimentos for the Piano-forte. By J. B. Cramer, and inscribed to Miss Hall of Totteridge, Herts. Cramer and Co. Price 4s.

It was with much pleasure we noticed the three previous parts of this estimable work in the former numbers of 'The Athenæum'; and we also derive an increased satisfaction in recommending this the fourth part. It is wholly arranged from Haydn's delightful Seasons, and the indefatigable Cramer has very judiciously chosen an interesting variety of movements. It commences with two pages of the overture in G minor, expressing the passage from winter to spring; this is relieved by the soothing allegretto in G 6-8ths, 'Come, gentle Spring,' (varied and embellished in Cramer's best manner,) and the third movement in C, 'With joy the impatient Husbandman,' is well contrasted with the pastoral finale, 'From out the fold the Shepherd.'

The whole is highly tasteful, elegant, and pleasing, without difficulty.

'Lassie, let us stray together.' A Ballad, sung by Mr. Sinclair; the Music composed and dedicated to Miss Syle. By B. Horne. Horne and Son, 2s.

A very pleasing and flowing melody in the Scottish style, well suited to Sinclair's voice and manner, and being within the compass of nine notes only, the highest being F on the fifth line, quite applicable to the voices of amateurs in general. The author is a clever and intelligent professor, occasionally residing at Liverpool and Manchester, and his compositions are published by himself at both places.

Brilliant Rondo for the Piano-forte; composed and dedicated to Mrs. J. C. Wilkinson. By W. Wilkinson. Op. 2. Ewer and Johanning, 4s.

Thirteen pages of one uniform and monotonous movement, in the noisy, military, common-place key of D, unrelieved by the smallest contrast or variety. About one-third of the quantity, preceded by a slow movement, would have made an acceptable publication, for the general arrangement is not devoid of imagination, and the modulations are tolerably grammatical and ingenious, excepting an occasional flat 7th being not resolved, or made to ascend.

Zuleika's Rose; written by Lord Byron, and composed expressly for Miss Paton. By John Barnett. Mayhew and Co. 2s.

This is by far the best specimen we have yet seen of Barnett's writing: it abounds with excellent modulation, appropriate expression, and good taste, in every particular. It presents a grand scene of three movements, and although overflowing with chromatic changes, yet the vocal part is by no means difficult of execution; it may be 'caviare to the multitude,' but it must be admired by the connoisseur and well-informed professor.

The favourite Airs in Pacini's Opera, 'L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei,' arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte. By A. Diabelli. Book 1. Boosey and Co. 5s.

Three pieces, extending to twenty-three pages, form this first book, and present a well-arranged variety of clever music. The opera is not very well known in this country, (not having yet been performed here,) but to those who are acquainted with it, we may notice that the pieces chosen are as follow: 1st. 'Viva Salustio,' prelude ed introduzione, andante in C, 3-4th time, modulating into two other movements in A, and concluding with an allegro in C. 2d. 'Di porporine rose vazzose,' a very pleasing chorus in A minor, and afterwards major. And 3d. 'Marcia D'entrata di Salustio,' a clever march in F, à la Rossini. The whole is well adapted for the performers, (which we have with pleasure proved in the trial,) and is not only the newest piece published but one of the best. It is unusually well engraved and brought out; and we hope to notice the second book very soon.

Mozart's Operas, arranged with embellishments for the Flute. By Charles Senst. No. I. Cocks and Co. 3s.

Twelve of the most estimable beauties from Mozart's inimitable 'Le Nozze di Figaro,' form the first book of this very desirable work, comprising the essence of the whole opera. The embellishments are not so intrusive or overwhelming as to obscure or deteriorate the simplicity of the original, but are conceived in the best taste, and offered in the most perfect manner.

SONNET.

AN awful statue, by a veil half hid,
At Sais stands: one came to whom was known
All lore committed to Etruscan stone;
And all sweet voices that dull time has hid
To silence now, by antique pyramid,
Skirting the desert, heard; and all the deep
May in its dimly-lighted chamber keep,
Where genii groan beneath the seal-bound lid:
He came, and raised that yet unlightened veil
With hands not pure, but never did unfold
What he had seen: the shadow, madness, fell
On his few days, before he went to dwell
With night's eternal people, and his tale
Has thus remain'd, and will remain, untold.

SONNET.

ACROSS the main my spirit was beguiled:
Amid the blackness of a cypress wood,
By the slow windings of a sable flood,
An ancient mound, o'ergrown with flowers, was piled:
Upon it stood a Schem and a child,
Sole heirs of that so fiercely-squandered blood,
Whose sires, the hunters of the western wild,
Beneath them lay in the dim solitude.
Last of his nation, long the chieftain gazed
Upon his silent boy with steadfast eye;
Then, with untrembling arm, the hatchet raised,
And sternly whisper'd " 'Tis the hour to die!"
He hid his son in that ancestral tomb,
And sought from Christian swords a warrior's doom.

BRANDANE.

Cheap Pleasures.—How little is requisite to supply the necessities of nature! and in a view to pleasure what comparison between the unbought satisfaction of conversation, society, study, even health and the common beauties of nature, but, above all, the peaceful reflection on ones own conduct: what comparison I say, between those and the feverish empty amusements of luxury and expense? These natural pleasures, indeed, are really without price, both because they are below all price in their attainment, and above it in their enjoyment.—Hume, on qualities agreeable to ourselves and others.

A book is the most singular production in the world: printed by people who do not understand it, sold by people who do not understand it; bound and read by people who do not understand it, and I had almost said, written by one who does not understand it.

The finest satire is unquestionably that which carries the least venom and the most conviction, so that it even moves the smiles of those it assails. Such was the character of Lord Chesterfield's speeches in the upper house. Dr. Maty, says of him that, 'he reasoned best when he appeared most witty; and while he gained the affections of his hearers, he turned the laugh on his opponents, often compelling them to join in it.'

Dugald Stewart.—The Plymouth subscription for the monument to the late Dugald Stewart already amounts to 1,584l.

Rocheffoucault's maxims, 'dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplait pas,' certainly sounds strangely, but whoever denies its truth, understand neither it nor himself.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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NOTES ON LISBON.

No. IV.

EXECUTIONS.

CAPITAL punishments are very rare in Portugal, perhaps not once in two years. The usual mode is hanging, in which case the criminal is turned off a ladder, as was formerly the practice in England; but here, the moment the unhappy wretch is launched into eternity, the hangman jumps off the ladder after him, and, by throwing himself upon his shoulders, breaks his neck, and terminates his struggles in an instant.

But for very heinous offences they have a more imposing execution, well adapted to impress the mind with awe, though not more painful to the suffering party than the other. The following is an account of an execution of this kind which I witnessed:

Two men had been found guilty of forging the paper currency of the country to a very considerable amount, and to make a proper example of them, an old law, which had lain dormant for nearly a century, was put in force; this law submitted them to be burnt alive. But as even the Portuguese, (as well as ourselves,) are too refined now to relish roasting our fellow creatures, as an epicure does a lobster, they were first allowed to be strangled.

These wretched men were, on the day of execution, brought from the prison accompanied by several priests, and attendants, bearing the banner of some saint, preceding the criminals, and marched very slowly to the *Caes do Socrê*.* They wore only a long loose white dress, which reached from the shoulders to the ground: it hung very full, and was confined round the middle by a white sash. They were bareheaded and barefooted: indeed, they had no article of dress on but the white robe.

In the centre of the square a stage was erected, the flooring of which was of thick oak; but the planks were left about an inch asunder, to admit the ascending flames when the fuel, which was placed beneath, should be lighted. The stage itself was about six feet from the ground; in the middle of it was a post about eight feet high, and in front of that, and connected with it, was a seat for one person.

When the men arrived at the place of execution, a priest addressed them for some time, after which one of them ascended the platform, and was placed on the seat with his back against the post. The executioner then bound him, by a rope passed round his middle, to the stake; another rope confined his thighs to the seat, and his feet were also firmly tied down to the flooring; his hands were tied before him, secured at the wrists, and a cord behind him bound his elbows close to his sides. Thus secured, he could not by any exertion or convulsion move a limb.

A priest then mounted the platform, and stood for a long time talking to the poor wretch, who seemed occasionally to answer to questions put to him. The priest then came forward to the front of the stage, and addressed the multitude, in a sermon, for about a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes. His figure was commanding, his face handsome, and uncommonly expressive, his action graceful, and his voice clear though deep. The subject of his discourse was suited to the sad occasion, and he sometimes turned towards and addressed the criminal. When this discourse was ended, he once more approached the culprit, and receiving the cup and wafer from an attendant, administered the sacrament to him. He then prayed over him, kissed him on the forehead, and sprinkled him with holy water.

The priest now quitted the scaffold, and the executioner proceeded to his office; he pulled the hood of the white dress the criminal wore over his

head, so as to entirely conceal his face, and then passed a circular rope over his head, bringing one part of it round the front of his neck, and passing the other part (or bite) of it through a hole in the post behind, and then through the loop of that he passed a short stick, by turning which round he gradually tightened the rope round the man's neck, and then, instantly, with all his might, and with the utmost velocity, twisted the cord, by means of the stick, till it not only strangled the man, but actually broke his neck, as was perceived by his head suddenly falling forward on his breast with a jerk; indeed I thought I *heard* the neck break. In this situation he was left for twenty minutes, after which he was unbound from the post and seat, and laid on his back on the stage by the side of the post.

The other criminal, who had stood a miserable, trembling spectator of his associate's execution, was then supported up to the same place, for by this time terror had rendered him too feeble to walk without assistance; and the horror he had endured for the last hour, in being obliged to witness such a scene, and in which he was soon to bear a principal part, must have been a punishment far greater than the death itself.

The same ceremony and execution again took place; and after this man was also laid on the stage the executioner left it, and the fire was applied to the fuel beneath. The flames soon rose through the openings of the floor, which had been left for that purpose, and seized the linen robes that covered the bodies, which in about half an hour, were entirely consumed.

Their ashes were then collected and thrown into the river, according to the sentence.

One curious circumstance attended the burning of these men. They were placed on the platform side by side; and after the rope, which confined their arms behind was burnt, the contraction of the muscles of the arms by fire, caused them gradually to rise in a perpendicular direction from the stage, extending towards heaven; and the cords, which confined the wrists together, not being burnt through, the hands remained clasped, as in the act of supplication. The arms continued in this posture till the whole of the bodies were consumed, when they fell into the flames. The effect of this circumstance was uncommonly awful; even after death, they seemed to implore mercy from their God, while one atom of their persons existed.

Upon the whole, I could not but consider the method of *thus* strangling a criminal, infinitely superior to our indecent mode of hanging. Here the whole person was concealed by a white full drapery; and so secured that not a motion or convulsion could be perceived through the whole time of their suffering; whereas with us, every struggle of agonised expiring nature is exposed to view, with savage and indecent inhumanity.

Never can I forget an execution I was once forced to witness. Three men were hung together (for rebellion in Grenada, West Indies, in 1796-7,) on a gallows, and that being very narrow they were necessarily hung rather close together; the consequence was, that in the spasmodic struggles of death, by jerking up their knees, and turning round and round, as suspended by the rope, they were for five minutes alternately kicking each other on the breech: an effect that, in spite of the solemnity of the scene, was indecently ludicrous.

PUBLIC PREACHERS.

I have often lamented the monotonous tone and action of the generality of our clergymen in the pulpit; the latter is most times wholly wanting, except in giving the unfortunate pulpit cushion a few clumsy thumps, which generally produce more dust than they *awaken* attention; or should the reverend gentleman be the owner of a very white hand, it may tempt him to display that and his cambric handkerchief together.

How much, on the contrary, have I been sur-

prised and pleased, upon hearing and seeing the clergy in Lisbon address their congregations. Sermons are not considered in Portugal as *church fixtures*, but are only given upon particular occasions, such as some remarkable saint's day,—some public rejoicing, or grieving, &c.; and the report that a sermon is to be preached on such a day, in such a church, is sure to attract as full an attendance as ever Garrick or Siddons could command in even their happiest efforts. Nor do I wonder at it. The discourse, which I believe is *actually* studied and weighed prior to delivery, is always conveyed to the hearers by *speech*, not read from an ill-written manuscript, and therefore has this advantage, that it leaves the body and every limb at liberty. Whereas, I have in England felt a kind of painful fidget, when I have seen the preacher in evident fear of *not reading it right*, or, as sometimes happened, of turning over two leaves at once, which would produce a kind of cross-reading, calculated to call forth any thing but serious attention in the auditors; or, should he be near-sighted, and not quite master of his subject, you might imagine he was smelling as well as looking at it. Here, on the contrary, the orator being made fully acquainted with what he intends to say, having his head, body, and limbs free from restraint, besides being possessed of a full clear voice,* it is no ways astonishing that they should at once instruct, delight, and claim our unqualified approbation.

Though by no means a proficient in the Portuguese language, yet their delivery is so distinct, their emphasis so just, and their action so accordant with their subject, a person may always understand the substance, and much of the detail of their discourses, which, as with us, last about twenty minutes.

STREETS AND HOUSES.

The streets in Lisbon are, to a stranger, the greatest obstacle to his pleasure, comfort, or exercise. Like Rome, Lisbon may be said to stand on its seven hills, or rather on its seventy; for, with the exception of the three beautiful streets leading from the *Praça do Commercio* to the *Rocio*, and those crossing them at right angles, the whole city is one continued jumble of up and down, nearly every street being in itself a hill, and many of them are so steep that it would be extremely dangerous to ride down them with any other animal than a mule, being quite as much so, as the hill of roly-poly-celebrity in Greenwich Park. They are all paved in the same manner as the carriage-way in the streets of London, nor is there any part appropriated to the accommodation of foot-passengers. It appears as if, in paving them, the labourers had chosen the sharpest point of the stone to place upwards, and such is really the case. The want of flagged foot-pavement, and the sharp roughness of these, at first annoyed me; and I felt very much inclined, every time I walked out, to quarrel with what I thought the perverseness and laziness of the people, for they have inexhaustible quarries of stone all round Lisbon; but a little consideration convinced me that they were right, and, that I, like all those who form hasty conclusions from first appearances, was wrong. The fact is, the streets are in general so very steep, that it would be, if not impossible, at any rate extremely dangerous, to walk on a smooth surface; while, on the contrary, by being thus rough-paved, every stone becomes a step, or hold for the foot, both in ascending and descending. That they have been thus paved from an idea of security is evident from the three streets above-mentioned, and all those lesser ones which cross them at right angles, (on a level about half a mile square,) being paved the same as our best streets,

* I have been informed by themselves, that those who are brought up in the respective convents as public preachers, are always, besides other qualifications, chosen from among those who possess, naturally, a clear, strong, and harmonious voice. Nor are the advantages of manly beauty disregarded.

* A small square so called, near the river, and open towards it. *Caes* signifies a Quay.

with broad flat stones. The channels for carrying off the rain, &c., run along the centre of every street.

But there is one abominable nuisance which can never meet with justification in any shape, particularly when it is considered that perhaps no city in the world possesses a finer supply of water, by means of which, notwithstanding the steepness of the streets, there are few parts in which sewers and drains might not be made,* (though now the overflows and waste water of all the fountains is supposed to run unprofitably down the streets.) But that not being the case, every species of dirt is thrown from the windows of the houses into the streets, where what is not devoured by the city dogs is left to putrify. This olio of filth is only partially taken away about once in seven weeks, in their dirt-carts, or in hampers on mules, and the stench caused by disturbing it for removal is insupportable. In the lesser streets, lanes, and alleys, it is never removed, except when the violence of the winter rains carries it into the Tagus.

There is, however, a law, though it is very little attended to, which strictly forbids the throwing of any thing from the windows before the hour of ten at night, and then the person who throws it ought to give warning by first calling out three times *Agua vai* (water is coming); a transgression of this regulation incurs the penalty of a fine, which, if not paid, is changed into imprisonment. Nevertheless you are in danger of, at least, dirty water every hour in the day; though, should this happen, the occupier of the house, (or floor,) from whence the annoyance was thrown, is obliged, on application, to pay you the full price of the article which may be thus wetted and spoiled, whether hat, coat, or any other part of your dress. Should he refuse, the party injured has only to fetch a police-soldier, who, on a further refusal, lugs him off to prison till he complies; and, at all events, is himself entitled to four dollars for being called in to settle the dispute. The only difficulty is to ascertain from which window the offence was committed; for most of the houses being many stories high, and every story inhabited by a different family, you must be very sure that you fix on the right floor, before you make your demand or complaint; and, in general, the offending person withdraws from the window so quick, that it is almost impossible to detect him.

The surest way of avoiding a salute of the kind, which at night is doubly unpleasant, is, in passing through a wide street, to walk in the middle of it, and in narrow streets to keep as close as possible under the houses, at the same time being on the watch whenever you see a dirt heap; for as one window on each floor is ever used to throw their filth from, (generally a passage window,) it consequently always falls in the same place, and there accumulates. The window set apart for this purpose may always be known by the filthy wall of the house under it.

* Though there are numerous wells, and might be as many more, I never could learn that there was a single pump in all Lisbon.

† I should imagine that this prevalence of offensive smells may have originally been the cause that produced the disgusting custom of spitting I have mentioned. I certainly think, that very strong effluvia may be tasted as well as smelt, and then spitting instinctively follows. Thomson had the same idea relative to sweets, 'Or taste the smell of dairy.'—*Spring*—THOMSON.

‡ I had an opportunity of knowing that the same penalty is incurred if a person's dog injures you. I saw the flap of a gentleman's coat torn off, as he was walking very quietly along, by a dog which had laid hold of it slyly. The gentleman followed the dog into his master's house, who, on finding what he done, paid the gentleman twenty-four dollars for a new coat. The dog belonged to a rich lawyer, on whom I was billeted at the time.

(To be continued.)

SKETCH OF COUNT A. DE LA BORDE'S TRAVELS IN THE LEVANT.

ADDRESSED TO THE PARISIAN ACADEMY OF INSCRIPTIONS AND BELLES LETTRES.

You have asked me, gentlemen, to afford you a narrative of my journey; a request, which induces me to regret that I have not availed myself of the opportunities afforded me for rendering it less unworthy of your attention, or at least more deserving of your indulgence; I shall, therefore, proceed to acquaint you with its object, and trust to that circumstance as pleading my excuse.

Having devoted myself particularly to my son's education, and being extremely desirous that he should one day claim a place in your esteem, I thought I could not do better than subject him to a new, more extended, and more laborious system of education,—a system, indeed, which appears to me to be requisite at the present time of day, if we would have our childrens' education keep pace with the ideas and attainments of the age.

To develop this system to you in all its bearings would lead me into a discussion far too prolix for the present occasion; I shall merely remark that it consists, as respects its first portion, in combining with classical studies, and several modern languages, exploratory travels through the most celebrated regions of antiquity, or, in other words, the periphrasis of the Mediterranean. It will be evident to you, that although such a design as this does not exclude discoveries, it does not contemplate them as a principal object.

With a view of rendering this undertaking more attractive and less costly, I was desirous of associating several juvenile companions with my son, that they might, at the same time, take a part with him in the species of studies in which he was engaged; and I had the good fortune to meet with some young men, whose qualifications were entirely such as I wished for. One of them was Mr. Becker, the son of the worthy general of that name, and himself an officer of the *Etat-major*, a youth full of zeal and talent; a second was Mr. Hall, an Englishman of rank; and the third was the Duc de Richelieu, who was obliged to leave us much sooner than we could have wished, for the purpose of discharging a debt of gratitude.

After devoting a considerable space of time to studies in Italy, and making a short stay in the Ionian islands, we set foot on the classic soil of Greece, where a galaxy of interesting scenes awaited our inquiries. The political state of the country, however, compelled us to invert the order of our labours, and to commence them from another quarter of the Ottoman territories. The first of our researches, therefore, which can pretend to any thing like a character of importance, dated from Smyrna, where we arrived on the fifteenth of July.

You are well aware, gentlemen, that Asia Minor is not altogether so familiar to us as it might be; and yet, what other region is there which excels it in recollections and memorials of the deepest interest? Former travellers have confined their visits chiefly to its coast, and have not penetrated further inland than twenty or thirty leagues. We have essayed to complete their labours by exploring its interior, and thence rejoining them at the stations, at which their steps were arrested. Our first voyage was from Smyrna to Constantinople, taking Sardis on our way. This, which was the most interesting town on our route, lies upon a height, which commands the plain of Hermo: the ruins of its walls extend from either bank of the Pattolo, an insignificant rivulet, which, even in Strabo's time, had ceased to roll its golden particles along its current. Two Ionic columns, supporting a large cornice, constitute the sole remains of the temple of Cybele. Nothing can equal the elegance of their capitals, the volutes of which are ornamented with small palms; they do not rise more than a yard from the ground, though

their diameter enables us to estimate their elevation at fifty feet. On the declivity of the hill on the opposite side are seen a theatre and stadium. There is not one solitary human being to be found in this once celebrated place. The tents of the indigent Uraks, a nomadic race, here and there enliven the banks of the Pattolo; nor are any other monuments to be discovered from the summit of the rock of Cræsus, excepting the tombs of the Lydian kings. These consist of a species of huge mounds of earth, (tumuli,) about seventy in number; and amongst them may be recognised the tomb of Alijattes, the father of Cræsus, which Herodotus records to have been the most extensive monument he had beheld, with the exception of the pyramids; in truth, it bears a close resemblance to an actual hill. As the historian adds, that this tomb was raised at the expense of the frail ones of Sardis, it is reasonable to infer from its size, that the morals of that capital were not of the most rigid order.

On quitting Sardis, and traversing the Hermo, you reach the plain of Ircania, and enter the chain of mountains known by the name of Youssouf-Dugh, which extends from the Olympus to the Ida, and divides the waters of the sea of Marmora from those of the Archipelago. Along the whole of this route we met with fountains from time to time: they are the fruit of private beneficence, and their founders' names are graven upon them, most commonly accompanied by a short verse from the Koran. Amongst other inscriptions of this kind, we were much struck by the subsequent distich:—'The most perfect of men is he who is most useful to his fellow-creatures.'

I shall not speak to you of Constantinople, gentlemen; it offers nothing which is more familiar to the world than the beauty of its site, and the paltry splendour of its public edifices. During our sojourn in that city, we were the witnesses of three events, which fully display its peculiar characteristics; these were the plague,—a fire,—and a revolution. After abiding for seven weeks under the roof of Guilleminot, who loaded us with attentions, we thought it was high time to start upon our expedition to Cairo, through the interior of Asia. The success of this journey depended upon the manner in which we set about it; and, for this purpose, it was necessary that we should deviate from the plan usually adopted by preceding travellers, to which Seetzen and Colonel Boutin had fallen victims. We, therefore, determined upon supplying ourselves at Constantinople with horses and fire-arms; at tired ourselves in the Moslem costume; took with us a firman, drawn in the most expressive terms, through the intervention of the French embassy; and, independently of an official Tater and an interpreter, added several experienced servants to our convoy. By these means our troop consisted of twelve horsemen, each of whom was armed with a double-barrelled gun; so that our weight of metal was superior to what could be brought against us in any of the places where we were under the necessity of making our halts. Thanks to the judicious application of an occasional handful of paras, (a small Turkish coin,) we conciliated the good-will of all classes so effectually, that in those parts where, if unattended, we should scarcely have been permitted to take down a single memorandum, we were allowed peaceably to sojourn whilst we made drawings and took admeasurements of monuments, and neither roused suspicion on the part of the inhabitants, nor received molestation from their enmity. The low price of provisions in the Levant renders this mode of travelling by no means expensive.

Such was the plan we pursued in traversing the interior of Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine. As it is impossible for me to afford you a complete account of our labours, or the observations arising out of them, I must content myself with adverting to the leading discoveries or researches which we achieved.

When we had taken our departure from Nicomedia and Nicæa, which offer many noble ruins to the inquiring eye, we took an easterly course towards the banks of the Sangar, and had scarcely reached the vicinity of lake Sobariju, the ancient Sofone, when we fell in with a Roman monument of noble dimensions; this was a bridge of six arches, preceded by a triumphal arch, and terminated by a similar structure in the form of a vault, resting against a hill, and opening on both sides for the thoroughfare of a Roman road. At a distance of ten leagues, south-west of Cutahia, the most elevated point of this part of Asia, we reached a Roman town, which has never been visited by any former traveller; nor is it adverted to by any of the ancient Itineraries. Its principal structures consist of a large theatre, a stadium, several porticoes in a good state of preservation, though of diminutive elevation, and an Ionic temple of the most elegant style of architecture, the columns of which are fluted, and composed of a single slab of marble, thirty feet in height; they sustain a frieze, decorated profusely and with the most exquisite taste. From the fragments of an inscription belonging to the façade, we gathered that this temple was restored during the reign of Adrian and was dedicated to Apollo. The Turks call this place Chapter; it is watered by a stream, which is crossed by a Roman bridge of five arches, in as perfect a state at this hour as the Roman vault to which it leads.

From Chapter we journeyed to the Phrygians ruins, described by Colonel Leake, and had the good luck to discover a second ruin of the same description in the same valley: nay, six leagues beyond this, we found a third, having an inscription in similar characters. But our greatest anxieties were directed, and two months of our time necessarily devoted, to exploring the region comprised between Affiom-Karahissar, Denislü, and Isporta: our object was to determine the sources and course of the Meander, the Lico, and the Marsia, and the sites of a variety of ancient towns, seated on their banks; especially those of Hierapolis and Aphrodisia. The former, which was constantly celebrated for its mineral waters, still retains the mephitic cavern, mentioned by Strabo, in which birds fall lifeless to the ground; the ruins of the temple of Apollo, and a long list of magnificent tombs. From the centre of Aphrodisia, the present Guera, rises the temple of Venus, which is of the Ionic order, and of which a considerable portion is still existing. On its left are the Theatre and Stadium: and from side to side extends an Ionic portico of the most consummate elegance. Aphrodisia is indisputably the city of Venus; a sort of Cupids support the garlands which decorate the frieze of the portico; and a chase, which is led by Loves, in pursuit of all kinds of animals, adorns the internal frieze of the temple, many fragments of which still exist in a good state of preservation: a hundred Greek inscriptions, scattered among the ruins, serve to enhance the intense interest which the sight of such a spot cannot fail to inspire.

The road from Guera to Konie, through Isporta, traverses a region of mountains, intersected with spacious lakes. This district may be styled the 'Switzerland of Asia Minor.' Eyerdir resembles the 'Isola bella' of the Lago Maggiore. This great chain of mountains incloses several ancient towns, which had not been previously recognized, and the site of which it became our task to ascertain; amongst them are Salagasso, Antioch of Pisidia, Greenna, and Selga, though none of them were so deservedly entitled to our researches as Konie, the ancient Iconium. This city contains curious vestiges of all its various stages, and particularly the Arabic remains of the Seljuk Sultans, which are no ways inferior to the Moorish edifices of Spain, whether for the elegance of their structure, or the excellence of their architectural design.

(To be continued.)

A PROPOSAL FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF MR. PEEL.

THE invention of the present circulating medium has generally been regarded as the foundation of that extended system of commerce which has contributed so largely to the happiness of mankind. Whether it was expedient, in barbarous times, to use such a method of facilitating exchanges, we cannot pretend to decide; but that it is not the best adapted to the present times, may be made obvious to the meanest capacity. The matured commercial energies of the nineteenth century need not lean on the props which assisted the infancy of traffic.

To vulgar minds, and such are those of all practical and all theoretical men, the divisibility and portability of the precious metals have always appeared the qualities which particularly adapted them for a medium of exchange. These we have long considered as precisely the causes of some of the greatest evils of our social intercourse; evils which we can see no mode of obviating, except that of boldly renouncing the dangerous use of metals, returning to the wise customs of our antediluvian forefathers, and effecting all exchanges by the natural process of barter, or, at any rate, permitting no other than the ancient circulating medium, horned cattle.

Pounds, we are ready to admit, would not be such bad things, if it were not for their detestable division into shillings and pence. There would be few objections to the revival of the ancient talent; but, as long as we have our present scale of small monies, so long must the great practical evil of existence, the demand for ready money and prompt payment, harass that unfortunate class of men, the payers. The payment of small bills is the greatest annoyance of man in a civilized state. For large bills he makes up his mind; these he generally incurs with some deliberation, and the prospect of being called on to pay them is always present to his mind, and induces him to shape his expenses accordingly; and, at any rate, he is generally allowed to take time to discharge them. But a small bill is an active poison; no long day is allowed by it to its victim, and their number makes up for their diminutive size. Their name is a legion; they come in quick and awful succession, like the train of phantoms that haunt the opium-eater. They do not, once and calmly, drain the life-blood from you with the deadly avidity of a vampire, but haunt your waking and sleeping hours with the pertinacious sting of the mosquito, and render life a constant and burdensome succession of petty but maddening annoyances.

And then, who is there on whom they produce that impression which the payment of money ought always to make on those who possess it in but a limited supply? Alas! it is in these small dribbles that our money imperceptibly glides from our hands. We forget that great law of nature, that the sum of the parts makes up the whole: we heed not the evanescence of our 10*l.* and 8*l.* notes in the shape of small change,—we convert the solidity of sovereigns into the fluidity of shillings,—the peace-table is not before our eyes. Who is there that keepeth watch and ward over single pounds?—who counteth the outgoings of shillings and sixpences?—who cherisheth the penny and its moiety as the seeds of greater coins? Few, indeed, there be, who are endowed with such wisdom, and few who do not repent over the emptiness of a gradually eviscerated* purse.

Both these great evils—the evil of constant demand and constant payments, and the consequent

* This singularly beautiful and expressive word is adopted from Blackstone's Commentaries. But we hope that the application of it to the reduced form of empty purses will be considered as a less jarring stroke than the Learned Judge's ferocious injunction to tear out the bowels of truth.

evil of the imperceptible diminution of our funds, would be prevented by the substitution of the pecoral for the pecuniary medium. You could never be bored into the payment of a small bill, because you never would have any coin sufficiently small to pay it with. Suppose a tradesman came to ask you to pay him six and eight-pence; your answer would be, 'I have got a fine ox down in Devonshire, but it won't be fat for a couple of months.' 'I make it a rule,' he would answer, 'never to book these small accounts.' 'Very well,' would be your reply. 'In that case, you have probably got change for a ram which you'll find down at Smithfield.' Here you have made him a legal tender. Is it likely that he can give you change in wethers or lambs? He mutters out that he has'n't the change about him; it will do another time—he rids you of his odious presence, and you are fearless of any recurrence of his importunities. The other evil would of course vanish with the first. No man would fling away sheep and calves, as he does half-crowns and shillings: and the most thoughtless could hardly spend a herd of oxen without thinking of it.

It may be suggested, that it would be inconvenient to tradesmen to be kept so long out of their money. The experience of all London shows that the wish for payment so prevalent among that class, is a mere vulgar prejudice; and that a shop-keeper is just as well off when he is unpaid as when he is paid. And at any rate, the interests of a class comparatively so small as that of sellers, can never be put in competition with the welfare of the many, that is the purchasers.

But the use of cattle, or other heavy goods, as money, would produce even greater benefits by reason of their not being portable. No man could be expected every time he walked out, to drive a herd of live stock before him through the streets. A tradesman thinks it now no impertinence to ask you to put your hand into your pocket, and pull out a few shillings, to pay for any article you have bought. But even if he should have the hardness to make such a request after the substitution of flocks and herds for gold and silver, the purchaser would, of course, answer, 'my good fellow, do you think I carry horses and cows in my breeches pockets, or bales of cotton in my purse. Send your man with the things, and I'll give you a draft on my grazier for an edge-bone of beef at the next Taunton fair.' What could he do but obey? Every other customer would make him much the same answer.

There would then be no need for a Mendicity Society, because beggars would get nothing for their begging. The wretches who bore us at the crossings of the streets, would be heard with contempt by the penniless proprietor of cattle. Guards and coachmen would learn the futility of demands which could not be gratified. Donations to servants would not exhaust the finances of the visitor of country friends. And the unblushing importunity of the lower orders would fail of extorting the ponderous bulk of a Christmas box, or a 'summut to drink.'

The security of property would be greatly increased by every increase in the size of the medium of exchange. Horse-stealing and sheep-stealing abound much in this country; but they are at any rate crimes much more difficult of commission than the picking a pocket. The country gentleman, who had received a dividend in Lancashire cattle, might safely commit his horned balance to a driver, and return to the White-Horse-Cellar without fear or the necessity of keeping his hands in his breeches pockets.

The banker and the philanthropist will observe with delight that this change in the monetary system would put a simultaneous end to the crime, and the sanguinary punishment of the forgery of bank notes. Bank notes there would be none, and who could forge sheep, or pass off forged bullocks?

The confidence in banks would be greatly

augmented; for the dealings of the banker would be transacted in the markets; and you might estimate his liability to meet a run by the size of his stalls, and the droves which entered them.

Again, the public would be guarded against the fraudulence of moneyed men. Could Mr. Austin have been suspected even of embezzling 30,000*l.* worth of four-footed beasts? Could the nation have been sufferers by the defalcation of many myriads of heifers or ewes in the Navy Office? Could Mr. Rowland Stephenson have suddenly decamped with the value of 160,000*l.* in live stock? Could he have safely embarked such a booty for America, or could he have lain hidden, as some suppose, in the heart of the city, without danger of being betrayed by the howling and bleating of his animated Exchequer bills?

There would be no false coining, and no melting of money to send it into foreign parts. We should rarely hear the plaint that money was going out of the country. Nor should we have to pay foreigners in useful commodities for the wasteful return of an unproductive medium of exchange. Our money would be raised in our own country. Usury would be impossible, because the natural periods of gestation would point out the only possible rate of interest which could be asked or given.

We could mention many other advantages of the alteration in our monetary system, which we have recommended in the foregoing remarks. But, for the candid, enough has been said; and any additional arguments would have but little additional effect on those whose prejudices they would not dispel. Above all, we expect little candour from the miserable gang of cold-blooded theorists who are called political economists; obstinately wedded to a *system*, on *no one point* of which (as Mr. Brougham has asserted) do *any two* of them agree, they will meet an original proposition with the disdain of insolent inaptitude for truth. And yet we might trust a little to the strong mind of Mr. Malthus, to whom the boldest conclusions are but as geese and turkeys; and we cannot help hoping that he will lend a favourable ear to the suggestion of a medium of exchange, which bears so close an affinity to his own cherished 'measure of value.'

Dark as are the waters on which we fling forth our truth to be hid for a while from the view of man, we know that it will float on their bosom into a brighter channel, whose distant gleam now cheers our eye. The day will be, (ay, and that a right early day,) in which there shall be a great change in the currency of this our native land. Men, that is Englishmen, shall not barter all that is dearest to them for idle and inanimate dross. There shall be a natural expression of a natural and unselfish commerce. The bustling haunts of traffic shall reflect some of the cheerful features of rural innocence and quiet. The pale and cunning visage of the stock-jobber shall give place to the ruddy cheek and manly morality of the shepherd. Rustic sights and rustic sounds shall make glad our hearts with the memory of by-gone days. And the stranger who shall visit the congregations of merchants, and the thronged halls in which the wealth of the world is bartered, shall find the Arcadia of ancient days in the Exchange of London, and recognize the visionary features of pastoral bliss in the monetary system of the 19th century.

FOREIGN NOTICES.

The Nuraghes of Sardinia.—There are six hundred of these ancient memorials extant in the island of Sardinia. Those which are in a perfect state, are generally about fifty feet high, ninety feet in diameter at their base, and their summit terminates in an inverted cone. They are constructed of various kinds of stone, such as are

found on the island, and their usual site is the top of some hill, standing in a plain; in a few instances, they are surrounded by a wall ten feet in height. The origin of these remarkable and long unnoticed monuments is indisputably to be traced to that portion of Grecian history which refers to the Heraclides and the Pelasgic colonies, and various authorities may be adduced from the ancient writers, particularly Diodorus of Sicily, Pausanias, and Aristotle, in proof of that origin. M. Petit-Radel, who has treated this subject with great judgment, notices the perfect coincidence of the events recorded by those writers with the whole history of the Pelasgic migrations. He shows, for instance, that some of these memorials were built by Dædalus, who planted colonies during the age of Iphicles, Iolas, Minos the Second, Œdipus, and Atreus; and, to prove the existence of the Arcadian colony of Aristæus, which Pausanias places in the earliest ages of Sardinian story, he brings into juxtaposition the records of that hero with those of Cadmus, whose daughter he married, and Nanas, the Thessalian, the founder of the Pelasgic colonies in Italy, of whom there are still extant considerable remains on the coast lying opposite to Sardinia.

Sardinia.—There have been some singular variations in the population of this island during the last fifty years: though it is now on the increase, the following statement shows that it has greatly declined during that interval. The numbers of its inhabitants were, in

1775,	426,375
1802,	387,830
1816,	351,867
1824,	412,357

From this statement, which is drawn from official documents, the amount of its population, as given by recent statistical writers, at 460,000 to 470,000 souls, is an evident exaggeration.

The natives of Sardinia are mostly of middling stature, though characterised by the symmetry of their shape, and their great muscular powers. They are peculiarly remarkable for an uncommon activity of mind, and possess great natural taste for science and poetry. Though a spirit of revenge impels them, on some occasions, to destroy its object, the harmony which pervades their domestic economy would shed lustre on the most lovely periods of the patriarchal state. The feudal system still obtains throughout the island, gorging the few at the expense of the many, and presenting a wall of adamant against the advancement of its welfare and civilization.

The direct taxes amount to 916,647 Piedmontese lire, (28,193*l.*) and the indirect, to 1,725,901, (71,910*l.*) The revenue of the clergy yields an annual sum of 960,000, (40,000*l.*) of which 264,000 fall to the share of the bishopricks, though on this last sum, it should be remembered, the government is entitled to charge as many pensions as are equivalent to one-third of the amount. Independently of the Universities and other establishments for education, the present sovereign has established normal schools in all the villages; they receive pupils at the age of eight years, from which age the learner passes through a three years' course of regular studies. When Viceroy of the island in 1804, he also founded a 'Society of Agriculture and Husbandry,' as well as the 'Monte di Soccorso,' an association exclusively designed for the support and encouragement of agriculture. The incubus of feudalism and superstition, however, must be removed before the industry of the Sardinian can raise his country from its present low estate. Of this, its unhappy condition, no further proof can be needed than that the whole island contains not one paper-mill—and only one solitary manufactory of cotton goods. Every article of leather, hardware, woollens, and linens, save coarse household cloths, is drawn, with some paltry exceptions, from foreign countries. The oil trade is the only

branch which shows any symptoms of increase.—*A. de la Marmora.*

Indigent Population of France.—Out of a population of thirty-two millions, as many as five millions are in a state of positive indigence, either professed, or incipient beggars! The country is plundered by 130,000 individual depredators; and of these, from 15 to 20,000 are apprehended and punished. The expense of providing for the public safety, costs the state an annual sum of 160,000*l.*, and the value of property stolen or damaged, cannot fall short of 80,000*l.* a year. There are more than 150,000 persons under confinement in prison, or vegetating in hospitals, &c.; and above 60,000 children of mendicant or indigent parents cast forth daily upon the world without any asylum beyond tap-rooms, forests, and dens of smugglers. In short, France contains more than 3,000,000 human beings who do not know from one month to another whether they are to live or starve. To complete this harrowing picture, it is lamentable to see the back ground filled up by 11,464 criminals annually discharged from the galleys, and 7,896 prisoners released from confinement.—*M. Laforest.*

Tea Trade in Russia.—Tea is one of the most important objects of Russian commerce, and contributes far beyond any other article to the prosperity of the fair held at Nijni-Novgorod, which receives its supplies upon the breaking up of the ice in the Siberian rivers. These supplies are forwarded on sledges from Kiakta, on the Chinese frontier, to Tomsk in Siberia, where they are sometimes detained six weeks or two months, awaiting the season for their shipment. Descending the Oby and ascending the Irtysh, they are again put on shore, and conveyed, a distance of twelve versts by land, to Perme, whence they are sent by water to Nijni-Novgorod. Their first departure from Kiakta takes place in the beginning of February, and those of 1827 reached Nijni-Novgorod on the 25th of July. They occupied eight-decked vessels, (*raachives*), each carrying from 200,000 to 250,000 pounds' weight; the eight cargoes being worth above 600,000*l.* The cost of carriage is nearly ten per centum, and the article is sold at twelve months, with one half per cent. discount. It is packed up carefully in lead, covered with skins, so as to preserve it from contracting any obnoxious savour from substances with which the package may come into contact. The tea imported by land-carriage into Russia is greatly superior to that imported by sea into England; as, in the latter instance, it cannot be so effectually secured as not to imbibe saline exhalations during the voyage.

The first essays made by the Siberians and Bashkirs to lead their caravans across Chinese Tartary to Pekin, occurred about the year 1653. They bartered their skins and furs for gold, silver, precious stones, stuffs, and tea; but their coarse deportment subsequently induced the Chinese government to prohibit their entrance into its territories, and they were obliged, in consequence, to restrict themselves to a petty traffic on the frontiers. The commercial treaty entered into between Russia and China in 1689 received a more extended form in 1712, when Peter the Great sent Laurent Lange as his envoy into China. Ever since that period, this branch of Russian trade has assumed gradually a more settled and substantial form.

The better descriptions of tea are known by the names of the original growers or manufacturers; and there are above two hundred different kinds, each familiar to the dealers by its parental designation, and prized accordingly. The wealthiest of these dealers are the merchants of Moscow, who conduct their barter with the Chinese through the medium of their own agents at Kiakta, and have recently attempted to defraud their customers by increasing the weight of the lead in which the tea is packed.—*Bulletin du Nord.*

KING'S COLLEGE.

We have been favoured with a copy of the plan for conducting King's College, which have been prepared by the Provisional Committee, and will be submitted to the body of subscribers; but as they have already appeared in the pages of a contemporary, we will only extract two or three of the most interesting articles, upon which we intend to make some remarks in an early number of 'The Athenæum.'

GOVERNOR.—All fundamental regulations concerning the course of studies, and the internal discipline of the College, which the Council may frame from time to time, as well as the appointment and removal of all the officers of the College, will be subject to the approval of the Governors.

TUTORS.—Tutors will be appointed by the Principal, with the approbation of the Council. One or more of the Tutors, under the direction of the Principal, will reside in each house, or in each portion of the College allotted for the reception of Students; they will be responsible to the Principal for preserving good order and discipline, and will be removable by him, with the approbation of the Council.

STUDENTS OF THE HIGHER DEPARTMENT.—The resident Students will be subject to such regulations as the Principal may from time to time announce. They will all be required to attend the service of the Church of England in the College Chapel on Sundays.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.—At these Examinations, the Students' knowledge of the evidences of natural and revealed religion, and of the doctrines and duties of Christianity, as taught by the United Church of England and Ireland, will be carefully inquired into. Every Student will be expected to exhibit a certain degree of proficiency in these subjects.

LOWER DEPARTMENT.—The system here carried on will embrace a Course of Religious Instruction suited to the age of the Pupils, Classics, Arithmetic, Elementary Mathematics, the Modern Languages, &c.

THE DRAMA.

Covent-Garden.

Is not 'The Beaux Stratagem' a good comedy? and was it not well acted at Covent Garden last Saturday? On the first of these questions we trust there is no one who requires to be illuminated,—as to the second, we need scarce do more than mention the name of Kemble, Keeley, Power, Bartley, and Miss Chester; but we can say in addition, and in good faith and sincerity, we have not partaken of a richer treat the whole season. The manners of this comedy, and almost all the characters, are certainly of a past date, but the humour of the incidents and dialogue were as fresh, easy, and forcible, as they could have been in the days when it was a picture of living existence. It is true (and perhaps to be lamented also) that the landlords of public inns are quite another guess sort of rogues now to what they were in the days of old Boniface. As to the road, what gentleman could undertake to live decently by it now when the stage-coaches come so thick and so quick, that one has no time to cut a traveller's throat with the proper degree of cunning and attention to his feelings, before bang goes the blunderbuss of the Royal Mail at your head. Alack-a-day! as the saying is, Captain is no longer 'a travelling name,' except to tourists on the Continent. Pistol and sword have been exchanged for false-key and center-piece, and the whole profession (Oh! shade of Gibbet!) incorporated with the organised police of the metropolis. *Tempora mutantur!* We have ourselves visited at a late period, and with no ordinary interest, the fair and famous city of Litchfield; yea, we have drank deeply of the copas-cup of its ancient, loyal, and free corporation; other objects of interest, such as the vestigia of Johnson, Garrick, Darwin, Seward, and last, not least, the fine monument of Chantrey, were all cared for easily, and in comparatively small space, after the conclusion of morning service; the remainder of our time we devoted sedulously to the recognition of the scene of 'The Beaux Stratagem.' Alas! the place was no more like its old picture than the new Palace to Greenwich Hospital. To be sure, the landlord of our hotel had a good red ale-drinking sort of face,—but his Anno Domini was any thing but 'confoundedly strong'; and when we rang the bell, with love's catechism hanging at our tongue's end, instead of Cherry, came in an old lean withered figure of a waiter; we dismissed the spectre, which had driven out our fair vision, with an internal ejaculation of—'Hence! avaunt! thy bones

are marrowless, thy blood is cold,' and bade him bring us for our consolation a glass of cherry brandy.

We observed, too, with regret, that all traces even of the French officers are beginning, after two generations, to disappear from the countenances of the inhabitants; the sharpness of the Gallic contour is becoming rounded again into the fullness and solidity of English flesh and bone;—changes, no doubt, attributable in some measure to the quartering of two or three of our own regiments there within the last twenty years.

The Dorindas and Mrs. Sullens had flaunting bonnets and proud eyes, but we could see no symptoms of 'corn, wine, and oil' upon their countenances. The Archers and Aimwells were sufficiently exquisite; but, strange to say, they wore black coats, and seemed to have nothing to practise on but targets. We made great and persevering inquiries respecting the scite of Lady Bountiful's mansion, but could only ascertain that it was no where in the vicinity of the close. We felt a great longing, on entering the church, to 'bow to the Dean, (especially as the verger had got his 'half-crown,') but could not catch the eye of the 'commanding officer,' who scarcely seemed to expect the honour we intended him; out of church, however, we are informed the custom is still much in vogue, so much, that when whist is played in the Close, that dignitary always has the privilege of choosing trumps at his own table.

To return to Covent-Garden. This picture of the past is more interesting to us than any picture of the present; it might not be so were our artists equal to the old ones. We have already expressed our unqualified approbation of the acting; still we must in justice say, that Charles Kemble, though eminently successful, can never be the Archer that Elliston was; he is perfectly and naturally the gentleman, but still there is a restraint, a want of real ease, about his acting, which is supplied by his clever and entertaining manner of assuming it; Power is a better substitute for the Jack Johnstone of the old cast in 1814; we think him one of the richest humorists on the stage. Still more irresistible was Keeley, the successor of Bannister, in Scrub. Whenever this actor adds to his author, and he often does so, it is sure to be an improvement: an effect which could not take place, if he did not feel perfectly the humour he depicts. Take, for instance, the following: 'Arch. How many are there of them? (thieves).—Scrub. Sir, eleven-and-forty.—Oh! kill him, kill him, Sir. I never saw a man killed in my life.' Such of our readers as have seen Keeley, may imagine the effect of these last words better than we can describe it; the house did not recover from them for many seconds. Miss Forde is in person the very representation of Cherry, and she played the part perfectly, and with some humour. She is indeed a promising actress, which, added to her more than respectable qualifications as a singer, gives her a chance, we think, of some day becoming a favourite. But Miss Chester—what a gorgeous woman! just arrived at the limits which separate, *emboupoint*, and what gross people call fatness, she is at this time grander than we have ever seen her. What shall we call her? a seventy-four in full sail? or, as Burns better expresses it,

'A glorious galley, stem and stern,

Well rigg'd for Venus' barker.'

Then how well she acted, we thought. It was principally through the assistance of her bye-play and Charles Kemble's, the scene of Aimwell's fit in the arm chair, presented the best group we ever saw upon the stage. We cannot conclude without a word respecting the omission of certain passages upon certain accounts. It is not our foible to be strait-laced; on the contrary, we would have love's catechism retained exactly as it was written; we consider it neither immoral or indecent at all; but whilst this was curtailed, there were passages allowed to remain which must shut the doors of the Theatre against all modest women; a little disguised, indeed, it is true, but still more than half naked; and when the gross laugh of the gross majority of the audience tears away the veil altogether with an insulting and triumphant peal, we insist upon it, that Mr. Fawcett has no right to accuse our impure imaginations (to say nothing of the ladies) of not abiding by their own chaste interpretations of the sense.

Illustration of a passage in Thucydides.—Athenian Cicade.—The common tradition among the ancients was, that cicades were, *and sponte*, produced from the earth; and as the Athenians believed themselves to have had a similar origin, they, for that reason, wore little golden images of cicades in their hair.—*Redi. Opuscula*, 10.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

'Ut in vita, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam, procedat.'—*Philo Epistola*.

I.

'Collecting toys
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.'
Milton's Paradise Regained.

1.—PORTICAL.

Sir Walter Scott and Dr. Gall, the Phrenologist.—It has been aptly remarked, that the advocates of the phrenological system carefully publish every fact which supports their theories, but none which oppose them. Whether the following anecdotes merely prove an error in judgment of the celebrated founder of the system, or the heads examined to be examples of perverse configuration, we shall leave others to decide.

When Dr. Gall was in this country, he went, in company with Dr. H., to visit the studio of our eminent sculptor Chantrey. Mr. Chantrey being engaged, they amused themselves in viewing the various efforts of his skill. Dr. Gall was requested to say, from the organs exhibited in a certain bust, what was the predominant propensity or faculty of the individual. He pronounced that the original must be a great poet. His attention was directed to a second bust. He declared the latter to be that of a great mathematician. The first was the bust of Troughton, the eminent mathematician; and the second, that of Sir Walter Scott.

Talent, the phrenologist asserts, is proportional to the development of the cerebral mass. Mr. Chantrey exhibited to Dr. Gall drawings of numerous heads. The cranioscopist selected one, whose ample cerebral development gave (as he decided) a sure index of vast talent,—it was a fac-simile of the head of the Earl of Pomfret.

Plagiarism.

Vain—till your heart is warmed—the task to steal
The fire from other bosoms; you must feel
The cord that wakes—in hundred hearts—a tone
Must first be tuned and vibrate in your own.

Goethe.

The Primrose.

Though storms may break the primrose on its stalk,
Though frosts may blight the freshness of its bloom,
Yet Spring's awakening breath will woo the earth
To feed, with kindest dews, its favourite flower,
That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,
Lighting the green sward with its sunny smile.

Shelley.

A Poet's Feelings.—The feelings of a genuine poet are all strong—*Quicquid amet, valde amat.*—*Coleridge.*

2.—SENTIMENTAL.

Vice and Virtue.—We have much labour and hold in the obtaining virtue; when we have fought well all day, we loose it at night; vice dogs vs, and neuer assails but upon advantage; shee comes creeping, and by degrees gets into our bosomes; we cannot shut her out, for our gates will not bee bar'd: our senses keep open houses; they are busie faculties, that love not idleness, though they lead to idleness; bee blinde, and the power of the eyes will runne into the touch, and then make that itch for both: take away four and leaue the fifth, and that fifth will trouble vs as ill as all; take away all—we are senselesse: so, having senses, we are subject to vice; having none, without feeling. The reason of vertue's difficulty, is her inuisibleness: it must bee touched, or tasted, or heard, that they make much of; and so much vertue is common: we call her by her name, and tell her of her excellency: but to translate her out of wordes into deedes and actions is few mens' case, and no marvaile, for the persuasion of vertue being in a language that man understands not, without the senses' interpretation, by their interpretation is corrupted.—*Sir William Cornwallis's Essays*, 29, edit. 1631.

Love.

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
And thinks none sees it, 'cause itself is blind.

Cowley.

Freedom.

Ah! Freedom is a noble thing,
Freedom makes man to have likyng;
Freedom all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease that freely lives.

Barbour, I., l. 183.

3.—DRAMATICAL.

Welsh Dramatics.—The style of the religious dramas, (if we can call them so,) may be conceived from the

following speech, arising out of the refusal of Noah's wife to enter into the Ark :

' *Shem*.—Father, I shall fetch her in, I trow,
Withouten anie faille.
Mother, my father after thee sendes,
And biddes thee into yonder ship wendes.
Look up and see the winds,
For we bene ready to sayle.'

The Deluge, an old Play, 41.

4.—ORATORICAL.

Father Gregory.—If we may give full credit to our old monkish writers, the effects of pulpit oratory in their days far surpassed any thing witnessed in our degenerate times. We cannot boast, as they could, of a preacher 'tipifying a congregation with the honied rain of his eloquence.'—'Doctor Sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam.'—*John of Salisbury, ap. X. Script.*

5.—RHETORICAL.

The Simple and the Florid Style.—The first writer of eminence who departed from the model of the Greek simplicity was Sallust. His style wants all that flowing ease and smoothness of diction so conspicuous in Xenophon; instead of which he has assumed a manner of his own, borrowed, it would appear, from the declamation of the schools of rhetoric. Sallust was followed by Tacitus and Seneca; the first of whom always aims at that pointed brilliancy which the ancient Greeks never attempted, but which has frequently among the moderns been considered the acmé of perfection. Tacitus also indulged in the florid, pictured style of writing which belongs to poetry; and in this false taste he has been followed by the French and their imitators in Germany and England.—*Lord Monboddo, Origin and Progress of Language, vol. iii.*

Oriental Metaphor.—He feared not the number of tents where death, the mother of vultures, had fixed her mansion.—*Zohair, Transl. by Sir Wm. Jones.*

6.—CHIVALRIC.

Contempt of Death.—We are told of the ancients that they looked upon death as a jest, *Mortem pro joco habent*—vide *Athenæus, Deipn.* iv. and *Bartholinus, p. 5.* But in this they were rivalled by the Scandinavians :

'Magna viri virtus quæ risu calluit uno
Supremam celare necem, summum quæ dolorem
Corporis ac mentis læto componere vultu.'

Sævo Grammaticus, p. 36.

'With joy, with triumph, he resigned his breath,
And smiled away the agonies of death.'

7.—ROMANTIC.

Heath-beds.—Buchanan and Smollett give very romantic descriptions of the luxury of a heath-bed, such as are used in the Highlands of Scotland; and toil may, without doubt, make any bed comfortable, but I can say, from experience, that a heath-bed is far from being a pleasant couch.—*Cordiner's Picturesque Antiq. p. 114.*

8.—PICTURESQUE.

Alpine Scenery.—It is difficult to paint to the imagination objects which have nothing in common with what is seen in other parts of the world; it is difficult to make pass into the mind of the reader that impression of admiration, mingled with terror, which is inspired by those immense masses of ice, surrounded and surmounted by pyramidal rocks still more immense; the contrast of the dazzling white of the snow with the obscure colours of the rocks moistened by the waters drained from the melting snows; the transparency of the air; the splendour of the light of the sun, which imparts to every object an indescribable vivacity and distinctness; and the profound and overawing [majestuous] silence which reigns in those vast solitudes—a silence which is only interrupted from time to time by the noise of some large mass of granite or of emerald ice dashing down the mountainous precipices. When a fine day occurs among the Alps, the air is so calm, pure, and light, that it is scarcely possible to imagine storms could be there so terrific. But the wind being confined between converging rocks, acquires an amazing velocity which the strongest man cannot resist; and being generally accompanied with snow, if you stop—you die of cold; if you proceed—you fall over a precipice in the obscurity of the storm, or your breath is stopt by reflected currents of wind.—*Saussure's Voyages dans les Alpes, p. 631.*

PICTURE OF MORNING.

When pale Aurora, with face lamentable,
Her russet mantle border'd all with sable,
Lapped* about the heavenly circumstance†

With Sol depaint, as Paradise delectable,
And blissful boughs with bloomed variance.

The daisy and the marigold unlapl'd,‡
Whilks § all the night lay with their leaves lapped,
Them to reserve|| fra rheums pungitive.
The umbrate trees that Titan about wapp'd **
Were portrayed, and on the earth y-shaped
By golden beames vivificative.

The grasshoppers among the vergers gnapped ††
And bees wrought material for their hive.

Gawain Douglas, Palice of Hcu. V.

9.—MUSICAL.

Extraordinary Feat of Mrs. Salmon.—Great vocal ability usually indicates great constitutional strength, and this is further proved from the resistance of catarrhal disorders by professional singers. Amateurs are always 'taking colds,' professors very rarely, indeed, though so much exposed to night air in their clothing. Mrs. Salmon, for example, in December, sang at Manchester on Wednesday; at Leeds on Thursday; at Sheffield on Friday; and at Hall (seventy miles distant) on Saturday. This, however, is not equal to her famous week, in which she appeared on Monday in London; on Tuesday at Oxford; on Wednesday in London; on Thursday at Oxford; on Friday in London; and on Saturday at Bath.

Minstrel Music.

He sang sæ sweet, it might dispel
All rage but fell despair.—*Ballad of Gûl Morice.*

Early Opera in London.—The absurd manner of conducting the Opera in London, during the reigns of Charles and James, will appear from the mixture of Italian and English. Mrs. Tofts, a mere Englishwoman, in the part of Camilla, courted by Nicolini, an Italian, without understanding a syllable each other said; Mrs. Tofts chaunting her recitative in English, in answer to his Italian: and, on the other hand, Valentini courting amorously, in the same language, a Dutch woman, who could neither speak English nor Italian.

10.—CRITICAL.

Bray a Fool in a Mortar.—The passage in Proverbs, rendered, 'Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar,' &c., is quite misunderstood, and should be translated, 'Though thou chastise [or punish] a fool in the grinding-house, [or mill,] among the workers at the grist;' for the Hebrew word *Chetseah* signifies to beat, to bruise by corporal punishment; while *Baah*, rendered with 'a pestle,' is rather the plural of *Baal*, addicted to, (*Prov.* i. 17, and xxii. 24,) viz. addicted to grinding corn, or employed in grinding. *Riput*, again, means ground corn, (*2 Sam.* xvii. 19.) Grist corn, ground, or ready for grinding. *Be*, rendered 'in,' should be translated 'at' the mortar, or in the prison, or bridewell, where offenders were compelled to grind corn, with stripes.—*Vide Terence, Andria, iii. 4, and i. 2; and Judges, xvi. 21.*

Carthaginian and Irish.—Colonel Vallancey maintains, that the fragments of the Punic language preserved in Plautus, are pure Irish. The line,

'Handone silli hanum bene silli in mustine,'

he renders, 'When Venus grants a favour, it is generally attended by some misfortune.'—*Collect. Hibern.*

11.—MYTHOLOGICAL.

Origin of the Demi-Gods of Antiquity.—It is too hasty a conclusion to affirm, with Warburton, that all the deities of the ancient mythology were once men and women; for, though Jupiter, Bacchus, Ceres, &c., were once inhabitants of the world, it does not follow, that the grand *Αυτογένητα* originated in the errors of Polytheism, as the god-ship of the Sun, Moon, and *Ουρανός* would, notwithstanding, remain inviolable and untouched.—*Bott's Answer to Warburton, 23.*

Fairy Rings.

Illic Lemurum populus sub nocte choreas,
Plausurit exiguas, viridesque attriverit herbas.

Mons. Catherine, p. 9.

12.—SEPULCHRAL.

Hottentot Buriallings in 1686.—The Hottentot custom of burying the dead is the following:—They come with knives, and shave the body, arms, and legs of the deceased, through the thick skin; then they dig a great hole, and set him in it upon his breech, clapping stones round about him to keep him upright; after, comes a company of their women about him, making a horrid noise; then they cover the mouth of the hole, and leave him in a sitting posture.—*Cowley's Voyage, apud Harris, i. 82.*

* Folded. † The term 'Circumstance' for the visible armament, is almost as fine as the Spanish *Expendidura*. ‡ Unfolded. § Which, in plural. || Preserve. ** Played or Flitted. †† Crinked, or chirruped.

13.—SUPERSTITIOUS.

Demons vanish at Cock-crowing.—This is by no means a recent superstition, as appears from the following verses, by a poet of the fourth century :

'Furunt vagantes Demones,
Lætas tenebris natum,
Gallo canente exterritas,
Spartan timere et cadere.'—*Prudentius.*

Sacredness of Islands.—The Irish of old seem to have held islands in superstitious veneration. In the river Shannon, the romantic island of Inniscailte contains the remains of seven churches, and a round tower; and, in another of its islands, an anchorite tower, 120 feet high, where, also, the ruins of eleven churches are still visible.—*Owenson's Patriot Sketches, i. 48.*

The Orientals, in the same manner, hold the islands of Elephanta, Salsette, Ceylon, &c., holy.

14.—ONEIROLOGICAL.

Pleasures of Dreaming.—If we dreamed the same thing every night, it might perhaps affect us no less than objects seen by day. If an artisan dreamed every night that he was a king, I think he would be as happy as a king who should dream every night he was an artisan. Because our dreams are ever varying from themselves, they strike us more faintly.—*Pascal, Pensées.*

15.—ASTROLOGICAL.

Medical Astrology.—Maginus, in the preface to his *Mathematical Physic*, says that a physician has no use for astrology:—"Unam artem ac quasi temerariam in sectantur, ac gloriam sibi ab ejus imperitiâ aucupari." On the other hand, Ariænnus, the celebrated Arabian Physician, goes so far as to account physicians ignorant of astrology little better than homicides—"Homicidas medicos Astrologiz ignaros."—*Kurt. Sprengel, Hist. Med.*

16.—ALCHEMICAL.

The Cup of Immortality.—The Chinese, it would appear, have not been behind the Europeans in the pursuit of the phantoms of alchemy, and Voo-tee, one of the most celebrated princes of the Han dynasty, was persuaded that the cup of immortality had been discovered. The Emperor finally procured this precious draught, and appointed a time on which he was to quaff it in presence of his courtiers. It was accordingly presented to him, when one of his grandees started forward, seized it, and drank it off. The Emperor ordered the audacious grandee to instant execution; but the latter coolly told him that if the cup was good for any thing, death would have no power over him. Voo-tee pardoned him, but continued to believe in the efficacy of the cup.—*De Guignes, Voy. à Peking.*

17.—MAGICAL.

Marine Incantations.—Incantamenta sic pollut ut naves in medio cursu retineant, sic ut nulla vi ventorum amoveri possint. Quod malum solo virginitum excremento, foris navium ac transtris illitis, curatur; a quo, ut incalis accipi, spiritus illi natura abhorrent.—*Hispan. Illustrat. ii. 1320 edit. Frank. 1603.*

18.—LUDICROUS.

Royal Dinner for the Devil.—His Majesty professed, that were he to invite the Devil to dinner, he should have these three dishes; 1. a pig [whether young or old—roast, boiled, or braised, is not in the bill;] 2. A poll of ling and mustard; 3. A pipe of tobacco for digestion.—*Apothegms of St. James, p. 4, edit. Lond. 1608.*

Divinity of Agnes.—The Stoics prove the divinity of the heavenly bodies from their regular motions; but, says Cotta, if things regular in their motion be on that account divine, then we must predicate divinity of tertian and quartaun agnes.—*Vide Cic. de Nat. Deor. iii. 205.*

II.

'That knowledge is not to be reckoned useless which, though useless in itself, sharpens genius and sets the mind in order.'—*Lord Bacon.*

1.—POLITICAL.

Theological Politics of Mahomet.—In Mahometan countries, the vulgar are prohibited from reading those books which are accounted sacred; and this proves that Mahometanism is not fitted for the poor,—for all mankind. The prohibition, besides, is not a corruption, but an express precept of the Koran.—*Vide Erpenius and La Roque, Voy. à Palestine.*

Influence of Ballads.—More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as ballads and libels.—*Selden.*

Of the truth of this, the songs of Beranger furnish a remarkable instance.

2.—HISTORICAL.

Picts in Ireland.—It is evident, from many authori-

lies, that there were Picts settled in Ireland at a very early period. We may refer, for instance, to Adomnánus, vita St. Columb.; Probus, vita St. Patricii; Annals of Ulster; Tighernac, &c. The title, indeed, of one of the chapters of O'Flaherty's Ogygia is 'Pictorum in Hiberniam migratio.'—*Vide also Wood, in Trans. R. J. A. xii.*

Impaling among the Ancients.—The barbarous punishment of impaling, so common at present in the East, seems to have had place among the ancient Romans: 'Cogita hoc loco carcerem, et cruce, et eculos, et uncum, et adactum per medium hominem qui per os emergat, stipitem.'—*Seneca Epist. 14.* 'Alii capite conversos in terram suspendere: alii per obscena stipitem egerunt: alii brachia patibulo explicuerunt.'—*Seneca, de Consol. xx.*

Irish Cannibalism.—In order to render a young girl named Eithne Vathaek sooner marriageable, for the purpose of fulfilling a prediction, she was fed with the flesh of young children to quicken her growth. In consequence of this mode of dieting, she was capable of marriage some years before the usual age.—*Keating, p. 261.*

4.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

Cruden.—The learned Cruden, author of the Concordance to the Bible, professed his determination not to marry, because, by obeying the precept, 'increase and multiply,' he believed that he would make himself a party to the propagation of sin. Acting upon this principle, he eventually paid his addresses to an old maid, who rejected him.

Newton and Stillingfleet.—Whiston, the author of the Theory of the Earth, informs us that he lost the favour of Sir Isaac Newton by presuming to contradict him; and adds, that he would not have ventured to publish any thing against his chronology during his life, as, from the irritability of his temper, it might possibly have killed him. Stillingfleet was no less affected by having his opinions controverted, if we are to believe his chaplain, Dr. Bentley, who tells us that he believed Locke's confutation of his metaphysics concerning the Trinity hastened his end.

5.—TOPOGRAPHICAL.

Locality of Troy.—Many regions formerly abundant in wood, by being now strip of it, are become much less abundant in springs. From this cause it is that Choiseul and others have in vain searched for the river Scamander, in the locality of Troy. The forests of Mount Ida have for ages been in ruins, and the sources of the Scamander have thereby been dried up.—*Abbe Roster.*

6.—BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.

Cole's Manuscripts.—The Rev. William Cole, the friend of Walpole, left behind him in MS. more than fifty vols. folio in his own writing, from 1745 to 1777. The title of this voluminous work is 'Athenæ Cantabrigienses,' and is intended as a sort of companion to Anthony-a-Wood's Athenæ.

7.—GRAMMATICAL.

Prepositional Cases.—When by conquest or intercourse one nation intermingles with another, very important alterations are made upon their common language. Take, for example, a Lombard who was attempting to speak Latin, and who, having occasion for the dative case of *Roma*, should not readily recollect it,—he would naturally say, *de Roma*, or *ad Roma*, and accordingly *di Roma* and *al Roma* are at present used in Italy. It is in such particulars that the modern Greek differs from the ancient.—*Smith, Form. of Lang.*

8.—METAPHYSICAL.

Beauty.—There is a first model of beauty and agreeableness, which consists in a certain relation between our own nature and the thing with which we are affected. Whatever is formed on this model interests and delights us; whatever differs from it is always displeasing.—*Pascal, Pensées.*

9.—LOGICAL.

Sir Philip Sidney and the Austrian Equerry.—When Sir Philip Sidney was at Vienna, the Emperor had an Equerry who spoke so eloquently of horses as made Sir Philip say, 'If I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse.'

Christian Argument.—St. Louis earnestly counselled his intimate friend, the Sire de Joinville, never, upon any account, to argue with an infidel. 'The only way,' said his saintly Majesty, 'that a Christian can do in such cases, is to thrust his sword into his belly as far as it will go.'—*Mémoires de Joinville.*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The article on Michael Sturtz, though excellent in some respects, is not exactly suited to our work. We shall be glad to hear again from our Correspondent.

The articles on Pantomimes and the New Year's day in America, lie at our office for the writers.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

M'Gregor's Sketches of British America, 8vo., 7s.
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The New Scots Magazine, No. 1, 1s.,—to be continued Monthly.
The First Number of a New Edition of Burns's Works, with Engravings on Steel, by Shury, from Original Paintings by W. Kidd.

Sate Offices in England and Egypt.—The Pasha of Egypt has at present four of his state Officers improving themselves in this country, viz., his Salactar or Sword Bearer, answering, of course, to our First Lord of the Treasury; his Murdar or Seal Bearer, Lord High Chancellor; his Dividar or Inkstand Bearer, Clerk of the Court; and his Tumassi Agassi or (literally) Master of the Washerwomen, doubtful, probably, First Lord of the Admiralty; which is the more likely, from the circumstance of his being the one sent by Government to learn naval tactics on board the Shannon. There is, besides, an Armenian studying liberal arts and polite language at Portsmouth, but we believe he does not hold any state office.

Liberty.—Is it not better that liberty should rise spontaneously from a soil prepared for its reception, and in which its seeds have gradually been maturing in the progress of society, than violently to plant it on stony and thorny ground, where no congenial qualities give strength to its roots, and beauty to its blossoms, where it does not throw wide its perennial shadow under which the people may find happiness and refuge, but spring up, like the gourd of Jonah, in the night of popular tumult and unnatural and extravagant innovation, to perish in the morning beneath the heat of reckless passion, or the consuming fire of foreign interference?—*Russell's Tour in Germany, Article Pervia.*

Extract of a Letter dated Chamouni, July 22, 1816, from Percy B. Shelley to Thos. Procter, Esq.

On a Painted Woman.

(From the French of Brebeuf.)

To youths, who hurry thus away,
How silly your desire is
At such an early hour to pay
Your compliments to Iris.
Stop, prithee, stop, ye hasty beaux,
No longer urge, this race on;
Though Iris has put on her clothes,
She has not put her face on.

R. A. D.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	Jan.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
Mon. 29	40	36	30. 17	NW-SW	Foggy.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 30	39	40	30. 27	S.to SW.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.
Wed. 31	43	43	29. 95	S. W.	Rain.	Ditto.
Thurs. 1	37	42	29. 70	S. W.	Mst. AM.	Cum. str.
Frid. 2	37	34	29. 67	N to NW	Clear.	Cirrostratus
Sat. 3	36	39	29. 72	W. to N.	Fair Cl.	Cirrocum.
Sun. 4	41	38	29. 32	N. W.	Rain AM.	Cirrostratus

Nights fair. Slight frost on the nights of Thursday and Friday. Mornings fair, excepting that of Sunday.

Highest temperature at noon, 46°. Length of day on Sunday, 7 h. 54 min. Increased, 10 min. Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 32" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99268.

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London: Printed and Published every Wednesday morning, by WILLIAM LEWAN, at the Office, No. 4, Wellington-street, Strand.

THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 64.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1829.

Price 8d.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

CAMBRIDGE.—No. III.

[As it is important to the completion of our Cambridge sketches that we should offer a view of the social life of the University, we willingly give insertion to the following letter. Our readers will see, without our apprising them of the fact, that the picture is painted *coulour de rose*, and that it is no *like* likeness of the general spirit and pursuits of the University. It will serve, however, as a useful set-off against the descriptions of mere dissipation and vulgarity which are to be found in novels and other popular books that profess to treat of Cambridge; and it will convince those of our readers who have been misled by them, that there does exist, even among the undergraduates, a class not wholly given to hunting, drinking, or mathematics.] E.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—In Nos. 58 and 60 of your work, you have published two papers on the University of Cambridge. These articles are, I dare say, very interesting to the persons for whom they seem to have been intended,—metaphysicians, divines, and schoolmasters, of whom there are, probably, not above a few scores among your readers. They seem to have been written by some ancient, crabbed, and 'book-minded' critic, thinking a great deal about Greek, logic, mathematics, and chapel-services, and not considering at all what topics would be most likely to win the attention of the public in general. The writer appears to consider Cambridge as a collection only of stone-walls and statutes, and says absolutely nothing of the body of students who form all the real life and importance of the University. Filling his mind for thirty or forty years, in some dim cellar or garret, with pedantry, cobwebs, and library dust, he seems completely to have forgotten the human companions of his youth; if, indeed, he be not, as I rather suspect, an ancient college menial, inditer of declamations, and copyist of impositions,—such a one as he to whom I yesterday paid four shillings and sixpence for writing, in a villanous hand, one hundred lines of Virgil's 'Æneid,' b. iv., beginning '*Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus, eandem*,' &c. If he be your correspondent, Mr. Editor, employ him not again. He is a dirty fellow, and over-fond of ale.

I, Sir, who am now a junior Soph at Christ's, am persuaded that I can treat of Cambridge matters infinitely more agreeable to the world than those discussed by your hoary and ungentelemanly contributor. I will tell of the members of the University; not its laws; of 'chartered libertines,' not chartered institutions. And in my article, fathers shall read of their sons, tradesmen of their debtors, bishops of their candidates for ordination, attorneys of incipient barristers, old ladies of their heirs, and young ones of their lovers. I will, in the words of a well-known member of my college, 'Let Euclid, rest and Archimedes pause,' and speak of those for whom the whole system criticised by your correspondent is designed, and not of the system itself. Not that I thereby in the least resign my right of contesting the ground assumed by him, and of showing that the present course of study is, at least, sufficiently troublesome.

* The writer is under an error in supposing that there are any young ladies in England foolish enough to interest themselves about those especial and very dull coxcombs, the members of the Universities. But Cambridge men are proverbially more conceited, and with

But as I think, on further consideration, that the mode of composition the least professorial or essay-like, in short, the farthest from that of your contributor, will be the most agreeable, I shall simply furnish you with an account of one day, such as I commonly experience, and such as is usual among the more civilized, judicious, and prominent members of the University. Having attended or avoided chapel, as the case may be, more frequently the latter, an hour is spent in a lecture-room, where the occupation of the more intellectual students is the drawing caricatures or the inditing epigrams. Breakfast follows; and this is an important business, not only as concerns the palate, digestion, and so forth, but as indicating the character of the whole man. There are who addict themselves to assemblages of a dozen or a score hungry and loud-throated guests, who devote an hour and a half to mere eating, and spend the rest of the day in looking out of the window or playing billiards. I seldom breakfast alone, but never with more than five associates, and those of the choicest for wit, accomplishments, and temper, persons who will detect the strength of a syllogism, though it appear in the festal garb of an illustration, and with whom controversy is just exciting enough to promote digestion, without exhausting the energies which are to carry us through the day. Then, for I feel that I am at a University, and scorn to employ the whole morning in boating or lounging, I become a solitary. Greek (Æschylus or Demosthenes) delights me, or I sport with the Arabian maids, the genii of algebra; or I read hour after hour the deep-toned page of Tacitus, and fancy that I am folding round me the white mantle with the purple hem, and calling upon the gods and heroes of old Rome to defend against luxury and despotism the citadel of war, and law, and empire.

If the weather permit, arm-in-arm with one friend, (and no more,) I sally forth into the humid plains of Cambridgeshire. The companion whom I delight to honour,——, but his name is no matter, knows as much of metaphysics and logic as even your friend, who prates of Cambridge, could require. He would puzzle Duns Scotus in five minutes, and bring Aquinas into a contradiction. He anatomises Locke with the boldest and the nicest scalpel. But these are not, in my eyes, his chief merits. He has indeed a subtlety of intellect, which might suffice to break down a universe into discordant atoms; but his plastic imagination and harmonizing affections secure the order and unity of his thoughts; and with a system ten-thousand times larger and stronger and more compact than those of the system-mongers, he is so thoroughly and delightfully an individual, you care so little for his opinions except as developments of himself and his own gentle and mighty heart, that paradoxes which he never utters but with a smile of conscious extravagance, could not possibly irritate the fiercest disputants, even if they were enforced with all the earnestness which accompanies in him every serious expression of belief. Without, as far as I know him, (and I have known him long and intimately,) having ever done an action, uttered a word, or entertained a thought, which was any thing but amiable, generous, and honest, he is the most nervous and shamefaced of human beings; and with greater power of ideas, conceptions, and words, than any young man I have

to his friends than to his mere acquaintances! However, I need not speak in detail of his qualities; mankind and futurity will hear of them. With him, according to the little diurnal plan I am describing, how often, beneath a dull grey sky and along a bare high-road, how often have I pursued, delightedly, a way which in his society scarcely seemed familiar or monotonous! There is a church-yard for instance, some three or four miles from Cambridge, whither we have sometimes walked together, and which, once or twice, has won even me into seriousness. I confess I can seldom see the world, or even a bit of it, without feeling inclined to laugh, but M—— church-yard has nothing to do with the world, any more than the bones beneath its sod with the bustle of the actual human race. The grey and humble church on one side, and a grove of dark-leaved trees on the three others of the little cemetery, exclude every ray of light that does not drop upon it from the sky.

But my moralizations are not so profound as to merit being recorded; rather let me commemorate my return to college, and appearance in the hall at four o'clock. The dinner is, not remarkably good, but is devoured as earnestly as if it were the master-piece of the *Rocher de Concoale*. And now, Sir, comes one of those solemnities which are nearly peculiar to the Universities, namely, a wine-party. This is a collection of acquaintances for the purpose indicated by the name, and, of course, cannot any where be usual, save in situations which require public dinners, and exclude public deserts. But, Mr. Editor, these parties are not merely distinguished from others by the fact, that the fruit and decanters are disposed of in a different apartment from the mutton and turnips, but they are occasions for a display of knowledge, fancy, humour, eloquence, friendliness, and every other estimable and delightful quality, such as the whole universe cannot afford, were it searched from Paris to Paramatta. Let me consider:—I received yesterday, at my rooms, Morton, the pleasant philosopher I have before mentioned; Williams, a blooming cynic, who, when he can be persuaded to talk, is in a splendid frenzy about political abuses; Bolton, the ugliest, most amusing, and most gentlemanly of scoffers; Wallace, with the eye of an eagle and the gentleness of a dove; and lastly, O! that I could bid come forth before your readers Trevor the very prince of imaginative dreaming, who lives in an airy world, and is kind and romantic among his earthly friends as any beneficent genie of fable. Now, suppose this combination of the most admirable dispositions and faculties (I say nothing of myself, except to solicit attention to the proverb *nos citur a sociis*) round a table embroidered with dishes of oranges, lemon-chips, grapes, French plums, olives, &c., and crowned by sparkling bottles of wine, and need I say more? Politics, poetry, society, the world, and the university, all and each debated by the prime spirits out of two thousand young men, and—made the occasion for an unrivalled display of wit and wisdom! Aristophanes, Shelley, Coleridge, Grammont, Pasta, and Ude, all canvassed, lauded, and illustrated with an exquisite and generous acuteness; and due punishment inflicted, by a few passing touches, on Daniel O'Connell, Lord Winchelsea, Jeremy Bentham, and the Vice-Chancellor!*

Such are the amusements, and such the triumphs, dear to the elect among the Cambridge students!

In the evening, I, and the less noisy and vacant of my contemporaries, generally occupy ourselves in private. But when this is not the case, I sometimes betake myself to a large room at an inn, which is the arena for the debates of a large society.

The meetings are held weekly. Suppose this to be Tuesday, the —th day of —, and behold the 'Union' in all its glory. A long, low room, with three or four rows of benches down the sides, and the President's chair at one end, exhibits a muster of perhaps two hundred members. Tables with candles stand in the centre, and the orators are generally congregated near them. After some minutes spent in private business, the President announces, that 'the question for this evening's discussion is,—Ought the claims of the Roman Catholics to have been granted previous to the year 1808? The opener is at liberty to begin. (*Order, order!*) My friend Williams rises, with his eyes upon the ground, and his hands upon the balloting-box. (*Hear, hear, hear!*)—'Mr. President, I should not have proposed this question to the society, had I thought that it was commonly discussed elsewhere on the proper grounds. This question is, in fact, a contest between the people and the aristocratic monopolies, which scarcely even pretend to represent the people;' &c. &c., and so on for half an hour. Then rose Mr. Billingsgate, a soft-voiced young gentleman of large fortune, and a fellow-commoner; yet, though a fool, a favourite with the society. 'I protest, Sir, against the use of such expressions as those which have been expressed by the honourable gentleman. They are decidedly unconstitutional; I say, Sir, they are decidedly unconstitutional. I maintain, Sir, that the House of Commons does fully and fairly represent the people. By the people, I do not mean the rabble, but persons of birth, influence, fashion, and fortune. The glorious constitution, Sir, is composed of three powers, all exactly equal to each other, and yet no two of them superior to the third. I consider that the speech of the honourable gentleman was decidedly unconstitutional, and in favour of the bloody papists, and ought to have been interrupted from the chair.' (*Hear, hear, hear, and loud laughter.*) Then am I seen to rise, or some other moderate, well-informed, and eloquent member, and the assembly is stilled into silent expectation. The discussion is restored to its proper path, the opposing arguments are admirably balanced, and the whole question is settled in one rolling accumulated peroration.

An evening of this kind seldom terminates without a supper party, which, indeed, in ordinary circumstances, is no very rare occurrence at Cambridge, and which is sometimes the dulllest and sometimes the pleasantest kind of entertainment I have ever experienced. Jokes, songs, and milk-punch are the great elements in these festivities. But I confess, with shame, that to me they have far less charm than an evening spent alone. The silent hours, the blazing fire, the crowded book-shelves, the two or three engravings that adorn my antique walls, the feeling of remoteness from the busy paths of human interests, from the spots which the habitual sympathies of previous life made holy,—all are favourable to meditation; and my narrow and humble cell has often become the theatre for a thousand delightful and splendid fancies. I have sat beside the fire for hours with the tea-kettle humming beside me on the 'hob,' and seen pass along the pale grey wall a glittering array of the wise, the powerful, the lovely, culled from every volume of the world's history,—patriarchs and princesses, Grecian generals, and Persian captives; the knights of the middle ages, and the ladies worshipped by the troubadours; and the broad uncertain wavering glare of my hearth has moulded and collected itself against the dark curtain of my window into shapes of beauty, all feminine, yet scarcely

mortal, surrounded by symbols of wondrous enchantment, and in which the dark glories of Asiatic eyes sparkle through vague halos of splendour like those of the northern lights. These, wild as they are, these are the visions which I have enjoyed even at Cambridge. Speak who will of lectures, and statutes, and articles, and proctors, these are enjoyments which systems cannot give, nor institutions take away.

Christ's College, Cambridge.

E. B.

TWELVE YEARS' MILITARY ADVENTURE.

Twelve Years' Military Adventure in Three Quarters of the Globe; or, Memoirs of an Officer who served in the Armies of his Majesty and of the East India Company, between the years 1802 and 1814, in which are contained the Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in India, and his last in Spain and the South of France. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

Of all that is most interesting to a philosophical inquirer in the circumstances of India and its inhabitants, we know exceedingly little. The structure of its society, in spite of the light that has been thrown upon it by some very recent writers, is still a great mystery; the degree to which elements of national feeling exist among the heterogeneous tribes which make up its inhabitants, and the chance of these elements ever working themselves into a real national existence, few seem able to determine; the question, whether we are co-operating in the amelioration of its condition, and by what means we could co-operate in it, is still litigated, with little hope of an adjustment, between a host of disputants, most of whom appear to possess a very slight knowledge of the premises that must be settled before it can be satisfactorily solved. But though we have scarcely penetrated at all below the surface in these investigations—that surface has been explored with marvellous industry and great success—there is no country in the world of which we have so many vivid and brilliant pictures—none of which the scenery has been more visibly brought before our eyes and our fancy, whose endless varieties of costume and manners have been so minutely and gracefully sketched. We should be almost glad, if it were possible, that the subject might be exhausted, because there would be some additional hope of wise men going resolutely down into those deeper mines from which they hitherto have been seduced by the glittering ore that lay scattered on the upper earth,—but of this there are no hopes; new labourers are daily coming into the field, and we are so pleased with the treasures they exhibit to us, even though, as is generally the case, they are only old gems newly set, that we have not the heart to tell them that we wish they would go their ways and leave the ground to their betters.

'The Twelve Years' Military Adventure,' as was to be expected, does not reveal many peculiarities of India with which we were previously unacquainted, but it mixes up the old descriptions and familiar objects (and these, old as they are, are given with great spirit and freshness) with personal anecdotes, often very entertaining, and which throw an air of originality over the book, that no mere description can possess. The author having, as he informs us, been devoted, as the greatest dunce of his family, to the infernal gods, i. e. a military life, (an assertion which is either highly complimentary to his brethren, or else proves him to have profited greatly by his subsequent advantages, as his mode of writing is that of a clever and well-educated officer,) obtained a cadetship for the artillery in the engineers in the Company's service; and after spending a reasonable time at Woolwich, set out for his destination. Of course, the first part of the volume is common-place. To say any thing original respecting the voyage;—the cuddy-table,—the arrival at Madras,—the Indian woman market, &c., &c., would require genius of a

high order. Neither are the descriptions of the Anglo-Indian camps,—the tanks,—the hill-forts very modern: we, therefore, prefer taking some of the anecdotes, which, though we will not warrant them all to be spick-and-span, are at least new to us.

'An officer, whose stock of table-linen had been completely exhausted during the campaign—whether by wear and tear or accident I cannot say—had a few friends to dinner with him. The dinner being announced to the party, seated in the *al fresco* drawing-room of a camp, the table appeared spread with eatables, but without the usual covering of a cloth. The master, who perhaps gave himself but little trouble about these matters, or who probably relied upon his servant's capacity in the art of borrowing, or, at all events, on his ingenuity in framing an excuse, inquired, with an angry voice, why there was no table-cloth? The answer was "Master not got;" with which reply, after apologising to his guests, he was compelled, for the present, to put up. The next morning he called his servant, and rated him soundly, and perhaps beat him, (for I lament to say that this was too much the practice with European masters in India,) for exposing his poverty to the company; desiring him, another time, if similarly circumstanced, to say that all the table-cloths were gone to the wash. Another day, although the table appeared clothed in the proper manner, the spoons, which had probably found their way to the bazaar, perhaps to provide the very articles of which the feast was composed, were absent, whether with or without leave is immaterial. "Where are all the spoons?" cried the apparently enraged master. "Gone washerman, sar!" was the answer. Roars of laughter succeeded, and a tea-cup did duty for the soup-ladle. The probable consequence of this unlucky exposure of the domestic economy of the host, namely, a sound drubbing to the poor maty-boy, brings to my mind an anecdote, which, being in a story-telling vein, I cannot resist the temptation of introducing. It was related to me, with great humour, by one of the principals in the transaction, whose candour exceeded his fear of shame. He had been in the habit of beating his servants, till one in particular complained that he would have him before Sir Henry Gwillam, then chief justice at Madras, who had done all in his power to suppress the disgraceful practice. Having a considerable balance to settle with his maty-boy on the score of punishment, but fearing the presence of witnesses, the master called him one day into a bungalow at the bottom of his garden, at some distance from his house. "Now," said he, as he shut the door and put the key in his pocket, "you'll complain to Sir Henry Gwillam, will you? There is no body near to bear witness to what you may say, and, with the blessing of God, I'll give it you well."—"Master, sure nobody near?" asked the Indian—"Yes, yes, I've taken good care of that."—"Then I give master one good beating." And forthwith the maty-boy proceeded to put his threat into execution, till the master, being the weaker of the two, was compelled to cry mercy; which being at length granted, and the door opened with at least as much alacrity as it was closed, Maotoo decamped without beat of drum, never to appear again.

'This circumstance reminds me also of a story which was told of Captain Grose of the Madras army, who was killed at the siege of Seringapatam. He was son of Grose the antiquary, whose talents he inherited. He was remarkable for his wit and humour, and his memory is still cherished by all the lovers of fun who knew him. Having had occasion to make some communication to head-quarters, he was received much in the usual manner by one of the understrappers, who told him that no verbal communications could be received, but that what he had to say must be sent through the medium of an official letter. He happened, some days afterwards, to have a party dining with him, and among others were a few members of the staff. In the midst of the dinner a jack-ass came running among the tent-ropes, exerting his vocal organs in a manner by no means pleasing to the company. Grose immediately rose, and thus addressed the intruder:

"I presume, sir, you come from head-quarters. I receive no verbal communications whatever, sir. If you have any thing to say to me, sir, I beg you will commit it to paper."

Shortly after our author's entering it, the army was joined by no less a person than General Wellesley with the Mysore detachment. Our author, who had good means of information, gives a very favourable version of the story about that

officer's conduct at Seringapatam, of which so much more than is necessary has been said already. The notion of the transaction having displayed any cowardice, seems completely refuted by his view of it.

Our author's picture does not want the dark touches which so powerfully diversify the Indian landscape :

'From the time we quitted Poonah all signs of cultivation ceased. The villages were mostly deserted, and such of the inhabitants as remained were exposed to all the horrors of famine. These forlorn wretches, of whom some, perhaps, had refused to emigrate, from an obstinate attachment to the soil of their birth, while others had lingered in hope till they had not strength to move, might be seen hovering round their dismantled dwellings in different degrees of exhaustion, from the first cravings of hunger to the later and more passive dejection of long privation. But still, amidst all this wretchedness, there was nothing of violence in their despair. The victims seemed to await the approach of death with patience and resignation, if not with apathy. Whether this was the natural consequence of their situation, their mental energies having gradually sunk with their corporeal strength, or whether it proceeded from the character of the 'meek Hindoo,' I cannot pretend to decide; but this silent wretchedness gave, if possible, an additional gloom to a scene already truly heart-rending. This patience under suffering, this composure, and even *sans froid*, within the jaws of death, are prominent characteristics of the Hindoo, and ought, indeed, to put to shame those among their conquerors, who, boasting higher attributes of courage and virtue, pretend to look down upon them with contempt. No one meets death with less apparent dread than the Hindoo; and when imbued with a sense of honour, as among the military castes, no one can display more heroism. I have repeatedly seen them refuse quarter, when the European would have courted mercy even in chains. Wherefore, then, are we always victorious in our contests with them? It cannot proceed, in every instance, from superiority in the art of war, for bodies of troops must sometimes clash in such a way that discipline can avail neither party. The truth lies in this, that the courage of the Hindoo is of a passive nature, while that of the European is active; the former being inert, has only its own weight to give it power, the latter has activity to increase its momentum.

'Numberless were the spectacles of woe which we witnessed at this period. One in particular has been so deeply imprinted on my memory, that centuries of life would not efface it. Being detached one day on duty to some distance from the camp, and returning home late, having outstripped my escort, I was unfortunate enough to lose my way. Night overtook me in this unpleasant predicament, when, finding myself near one of those forlorn villages, I rode up to it to inquire my road. The moon had just risen, and showed me a group of famished wretches seated under the walls of the village, surrounded by the mortal remains of those who, happily for them, had already preceded their comrades in the agonies of death, and whose earthly sufferings were closed. As I approached, packs of jackals, preying on the wasted bodies of the latter even before the eyes of the helpless survivors, ran howling away at the sound of my horse's feet—their instinct teaching them that I was a different kind of being from those scarcely living wretches whom they viewed more with greediness than fear—while the vulture, rising reluctantly from his bloody banquet, flapped his broad wings in anger, and joined the wild chorus with discordant cries. The moon's pale light shed a suitably mournful tint over such a scene. Viewed in its silvery beams, the dark bloodless countenances of the melancholy group assumed a hue perfectly unearthly, and which I can only compare to that in which the prince of darkness is painted by the imagination of youth; while their sunken eyes, hollow stomachs, and emaciated frames, spoke the extremity of their wretchedness. I addressed a few words to them; but the only answer I obtained was a sigh, accompanied with a mournful shake of the head, betokening the want of strength even to give utterance to speech.'—Vol. ii. pp. 145—148.

The battle of Assaye is well described. We quote some of the incidents attending its conclusion.

'At this spot I witnessed a scene which I shall not easily forget. I was riding among the bodies of the poor 74th along with Captain (now Sir Colin) Campbell, who had a brother in that regiment, of whose

fate he was ignorant, till he saw his corpse extended on the ground. The shock to his feelings, and the scene that followed, may be better conceived than described. This, I believe, was his only remaining brother of a large family who had all fallen in their country's cause. It has not been the fault of Sir Colin that he has survived to wear his well-earned laurels. He was but a subaltern at the storm of the pettah of Ahmednagur, where his distinguished gallantry attracting the notice of the General, he made him his brigade-major. Sir Colin is now Major-general and K.C.B., while I am but a half-pay Captain. "*Fortune de la guerre!*" as the French say. But he is the last man I would envy. He is a good fellow, and long may he live to be an honour to his profession! As a set-off to this affecting circumstance, I must describe a ludicrous scene which occurred about the same time, and which for a moment caused a ray of hilarity to cheer the gloom of the battle-field. A surgeon, whose bandages had been exhausted by the number of patients, espying one of the enemy's horsemen lying, as he supposed, dead on the ground, with a fine long girdle of cotton cloth round his waist, seized the end of it, and, rolling over the body, began to loose the folds. Just as he had nearly accomplished his purpose, up sprang the dead man, and away ran the doctor, both taking to their heels on opposite tacks, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders. This extraordinary instance of a doctor bringing a man to life, so opposite to the usual practice of the faculty, became the subject of a caricature; while the story, as may be supposed, long clung to this unfortunate son of Galen, who afterwards went by the name of "the resurrection doctor."—Vol. i. pp. 79—81.

The next extract contains an extraordinary instance of coolness and wisdom displayed by the Duke of Wellington:

'The enemy were formed on an extensive plain in front of the village of Argaum; their infantry, to the amount of about 10,000, in the centre, with about forty pieces of cannon in the intervals of the battalions, and their cavalry, which was numerous, on the wings. There was, about half a mile in front of the centre of their position, a village, towards which the right column of infantry, composed of the General's own division, was directed, and in front of which it was intended that the line should be formed. With this view our column was to pass by a road to the left of the village, and, as soon as that was cleared, it was to wheel and take ground to the right. But, scarcely had the leading platoon gained the end of the village, when the enemy opened at once all their guns on it, from the distance of about 1000 yards, and being well directed, most of the shot took effect in the head of the column. The bullock-drivers attached to some field-pieces, which, as usual, moved near the head of the brigade, becoming alarmed at this unexpected salute, and dreading, perhaps, a second Assaye, lost their presence of mind, and of course the management of their cattle, which instantly turned round, and ran headlong into the midst of the platoons just behind them, and threw them into confusion. The troops coming up in the rear of these, not knowing the immediate cause of this confusion, and feeling severely the effect of the enemy's lobbing shot, became alarmed. A panic seized them; and two battalions of sepoys, with the infantry piquets, actually turned tail, and hastened to seek shelter behind the village. The General, who was then close to the spot under a tree giving orders to the brigadiers, perceiving what had happened, immediately stepped out in front, hoping by his presence to restore the confidence of the troops; but, seeing that this did not produce the desired effect, he mounted his horse, and rode up to the retreating battalions; when, instead of losing histemper, upbraiding them, and endeavouring to force them back to the spot from which they had fled, as most people would have done, he quietly ordered the officers to lead their men under cover of the village, and then to rally and get them into order as quickly as possible. This being done, he put the column again in motion, and leading these very same runaways round the other side of the village, formed them on the very spot he originally intended them to occupy, the remainder of the column following, and prolonging the line to the right.'—Vol. i. pp. 196—199.

We have quoted at considerable length from this volume; but at this season, when the publishers are chiefly engaged in discharging their volleys of small shot as a preparation for the commencement of the campaign, an entertaining book is rather a rarity, and we shall therefore return next week to the second volume.

LAWS OF LITERARY PROPERTY.

A Treatise on the Laws of Literary Property, including the Piracy and Transfer of Copyright, with A Historical View and Disquisitions on the Principles and Effects of the Law. By Robert Maughan, Secretary to the Law Institution. 8vo. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

It would be difficult to name a law, either of nature or of man, so little susceptible, in respect to principle, of satisfactory justification to the mind of the inquirer, not fully persuaded that 'whatever is is best,' as that which has obtained throughout the civilised world, in sanctioning and regulating rights to property. If order be the end and aim of legislation, and if this ORDER signify a something more comprehensive and grand than the mere retaining of things in the state into which they have emerged from the chaos of barbarism,—if it imply, by not the least allowable of fictions, the wisest arrangement devisable by human reason for securing to mankind, in general, the fullest and most equal participation, compatible with their mundane condition, in the bounties of the Creator, how many facts daily occur to suggest to the speculative mind, the suspicion that the laws which regulate the distribution and possession of those gifts of Providence, on which the comfort and well-being of men depends, proceed on an erroneous principle! Should the suspicions so excited lead to more profound investigation,—should an attempt be made to probe the sore which spreads its baneful effects throughout the system,—would the examiner be fairly taxed with ignorance or credulity, if he paused for a moment, in the belief that he had found the object of his search, on beholding the idle, the unproductive, and the dissolute enjoying, or rather wasting, the fruits due to the toil and brow-sweat of others,—on perceiving the produce of one soil removed as soon as gathered, to enrich individual dwellers in other lands already overburthened with wealth, while the miserable natives of the country of its growth, and for whose use that country should seem to have been endowed with its fertility, drag on a miserable existence in privation and wretchedness? Would a being, more accustomed to the contemplation of the bounteous dispensations of Providence than to the selfish and grovelling devices of man by which they are perverted, deserve ridicule for his simplicity, if, on perceiving these abuses, he rested for a moment from his inquiries, in the persuasion that he had touched the rankling substance, that he had discovered this manifest counteraction of the designs of nature to be the result, in a great measure, of the system of laws which invests a man with the perpetual possession, the right of disposition, and even of transmission on death, of whatever he once enjoys? We take possession of an ownerless plot of ground; we till it, we scatter it with seed, and while we await the harvest, it is but justice certainly that we should be protected from invasion by others of the fruits of our industry. But the produce once collected, on what principle do we pretend to retain, against other claimants, the possession of the soil itself?

Having used it once to our profit, we assume the right of appropriating it to ourselves for ever,—to hold it against all the world. Such is the principle of occupancy; and on this flimsy foundation is it that the superstructure of human laws regarding the rights of property is avowedly erected. Weak, however, as is the principle, it has become sanctified; successions of ages and of nations have adopted it, or acquiesced in it, and even were a change desirable, it is no longer practicable. Nor are we sure but that it is in appearance rather than in reality that the system is objectionable, or that in any but extraordinary cases, and connected with other circumstances, it operates to an evil end. The all-providing bounty of nature has dealt blessings more variously than to limit them to the possession of acres and mansions, of garnered stores, of jewels and precious stones. Such treasures as these

will be held in their due and moderate estimation, either for his own sake or for that of others, by him who has felt and reflected how closely and completely substantial happiness is contained within the individual nucleus—how limited the range within which its component parts are included—who considers that these are intense in proportion as they are concentrated—that like the wire-drawn metal, the farther they are made to extend, the weaker are they, and more liable to rupture. A hundred caparisoned barbs, the chosen of Arabia, may await their owner's will in the vaulted hippodrome, but unless he would emulate the feats of a Ducrow, he can bestride at once but a single steed; nor even then is the delight in the swiftness of the fleetest courser comparable to the excitement of a mountain walk. The dainty board may present service after service, yet has each individual but a single appetite to satiate; and from authority it is averred, that at the table provided by the most sumptuous of Christian monarchs for the officers of his guard, and towards which, according to the lamentations of Hume, (Joseph, not David,) such extravagant draughts are made on the public purse, the simple slice of sirloin, and the humble *earth-apple*, are preferred to the most elaborate delicacies which the foreign skill and exquisite taste of an Ude can supply: the opulent Islamite may possess his harem, and be surrounded by his Greek and Circassian Sultanas, by the rarest beauties of Europe and Asia, all emulous of his favours, yet even for the successor of 'The Prophet,' will the affection of the soul refuse to divide itself:—a mere night of love is his, cold and freezing in proportion to the number and brilliancy of the stars that shine, a night unconscious of the genial heat of a sole vivifying luminary, extinguishing all other minor lights; and who that has felt the flood of passion flowing in one full, undivided torrent, would consent to have it dribbled over his heart in streamlets? But to take part in the councils of our native land, to stand conspicuous before the world, to raise the voice of comfort and protection to the oppressed and fallen among nations, to encourage and support people and classes of people struggling for their rights and liberties, be the usurpation that of a single despot, or of a mass of their fellow-citizens, to be conscious of an influence over the destinies of the universe—this, it must be owned, is a noble prerogative. It is the prerogative, however, of talent and not of wealth; and acres, and farms, and stock, are impotent to bestow it: and far better is it to crouch in a corner and die unseen, to invoke the aid of the friendly extinguisher to conceal our fluttering, than to shine forth only to expose our folly, to be a mark for ridicule to point the finger at. Let occupancy, then, continue to be the honoured principle of the laws of property; but let us not be charged with interested or levelling motives in speculating on its soundness in a literary, and, we trust, a philosophical journal, however justly we might be denounced for holding the same doctrine in a meeting of wild sons of Erin, or to an assemblage of Muscovite serfs.

It must be allowed, moreover, that there are objects of property to which the principle of occupancy is applied with a greater show of reason than to landed possessions. The laborious miner penetrates into the bowels of the earth, he burrows in the rocky mountain, he foregoes the blessings of light, he toils in positions the most painful and distorted, and, by hard and persevering labour with mattock and chisel, extracts a morsel of precious ore from the veins of the stony mass into which he has wormed himself. The metal so obtained is a fair object of property: it has more the character of the harvest of the cultivator, of the fruits drawn from the soil, than of the soil itself. The value of the labour bestowed in the acquisition is not separable from the intrinsic worth of the substance itself, and he by whose foresight, energy and toil the treasure has

been brought into use, is with justice protected in the enjoyment or disposition of it. Cases of conversion, also, where substances have undergone a peculiar fashion and alteration by the hand of man, are instances in which the principle of occupancy is partially, at least if not perfectly, applicable. Others might be named, but we pass them over in order the sooner to arrive at a case in which the title is higher than occupancy, and inherent in the very nature of the object.

If we acquiesce in the law which gives land for ever to him who first turned the soil with his spade, if we admit the title conferred by mere conversion or acquisition of an article on which another might have executed the same operation, what should be our course in the case in which the object, the title of which is in question, is a man's own pure production from beginning to end—the matter of his own creation, which, but for him, never would, never could, have been? Surely, if there can exist an exclusive right to the possession of any one object, it is that which has proceeded entirely from a man's self, 'the issue of his own brain,' 'his intellectual offspring.' Sure, if in any thing, in this is contained an unqualified and indisputable principle on which to found a right of property wholly indefeasible. Yet such is our legislative consistency that while we confirm, by our usages and our statutes, the title to those objects, the original right to which rests on a questionable principle, we divest those which have inherent in them all the requisite qualities to become the lawful object of exclusive possession of such their properties; we rob them from the legitimate owners, and distribute them to the public. Such is the operation of the laws which now regulate literary property.

The injustice of these laws it is the purpose of this article, to expose. The author feels and writes both as a lawyer and a man of letters, and appeals to the public for a revision and alteration of the statutes and decisions which deprive the literary man of the title to his own works after the short term of eight-and-twenty years, while the enjoyment of other species of property, which are held by claims far more questionable, are secured in perpetuity. He demands the legislative interposition to redress the wrong committed by former laws, on the ground, not only of justice, but of expediency and self-interest, by the broad and pointed argument, that 'the public have an equally strong interest and a positive duty, in promoting the general adoption of just principles,—each man being individually concerned in enforcing and upholding that which is right and just, since the mischief that is done to his neighbour to-day, may be perpetrated on himself to-morrow.' This argument, *ad hominem*, dispenses with the necessity of any further excuse for obtruding a legal subject on our lay readers, and for detaining them for a short time longer with the analysis, from the book of Mr. Maugham, of the ancient and present state of the laws affecting literary property, and an exposure of the manner in which, under the profession and pretext of protection and encouragement, the most just rights by which property can be held, have been invaded and curtailed.

Copyright is one of that class of objects of property, which has grown up with the development of the human faculties, and the progress of civilization. It is one of those new subjects for the exercise of jurisprudence, applied to which the principles of private justice, moral fitness, and public convenience, are held to make common law, without a precedent; in which, in fact, the right existed *ab origine*, however recently the occasion for asserting it may have occurred. Consequently, no early precedent of the suing for a remedy against invasion of copyright is to be found. Nor is this a matter for surprise. In those times in which to read was so scarce an attainment, that the preservation to society of a

man endowed with that rare accomplishment was an object of such paramount importance, that the course of the law, in his case, was diverted; that the very circumstance which aggravated the guilt of the accused,—unless, indeed, according to a modern doctrine, the tendency of learning was to promote the disposition to crime, and therefore, an offence was more venial in an informed than in an ignorant transgressor,—were allowed as a reason for a relaxation of the law in his favour. Accordingly, the instances of the interference of the law with the fruits of intellectual labour, either for their protection or restraint, are not traceable to a period farther back than a century after the invention of printing. The first occasion of this interference, while it recognised the right, made an infraction on the liberty, of authors. This was the charter granted to the Company of Stationers by Philip and Mary, in the year 1556, when, for the purpose of preventing the propagation of the Reformation, and suppressing what those pious sovereigns were pleased to consider seditious and heretical books, a law was made which gave to that society the exclusive right of printing books. This was followed, in subsequent years, by several acts of the Star Chamber, for the regulation of the press, and the prohibition of printing or importing books by other persons than those entitled to the exclusive right.

In 1641, and after the abolition of the Star Chamber, the power of regulating the press by proclamation and decrees was annulled; but Parliament made an ordinance which prohibited printing without the consent of the owner of the copyright, unless the book were first licensed and entered in the register of the Stationers' Company. The Licensing Act of 13 and 14 Charles II., cap. 133, prohibits the printing or importing of any book entered in the register book of the Stationers' Company, without the consent of the owner. This act, continued by subsequent statutes, expired in 1679. It was revived by 1 James II., cap. 7, and continued by 4 William and Mary, cap. 24, and finally expired in 1694.

Up to this period, therefore, and subsequently, the property in copyright was recognised as a common law right; that right itself had been given by no statute, yet the improvement of several of the statutes required that *ownership should be proved*. As property, it was consequently enjoyed; sales of copyright in perpetuity by authors were common; and there were instances in which the property in those copies was made the subject of family settlements for the provision of wives and children.

Such was the state of the law of literary property until the year 1710, the 8th of Anne, when the Act was passed 'For the Encouragement of Learning,' by which it was enacted, that authors and the persons to whom they had disposed of their rights should have the sole right and liberty of printing works for a term of fourteen years, to commence from the first publishing the same, and no longer; and that after the expiration of the first term of fourteen years, the right of printing or disposing of copies should return to the authors, if they were then living, for another term of fourteen years. This has proved a most important statute, since it formed the commencement of an era in the law of literary property; and all the subsequent discussions which the subject has undergone in courts of justice have turned on its construction. From 1710 until 1775, and until the decision by the House of Lords of the case of *Millar v. Taylor*, a suit instituted in 1776, on the subject of the publication of 'Thomson's Seasons,' it was considered that the act of Anne had not affected the common law right. The judgment of the Lords, however, established a different doctrine, and put the question out of all dispute; it closed all doors to a revival except in the form of an application for legislative enactment. Of the proceedings in this interesting case, the author of the work gives the following abstract:

'In the year 1769, the subject was discussed at great

length with respect to 'Thomson's Seasons,' in the celebrated case of *Millar v. Taylor*.

'The counsel for the plaintiff insisted "that there was a real property remaining in authors after publication of their works; and that they only, or those who claim under them, have a right to multiply the copies of such, their literary property, at their pleasure for sale." And they likewise insisted, "that this right is a common law right, which always has existed, and does still exist, independent of, and not taken away by, the statute of Anne."

'On the other side, the counsel for the defendant denied that any such property remained in the author after the publication of his work, and they treated the pretensions of a common law right to it as mere fancy and imagination, void of any ground or foundation.

'They insisted that if an original author publishes his work, he sells it to the public; and the purchaser of every book or copy has a right to make what use of it he pleases, and may multiply each book or copy to what quantity he pleases.

'They also contended that the act of Anne vests the copies of printed books in the authors or purchasers of such copies during the times therein limited, but only during that limited time, and under the terms prescribed by the act.

'There was a difference of opinion in the Court. Lord Mansfield and Judges Aston and Willes were in favour of the plaintiff's copyright, and Judge Yates was alone against it. Judgment was of course given according to the opinion of the majority.

'Some years after this decision the question came before the House of Lords, upon an appeal from a decree of the Court of Chancery, founded on the judgment given in the Court of King's Bench in *Millar v. Taylor*, and it was ordered by the House, on the 9th of February, 1774, that the judges be directed to deliver their opinions upon the following questions:

1. 'Whether at common law, an author of any book or literary composition had the sole right of first printing and publishing the same for sale; and might bring an action against any person who printed, published, and sold the same without his consent?

'Of eleven judges, there were eight to three in favour of the right at common law.

2. 'If the author had such right originally, did the law take it away upon his printing and publishing such book or literary composition; and might any person afterwards reprint and sell for his own benefit such book or literary composition, against the will of the author?

'There were seven to four of the judges who held that the printing and publishing did not deprive the author of the right.

3. 'If such action would have lain at common law, is it taken away by the statute of 8th Anne? And is an author by the said statute precluded from every remedy, except on the foundation of the said statute, and on the terms and conditions prescribed thereby?

'On this question there were only five judges who were of opinion that the action at common law was not taken away by the statute, and there were six of the opposite opinion.

'It was well known that Lord Mansfield adhered to his opinion, and therefore concurred with the eight upon the first question; with the seven upon the second, and with the five upon the third (which in the latter case would have made the votes equal.) But it being very unusual, from reasons of delicacy, for a Peer to support his own judgment upon an appeal to the House of Lords, he did not speak.

'It was finally decided, that an action could not be maintained for pirating a copyright after the expiration of the time mentioned in the statute.'—pp. 30—32.

Immediately after this decision by the House of Lords in its judicial capacity, and in the same year, an act was obtained enabling the two universities in England, the four universities in Scotland, and the several colleges of Eton, Westminster and Winchester, to hold in perpetuity their copyright in books,—a glaring and most partial inconsistency, for which it would be difficult to assign a fair reason, and which, in its operation, is attended by the anomaly, that the copyright of a work which in the author existed only for twenty-eight years, if purchased by either of the bodies mentioned, becomes a right in perpetuity. The act of 41 Geo. III. made on occasion of the union with Ireland, merely en-

acted alterations in the remedies for the infraction of the law, and we may therefore pass over its clauses to the notice of the act of the 54 Geo. III. c. 156, in which the provisions of the former are embodied, and in which the law as at present in operation is contained. This act increases the term of copyright in a work to twenty-eight years certain from the time of publication, and for so long after the expiration of that term as the author shall survive. He is required to enter his book at Stationers'-hall; the neglect so to do subjecting him to a penalty provided by the act, but not affecting his copyright. The penalties for piracy under this act are, liability to an action, to be brought in any court of record, for damages, and to double the costs of suit; the forfeiture of the book so pirated, damasked and made waste; and a penalty of three-pence for every sheet, one moiety to the King, the other to the informer. By a decision of the Court of King's Bench constructive of this statute, an author, on the sale of his copyright, to entitle himself to the reversion of his right, should he survive the term, must make an express stipulation to that effect with his publisher; if he neglect so to do, the sale is considered a general assignment of all his interest.

Such is the substance of the law affecting literary property as it stands at present. By the act of 8th Anne, or by the construction put upon it, authors have been deprived of the right in perpetuity, which there is no doubt they previously possessed over their literary productions. Whether it were the intention of the framers of that act to work this wrong on the objects whom they professed to favour, has been and still is doubted; and, in the work of Mr. Maugham, the point is argued, and the negative proposition is maintained on very strong grounds. We shall not follow him in his reasoning on this head. The question, in a legal point of view, has been effectually set at rest by the decision of the House of Lords already referred to, and by the recognition, by subsequent acts of Parliament, of the validity of that decision. Nothing but a new legislative enactment can now remedy the evil, the injustice of which is obvious. It is powerfully exposed by our author; and we agree with him in anticipating, from the increasing liberality of the times and of Parliament, a more enlarged view of the subject, and a redress of the grievance. Should such a desired object be obtained, Mr. Maugham may certainly have the satisfaction of reflecting on the share he has taken in promoting it.

Our space will not allow us to accompany the learned author in his just and sensible advocacy of the cause of men of letters, on the subject of another crying grievance to which they are subject,—that of the University-tax, of which an alteration is the more called for, as it cuts like a two-edged sword, both ways, especially in its operation on works of value, since it not only takes eleven copies from the author, but deprives him of the sale of eleven; so that he may be said, in fact, to be taxed to the amount of twenty-two copies, although the law expresses but eleven.

The law, with regard to engravings, naturally forms a branch of the subject of Mr. Maugham's work. The several acts of Parliament by which the artists of that class are protected, have assimilated the law of this species of ingenious production to that on the copyright of books, with the exception of the remedies for infraction. A case, however, is now agitating the higher regions of art, which the law has not anticipated. Has the possessor, it is demanded, of a work of art, the right to have it engraved without the consent or emolument of the original artist, whose work it is? If not, can the heirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds (e. g.) supposing no lapse of time or other circumstance stood in the ways require, at the hands of a possessor of a work by that master, the sum which a printseller would be willing to give for the privilege of having it engraved and published? With

these queries for the exercise of the acumen of our legal readers, we take our leave of this subject, not however, without recommending the work of Mr. Maugham as a manual to legislators, literary men, and artists; and expressing our sense of the obligation the two latter classes are under to him for the clear and satisfactory manner in which he has set before them the laws by which their labours are affected, and the zeal and talent with which he has advocated their interests.

RANK AND TALENT.

Rank and Talent; a Novel. By the Author of 'Truckleborough Hall.' 3 Vols. Colburn. London, 1828.

If there be any truth in proverbs, we ought to feel no very friendly dispositions toward the author of 'Rank and Talent,' for he clearly practices a branch—and we are afraid we must acknowledge a superior branch—of our own craft. He is, to all intents and purposes, a reviewer,—but a reviewer not of productions, but of producers—not of books, but of men. To dissect and furnish analyses, brief or copious as may suit his humour, or that of his bookseller, of the beings with whom he converses—to give a catalogue of all the novelties which issue from the press of fashion, whether in the form of some quarto country squire, or some wide-margined duodecimo prig of the city,—to note where these have any pretensions to originality, or where they are only new editions of approved classics; in fine, to give witty and pointed criticisms upon these compositions which shall answer firstly and chiefly the great object of showing off the talent of the critic; and secondarily, the smaller object of giving the reader some notion of the thing criticised,—this is the appropriate business of the class of traders to which our author belongs. Generally speaking, we apprehend that the laws which govern the two divisions of the trade are the same; or, at any rate, we may form a fair guess about those which prevail in one, from those which are admitted to prevail in the other; but then to avow what these laws are, might be construed into a violation of the articles of our apprenticeship, into a shameful promulgation of mysteries, which our brethren have always thought it for the interest of the public not to divulge. Thus much, however, the scrutinizing intellect of the present age has discovered respecting our peculiarities, and thus much, therefore, we may without offence acknowledge,—that a reviewer is utterly incapable of writing the book which he reviews,—that a reviewer is not to be trusted even when his accounts of books are apparently the most fair and reasonable, because he exhibits that in fragments which can only be judged of as a whole,—and lastly, that the reviewers of books are, nevertheless, a clever, hard-working race of men, and ought to be encouraged. To apply these principles: we apprehend our man-reviewer could never compose a man; that is to say, bring before our imaginations a real embodied individual—that his examination of human motives in detail is not to be confided in as a creed of human nature, because it is extremely probable that in the rude process of analysis some of the most delicate (which are often some of the most potential) ingredients have been lost sight of, and because it is quite certain that all analysis must destroy that principle of cohesion between the parts, which, be it what it may, does unquestionably give to each part in combination a different character from that which it possesses when separated; and lastly, that the man-reviewer is, nevertheless—if his functions be not misunderstood, and he be not employed to do work for which he is incompetent—a very useful and meritorious person.

The author of 'Rank and Talent' is evidently a very clever man, and his novel, in our judgment, would be insulted by comparison with almost any of the fashionable novels. Neverthe-

less, we must take leave to assure the author, though he will no doubt laugh at us for saying so, and will rank us among the persons whom he is so fond of telling us, *substitute* an ideal for a real world, (that there are persons who have both an ideal and a real world, never seems to enter into his imagination,) that he is not, except in a very low sense of the word, a man of genius or a philosopher, to both of which characters he appears to pretend. He is a very shrewd and diligent observer, one who, in investigating mankind, trusts to his understanding and not to his fancy, one who does not start with a theory which he has to make out, and which induces him to cut off all the awkward corners and sharp angles in human nature, but who fairly and honestly repeats what he hears, though the speakers may utter ever so many oddities and contradictions. The first quality, as we have said, places him at an immeasurable distance a head of the ordinary fashionable novelists, who trust not at all to their understanding, but simply to a very crude and vulgar fancy, which tells them that each man will talk at all times according to the craft in which he was born, that lawyers are always lawyers, that a clergyman is simply a clergyman, and that one man in the middling class differs in nothing from another except in having the name Brown instead of Green, and in saying lack-a-daisy instead of good gracious. The second quality, of not having a theory to support, sets him equally above the class of novelists among whom Miss Edgeworth is queen. The follies of wise men—the sagacity of foolish men—and the existence of that large class which it is impossible to pronounce either wise or foolish, of which these gentlemen and ladies take no account, are duly recognized in his pages. He has not the monstrous notion of making a consistent character by representing a horrible creature whose mind is eternally in the same category. But here our praises must stop. If he ventures to ascend one step higher on the ladder, and place himself on a level with the men who, along with an understanding to perceive the varieties and inconsistencies of character, have likewise an imagination to conceive the principle which reconciles them, and to present us with a well-compacted creature in whom these qualities, however dissonant in themselves, shall yet be so amalgamated that their dissonance shall not be felt—if he should attempt to reach the elevation upon which such men as these are seated, the odds, we fear, are great that he stumbles and falls to the ground. He is extraordinarily deficient in dramatic power—cannot even support an ordinary conversation for two pages together, a failing of which he seems to be conscious, and for which he makes some rather awkward apologies; so that, though even of those personages whom we have never met with, he describes traits with such clearness and force that we feel they must exhibit these particular characteristics, whether we shall be able to recognize them as real men and women, entirely depends upon the accident of our having encountered them before. That this is not the case with higher works of art, is too obvious to need remarking. We never saw any creature from whom we could derive the least hint, the faintest analogy to assist us in our conception and admiration of Juliet; and yet our minds are never darkened with a shadow of scepticism respecting her reality or her womanhood.

On the contrary, we have had the honour of being introduced to the four Misses Woodstocks, though we cannot this moment recollect where and when; and consequently we are able to pronounce the following sketch capital, which, but for that fortunate event in our history, we should not have dared to do:

'The young ladies were not distinguished for any great share of personal beauty, nor were they remarkable for any deficiency in that respect. They were not romantic, nor were they deficient in sensibility. They could talk well, but did not utter oracles or speak essays. They were not merely acquainted with books, but with what books taught. They were also well

aware that the knowledge which they possessed was in all probability possessed by others; and that many with whom they might converse were far better informed than themselves. They did not set up for literary ladies on the strength of having read Locke's Essay, or being acquainted with a few Italian poets. In fact, they had read to good purpose, and had thought to good purpose too. The worst of the matter was, there were four of them; and they were so nearly alike in moral and mental qualities, and so much together, and in such perfect confidence with each other, that there was not opportunity and distinctness enough for any one of the four to make an impression, and preserve or strengthen it. For if, by chance, any susceptible youth, who might be desirous of choosing a wife for her moral and mental qualities, should be seated next to or opposite to Miss Woodstock, and should by hearing very sensible and unaffected language fall from her lips, or by observing in her smiles or more serious looks an indication of excellent moral feeling, find that his heart was almost captivated; probably on the following morning chance might place him near another sister with whose taste he might be fascinated, and whose most agreeable manners would make him almost regret that he had already lost so much of his heart; and while he might be balancing in his mind on which of the two his affection should rest, a farther acquaintance with the family would still farther unsettle and embarrass his judgment; and he would at length conclude that, as it was impossible to be in love with four, he could not really be in love with any; and the result would be general commendation and respect; and the four young ladies would be left to enjoy their reputation of being the most agreeable, unaffected young women living.'—Vol. i. pp. 161–163.

So, also, it has been our lot to meet Miss Henderson, and as we owe that young lady a grudge on several accounts, we willingly take this opportunity of revenging ourselves. We must premise that Clara is the heroine and a foreigner.

'Clara was young, susceptible, romantic, well informed by means of books, was possessed of good judgment and discernment; she was more familiar with standard writers than most young women, and was not aware that there was any pedantry in talking about them; she had also a taste for science; she had seen and observed but little of the world of humanity, but she had observed more of the world of nature; botany had been one of her studies, so had astronomy, and even geology; she had also a knowledge of the Latin tongue. To say the least of it, she was pleased with her knowledge. Whatever she had acquired had been by means of books, and those books were not numerous; and whatever came to her knowledge through that medium, came with all the authority of an oracle, so that any one who contradicted what her elementary instructions had taught her, or started any different theory from that in which she had nursed her own mind, appeared ignorant of the matter altogether. Coming forth into the world, she was surprised to find that her knowledge was beyond that of many with whom she conversed, and then she placed too high a value on that knowledge. A mind constituted and situated as that of Clara Rivolta, was in great danger of receiving from the vanity and conceit with which would-be knowing ones are gifted, an impulse not favourable to its graceful and proper development.'

'Lady Woodstock and her daughters had been introduced to the female part of his family by Mr. John Martindale, with the view of supplying them with certain intimates, to prevent accidental or disagreeable acquaintance. But it is not easy to manage such matters precisely according to preconceived theory and design, for these very young ladies were the means of introducing Clara to a young lady who tried very hard to make her as great a simpleton as herself. The young lady to whom we refer was Miss Henderson, eldest daughter of Mr. Henderson, the popular preacher above-named.'

Mr. Henderson not knowing what means he might have to provide for his family, very wisely gave them as good an education as was in his power; and at the same time, in order to have that education for them all as cheap as possible, it was his plan that the elder should teach the younger, that she might be thus partly prepared, should need be, to undertake with a great stock of experience the task of instructing others. The young lady took instruction kindly and well. Her progress in every thing was really astonishing. Her music-master, her drawing-master, her French-master, never had such a pupil in the whole course of their experience. Masters say the same of all their pupils who are not paragons of stupidity. But in this instance

there really was somewhat more truth in the commendations than is usually the case. Mr. Henderson was of course highly delighted with his daughter's talents. Mrs. Henderson was lavish in her praise of them, and profuse in her exhibition of them. The young lady was puffed into a mighty conceit of herself, and she very kindly pitied the ignorance and incapacity of the great mass of mankind. The young lady and her father and mother were not aware, that it was to a constitution of mind by no means enviable or desirable, that Miss Henderson was indebted for the great rapidity of her progress and the multitude of her acquirements. There were two causes of that progress: one was a prodigious share of vanity, which would undergo any exertion or painful affliction in order to gratify itself; and the other was a total want of all power of imagination or principle of original and investigating thought, so that there was nothing to interfere with an undivided and close attention to any object of pursuit. The natural result of acquiring knowledge on these principles and from these causes was, that the knowledge was at last and best the mere lumber of memory, and the theme of vain prate and idle boasting; it was not food for the mind, it was not digested. There was scarcely a piece of music which Miss Henderson could not play at sight; but her style of playing was such as to weary rather than to fascinate; and to listen to the young lady's mechanical dexterity on the piano-forte, was called undergoing one of Miss Henderson's sonatas. There was also the same hardness and absence of poetry in her paintings. The outline was very correct, the colouring was accurate, the transcript complete, but there was no life in the living, no animation in the scenery. There was a provoking likeness in the portraits which she sometimes drew of her friends; and so proud was she of her skill in portrait-painting, that few of her acquaintance could keep their countenances safe from the harsh and wooden mockery of her pencil. Deriving a rich gratification to her vanity from her various accomplishments and miscellaneous acquirements, she fancied that her greatest happiness was in the pursuit of knowledge and the pleasures of science. Much did she despise the follies of the fashionable world, and very contemptuously did she regard the ignorant and half-educated part of the community, and that part, in her judgment, consisted of nearly all the world, her own self and one or two particular friends excepted. Into this select number Clara Rivolta was most graciously admitted.

'Miss Henderson, though gifted with a most ample and comfortable conceit of her own superior powers and acquirements, was still not backward but rather liberal and dexterous in administering the delicious dose of flattery to those whom she honoured with her notice and approbation, as being superior to the ordinary mass of mortals. Clara Rivolta received the homage paid to her mind and acquirements as the effusions of a warm heart and generous spirit. It is possible, however, to mistake heat of head for warmth of heart. This was a mistake into which Miss Henderson was perpetually falling, both as it related to herself and to others. Not only was the young lady liberal in her praises of those whom she would condescend to flatter with the honour of her approbation, but she absolutely praised them at her own expense, expressing her high sense of their superiority to herself. But it should be added, that this kind of homage always expected a return with interest, and the language in which she praised her friends was always put forth as a model and specimen of that kind of homage which she should be best pleased to receive from her dear friends.

'To the vanity of intellect Miss Henderson added the vanity of sentiment. She had read something in books about the heart, and about sentiment and feeling, and so on; and she thought that there must be something fine in that concerning which so many fine words had been used. Thereupon, with that conceit she added sentimentality to the rest of her acquirements; and an acquirement in good truth it really was, seeing that it was by no means natural. Not the less fluently could the young lady discourse on that subject, because she knew nothing about it; but, on the other hand, she set herself up as a judge and censor-general on all her acquaintances and the world beside on the subject of sensibility of heart. She had enjoyed many opportunities of falling in love, and those which she had enjoyed she had not overlooked. Many and many a time was her heart lost, but never irrecoverably. Few were the gentlemen who thought it very prudent to venture to pay serious court to a young lady of lofty thoughts and lowly means. A very slight degree of notice was sufficient, however, to set if not her heart in flames, at least her tongue in motion to her confidential friends

concerning sentiment and sensibility, and all that sort of thing.

* Such a companion as this was by no means fit for Clara Rivolta. But Mr. Martindale saw not the real character of the young lady, and Miss Henderson was wise enough to flatter the old gentleman into a conceit that she considered him as one of the few enlightened men of the age; and, as Mr. Martindale himself was one of those oddities who think all the world block-heads but themselves, he was not displeased with that kind of homage which Miss Henderson paid him: and as Mr. Martindale was one of the very few single gentlemen whom Miss Henderson had seen and had not fallen in love with, she was not quite so disagreeable to him as she was to many others. Mr. Martindale, therefore, tolerated the acquaintance with Clara; and as for Signora Rivolta, it appeared that Miss Henderson had sagacity enough to see that she was not to be imposed on or deceived by foolish talk, and therefore she avoided exposing herself to her.

* In person Miss Henderson was by no means disagreeable; she was rather pretty. There was, it is true, a little deficiency in height, and a little redundancy in breadth; but still there was nothing remarkable one way or the other. She dressed in very good taste, and her ordinary manner was good. It is wicked, or at least very thoughtless, in young men to pay unmeaning attentions to any young lady, but especially to such very sentimental ones as Miss Henderson: frequently had she been rendered unhappy by this thoughtlessness. Now, it is very silly for young men to boast of the hearts they win; and, in winning such a heart as we are now speaking of, there is certainly nothing to boast of, for any one was sure to succeed provided there was a vacancy. At the time of which we are writing, the fragrant Henry Augustus Tippetson was the favoured and honoured companion of Miss Henderson's walks; and it is difficult to say which was the prettiest animal of the two, Mr. Tippetson or his little white French dog. They were, at one time, always to be seen together, at a certain hour of the day, in the Green Park. They seemed to have a great fellow-feeling, and both looked as spruce and neat as if they had both been dressed by the same valet. Mr. Tippetson, though something of a coxcomb, and considered to be vain of his person, still was so far diffident of himself as to use the assistance of his little quadruped companion to attract attention to himself. Often has he acknowledged, or rather boasted, that his little dog has been the means of bringing him into conversation with those whom otherwise he should not have had an opportunity of addressing; and oftentimes it had been supposed that it was Henry Augustus Tippetson's private opinion, that his little French dog was considered by the ladies as a very pretty excuse for taking notice of the pretty owner of the same.

* Now it was the natural unsophisticated opinion of Clara Rivolta that Mr. Tippetson was an empty-headed, effeminate coxcomb, not worth notice, and absolutely incorrigible by any other discipline but that of time. But Miss Henderson had discovered, or fancied she had discovered, that Mr. Tippetson was not so great a coxcomb as he appeared to be. She acknowledged, indeed, that he was very attentive to his dress and his person; and very candidly did she make allowance for a little error in that respect, as he was but young, and she had heard it said that it is better to be too attentive in youth than too negligent in age in that respect. As for Mr. Tippetson's liasing, she was very sure that was perfectly natural and unavoidable. The use of perfumery was become absolutely necessary from the frequency of crowded apartments. As to the apparent diversity between the studious and the learned Miss Henderson, and the lounging, indolent, unreading habits of Mr. Tippetson, the difference was rather apparent than real, according to the young lady's own account of the matter: for though Mr. Tippetson was not at present much in the habit of reading, he had been formerly, and his mind was by no means unfurnished; he was a man of great observation, and was constantly making remarks and observations on every thing he saw or heard. So that Miss Henderson was quite sure that when Clara came to be better acquainted with the young gentleman, she must think better of him. Thus it is that foolery is tolerated. Look at a coxcomb at a little distance, and observe his silly airs. The animal is absolutely nauseous, and his whole manner and style villanous and contemptible. But a more intimate acquaintance makes a discovery of some bearable qualities; and familiarity renders the odious less odious; and then it is thought that there are more qualities existing in him than have

been discovered, because more have been discovered than were suspected. So foppery and foolery are tolerated from habit and intimacy."—pp. 101—112.

To complete this young lady's portrait, we must present our readers with a letter in which (to borrow our author's phrase) she makes over to Clara all her right, title, and interest in Mr. Augustus Tippetson, to have and to hold the same unto her and her heirs for ever; the said Miss Henderson having, however, previously to this magnanimous step, provided herself with another admirer in the person of Clara's true love, Mr. Horatio Markham.

"Once more, my ever dear Clara Rivolta, I take my pen to address you, and perhaps it may be for the last time. We are separated by distance of place, and still more so by the cessation of a correspondence which gave me at least infinite pleasure and inestimable benefit. As I can no longer hope to receive your truly intellectual communications, I read over and over again those most delightful and improving letters with which you once condescended to honour me: and indeed it was a condescension in you to stoop to let down your fine mind to correspond with me. I feel I acknowledge your superiority; and not only do acknowledge and feel it, but it is manifest to others too. Tippetson is your slave. Nay, start not, I repeat it, Tippetson is your slave. I am well aware that I possess not powers of mind to retain him. Clara, he is yours. Yes, my ever dear friend, Tippetson is yours. I surrender him entirely, unreservedly, calmly. Do you doubt it, my Clara? Do you distrust me? Oh, no, you cannot. See how steadily and firmly I write. My hand trembles not; my cheeks burn not; no tear blots the paper; nor do I repent what I have said, or wish it unsaid. Tippetson appreciates your merits. You have the power to rule and charm his mind. The world may call him frivolous, but can that be a frivolous or common-place mind that can comprehend and rightly appreciate the superior mind of Clara Rivolta? You, my dear friend, know that Tippetson is not frivolous, that he has powers of mind far above the ordinary average of human intellect. Take him, dear Clara, he is yours for ever. And do not think that in thus surrendering him to you, I renounce your friendship; nay, rather do I seem to have a stronger claim on it and on your gratitude for this surrender. But I may not enlarge. I must not endeavour to renew a correspondence, which you, no doubt, for the best of reasons, have declined. I have written by this day's post to Tippetson to the same purport that I have written to you. May Heaven bless you both with all imaginable happiness! Think nothing, I conjure you, of the pain which this sacrifice has cost me, that is now over and past. It is done. Every other consideration must give way to the sanctity of friendship. Farewell, a long farewell. Ever and unchangeably yours, 'REBECCA HENDERSON.'

Mr. Tippetson, the hero of the preceding extracts, is a very cleverly-managed character. To introduce any novelties into the treatment of an ordinary coxcomb, we should, *à priori*, have pronounced impossible; but our author has succeeded in throwing some new light upon the hackneyed subject. A far more elaborate personage is old Mr. Martindale, who, though belonging to the race of rich old bachelor patrons, has very specific and individual distinctions, which make it impossible that he should be confounded with his tribe. But partial extracts would do great injustice to that personage, as well as to Mr. Horatio Markham, (joint hero of the book with the Honourable Philip Martindale, who is the head partner in the firm,) a high-minded, clever and accomplished young barrister, with a touch of legal and literary coxcombry; and, therefore, we prefer recommending to our readers this book. They will find it very lively and amusing, written in a particularly quaint and dry style, and exhibiting, as we said before, unusual sagacity in the sketches of character. These qualities they must beware of mistaking for greater ones; but they must also beware of undervaluing them, or of preferring to them the tinsel merit of skill in astonishing by incidents. We ought, however, to have mentioned before, that the story in which these gifts are set is sufficiently entertaining and well sustained.

UNIVERSITIES AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Extracts from a Work preparing for publication, under the title of 'Select Notices of Universities and Public Schools.' Pp. 80. London, 1828.

THE pamphlet before us has hitherto, we believe, been circulated only among the members of the Provisional Committee of King's College. It is merely a collection of extracts from a larger work which the author of it has long been preparing, but which he has deferred presenting to the public from a laudable anxiety to make his extensive materials still more useful by carefully arranging and condensing them. Judging from these specimens, we anticipate more advantage to the cause of education from the entire work than from any which has been published for a long season; and if the founders of King's College should be able to effect no other good end than that of calling it forth, we should think their labours had not been in vain.

The pamphlet opens with the University of Edinburgh; the sketch of this institution, though probably only an outline of that which will appear in the forthcoming work, is, nevertheless, more complete than any we have seen elsewhere.

The characteristics of these regulations and of the university for which they were formed, seem to be, weakness and instability in the foundation, and considerable practical wisdom in the details. These symptoms mark all educational institutions in this country, at least, which are of modern origin; and we trust that any universities which may be hereafter introduced, will be as eager to profit by the improved notions which these bodies derived from their age, as they be will to seek their principles and groundwork in the establishments of a more remote generation. This seems to us the true application of experience in education, and in most things else. Some would say, the last age was better than all the foregoing ages; what we must do is to add to the stock of wisdom which we find accumulated in the institutions which it produced something of our own. Others would say no: the principles of these institutions were laid in the early ages; what is required of us is to divest these foundations of all that has been built upon them since, and then to build for ourselves. Whereas, we apprehend, the true philosopher would say, each age has added something and has lost something. Study what idea each age has worked out, and if you find that the groundwork of institutions was but consulted for by our remote forefathers, and the details of their administration by our immediate predecessors, you must endeavour to consolidate both in your new establishment, unless you would have it remain in some important circumstance imperfect.

One of the most useful suggestions for the consideration both of new and old English University authorities, is the following extracts from the Library:—

'Library Regulation.'—The Library will be open for the purpose of giving out books to students every lawful day during the Winter Session, from 11 o'clock, A.M. to 2 o'clock, P.M., except on Saturdays, when it will be shut at one o'clock precisely.

'In applying for books, it is necessary for students to bring with them a written list of such as they wish, and to present to the Librarian their matriculation

** On this point we can give our readers an amusing piece of University History, with which probably they are unacquainted. A few months ago, a Grace passed the Senate of the University of Cambridge, for permitting Bachelors of Arts (under certain restrictions, which fully secured the Masters from any other danger of being forestalled in their demand for new works) to obtain books from the university library. This Grace was thrown out in the *Caput*, in consequence of one individual in that august body interposing his veto. This individual is the professor of civil law in that University, a science which requires more various and discursive reading for the comprehension of it, than perhaps any other in the whole compass of human studies!*

ticket, and the ticket of some one Professor for the actual session.

'Every book taken out must be returned within a fortnight uninjured;—the same book may be taken out again for another fortnight, unless previously asked for by another.

'Attendance is given in the Library, every lawful day, from ten till three o'clock, to enrol the names of the students in the "Album," which is the only legal record of their attendance in the University.'—p. 6.

The next section is on the University of Glasgow. For that institution we certainly feel no partiality; we think it reflects, in a remarkable degree, all the vices of the Scotch mind, and, of course, strengthens and transmits them. The farces, with accounts of which we are every year annoyed in the English newspapers, of the boys electing their own Rector, would be enough alone to disgust us with the system. Yet we think there is admirable good sense in the following observations; and their occurrence in such a place furnishes a striking proof that there is no educational institution, however contemptible in its outlines and its general details, from which some useful hints may not be gleaned:

'Discipline.—Remarks upon it.—The most certain and effectual mode of discipline, or rather the best method of rendering discipline in a great measure needless, is by filling up regularly and properly the time of the student, by interesting him in the objects of his studies and pursuits, and by demanding regularly and daily an account of his labours. In the present state of the University, such of the students as can afford the expense frequently live in the families of the Principal and Professors, where they have, together with the opportunity of prosecuting their studies, the advantages of proper society and private tuition. It is, at the same time, in the power of every Professor to become acquainted with the deportment, application, and abilities of almost every one of his students. And the knowledge of this is likely to be much more effectual in exciting their exertions and producing regular attention to their studies, than the endless penalties which may be contrived for every species of misdemeanour. A complicated and rigorous discipline, extending to innumerable frivolous observances, can hardly fail, in this age, to become contemptible. If students are treated like *children*, it is not to be expected that they will behave like *men*.'—p. 15.

Trinity College, Dublin, is the next University on the list, and it is very briefly disposed of. There is nothing in the plans of this body, as they appear in the list, which merits much observation or imitation, but possibly a more careful study will discover, even in this 'silly sister,' some features that are not uninteresting or inexpressive. Among these we may mention permission of marriage to the senior fellows,—a privilege now, we fear, withdrawn, but which we should like to see admitted into Oxford and Cambridge. Of course, King's College is not interested in this question, for we take it that no enforced celibacy is there contemplated. THE BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION, we have heard, is under respectable management, and that considerable attention is paid to the improvement of the student. There seems, however, to be no peculiarity worth mentioning in it, except the Board of Faculty, an institution of very doubtful utility, of which the following account is given:

'Board of Faculty.—Its Functions.—The Professors form a Board of Faculty to superintend the literary concerns of the Collegiate department: and each Professor is, in his turn, President for one year. This Board is empowered to take cognizance of every matter connected with the literary pursuits and moral discipline of that department of the Institution, to regulate the course of studies to be pursued, and to direct the formation of new classes when necessary, with the concurrence of the Joint Boards of managers and visitors; to appoint the hours for the meeting of the several classes, and the time and order of public examinations; and finally to adjudge premiums, sign the testimonials given to students at the close of the collegiate course, in the presence of the managers and visitors, specially summoned for that purpose; and to enforce discipline, by such fines and punishments as they may deem proper.

'The Board meets in the institution once a week during the college session, and as often during vacation as may be necessary.'—p. 18.

Then follows the charter of the lately established King's College in Canada. After which we arrive at the University of Paris. We have been long promised an account of this body from the pen of one of its members, and therefore we shall pass over the numerous details which are furnished in the pamphlet. The ROYAL COLLEGE VENDOME seems expressly made for the manufacture of Frenchmen. It is divided into classes, the studies of which are arranged with all that attention to artificial system, and that disregard of real method which characterize the nation. The following passage is richly natural:

'Instruction, 3d Class.—When once the scholar has reached the third class, the principles of the language are expounded to him, and he is taught to appreciate choice of expression and harmony of style. With this view, general and detailed ideas are conveyed to him of the elements of oratory, and the science of phraseology; indeed, for the purpose of ascertaining that he has comprehended what he has heard, he is required to compose an analysis of the lecture. On holidays he is required to translate a select piece of Latin prose or poetry, and enjoined to transmute, as far as he may be capable, the peculiar beauties of the original into his version. The next morning, his translation is compared with the model assigned; and he is rendered sensible of the resources which his native tongue possesses towards overcoming difficulties, by the perusal of a corresponding translation by some eminent hand.'—p. 46.

We are informed, also, that *religion being the most solid corner-stone of virtue and manners, is taught and practised by a resident spiritual superintendent, approved by the Bench of Bishops!*

We now come to that rich theme, the German Universities, about which Mr. Russell has written a book displaying so much cleverness, ignorance, bigotry, and, what includes all these, Scotticisms. The University of Gottingen occurs first; but with this subject our readers are already acquainted, and many of the details in these extracts are taken from the article upon it which appeared in 'The Athenæum.' We pass on, therefore, to Berlin, of which the details here furnished are very ample. The following passage deserves consideration at least; whether the plan which it unfolds deserves imitation, (as the writer seems to think,) is a more difficult question.

'Specification of the Lectures, 1825-1826.—The Universities of Germany (says a Correspondent) deserve the name more justly than those of any other country; because every branch of learning and science is comprehended in their scheme of tuition. In proof of this assertion, we may observe that, during the winter session of 1825-1826, there were held at Berlin,—

26 Courses of Lectures in Theology.	
25 ————— Jurisprudence.	
50 ————— Medicine.	
12 ————— Philosophy.	
19 ————— Mathematics.	
23 ————— the Physical Sciences.	
10 ————— Political Economy.	
12 ————— History.	
4 ————— the Fine Arts.	[Guages.]
25 ————— Ancient and Modern Lan-	

'There are two circumstances which accompany the distribution of the public lectures of this University, which appear extremely deserving of imitation. In the first place, each series of courses delivered in the various faculties, is headed by an "Encyclopædical and Historical Course of the particular Science." A synopsis of this description is of infinite use, whether as regards the commencement or the close of the student's labours. In the second place, a variety of Professors are frequently engaged in lecturing on the same branches. This competition engenders a spirit of emulation, which is as beneficial to the student, as it is to the science itself.'—p. 53.

The University of Warsaw follows. This history contains nothing very remarkable, but there is something very melancholy in reading such a paragraph as the following, in the statutes of a Polish university:

'University Meetings.—The whole of the Members of the University assemble in solemn convocation, to render homage to the memory of such of their fellow-countrymen as have signally advanced the cause of science of learning, to celebrate the anniversary of its foundation, or to instal a new rector.

'Injunctions to the Professors.—No restriction whatever is laid upon the Professors as to the mode in which they shall develop their theories, excepting that they are enjoined to avoid whatever may be prejudicial to the interests of religion, government, and purity of manners. They are equally enjoined, by every practicable means, to render theory subservient to practice and the wants of the country, and to spare no exertions which may serve to promote science and diffuse useful knowledge.'—pp. 57-58.

Alas! who are their fellow-countrymen! and where is the country for whose wants the professors are to provide?

The Russian Gymnasias, which were fresh organised by the Emperor Alexander, and were connected with the different Universities previously established in the country, form the next subject. We think the following is an interesting peculiarity in these new institutions:

'Illustrative Excursions during the Vacation.—The masters of mathematics, natural history, and technology, join with their best pupils, during the vacations, in making excursions into the adjacent country, as a means of enlivening and illustrating their studies. These excursions afford an opportunity of exercising the student in practical geometry, botany, &c., and give him an insight into such mechanical or technological establishments as may chance to be at hand.'—p. 64.

Passing over the Parisian special school of commerce, we come to the colleges of the United States. In spite of Dr. Dwight's opinion that the system of government in Yale College combines every advantage, we must take leave to remark, that if the following statement be correct, as it no doubt is, the legislature and the mob opinion which it represents must exercise a far more direct control over those bodies than we think is at all consistent with their independence, and their usefulness as bodies destined to control and form the mind of the country:

'Government, Honours, Degrees, Punishments.—The government is in the hands of the President and eighteen Fellows: but "their acts are to be laid before the legislature as often as required, and may be repealed and disallowed by the legislature whenever it shall think proper." The President, with the consent of the Fellows, has power "to give and confer all such honours, degrees, and licenses, as are usually given in colleges or universities, upon such as they shall think worthy thereof." There is also a right of appeal to the corporation in cases of expulsion, dismissal for faults, and rustication for any term longer than nine months. A new trial must first be requested, within thirty days after the sentence, and laid before the faculty. If the former judgment be then confirmed, the parent or guardian of the student must lodge a petition to the corporation with the President, within thirty days after the new trial, and he must lay it before the corporation at their next meeting. Trials, fines, and other public punishments have, however, fallen greatly into disuse. At present, the administration is almost entirely of a parental character. A student, guilty of such inferior offences, as desertion of study, and disorderly or dissolute conduct, after private remonstrances have failed, is solemnly admonished that he is in danger. If needful, he is admonished a second time, and his conduct made known to his parent or guardian, that he may unite his efforts with those of the faculty for the reformation of the youth. And if he still persist in his vicious courses, he is sent home, and cannot be re-admitted without a vote of the faculty. This scheme of government (observes Dr. Dwight, the late President) has been found to unite in it every advantage.'—p. 69.

Here, for the present, we must break off, thanking our author most heartily for the instruction he has afforded, and promising to return to the subject as soon as the publication of his work affords us the opportunity.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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LITERATURE OF THE PEASANTRY.

THE GHAIST; AN AULD SCOTS TALE.

We enter our protest against Schlegel's sweeping division of all poetry into classic and romantic; not only because the distinction is seldom apparent, as the one, contrary to all logic, frequently includes the other, but because it seems to exclude one important class of productions, which, for want of a more appropriate epithet, we shall call *POPULAR*. Without going into minute definition, we would rank under this head the songs, ballads, and tales, which form almost the only literature known to our peasantry and mechanics, and exert so extensive an influence over their feelings and opinions, that a shrewd politician remarked, if he had the making of the ballads of a nation, he would give any body who chose the making of the laws.

In this remark, the politician was partly right; but if, like most generalities, it be pushed to extreme cases, it will not apply. We know that the most despotic tyrant must often bend to popular opinion, and that he must always be careful not to offend popular prejudice. Joseph II. could not, with all his power, force the people of Vienna to put quicklime into their coffins; nor could Peter the Great compel the Russians to shave their moustaches. The passing of an edict is a very different matter from obeying and complying with its injunctions. The French Convention could easily pass and publish a decree that the soul is not immortal, and, to impress it the more forcibly on the mind, could order a figure of eternal oblivion to be set up in the burying grounds throughout France. But this absurd and impious edict could not eradicate the national belief, which continued to prevail in spite of the sceptical lawgivers and their foolish decrees.

These are cases in which the influence of popular poetry is, for the most part, paramount to all authority. It takes hold of the memory, and becomes a species of prejudice, which interweaves itself with every thought and every action. It, consequently, leads or confirms the popular opinion, and becomes an article of the national belief. Nor is this influence confined to the mere vulgar. It often extends to the middle, and sometimes to the upper ranks, who, in their more early years, when most susceptible of impression, meet with the popular poems and ballads in the nursery, or in the hands of their dependants.

If it be acknowledged, moreover, that literature, whatever be its species, and however little it may be cultivated, possesses over the mind an almost unlimited sway in polishing its original rudeness, extending its range of activity, and multiplying its sources of enjoyment,—we must conclude, that the shortest excursion which a peasant can make in the fields of poetry and fiction, will give his thoughts and feelings a character altogether different from that of his unlettered neighbours. According to the original bent of his mind, and the species of literature with which he becomes acquainted, he will be changed from a commonplace rustic, to a shrewd, cautious, calculating man,—or to a rapt, visionary swain, who lives alternately amidst delightful, but unreal, dreams, and distressing, but equally unreal, horrors. To the first class belongs Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd,' of whom he says,

'Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill
He reads fell books that teach him mickle skill.'

And again,

'Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books of history, sang, or sport;
Nor does he want a routh of them at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.'

Gray has given an admirable description of the second class in his *Elegy*:

'Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawa,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.'

These are the extremes, between which will be met with every shade of difference in rudeness and in polish, in practical wisdom and poetical dreaming. It is this which stamps the manners of a peasant, as much as either his natural disposition, or the peculiarities of the district where he lives. It effects a wonderful change even on his language, for though he uses the very same provincial vocabulary as others, yet will his sentences acquire a polish and a correctness of construction, which will strongly contrast with the harsh and vulgar collocations of his neighbours.

Of the truth of these positions we are well assured from personal observation, and we could easily give numerous living examples to prove it; but we must, for the present, decline this, as it would lead us too far from our immediate aim. Since, then, the subject which we propose to examine, appears to be of considerable moment both in a political and a literary view, we shall occasionally devote a few pages to some of the poems which work so powerfully and secretly on the thoughts and feelings of the people.

The specimen which we shall first select, is not, we believe, much known beyond the precincts of the cottage; and there it has of late become a great favourite among the Scottish peasantry. It is evidently intended to ridicule a belief in ghosts, by detailing, in mock-heroic blank-verse, (a novelty, or, as Southey would call it, an experiment in Scottish song,) a parody of a tale which seems to be the basis of more than half the legends relating to the re-appearance of disembodied spirits.

A traveller, who is in the tale named 'auld Gibby,' takes shelter from a storm in a half ruinous castle, to which he was attracted by a glimmering light. The tenant of the ruin could afford him no accommodation, unless he were willing to sleep in a chamber which had been long haunted by a ghost. To this, Gibby, after some demurring, was reluctantly obliged to consent, upon condition of having his dog, Bawty, for his companion, and a blazing fire lighted up on the hearth. After he had retired to his apartment, the ghost, of course, soon appeared in all its terrors, and led Gibby out into the storm to point out to him a concealed treasure; for which good office, a promise was exacted from him of burying the bones of the ghost in consecrated ground, in default of which, his spirit could not rest. Gibby, after this midnight adventure, returned quietly to his bed and slept till morning, hopefully dreaming of his good fortune. But, to his sad disappointment, he found, on awaking, that it had been all a dream; for Bawty, whom he had left tied up, to guard the golden casket, was lying snugly in the chimney-corner, and looked kindly up in his face.

The opening of the piece is quite a picture of an old peasant exposed to the pelting of a pitiless storm:

'Cauld was the night—bleak blew the whistlin' win',
An' frae the red nose fell the drizzlin' drap,
Whilk the numb'd fingers scanty could dight aff,
Sae dozen'd wi' the drift, that thickenin' flew
In poor auld Gibby's face, an' dang him blin'.
Sair, sair he pech'd, an' saught against the storm,
But aft for foghten turn'd tail to the blast,
Lean'd him upon his rung, an' took his breath:
Poor Bawty, whingin', crap to his lee side,
Wi' 'is tail atween his feet, an' shook his lugs.'

Gibby's affection for his dog may almost match with that of Dalgetty for his horse Gustavus, or of Sterne's pilgrim for his ass; for

'Loutin' down, he happ'd him wi' his plaid,
Giff his head, an' cried "Poor fallow, whist;
An' gif I'm spared to reach some biggit wa's,

Ye's win as near the ingle as mysel',
An' share my supper too.—But we maun on—
The night grows mirker, an' nae moon nor starns
We'll see the night.—Sae let us face the blast,
An' "to a stay brae set as stout a heart."
Sae cheer'd he his dumb brute, an' he was cheer'd.'

The prevalence of good-natured feelings of kindness towards the brute creation is one of the best indications of a well-regulated heart, though the sentiment makes but little impression on a peasant when it comes from the pulpit in the form of a studied discourse, compared with the indelible stamp which is left upon his memory by such lines as these. Shakspeare's well-known lines,—

'The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering, feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies,—

have, we doubt not, sunk deep into the hearts of thousands; and a better feeling than what we have quoted could not be expressed in a popular tale. The proverb which inculcates perseverance is also good, though not quite so strong as the verse by Burns,—'He that does the best he can, will whiles do mair,'—which has cheered many a peasant through the most hopeless difficulties.

Gibby's perseverance was crowned with success; for, when he was

'Quite dowf an' dozen'd, through the drift he saw
A light dim-blinkin', an' at last a house:
'Twas an auld biggin, that in per-lous times
(Whan folk rampag'd an' fought for ilka thing)
Had been set there to keep aff sudden skaith;
An', in fierce brulziements, wi' warlike wights
Had stoutly stood; but now 'twas tumblin' down,
O'ercome by Time, (fell loun!) that a' o'ercomes.
The moon, just glimmering through a parted cloud,
Show'd Gibby what o' the auld wa's remain'd;
An' whare the creepin' woodbin' spread its leaves,
Light shakin' wi' ilk blast o' win' that blew.
Blythe, blythe was Gibby, (Bawty, too, was blythe;)
He chappit at the door, an' gif he could,
He wad ha'e whistled too; but, wi' the cauld,
He daver't sae, he could na crook his mou'.'

There is, perhaps, some want of *keeping* here. The poet (for the author we hesitate not to call so) has sometimes forgotten his mock-heroic, and been fairly carried away by a higher spirit. The description of the old castle is indeed excellent, but it is too good, too much sustained and polished, to correspond with what follows. As there is nothing remarkable in the conversation with the landlord, we pass on to the haunted chamber:

'Whan the lang, drawlin', gaunt, an' drowy e'e,
Show'd bed-time come, he was led up the stair,
(Where ne'er a foot for mony a day had gane,)
An' thro' an entry, lang and ruinous,
Whare, at the auld fail'd winnocks, the cauld blast
Gar'd Gibby shiver as he gaed along.
The door, worm-eaten, creakit on its bars,
An' in he steppit, eerie, leukin' roun',
To ilka nook he thought might hand a ghaist.
Aneath, ayont his bed, an' up the lum,
But naething could he see worse than himsel.
A clear peat-ingle bleez'd on the hearth-stane,
Foregainst which Bawty crap, waggin' his tail,
Turn'd him about, an' laid him krusly down,
Thinkin' o' neither bogles nor the storm.

"Gilbert, gude night, soun' sleep, an' a blythe mornin'."

Quo' the gudeman, an' parting, steek'd the door.

Gibby said naething, but look'd wondrous dowf;
Fast as he could, hows'ever, into bed
He gat, among the claise, out o'er the lugs,
An' saun'd himsel', and swat wi' perfect fright.'

The entrance of the Ghaist is given with considerable effect. Some of the touches would not have disgraced the author of 'Tam O'Shanter' himself.

'The auld door
Risp'd on its rusty bars. Poor Gibby glowr'd,
Bawty set up a lang an' fearsome howl,
And cower'd aneath the bed: when, strange to tell,
The fire-flaughts glanced sae clear aroun' the room,
Ye might ha'e gather'd preens: the thun'er rain'd,
An' wi' an elritch skirl, a fell-like sight,
Wi' bluid a' barken'd, gousty stalk'd along,
Steer'd up the ingle, gied a lang ho'w grane,
An' shook its bloody pow! An' thrice it pass'd,

Wi' slaw an' heavy step, by Gibby's bed,
Wha near-han' swarf'd, an' scarce could thole the fright.'

The tale of the Ghaist follows, in which the poet has introduced some brief precepts of popular morality. The spirit thus addresses the terrified Gibby:

'Sax townmond's syne, benighted here like thee,
Fremit, far frae hame—my hame to see nae mair,
Wi' gear wheel laden, a' my ain, dear won,
O'er gear, alack! *The best craft's honesty*;
I wanted to be rich; let knaves tak' tent;
For whan I bless'd myself an' had it snug,
Mark how it ended.—In that vera bed
I laid my weary limbs, whan my base host,
In dead o' night came on me, nae ill dreading,
Rear'd me o' a'; an' that name e'er might ken't,
He, wi' a muckle rung, dang out my harness.
D' ye see that ugly gash?—but be na fley'd,
The sky-bald, by his ain ill conscience chas'd,
Did flee the kintira, an' ne'er kend the gude o't;
'Twill mak' you rich.—Rise up, and come awa',
I'll shaw ye where it's hidden. Now min me,
Under that hearth ye'll fin' my banes; them tak'
An' see sads yirded into haly grun';
Sae sall my wan'rin' spirit be at rest,
An' may'est thou never meet a fate like mine.'

The prospect of riches seems to have operated on our hero very powerfully, in dispelling his fears, as he immediately complied with the Ghaist's command:

'Up Gibby raise—nae daffin' in his head,
An' followed his grim guide—dreary and dreigh,
He passed the muckle yett. The cauld north win',
That blew sae loud about syne, was now fair lawn;
The moon shone clear upo' the new-fa'n snaw,
An' made a baffins day. When they had gane
Thro' twa-three fields, the Ghaist at length stapp'd
short,
An' grained an' waved his hand: 'Lo! here (quo' he)
'Ilk boded lies that ance to me perteen'd':
(Oh! it is little worth whare I ha'e gane,
I gi'e it a' to you. Mark weel the park:
An' now be sure, the yirdin' o' my banes
Dinna mislappin. Oh! remember me"
Nae mair he said, but whidded out o' sight.'

At the conclusion of this scene, poor Gibby was more collected and 'forethoughty' than might have been supposed, from the supernatural intercourse he had been holding.

'Wi' hair on en', an' ilka lith an' lim'
Quakin' wi' fright, Gibby, to fin' a' meith'
Looked a' about, but neither tree nor buss,
Nor stane cou'd fin', thro' a' the snaw spread waste;
At last [he] bethought him o' his knarly keut,
An' stack it i' the yird wi' sicker birze:
"This rung" (quo he) will be a special mark;
But less some wilder wight in wan'rin' by
Should flit it,—Bawty! ye maun watch't till day,
An' I sall row ye in my waukit plaid.'

The catastrophe, if we may call it so, is given with much *naïveté*:

'Clear raise the morn on Gibby's drowsy head,
He grained and rax'd himself, an' thought on Bawty,
Poor fallow! freezin' a' night 'mang the snaw.—
An' whare he'd get a pick-axe an' a spade
To hunk the hidden treasure; ban'd himself
For owre lang sleepin'; started to the floor,
Whare, Bawty, fain to see his master safe,
Leuk'd kin'ly in his face an' wagg'd his tail.
He cou'dna trust his een, but glow'd about,
Rub'd them an' glow'd again, an' clearly saw
The dog, the plaid, the gartans, an' the keut,
He left them when he ga'd to bed.
The goud was gane, sae was the grumly ghost,
An' Gibby's lairdship was for ever lost.'

Of the merits of this popular tale, we need say nothing, as we have been so copious in our extracts that our readers may well judge for themselves. To us it appears that its merit entitles it to be better known; and we take credit to ourselves for bringing forward from the obscurity of the peasant's cottage, this picturesque companion to Burns's 'Tam O'Shanter.'

Who the author was or is, we are wholly ignorant; most of the copies which we have seen, are signed ROBBIN FAGGOT, evidently a *nom de guerre*, though, on the slight evidence of the initials of this name, we have heard it ascribed to Ferguson. This cannot be well ascertained from the style;

for though we may safely pronounce that Burns could not be the author of it on the evidence of the style alone, yet Ferguson had less mannerism and less genius; and of course, his touches are more difficult to trace. The only strong objection against Ferguson, is the dialect, which partakes more of the western idiom than he could have given it. We should, therefore, be more inclined to ascribe it to Wilson, the humorous author of 'Watty and Meg,' but better known for his splendid work, 'The American Ornithology;' though we confess we have but little foundation for the conjecture, besides the dialect and the peculiar cast of the poems which Wilson published before he went to America. After all, it may very probably be the production of some obscure peasant among the crowd of imitators who took to rhyming during the splendid career of Burns.

A.

ORIGIN AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE POST IN FRANCE.

THE edict by which Louis XI. decreed the establishment of the first stations for the service of the post on the principal high-roads of France, is dated on the 19th of June, 1464, and contains one-and-twenty clauses. A station was directed to be maintained at every fourth mile. The sole object of this first attempt was to secure prompt despatch and relays of stout horses for the messengers who bore official communications from the sovereign in those turbulent times, or conveyed similar communications to him from the higher servants of the state, who were employed in the provinces. The introduction of post-houses, for the regular conveyance of letters, or the convenience or necessities of travellers, was not contemplated at that time of day; nor were the relays expected to consist of more than four or five horses. A similar establishment is said to have been formed in three high-roads, in the time of Charlemagne, though, with this difference, that he made his subjects defray the expense of the regular conveyance of his couriers, orders, and despatches. Taboetius* and Berger† record this fact, and add, 'that he established three viatorias: the first on account of his conquests in Italy; the second on account of his having brought Germany under his yoke; and the third with a view to Spain.' For this purpose, he expended considerable sums in making roads and building bridges, and accomplished public undertakings which were beyond the capacity of most of his successors. A sufficient proof of the justice of this remark exists in one single circumstance,—no pavement was seen in any of the French cities or towns until two hundred and seventy years after his decease. With Charlemagne's reign began and ended the first attempts at forming any regular post-establishments in France; for no vestige of them is to be traced from that period down to the times of Louis XI., unless, indeed, we admit, in counter-evidence, an old charter of Louis the Fat, recording a donation to the church of 'St. Martin de Champs,' in which his signature is accompanied by that of one Baudouin, in the quality of Grand Maître des Postes. It does not, however, by any means follow that any post really existed in France previously to the fifteenth century, besides that set on foot by Charlemagne. On the contrary, it is more than probable that this title of Grand Maître des Postes was a mere title of honour derived from the age of Charlemagne, and equivalent to a similar designation which existed in Saxony a century back, though the holder of it was in no ways connected with the post-office department.

The year in which the decree of 1464 took effect, as well as the parties by whom it was first brought to bear, are quite unknown even in France;

* In *Paradox. Regum*,

† In 'Histoire des gros Chemins'; livre iii. p. 577.

equally so is the name of the officer (styled 'Conseiller Grand Maître des Courcurs de France' by the 2d clause of that decree,) who was intrusted with the duty of founding and superintending the new establishment. All we learn is, that the sovereign intended this task to be committed to a person 'in whose intelligence, capacity, and integrity he could confide,' and that this individual should remain at his elbow. There is some reason for believing that the office was united with that of his 'master of the horse,' which was held by his old favourite Alain Goyon; though it would seem that from the year 1479, the superintendence of the post was vested in the 'comptroller of the equeries of the stable,' whom, in that year, we find to have been one Robert Paon. V. Hörnigk affords us a memorable instance of the perfection to which this branch had been carried, when he informs us that 'Chauveau, herald to King Louis XI., brought letters to his master, at his chateau of Amboise, in less than three days from Milan.'*

The indefatigable vigilance which Louis XI. exercised, both as regarded external as well as domestic occurrences, his secret treaties, the intrigues of his neighbours, particularly of the prince, and subsequent duke, of Burgundy, and his frequent waverings as to the cause it behoved him to espouse, occasioned so much employment for messengers and envoys, that, at his death in 1483, there were no fewer than 234 couriers or equeries (*chevacheurs*), most of them apparently stationed in the various provinces. Charles IX., who found much less need for these personages, reduced their numbers to 120, and, at the same time, raised the superintendents of stations to the rank of regular servants of the crown. This measure was subsequently confirmed by an edict of Louis, dated in February 1509.

The first relays established in France, date from the year 1597; they were afterwards interwoven with the post-office department. In 1608, the title of 'Comptroller-General of the Post' was exchanged for that of 'General of the Posts,' to whom were assigned very extensive powers over every person and matter connected with his office, whilst all appointments, dismissals, or promotions were made dependent on his nod.

It is worthy of notice, that no essential change was made in the machinery of this branch from the time of Louis XI. to that of Louis XIII., a space of nearly one hundred and fifty years. The posts were, at that time, exclusively reserved for the service of the sovereign and the state; nor was any private individual allowed to make use of them; and the edict of 1464 specifically prohibits all post-masters, under pain of death, from supplying horses to any persons who were not furnished with a passport from the King and an order from the Comptroller-General, 'because the establishment was wholly subservient to the purposes of the crown and state.' Hence was derived the expression made use of in the letters of appointment to this service,—'*Maîtres tenans les chevaux courans pour le service du Roi, et Maîtres Courcurs*.' These post-masters were, in case of necessity, bound personally to carry the despatches of the sovereign, the governors, lieutenant-generals of the provinces, and other chief officers of the state; and for this reason they were styled, in the old letters-patent, 'Chevacheurs, or Equeries of the Stable.' This, indeed, was the original title of the King's messengers, for which that of cabinet-messengers, or couriers, was afterwards substituted.

The post was not employed for general purposes before the time of Louis XIII., when private persons began to take advantage of it for the transmission of letters and packets, in consideration of a moderate charge. This custom arose out of a permission, which had been previously given to couriers and estafettes, to convey the correspondence of private individuals when engaged in car-

rying public despatches. D'Almeras, the Postmaster-general, observing the great satisfaction which this permission afforded, established regular post-office couriers, who left Paris for the various provincial capitals on certain days in the week, and returned back from the post-offices in those capitals on subsequent days. This alteration, which proved equally beneficial to the post-office as well as the public, was effected in the year 1629, when Louis XIII. discharged the greater part of the Government messengers; and, in his *ordonnance* of January in that year, directed his governors, generals, and other servants, for the sake of public economy, to abstain from sending their despatches by official couriers, but to transmit them in future through the ordinary channel of the post-office.

We must not omit to make mention of the privileged establishment of couriers connected with the university of Paris; a department which that body had set on foot, at so early a date as the thirteenth century, for its own convenience, and the conveyance of such letters, property, and money as the host of students, who resorted to it from all quarters, might find occasion to transmit, or wish to receive. These couriers or messengers were partly selected from amongst the better classes of the citizens of Paris, with the intent that when the communications with other parts were interrupted by hostilities, or the student did not receive remittances from home in due time, the messengers might assist him with pecuniary advances. This class was called the *grands messagers*, or chief messengers. Their number was limited; and they were not required to leave their homes on any other errands than such as were given them by the masters or scholars of the diocese to which they were attached. The 'lesser' or ordinary messengers, who were despatched into the provinces, from whence they returned to Paris, are often styled 'flying messengers' (*auxii volantes*) in the national records, as betokening the celerity which was expected to attend their motions. These individuals, whose caste was wholly distinct from that of the King's messengers, took charge of the correspondence of persons unconnected with the University; nor did the government interfere with the revenue which it derived from this source. The earliest documents referring to the privilege of such an establishment are a letter from Philip the Handsome, of the 27th of February, 1296, and Louis X. of the 2d July, 1315. The university-post was not united with the royal post-office until Louis XIV. farmed the revenue of both branches to Lazarus Patin, in 1672. It was conditional on this occasion, that a certain amount should be paid by him to the University; but his successor, Colombier, endeavoured by every pretext he could invent or allege to rid himself of its claim. Louis, however, in 1686, gave his decision in its favour; Colombier was forced to discharge the claim during the whole duration of his contract, and at its close the University received permission to farm its establishment at a higher sum, though it was required to contract with the farmer of the royal post. In 1698, the rate of sale had risen to 49,685 francs, (2,070*l.*); and, in 1716, the king augmented it to an annual sum of 60,000 francs, or 2,500*l.*

The University, still discontented with this valuation, submitted a remonstrance in the same year to the Duke of Orleans, who was regent during the minority of Louis XV., complaining of the restrictions which had been put upon them in the exercise of their ancient privileges, and urging him to fix the sum, to be annually paid them by the farmer-general of the post-office revenues, at 150,000 francs (6,200*l.*), unless he would allow them to farm their *messengeries* on their own account. They did not omit to enforce their representations by reminding him that gratuitous instruction was afforded to young persons in all the Colleges of the University. This affair was a source of conflicting feelings on the Re-

gent's part; for though he was sensible that the occasion no longer called for the continuance of such an establishment, and that it was become irreconcilable with the altered and costly character of the public post-office, he was unwilling to curtail the University of its indisputable rights. The Duke having listened with attention to the arguments and proposals of the University, and taken the opinion of the Privy Council and Parliament upon them, on the 14th of April, 1719, Louis XV. promulgated a decision, countersigned by the Duke, and subscribed with the words, 'For such is our pleasure,' by which the messengeries of the University were for ever abolished, and a twenty-eighth part of whatever sum the farming of the post-office revenues might produce, was assigned to it in the shape of a compensation.* This decision was accompanied by the following express stipulations:—'We ordain, that, dating from the 1st of April in the present year, the instruction of youth shall be gratuitously undertaken in all the acting colleges of our said eldest daughter, the aforesaid University; prohibiting the regents of the said college, under any pretence whatever, from requiring any sort or kind of remuneration from their scholars; in defect of which gratuitous instruction, these presents shall be held void and of none effect. It is our will also, that if the said farmer of the posts and messengeries shall make default in paying to the said faculty the one twenty-eighth part of the said general contract, the University shall stand repossessed of all its rights, and be entitled to exercise them in the fullest manner, by virtue of the before-recited decrees of our council and letters patent.'

If I have allowed myself, on this occasion, to enter more into detail than the object of your inquiry would seem to justify, I hope to stand excused on the score of the entire absence of any specific history of the establishment of posts. Nor can I refrain from flattering myself, that the miscellaneous, though partial notices which I have now furnished, will be found acceptable to every friend to topics connected with the progress of human civilization.

HUTTNER,
Postmaster-General, Leipzig-

SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

No. II.—MY FIRST GROUSE.

(Continued from page 968.)

At the time I am treating of, 'shooting flying' as it is technically called, was comparatively little attempted; it was, in fact, considered (notwithstanding the assertions of Scott† and others to the contrary) as a rare and difficult accomplishment, and those who succeeded in it were looked upon with a degree of wonder approaching to awe.

I was therefore not a little surprised when my uncle informed me, on presenting me with the gun which he and the gamekeeper had selected for me, from the armoury of the establishment (consisting, for the most part, of old, rusty, military pieces, which had been secreted during the search for arms after the rebellion in 1745, and had lain by ever since,) that he did not mean to countenance the practice of 'shooting sitting.' Having been used to shoot sea-fowl, which, even when on the water, are generally so tossed about as to afford fair practice, he had himself acquired considerable dexterity in bringing down birds from the wing—so much so at least, that he had incurred the odium of the old sportsmen in the neighbourhood, by whom he was jealously regarded as one who

*'Ore puer puerique habitu sed corde sagaci
Æquabat senium atque astu speraverat annos.'*

* The produce of this branch of the revenue was at that time 130,000*l.*, and the proportion of it accruing to the University amounted, therefore, to 4,640*l.* a year. It was enjoyed by the University until the breaking out of the French Revolution.

† Not he of Waverley, but William Henry Scott, author of a work entitled 'British Field Sports.'

and being of course imbued with a contempt for 'still-mark-sportsmen' proportionate to his skill, he was determined that I should not, as he elegantly expressed it, get into any such 'lubberly' habits.

To the enlarged ideas and enlightened example thus early presented to me, I owe the proud satisfaction of being able to affirm, (what few old fellows of my standing can boast,) that, with the exception of a hare which I chanced to espy squatting, and shot, in a hedge-popping excursion I once went in the neighbourhood of Windsor, (for which act of villany I was, to my great surprise and no less indignation, nearly made to atone the penalties of a common poacher,) I never shot, fired, or aimed at any birds whatsoever, otherwise than on the wing, or any four-footed animal otherwise than running.* I may, and no doubt have, occasionally felt strongly tempted to fire at birds I have seen basking over a hedge, or running under a ridge of potatoes; but I repeat it proudly and unequivocally, I have never yielded, but have kept my integrity up to the present day, 10th January, 1829.

The gun which my uncle brought me was a large-bored single barrel, (large in those days, though it would be considered small now,) and he recommended me to employ myself for some time in handling it, and getting accustomed to its 'trim and bearings.' This I was in no danger of neglecting: it was the first time I had ever had a gun in my hands without being liable to be called in question for the same; indeed, the only gun of any sort I had ever fired was a certain old musket, which was the means of my coming into collision with the laws as aforesaid.

After practising taking aim, and snapping the lock at a chimney, until I had satisfied myself that I was one of the best marksmen in the kingdom, I returned into the house, where I found my uncle and his attendant completing their arrangements for the following morning. On finding that they did not intend setting off till after breakfast, I remonstrated with all the vehemence of a person who knows nothing in the world about the subject of his remonstrances. In vain the gamekeeper assured me that 'we should hae walth o' time;' that, by starting earlier, we should only 'fire the dugs, puir bit beasties,' and render them useless during the afternoon, which was by far the most valuable time of the day. Nothing would convince me that, by beginning three hours earlier, we should not gain three additional hours' shooting; indeed, my own opinion was, as I told the gamekeeper, that we should be on the ground by the earliest light. 'Nae doot, nae doot,' answered he, laughing; and then, turning to my uncle, he added, 'I'm thinking, Sir, ye'll hae to gie him his ain gate for ance; I'se warrant he'll no be crawling sae crouselly by this time the morn's night.' I did not understand the latter part of his speech, nor, as I found it had produced a favourable effect, did I stop to inquire; so, after a little more argument *de part et d'autre*, it was settled that we should meet half way, by breakfasting an hour earlier than had been intended. I was obliged to agree to this arrangement, though not quite to my satisfaction; and, having completed what else I had to do, I betook myself early to rest, that I might sleep off the fatigues of the journey, and be quite fresh for the bloody deeds I meditated for the morrow; but I was in such a state of feverish excitement, that all attempts to compose myself to sleep were for a long time fruitless; and when, at length, I fell into an uneasy slumber, it was only to be wakened with a start at each succeeding chime of the hall-clock, and to be disappointed again and again, on finding that it still wanted many hours till the time of rising.

The agreeable author of 'The Subaltern' describes his feelings on the evening previous (if I

* I mean, of course, no game, as I am still school boy enough to have a particular *penchant* for sparrow, lark, and rat shooting.

mistake not) to the storming of St. Sebastian, by likening them to those of a young sportsman on the eve of the 12th of August. Not having had the honour of being present at that memorable storm, and therefore having only tried one side of the question, I cannot venture to dispute the justice of the comparison; but, with all due deference to Mr. Glegg, I cannot help thinking that the advantage is greatly on the side of the sportsman; inasmuch as, in his case, the firing is all on one side, which, to any man except a professed fire-eater, (which I do not pretend to be, although I can put a bullet into a crown-piece as well as most men,) must, I should conceive, be rather a desideratum than otherwise.

The morn, the eventful morn, at length rose, and with it rose I. Every thing which took place on that day is as fresh in my memory as if it had happened but yesterday. It was one of those grey, misty,* uncertain-looking mornings which are so common in Scotland, and which puzzle the predictions of the ablest weather-prophets. My uncle could, as he said, have confidently predicted a day of continued wet, had he been at sea, but did not pretend to be learned in inland weather-signs. The gamekeeper was in doubt, and I in despair.

My uncle insisted on waiting till we should see how it would turn out, as it would, he said, (partly, I suspect, to provoke me,) be nothing short of madness to go, if it should set in for a day of rain. However, about six o'clock, the clouds having rather cleared off, I prevailed upon him to despatch his breakfast and start; and much was I rejoiced when we, *i. e.* my uncle, myself, the gamekeeper, and the two pointers, were once fairly embarked in a nondescript kind of vehicle he termed his dog-cart, and so secure from any change of plans.

Our way lay, for a short distance, along the high road; after which, we diverged into a wild and romantic glen, surrounded with mountains, on whose summits the mist still continued to roll heavily. The road itself was such as would have appalled the stout heart of any southern Jehu,—rough and stony, with deep ruts, and so narrow as to bring our vehicle frequently on the very verge of the precipitous descent into the stream below, varied occasionally by the deep-worn channels of the mountain-torrents which intersected it in several places, and which we crossed by bridges, narrow as that leading to the Mohammedan paradise, but differing therefrom, inasmuch as we experienced no accession of comforts on the other side, and built, like most Scotch bridges, at a sharp angle from the steep descent that leads to them.

While this continued, I was, I confess, in so unpleasant a state of mind, by reason of my latter end being brought so continually and so obtrusively before my eyes, that I almost forgot for the moment the object of our journey; and it was only when, on turning into a less frequented but smoother track, that led up among the hills, we got rid of our rock-bound purgatory, that I became sufficiently at my ease to express my surprise at the utter recklessness with which my uncle continued his course, whatever difficulties were opposed to us, and the perfect nonchalance with which he and the gamekeeper, who were both sitting on the seat before me, continued their conversation about the probability of the weather holding up, the likelihood of a breeze, the strength of the scent, &c. &c., at times when I should have thought that occasional ejaculations from the 'Prayers to be used at Sea' would have been much more to the purpose. They were much amused at my fears, which were, they said, wholly groundless. As for the road, 'it was capital, better, indeed, than they had known it for years;' and, as for the rate of travel, my uncle 'would never be such a lubber as to take in canvas till he was sure of a squall coming.'

As my remonstrances were of non-effect, I

found it my best way to keep, as Hajji Baba expresses it, 'the tongue of silence within the lips of necessity,' and let them take their own way, which they did for a short time longer; till the road (by courtesy so called) stopped at the shepherd's cottage, where we were to put up our horse. This duty being despatched, we proceeded to business.

The first step to be taken was to ascend a steep hill some two thousand feet high, which directly fronted us, and from the top of which we were to start. Notwithstanding the gamekeeper's entreaties that I would 'tak it easy,' I was so eager to get to work that I began the ascent at a rate which, to a person of any experience in hill climbing, would have made the time of my arrival at the top extremely doubtful; the consequence was, that before I had proceeded above a hundred yards, I was seized with a stitch in the side, which compelled me to lie down, and was a lesson to me to take advice in future.

When we were about half way up, I was startled (being still rather in advance of the others) by the rising of an old cock-grouse about a hundred yards before me, and immediately afterwards the hen, with a covey of six or eight nearly full-grown poults, followed his example. Here was an encouraging prospect. 'Hech, Sirs,' exclaimed the gamekeeper, 'wha ever saw the like o' that? the wild de'il! od, if they're a' like that, we shall gie' but a puir account of the muir-fowl the year.' However, as no exclamation could avail us any thing, we continued our ascent of the hill Difficulty, and, after one or two rests, arrived at the top.

Here a scene of extraordinary splendour awaited us.

[To be continued.]

A PHILOSOPHICAL DISCUSSION.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — College, Cambridge.

SITTING by my fire last night, at the awful hour of twelve, and amusing myself with endeavouring to discover what a man thinks of when he is thinking of nothing, I was on a sudden startled by a loud knock at my door, and in marched the identical Diable Boiteux of Le Sage. Feeling myself strongly armed against all demons by the operation of a forced chapel attendance during the preceding week, I, of course, entertained no alarm at such a visit, but placed the little gentleman snugly in my easy-chair, and invited him to follow my example in smoking a Havannah cigar. He declined this very civilly, and entered into conversation on the common topics which he supposed me to be interested in, such as the approaching struggle for honours here, the pantomimes, the French Theatre, and, though last not least, the change which it is reported 'The Westminster Review' is about to undergo, a change as great as that from a grub to a butterfly. On my expressing great curiosity about this, the little fellow said, that if I were disposed for a walk, he would show me something worth seeing. I complied, and putting an old cap and gown on the demon, for fear of meeting the proctors, we sallied forth. We had not travelled long before we found ourselves in a house in the vicinity of Queen's-square, Westminster, in a room. Oh, Mr. Editor, how shall I describe that room! It was nothing in the actual, scarce like any thing in the possible, world. It was like the secret apartment in Dionysius's ear at Girgenti, as that might formerly have been; or like the central chamber of the Penitentiary at Milbank, as that ought to have been. It was obviously suited for every present and future purpose: perhaps you can feel what sort of a room it was. Well, Sir, and in this room were three persons: one a youth; another a pale, tall, melancholy-looking man, with a Scotch expression in his face, absorbed in contemplation; another equally Scotch in his appearance, but rather more practical. I soon perceived that the first and third of

these stood in the relation of pupil and preceptor (I ought, perhaps, rather to say disciple and philosopher) to each other. The conversation which ensued between these gentlemen, as far as I can recollect it, I here transmit to you.

Philosopher I.—Well, child, what do the public say to the new scheme? Have you been to Mr. —? What does he say?

Disciple.—The public, Sir, are all agape with expectation. They look for the first 'good thing' of the — as an astronomer does for the expected return of a comet.—Who is to lead the forlorn hope, Sir? Mr. — thinks it would be advisable to buy something from Blackwood or the author of 'Paul Pry' just for a beginning. At any rate, he says you will never be able to satisfy the craving of the public, unless you hold out some additional inducements to your correspondents.

Philosopher I.—Pooh! Mr. — is too much on the extensive. What do you think, B—?

Philosopher II.—Decidedly. Demand will soon create supply. In all branches of operative industry, artificial advantages, in the shape of bounties, are generally found injurious. Capital will naturally flow into those channels in which there—

Philosopher I.—Besides, facetiousness, if too generally and too suddenly introduced, will tend to throw many very useful talents out of cultivation. There's —, who wrote the papers on Special Juries, is quite neglecting his law studies for 'Joe Miller.' In his new course he is not quite so happy. He made three puns the other day, which I was obliged to ask him to explain, and read me an epigram that seemed wonderfully inconclusive.

Philosopher II.—In the early stages of a work of humour, jokes have a tendency to increase in a geometric ratio, readers in an arithmetic; but there is this peculiarity in the law of publications, that, after all the intellects of the writers have been cultivated up to the highest point of perfection, (there being at that moment a maximum of readers,) both readers and jokes fall off with equal rapidity. Both of these circumstances are evils. More wit than consumers is fearful: neither wit nor consumers is tremendous. Perhaps, by a preventive check on the fecundity of intellect in the first instance, we might attain to some means of counterbalancing the positive check in the other. Now, preventive checks resolve themselves into, first, withholding of payment—

[Printer's Devil enters with a MS., as if in haste.]

Printer's Devil.—Sir! Here is Mr. —, of the Temple, has sent an article on Mr. Montgomery's 'Vision of Hell,' as a specimen of the light style.

Philosopher I.—(takes and reads)—Phoo! 'Tis his old article on prison discipline with a few jokes sprinkled in between. The rascal has the impudence to ask twenty guineas for it, and to demand instant payment. We will offer him twenty shillings for the wit alone—eh?

Philosopher II.—I am quite of your opinion. It would be better to secure a supply of the raw material and work it up at home. The strength of the review, I think, lies in manufactures.

Disciple.—It is expected, I hear, Sir, that some theory of poetry will be laid down by us, previously to our passing any censure or praise on living authors. Have you thought at all on the subject?

Philosopher I.—Thought? 'Gad, yes. I have been reading Horace's 'Art of Poetry,' quite agree with him; expediency, the grand principle here as elsewhere. Mark you, he is speaking of play-writers; he says

'Aut prodesset volunt, aut delectare poetæ'—

that is, 'they either aim at increasing the sum of human happiness by the indirect method of superinducing habits of frugality, industry, and mo-

* I speak *Scottic*: what they call 'mist,' we call rain; what they call fog, we call moss; and what they call moss, we call bog.

ral restraint, which, of course, are favourable to the accumulation of capital, and hence to human comfort; or, by the direct method of producing immediate pleasure—taking care, however, that the enjoyment of this pleasure shall not trench upon the enjoyments of others, so as to render person or property insecure.

Disciple.—I was in the Editor of 'The Athenæum's' room the other morning, and while there, happened to cast my eye on a passage in a book that was lying open with a leaf turned down. As well as I can recollect, it ran thus:—"The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama, is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge, every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant, and kind."

Philosopher I.—Pooh! Jacob Behmenite!

Philosopher II.—Platonic jargon!

Disciple.—Ay, ay, mystical trash, I am quite aware! I only repeated it to manifest the infinite superiority of your definition.

Philosopher I.—What has been said of the Newtonian system may be said with equal justice of the theory of the — Review. Its simplicity is an evidence of its truth.

Disciple.—So I told S—, and he said, "Cutting a knot to pieces is the simplest way of untying it—a complete evidence that it is the true method."

Philosopher I.—A mere scoffer!—(*Philosopher II. during this time is rummaging the book-shelves.*)—I would undertake in half an hour to convince any man possessing an ounce of sense of the truth of the selfish system, and to give him through that a key to all human actions—all human thoughts.

Philosopher II.—(*Reading to himself.*)—"Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me: you would seem to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my mystery: you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent music, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. S'blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me." Why, A—, what's this? 'The Book of Fallacies' used to stand here. I was getting it down to find an answer to—

Philosopher I.—"The Book of Fallacies"? O yes! Why you know, as the character of the review is to be more literary, I thought I had better get a Shakspeare and some of the standards to stand on my shelf. But, B—, we want a motto for the new series: Have you got one?

Disciple.—Oh, do you know, Sir, I think, from what you have just said, it necessarily follows that our new review will be a poem, and a first-rate one.

Philosopher I.—A poem? 'Gad, I am glad to hear it. I did not think there was anything very poetical about me, but I do sometimes feel a sort of a — sort of a —

Philosopher II.—Ay? well, I, twenty years ago, wrote an elegy on 'Rent and Wages,' which a young lady thought very funny, and preferred to the 'Paradise Lost.'

Philosopher I.—How do you make the case out, child?

Disciple.—Why, Sir, Horace, as you have just quoted him, says, 'that the aim of a poet is to instruct or please.' Now, the — Review has been instructing mankind in the essence of all human knowledge since its first institution, (if they would but open their eyes to their own interest, which Mr. Mill says they always will; therefore I suppose they have;) and now, Sir, it is preparing to please them, which completes the idea of a poet.

Philosopher II.—Granted so far: but where is the metre? Where are the rhymes?

Disciple.—Oh, Sir, but the mystics themselves confess that there may exist poets 'lacking the accomplishment of verse.'

Philosopher I.—Egad, the — review will demonstrably be a poetical work.

Philosopher II.—Demonstrably! and the maxim which forms the foundation of our æsthetic criticism, seems admirably adapted for a motto:

Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare Poetæ,
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit UTILE DULCI.

Philosopher I.—Ay, ay; but we must translate; for, thank God, the readers of the — Review do not generally waste themselves on the unproductive study of the dead languages. Try the mettle of your ancient Pegasus.

Philosopher II.—Behold!

Or to instruct or please his kind,
Inclines the true-born poet's mind;
'Twas thine, O —! the lucky hit,
To mix utility and wit.

At this effusion, Mr. Editor, there was a sudden apparition of the ghost of Helvetius, much pleasure depicted in his countenance: the phantom, after about five minutes, exploded with a loud crack; and when I recovered from the surprise occasioned by such a phenomenon, I found myself on my own sofa, and just caught a glimpse of *Le Diable* retreating through the door. Farewell. I am your's (in hopes you will interpret this vision)

A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

A FIRE IN HOLBORN.

THERE was a brightness along the whole line of the south-eastern horizon. It was not that steady blaze that glorifies the rising or the setting sun, or that sometimes is discerned by the traveller after dark, as the illumination sent up by a thousand lights of some great city before him. It was quivering, restless, and unlimited; it was the hell-flame of a hideous conflagration.

I hurried from the room, whose windows commanded a view of this fiery sign, and, following its direction, reached, at length, the scene of disaster. In a nook of the street, half sheltered by a projecting line of buildings in its front, a mass of fire, now condensed, now broken into spires and curves of separate flame, was shooting towards the sky. The ground-floor seemed already over-spread. Through its windows and openings, at every instant multiplied, the fire came forth, and blazed and triumphed. There were two figures standing but a little way above its present limits, supplicating aid,—but hopelessly. They were saved,—not too soon, for, in another instant, the enemy had gained another bad eminence, lifting its proud head, and roaring with menaces to all above and around it. I saw a boy crawling like a cat upon the summit of the building that was in this jeopardy; he seemed likely to become another *Encladon*; but he saved himself by a leap and a minute.

There was nothing to check or divert the injury. The house was an old one, and full of combustible stores; and, before a single stream of water was brought to play upon it, down fell the roof between its now tottering walls, and buried for ever were the implements and gains of labour; the inanimate things that were dear to many, the objects whence arose a hundred hopes and pleasant thoughts to their ruined masters.

How wonderful a revolution springs up from this falling of a spark! Set aside the whole structure of the whole mind of the immediate sufferers at once levelled and uprooted,—see the commotion of all others, however little involved! Here is a string of neighbours hurrying to and fro, and transporting the goods and moveables of some other tenement that may in time be reached; there are standing one or two of the owners of such goods, doubtful, and in terrible excitement; on the opposite pavement is heaped a wilderness of spectators, gazing, more or less intently, on the one spectacle. Now you hear the rattle of

iron wheels, and the shouts of bystanders announce a fresh fire-engine. Bravely, boys! No stint! No fears! It must yield soon.

At all those windows, however far removed from the site of the accident, not one,—is it an illiberal presumption?—then, *scarcely* one human creature is looking out but with personal calculations of the hazard that may yet fall on him. Below, whatever tribes and varieties are there clustered together, you will hear little of true sympathy for the injured; much of self-congratulation and egotistical wisdom. A poor woman stood, in tears, on some house-steps not far off; a man, her husband, was trying to console her. They had been lodgers in the building that was now in ashes, and their all was buried under them. One, more benevolent than the rest, was addressing her from other motives than those of curiosity. She told the circumstances of her escape, as far as she could collect them from the chaos of her recollections, but the narration was broken by tears, and she seemed almost unconscious of the reality. They had been startled in bed by the watchman, but not supposing the danger to be at their door, had delayed to take warning till the flames themselves assured them of their peril. Neither could exactly recount the entire mode of escape. But her thoughts were all bewildered by the severity of their loss. 'Let us go,' he said to her, 'let us go to your sister's. We can do no good here.'

'It's all the same,' she answered, sobbing loudly; 'we've no home now!'

The words were followed by a movement in the thickly-hedged mass of people, occasioned by the forcible advance of a pie-vender, who bustled through them, right merrily, at the fine opportunity for his speculations. 'Beef-steak pie, veal-pie, kidneys! All hot! all hot!' He jostled against the houseless woman: it was a jubilee to him!

The more serious remarks, if any such fell from the spectators, were not more consolatory. One would exclaim against negligent servants; a second against old houses; a third against combustible property, and so on; all very sagacious, but rather too late to afford remedy.

'Will it reach the broker's house, I wonder?' asked a pert voice, with a mongrel feeling, in which was comprised much fear least the exhibition should be soon terminated.

'Ah! there goes the poor old shop! I'm sorry for it; 'twas a good shop, and kept good liquors; but nothing's sure. I could always almost get a drop there for nothing, and I don't know who'll give me a thimble of gin, now Mr. Smith's had this misfortune.' It was a wretched giggling creature, in dirty rags, whose consciousness of her own loss was scarcely vivid enough to eclipse her enjoyment of the fun and bustle and noise thus created:

'The tender for another's woes,
Th' unfeeling for his own.'

It is not here that disinterested pity can be expected. Then, where else? In those trolloping miserable women, scarce conscious of the blessings of a home, or the curse of its destruction, whose assembling here is a pleasant variation from their long and lonely wanderings in the darkness of night, to whom a crowd must always mean a holiday, and excitement indicate gain? Or in the drunken devil reeling up and down amongst them, and muttering vile jokes upon the terror and misery he contemplates? Or in the rival of him whose cellars and roofs are now commingled,—the publican who sees alone in the disaster an occasion for much immediate gain and future aggrandisement? Or in those lady-bystanders who are angry with the firemen for making the streets so wet? Or in the complement of the crowd, who stare unfeelingly, or with entertainment, or even listen to the brutes about them as they bandy here and there a set of wicked witticisms upon the heat of the tenants and their own cold; and 'how well the Miss Powells, of the

neighbouring straw-bonnet shop, look in their night-caps; and that 'the burning spirit will soon move the Methodist Chapel in the back ground; and that 'Little Turnstile will be the greater of the two before day-break,' &c.?

Reader, wander with me through such a crowd, all wondering at the chasm so soon, so terribly made, by the hand of the destroyer, and judge by what thou seest if misery have a helpmate.

FOREIGN NOTICES.

AUSTRIAN NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES.—We observe, from the official returns of this branch, that the infantry of the Austrian army consists of twenty battalions of grenadiers, fifty-eight regiments of the line (each of three battalions), seventeen regiments of frontier troops of two battalions each, one rifle regiment of three battalions, and twelve battalions of independent Jägers, and five garrison battalions. Its cavalry comprises eight regiments of cuirassiers of six squadrons each, six regiments of dragoons of similar strength, seven regiments of light-horse of eight squadrons each, and twelve regiments of hussars, and four regiments of Uhlans, of the same strength. The artillery, independently of a numerous corps for garrison service, comprehends five regiments of field-artillery, one corps of bombardiers, and one corps of artificers; which last includes a rocket establishment, brought for the first time into useful action in the campaign against Naples. The corps of engineers is abundantly supplied with officers, and composed, of one battalion each, of pioneers, miners, sappers, and pontooners. Under this head may be placed the battalion of Czaikists. To the preceding catalogue must be added the corps of police, including the regiment of Gens d'Armes in Lombardy, the frontier cordons of Bohemia, Austria, Styria, Moravia, Silesia, and Galicia, and the police-corps of Vienna.

All the regiments of the line, with the exception of those of Hungary and Italy, possess two *landwehr* (militia) battalions, in addition to their regular strength.

The naval department, the head quarters of which is placed at Venice, contains, independently of inferior officers, four captains of frigates, and four captains of sloops; and comprises a battalion of marines, a corps of marine artillery, and engineers and sailors.

The land forces are commanded by ten field-m Marshals; eighteen attached, and nine unattached, generals of cavalry; sixty-seven attached, and thirty unattached, lieutenant-generals; and one hundred and eighteen attached, and ninety-two unattached, major-generals.

CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—We consider the following extract from the 3d vol. of 'The Transactions of the Moscow Physico-Medical Society,' as worthy of the attention and inquiries of our medical friends. After observing that the boils which arise beneath the tongue of a patient stricken with hydrophobia, are not symptoms of so important a character as many practitioners assign to them, Mr. Rittmeister, of Paulofsk, thus proceeds:

'Having once ascertained the extraordinary effects of warm blood as a preservative against the usual loathing for water, I have applied these means in thirty different instances, and have not failed in a single one of them. A boy, severely lacerated by the attack of a mad dog, was brought to me, amongst others; for three successive days I administered to him the warm blood of a fowl, diluted with a small quantity of warm wine, and repeated the dose once in each of the three succeeding weeks. When this species of treatment is pursued, the wounds themselves do not stand in need of any particular attention, though, in this case of the boy, I kept them open, by means of the powder of cantharides, for the space of four weeks. The boy's health continued, throughout, perfect and unimpaired.

'It may be necessary to observe, that the blood coagulates when left in a cold vessel. I find it advisable, therefore, to pour a table-spoonful of any

weak wine, or even brandy, into a tea-cup, bring the wine into a tepid state by immersing the cup in hot water, and then let the blood flow from the animal into the wine, stirring the mixture carefully with a hot spoon, until the tea-cup be half full; and then the patient must swallow it instantly. A little water may be taken afterwards for the purpose of rinsing the mouth.'

The medical correspondent who supplies the foregoing extract, endeavours to explain the 'rationale' of the discovery in these terms: 'The canine venom is an animal poison, and capable of being transferred, by inoculation, from one animal substance to another; but it will always conjoin itself most readily with that substance with which it stands in closest consanguinity or relation. The poison of the *rabies canina* has, therefore, a greater predisposition to unite with the blood of a dog, or other animal, than with human blood, because it stands in closer affinity to the bloods of animals than men. This is but another exemplification of the *'similis similibus gaudet.'* In conformity with this theory, the animal poison flies from human matter so soon as it is offered the more attractive means of conjunction with animal blood; and, if it have not had time to inoculate the human substance too deeply, it will at once transfer itself to that with which it possesses a greater degree of affinity.' Our correspondent professes his entire faith in this valuable discovery, if adopted in the incipient state of the disease, and adds his determination to apply it in the first case of hydrophobia which comes under his notice.

NETHERLANDS UNIVERSITIES.—The United Kingdom of the Netherlands contains six of these institutions, the most ancient of which is that of Louvain; and the following is a list of the sums appropriated to their maintenance for the year 1828-1829, by the national exchequer, viz.:

Louvain . . .	Fl. 120,000 or £10,000
Liege . . .	70,000 — 5,830
Ghent . . .	70,000 — 5,830
Leyden . . .	80,000 — 6,660
Utrecht . . .	70,000 — 5,830
Groningen . .	70,000 — 5,830

Fl. 480,000 — £39,980

To each University are attached a library, a botanical garden, a cabinet of natural history, a chemical laboratory, an hospital, an anatomical amphitheatre, and dissecting rooms.

The numbers of the students at the University of Louvain were, in the years

	1826-1827.	1827-1828.
Medicine . . .	77	87
Law . . .	163	179
Philosophy . .	119	97
Philosophical College	193	249
History, &c. . .	68	79
	620	691

The other universities have experienced an increase by no means inferior to that of Louvain, which, as well as the other northern schools, has no faculty for theology. The 'Collegium Philosophicum,' established in 1825, is, in some respects, a substitute, its object being to prepare young men, destined for the Roman Catholic Church, for admission into the Episcopal seminaries. Though violently opposed by the Pope and Catholic hierarchy, its progress has been extremely gratifying.

SAXE-WEIMAR.—This grand-duchy possesses a population of 226,000 souls; of which the town of Eisenach contains 8,200; Ilmenau, 2,400; Jena, 5,200; and Weimar, 9,800. The Protestant clergy are 335 in number, and officiate in 519 churches; and the Catholic in 10 parish-churches, 7 churches of ease, and 6 chapels.

The government of this little state is administered by the Grand Duke, with the assistance of three privy councillors; and it will scarcely be credited, that its Court establishment comprises a grand master of the ceremonies, a lord chamberlain, a master of the horse, a grand marshal, forty

chamberlains, six grooms of the chamber, five pages, six body physicians and surgeons, and five court-apothecaries!

The University of Jena averages about 650 students per annum, and possesses a library of more than 100,000 volumes.

RUSSIA.—Mines of the Ural Mountains.—From the report made by M. D'Engelhardt, Professor of Mineralogy at the University of Dorpat, who has very recently returned from a long exploratory journey in these districts, it appears that the Ural mines have yielded the following produce during the year 1827:

	Pds.	lbs.	sol.
To the Crown,.....	89	29	53 45-96
To individuals,.....	192	10	49

282 0 6 45-96
In all, of pure gold, or 148,375 oz. English; value 579,000*l*.

To the Crown,.....	2	7	25
To individuals,.....	23	23	40½

25 30 65½
In all, of platina, or 13,557 oz. English; value 5,700*l*.

Platina Currency.—The great quantity of platina raised from these mines, has induced the Emperor Nicholas to employ it in coining a currency, which his subjects are at full liberty to circulate or refuse, as they think proper. The coin issued under these circumstances is to be equivalent to three silver roubles, or about nine shillings and sixpence, and will be a little larger than the French one-franc piece, and approximating to the size of an English shilling. As this is but an experiment, the first issue will be but trifling in extent. Individual proprietors of mines are allowed to send their platina to be coined at the government mint, and will, consequently, assist in forwarding an experiment, which, if it should succeed, may hereafter form an important branch of Russian revenue.

There are six royal copper mines in the same district, and one in the Altai mountains, which together produce about 840 tons of copper annually. The produce of the private mines varies from 1850 to 2560 tons a-year for the whole empire. The royalty on this produce is thirteen per cent.

The quantity of iron run from the produce of whole of the mines in Russia, both royal and private, averages annually about 150,000 tons. This metal pays a similar rate of royalty with copper.

GENEVA.—Duration of Human Life.—We have seen some recent calculations of the average duration of human life in this city during the last two hundred years, which appear to afford a gratifying proof, that as science and civilization advance, the term of our mortal career receives a corresponding prolongation. The following is the result of the calculations to which we allude:

Period.	Average duration of Life.
1560-1600	18 years 5 months
1601-1700	23 — 5 —
1701-1760	32 — 8 —
1761-1800	33 — 7 —
1801-1814	38 — 6 —
1815-1826	38 — 10 —

Diamond produced from Carbon.—In the sitting of the Parisian Academy of Sciences, of the 10th of November last, M. Arago submitted a communication from M. Cagnat-Latour, a chemist, in which he affirms that he succeeded in crystallizing portions of carbon, so as to obtain the substance called 'diamonds;' that his process differs from that pursued by M. Gannal; and that a sealed packet, which was deposited with the secretary in 1824, contains the details of his first operations. M. Arago added, that he knew another party who had obtained similar results; and M. Gay-Lussac asserted that M. Gannal had conversed with him on the subject of his essays, at various times, for more than eight years past.

MR. BUCKINGHAM.

MR. BUCKINGHAM is now delivering a course of lectures at Liverpool, which, we observe, from the newspapers published in that town, have attracted, and continue to attract, great attention. With the main object of his visit, which is to excite a feeling in the great commercial towns against the continuance of the East India Company's charter, we have no concern—for Indian and English politics lie equally out of our province. We, therefore, shall merely extract a passage from the Liverpool 'Times,' which gives an account of his lectures upon the literature and manners of the oriental nations.

Mr. Buckingham's first Lecture on the Countries of the East.—Mr. Buckingham delivered his first lecture on the Countries of the East, at the Music-Hall, last evening, to an audience of great number, and of the highest respectability. The range of subjects was so extensive that it is impossible for us to comprise, within any moderate compass, more than a mere enumeration of the heads of the discourse. After an introduction, in which Mr. Buckingham stated the motives which led him to this undertaking, and the object he had to accomplish thereby, in awakening the people of England to a sense of the importance of a free intercourse with India and China, he proceeded to describe the geography of Egypt; its extraordinary position, as consisting merely of one long continued valley, whose fertility depended entirely on its being the alluvial deposit of the Nile; its remarkable antiquities, especially at Alexandria, Memphis, Tentyra, and Thebes, with a description of the Pyramids, the great Sphynx, and the colossal statue of Memnon, still erect in the plain of Thebes; the peculiarities of its climate, in its being exempt from rain in the upper provinces of the country, the Etesian winds, the Simoom of the desert, &c. Mr. Buckingham then gave a detailed account of the animal, vegetable, and mineral productions of Egypt; numbering among the first, the camel, the buffalo, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus; among the second, the date, the pomegranate, rice, sugar, cotton, flax, and indigo; and among the third, the emerald and the porphyry of the ancients. The population of Egypt he described as consisting of Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and Jews; of each of which he gave the leading characteristics; and of their religion, government, and commerce, he also gave the outline-features. The most interesting part of the Lecture, in a general point of view, was, however, the detail of the singular manners and customs of the Egyptians, their betrothals, marriages, polygamy, funerals, feasts, pleasures, music, poetry, language, &c., the contrast of which with our own habits and feelings, added much to the impression it was calculated to make. From Egypt Mr. Buckingham passed on to Arabia, following nearly the same course in the division of his subjects, and including in it descriptions of the Red Sea, of Suez, Jodda, Mocha, Mecca, and Medina, with an account of the Wahabees, the primitive manners of the Desert Tribes in their wandering camps; and much that we may remember with pleasure from its illustrations of scriptural and historical associations. The Lecture abounded in matter of the most interesting nature, exciting equally the astonishment and gratification of the audience. Perhaps the most interesting circumstance of the whole, was the very fact of a traveller so enterprising, intelligent, and celebrated as Mr. Buckingham, describing, in a manner peculiarly frank, animated, and pleasing, the scenes he had passed through, and the events he had witnessed. The audience, amongst whom were many of our first merchants and our best-informed men, besides a considerable number of ladies, were delighted with the lecture, and frequently interrupted Mr. Buckingham with testimonies of applause.—*Liverpool Times of Tuesday.*

FRACTURES CURED WITHOUT LAMENESS.

Observations on the Nature and Treatment of Fractures, &c., showing that they admit of being united, so as to restore the Natural Powers of the Limb, without Deformity or Lameness, &c. &c. &c. By Joseph Amesbury, Consulting Surgeon of the Royal United Association; Surgeon to the South London Dispensary; Lecturer on Surgery, &c. Pp. 305. 8vo. Plates. London, 1818.

SOME of our readers may recollect, that a few years ago, Mr. Wallack, of Drury Lane Theatre, had his leg severely fractured, in consequence of the upsetting of a coach, between New York and Philadelphia; that he came over to Britain, seven months afterwards, with

his limb all but destroyed by the American surgeons; and that he made his appearance at Vauxhall, quite convalescent, a few days after his arrival, and was altogether cured in about six weeks. This remarkable cure was performed by M. Amesbury, upon the recommendation of Sir Astley Cooper, whom Mr. Wallack consulted on his case.

This case we have selected as a preface to our review, on account of its notoriety, and to show, that though Mr. Amesbury does every thing short of performing miracles in his novel treatment of fractures, yet he employs no mystery, no quackery, but proceeds on philosophical principles, derived from physiology and mechanics. In the common mode of treating fractures, the cure is very frequently prevented, by the two ends of the fractured bone, being moveable, grating upon one another, and consequently rubbing off the newly formed portions, as soon as they are produced by nature to effect an union. By Mr. Amesbury's method, the two ends of the bone are rendered quite immovable, and are kept firm in their place, till a new layer of bone grows between to unite them. In Mr. Wallack's case, for example, he never felt the least motion of the fractured bones from the moment Mr. Amesbury's apparatus was applied; but while his limb was encased in the American apparatus 'he frequently felt the broken ends of the bone grate upon each other.'—P. 277.

The following case is no less striking. A man, aged 27, had his right arm broken across the middle, and was unsuccessfully treated by Sir Astley Cooper, in Guy's Hospital, for ten months. He still felt the yielding and motion in the fracture, which were evident when the limb was examined. I was now (May 11th, 1822) present when Sir Astley Cooper examined the fracture, and told the man that the only chance left, was for him to submit to an operation. I requested Sir Astley to allow me to try the effect of the apparatus, which I have described, for fractures of the humerus, before he proceeded to operate, to which he politely consented. The apparatus was applied, and the man was directed to carry the arm in a short sling. The broken ends of the bone were pressed strongly together for six weeks; and, at the expiration of this time, the apparatus was taken off, and the bone was found firmly united, and as straight as the other.—P. 242.

Without figures we could not hope to render any description of Mr. Amesbury's apparatus intelligible; but those who are interested in the subject will find ample satisfaction in the author's volume. One of the most remarkable things in the book, is the professional *bienveillance* or rather *bienveillance*, exhibited towards the authors by Sir Astley Cooper, Mr. Travers, Mr. Brodie, Mr. Green, &c., who all recommend Mr. Amesbury, and put unmanageable cases under his care, although his great aim, in the work before us, as well as in the magazines, papers, &c., which he has formerly published, is to demonstrate the inadequacy of their methods of treatment, and the advantage of his own. With this fact before us, independent altogether of the unquestionable success of his apparatus, we must say that Mr. Amesbury appears to be a man of no ordinary talent and address.

The Glacier of Boisson.—This glacier, like that of Montanvert, comes close to the vale, overhanging the green meadows and the dark woods with the dazzling whiteness of its precipices and pinnacles, which are like spires of radiant chrysal, covered with a net-work of frosted silver. These glaciers flow perpetually into the valley, ravaging in their slow but irresistible progress the pastures and the forests which surround them, performing a work of desolation in ages, which a river of lava might accomplish in an hour, but far more irretrievably; for where the ice has once descended the hardest plant refuses to grow; if even, as in some extraordinary instances, it should recede after its progress has once commenced. The glaciers perpetually move onward, at the rate of a foot each day, with a motion that commences at the spot where, on the boundaries of perpetual congelation, they are produced by the freezing of the waters which arise from the partial melting of the eternal snows. They drag with them, from the regions whence they derive their origin, all the ruins of the mountain, enormous rocks, and immense accumulations of sand and stones. These are driven onward by the irresistible stream of solid ice; and when they arrive at a declivity of the mountain sufficiently rapid, roll down, scattering ruin. I saw one of these rocks, which had descended in the spring, (winter here is the season of silence and safety,) which measured forty feet in every direction. The verge of a glacier, like that of Boisson, presents

the most vivid image of desolation which it is possible to conceive. No one dares to approach it, for the enormous pinnacles of ice which perpetually fall, are perpetually re-produced. The pines of the forest which bound it at an extremity are overthrown and shattered to a wide extent at its base. There is something inexpressibly dreadful in the aspect of the few branchless trunks, which, nearest to the ice-rifts, still stand in the uprooted soil. The meadows perish, overwhelmed with sand and stones. Within the last year these glaciers have advanced three hundred feet into the valley. Sanssure, the naturalist, says, that they have their periods of increase and decay. The people of the country hold an opinion entirely different, but, as I judge, more probable. It is agreed by all, that the snow on the summit of Mont Blanc and the neighbouring mountains perpetually augments, and that ice, in the form of glaciers, subsists without melting in the valley of Chamouni, during its transient and variable summer. If the snow which produces this barrier must augment, and the heat of the valley is no obstacle to the perpetual existence of such masses of ice as have already descended in it, the consequence is obvious; the glaciers must augment, and will subside, at least until they have overflowed this vale. I will not pursue Buffon's sublime but gloomy theory, that this globe which we inhabit will at some future period be changed into a mass of frost by the encroachments of the polar ice, and of that produced on the most elevated points of the earth. Do you, who assert the supremacy of Ahirman, imagine him throne among these desolating snows, among these palaces of death and frost, so sculptured in this their terrible magnificence by the adamantine hand of necessity, and that he casts around him, as the first essays of his final usurpation, avalanches, torrents, rocks, and thunders, and, above all, these deadly glaciers, at once the proof and symbols of his reign; add to this, the degradation of the human species, who, in these regions, are half-deformed or idiotic, and most of whom are deprived of anything that can excite interest or admiration. This is a part of the subject more mournful and less sublime, but such as neither the poet nor the philosopher should disdain to regard.

English at Florence.—The number of English at Florence is greater this year than usual; but there is little or no union in the society, which is divided into small sets. There are two rival theatres: that of Lord Normanby, which still goes on; and that of Lord Burghersh, got up originally and ostensibly for the purpose of exhibiting an opera of the composition of his Lordship, which has succeeded very well. It is not confined, however, to musical representations, as Lady Burghersh has availed herself of the opportunity to get up 'The School for Scandal,' in which she herself performs, with Lord Douro and Mr. Cornwall; this it is expected, is only the commencement of a series of plays, and it is supposed her Ladyship will not be disposed to abandon the amusement after the first experiment.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Sailors and Saints, by the author of 'The Naval Sketch Book,' 3 vols., post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Ellis Correspondence, edited by the Honourable George Agar Ellis, 3 vols., 8vo., 1l. 8s.
Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, &c., translated from the French, vol. 2, post 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Sabbath Meditations for 1829, by the Rev. John East, A.M. 3s. 6d.
Christian Souvenir, 32mo., 2s. 6d.
Essays on Universal Analogy, 8vo., Essay 1, Section 2, 6s.
Mousley's Plain Sermons, 12mo., 5s.
Mance's Sermons, 12mo., 6s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

	Jan.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevaling Clouds.
Temperature registered at 6 A.M. and 6 P.M.						
Mon.	5.35	33°	29.86	N.E.	Snow.	Cirrostratus
Tues.	6.39	33°	29.78	N.E.	Clear.	Iditto.
Wed.	7.34	30°	29.78	N.E.	Fair Cl.	Iditto.
Thur.	8.31	32	29.73	N.E.	Iditto.	Iditto.
Frid.	9.36	34	29.66	N.	Iditto.	Iditto.
Sat.	10.34	34	29.40	E.	Iditto.	Iditto.
Sun.	11.39	312	29.62	E.	Iditto.	Iditto.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week. Highest temperature at noon, 36°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Perigee on Wednesday.
Venus 16 digits E., illuminated on ditto; apparent diam. 13".
Sun's semi-diameter on Sunday, 16' 17" plus.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 19° 36' in Sagitt.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 6° 43' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 1° 46' in Leo.
Sun's ditto ditto 21° 6' in Capn.
Length of day on Sunday, 8 h. 6 min. Increased, 22 min.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 23" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99785.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. VI.,
will be published in a few days.

Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Just published price, 2s. 6d. sewed.
THE COMPANION to the ALMANAC, or YEAR-BOOK of GENERAL INFORMATION for 1839.
The two great objects which have been kept in view throughout this work, are—First, that the subjects selected shall be generally useful, either for present information, or future reference;—Secondly, that the knowledge conveyed shall be given in the most condensed and explicit manner, so as to be valuable to every class of readers.—*Preface.*
London: Published by C. Knight, 13, Pall-Mall East; and sold by all Booksellers: of whom may be had 'The British Almanac for 1839.'

In a few days will be published, in 8vo.,
AN INQUIRY WHAT IS THE ONE TRUE FAITH, and whether it is professed by all Christian Sects? With an Exposition of the whole scheme of the Christian Covenant, in a Scriptural Examination of the most important of their several Doctrines.
Printed for Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot, Ave-Maria-lane.

This day is published, in 3 vols. 12mo., price 12s.,
REGINALD TREVOR; or, the Welsh Loyalists, a Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By EDWARD TREVOR ARWYL.
Printed for A. K. Newman and Co., London. The following have been published this winter:
FASHIONABLE MYSTERIES, by Francis Lathom, 3 vols. 12s.
EXPERIENCE, by the Author of 'Correction,' &c., 4 vols. 12s.
RANDIT CHIEF, by the Author of 'Eustace Fitz-Richard,' 2d edition, 4 vols. 12s.
LEGIONS OF SCOTLAND, Third Series, 3 vols. 16s. 6d.
GILBERT EARLE, 2d edition, 2s.
BLOUNT'S MSS., by the same Author, 2d edit. 1 vols. 16s. 6d.
KATHERINE, a Tale, 4 vols. 12s.

THE CENSOR.—On Saturday the 10th, was published, No. X., price 3d. of this entirely original Work.—Containing *Noctes Censorie Hateræ*, a Tale, by Storza, concluded—*Impromptu* on the Censor Chester Meeting—*Ode to Silence*—*Vestris* and her Dress—*Dramatic Censor*, &c. &c. Cowle and Co., Paternoster-row; Ilbery, Titchfield-street; Clements, 17, Little Pultney-street; and Fores, Sackville-street, corner of Piccadilly.
Parts I. and II. containing upwards of Eighty Original Articles, are now ready.
N.B. The whole of the Number of 'The Censor,' which is the only entirely original Work extant, may be had of all Booksellers in town and country.

This day is published, by J. B. Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament-street, price 12s. 7s., the Fifth Volume of
ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY; consisting of authentic Memoirs and original Letters of eminent persons; and intended as a Sequel to 'The Literary Anecdotes.' By JOHN NICHOLS, F. R. S.
This Volume is embellished with Portraits of Joseph Gulston, Esq., Rev. Dr. Courayer, Rev. Francis Peck, Rev. Sir Herbert Croft, Hon. Daines Barrington, Bishop Barrington, Rev. John Price, George Stevens, Esq., and Joseph Pinkerton, Esq. It contains, among other interesting articles Memoirs of Joseph Gulston, Esq., Edw. Pearson, D.D., Rev. Hugh Moises, and Newcastle Schoolmasters; Rev. Sir Herbert Croft, Archdeacon of Hereford, Mr. Malone, Mr. James Boswell, Jun., Right Hon. Wm. Windham, Bishop Parsons, Bishop Barrington, Rev. J. B. Bishew, Mr. Pinkerton, Dr. Milner, &c. &c.; with much curious Correspondence, as well of those individuals, as of the historian Oates, Sir John Fenn, Dr. Priestley, George Stevens, Rev. J. Price, Mr. Astle, the Hon. Daines Barrington, Dr. Hoadly-Ash, and many others.
* * * The Four preceding Volumes may be had, price 27s. each.

On Monday, the 10th inst., will be published, with large Additional Matter, and several New Embellishments, price 2s. in boards, a Second Edition of

PORTUGAL ILLUSTRATED; by the Rev. W. M. KINGSLEY, B.D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Auckland. Embellished with a Map, Plates of Coins, Vignettes, and various Engravings of Costumes, Landscape Scenery, &c.

The Author has been encouraged by the rapid sale of the first edition of his Work to undertake the publication of a second, which, he trusts, will come recommended to the favourable consideration of the public, not only from the sedulous revision which it has undergone, but also from embodying additional specimens of the national music of Portugal, and the following new illustrations, executed by the first Artists in the most finished style:—1. Belem Castle, on the Tagus; 2. The Aqueduct and City of Lisbon; 3. The Moorish Palace at Cintra; 4. The Cork Convent, near Colares; 5. The Fortifications of Alhambra on the Tagus, which formed the extreme right of the lines of Torres Vedras; 6 and 7. Portraits of Camoens and of Ignaz de Castro; besides several Vignettes by Messrs. Brooks and Harvey.—The additional matter, which extends to 100 pages, will comprise a brief Historical Review of the State of Literature, Arts, and Sciences in Portugal, from the earliest period to the present time; besides a full General Index.

A few copies will have proof impressions of the Plates, on India paper, price 2s. 10s.

Published for the Author, by Treuttel and Wurtz, Treuttel, Jun. and Richter, Foreign Booksellers to the King, 30, Soho Square.

Elegantly printed in two vols., post 8vo., with a Portrait, by Burnet, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, 12s.
THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq. Now first collected.
'This handsome though small edition of Mr. Campbell's Poetical Works must be received with universal favour. Never did poet produce a work more deserving of female acceptance.'—*Literary Gazette.*
Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington-street.

In a few days will be published, in 3 vols. post 8vo., price 12s., embellished with a full-length portrait of the Author, engraved by Holl, after a drawing by Wageman,
MEMOIRS of the EXTRAORDINARY MILITARY CAREER of JOHN SHIPP, late a Lieutenant in his Majesty's 87th Regiment, Royal Fusiliers.
London: Hurst, Chance, and Co., St. Paul's Church-yard.

This day is published, in crimson silk, price 21s.,
THE KEEPSAKE for 1829. Edited by F. MANSEL REYNOLDS.
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THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 65.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1829.

Price 8d.

STATE OF THE LITERARY MARKET IN ENGLAND.

[The doctrine that either party in a correspondence has a right to publish the letters without the consent of the other, has become rather prevalent of late years; but, as we do not subscribe to this doctrine, though backed by the authority of the Lord Rector of Salamanca and Catholic Primate of Ireland, we think it right to state, that the writer of the following article is as much privy to its publication as the receiver of it.—Ed.]

From Mr. H. C—— to M. Ladvocat, au Palais Royal.

New Burlington-street.

MY DEAR LADVOCAT,

IN your letter of the 10th instant, which contains so full a history of the publishing and bibliopolical trade, as it existed in France during the year 1828, and so intelligent a view of your prospects for the ensuing year, you express a wish that I would give you, in return, as complete a picture as I am able of the state of literature among ourselves at the present moment. I cannot refuse to comply with this request, and I will not waste your time and my own (both of them valuable) in disputing your assertion, that I am the most competent person in England to furnish you with the information which you need. Suffice it that I have some experience; and that, whatever that experience is worth, it is at your service.

From some passages in your letter, I collect, that there is a very marked difference between the state of affairs among you and among us. If I do not misunderstand your meaning, the end of each year is the sign that, in France, the old fashions are at an end, and that a new one is about to set in. The 31st of December, you remark (if I have translated your words rightly) is an agitating moment for cooks, milliners, and booksellers; not because they are in doubt whether long bills will be settled or new ones commenced, but because, at that eventful crisis, they are aware the public is expecting some new thing at their hands; because the moment has arrived when dishes, dresses, and novels, must change their character and condition; and because they labour under an agonizing uncertainty lest the innovation which they introduce should not be sufficiently strange to gratify the public demand for excitement, or so strange as to outrage the feelings which a year's experience has made habitual. Now this day, with us, is by no means so remarkable an epoch. I wish most heartily that it were; I would willingly exchange all the trouble you mention as resulting from the being obliged to alter all one's modes of proceeding at once, for the certainty of knowing when that alteration ought to take place. But in England we have no means of arriving at this knowledge. I have seen one year glide into another, and the new, and often costly, viands which I had provided from a notion that a change in the mode of noting time ought to be accompanied with a corresponding change in the modes of killing it, rudely neglected because the public chose to consider that the old were better. And, on the other hand, I have seen, in May-time, or in the dog-days, or in the fogs of November, the most sudden and unaccountable revolutions in the general taste. Memoirs one moment the rage, and the next utterly loathed,—novels that had been swallowed with greediness, disgorged in multitudes,—and huge quartos of tourists and travellers, on which I had fancied Englishmen would have fattened for a twelvemonth, proclaimed coarse and absolutely unactable. I have frequently

been obliged to make the most precipitate and awkward retreats, and to repair the mischief by the oddest shifts at the time when there was nothing in the season of the year, in the atmosphere, in the state of the government, to indicate the probability of a change; and when my spies, who are out in all directions, brought me assurances of the most perfect quietness and good order. To mention this circumstance both as an important peculiarity in English literature, and likewise to excuse myself for not being so systematic as you are in dividing my letter, I cannot tell you to a nicety what was the state of the market in 1828, and what it is likely to be in 1829; I can only tell you, as I can observe them, what are its fluctuations at present. In doing this, I will follow as nearly as possible your own order.

You say that a sudden fall has taken place among you in AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL scrip. I have not observed any similar change in the market here; but then, there has not within the last two years been much doing in that stock, and, consequently, the re-action would of course be less striking. About three years back, as you may perhaps have heard, I speculated largely in that line, and I cannot say the result was altogether satisfactory. But this I attribute, in a great measure, to a little bad judgment, which a now enlarged experience has corrected. The great general principle that nonsense, pure unadulterated nonsense, has the most chance of finding favour with all classes of the British public, as all general principles do, leads those who follow it into great mistakes. Mr. Cradock, the green-grocer, and Mr. Brasbridge, the knife-grinder, were excellent and worthy men, they had unquestionably the root of the matter in them, and I cannot honestly charge them with having introduced the slightest leaven of common sense into their compositions. And yet, my friend, (and what an instructive lesson is this to all publishers against the folly of being betrayed, even by the most promising appearances, into headlong speculations,) I must in candour confess to you, that neither the figs of Mr. Cradock, nor the steel-filings of Mr. Brasbridge, pleased the palate of the age. I confess, Ladvocat, that I was puzzled, and not a little mortified, as the conclusions of my reason and experience seemed to be so completely upset by this untoward event. A circumstance, slight in itself, but valuable inasmuch as it added a new law to the science of bibliopoly, helped me to a solution of the difficulty. A Scotch lady, an old customer at B——street, (she deserted Constable for me because she could not abide 'The Edinburgh Review,') came into the shop and inquired for Mr. Brasbridge's new volume. The work was handed to her. She looked at the title-page, turned over a few leaves, and then remarked, 'Aweel, Mr. ——,' addressing my shopman, who is a very sharp youth and a wit, 'this seems to me just like the last.'

'Like the last, Lady ——,' said he; 'which last does your ladyship mean?'

'Why the ither volume to be sure.'

'This is the only volume which has appeared, Lady ——, and I apprehend there will not be another; the sayings of Brasbridge, the son of Brasbridge, are ended.'

'What? and naething at a' about his wee bit improprieties. (You do not understand Scotch, Ladvocat, so I will translate, *rien des tout envi-*

ron ses nous morceau impropriétés.)* Oh, tell Mr. C——, wi' my compliments, that the book will never go down unless the author publishes a volume of the 'Follies and Amours of Brasbridge of Fleet-street.'

This conversation was only reported to me, and I think I may boast that I have somewhat profited by it. In all the personal memoirs that have issued from my press, (and I shall prescribe to myself the same rule in future) I have insisted that the plain meat should be flavoured with every variety of spice. In no class of writings, I am convinced, is attention to this point so necessary. As my shopman ingeniously remarked, 'In the lively waltz of the novel the mere interlacing of the figures and their airy evolutions are sufficient entertainment to any spectator; in the dizzy reel of history the many figures, and those constant and not easily explicable interchanges of position occupy his whole attention; but trust me, the *pas seul* of autobiography is the most monstrous of all imaginable exhibitions, unless it is ever and anon diversified with a *faux pas*.'

You are only half right in your notions about NOVELS. The report of four barons, two duchesses, three bishops' wives, thirteen governesses, eighteen footmen, sixteen ladies' maids, and twelve scullions, having been turned off my establishment, is undoubtedly correct; but the inference you drew from it—that I intend to discontinue in future the publication of novels evinced, if I may say so without offence, a little too much of the generalising spirit with which we are wont to reproach your countrymen. The dismissal of these menials was not altogether a matter of choice with me. The public had shown evident symptoms of nausea when their dinner was served up in their not very clean, nor delicate-looking hands, at least so I was informed by the gentlemen called critics, who sit at the side tables (not as the poor fools pretend, directing the appetites of their lords and masters, but as you and I know well, observing them with the greatest carefulness, and winking to us whenever the features express marked content or dissatisfaction). For my own part I was mightily disinclined to this harsh step; for my nature, and I believe that of all our tribe, is singularly gentle and averse from giving offence. I asked the poor souls whether they would have any chance of getting another place if I thrust them off, and it went to my heart to hear the answers they made me. One said that I should reduce him to the most abject poverty, that he should be obliged to part with one carriage and two mistresses; another assured me that he had been already blackballed at Crockford's, and if he was deprived of the support which he derived from writing fashionable reviews and moral reflections for me, he did not know where he should betake himself; a third,—but I will not trouble you with any more. The scene was truly heartbreaking, and I do not like recurring to it. My only satisfaction is, that the women are in no danger of getting into mischief; and that the footmen are able-bodied fellows, with good legs, upon which I trust they will eventually come down. But besides my having retained two or

* We apprehend that this version was furnished to Mr. C—— by the translator of Goethe's 'Memoirs of himself,' who is allowed on all hands to understand French, German, and English equally well, and to have equal talents for rendering any one of these languages into any other.

three who I found, under proper tuition, might become capable of doing useful jobs out of their old line, you are much mistaken if you suppose that the places which the discarded servants left, remained vacant many days. I had a set of new hands at work immediately, and very promising hands they are several of them; indeed, if there is one part of my career on which I look back with more honest pride than another, it is at my conduct in this critical juncture, when a universal cry was begun to be raised against the fashionable novels, and when a thousand conflicting interests demanded their continuance. Never, probably, did such a crisis occur in the life of any bookseller; and never (I may say it without vanity,) was a crisis met with more firmness and promptitude. Changing what the circumstances of the country required to be changed, but adhering, with undeviating constancy, to the principles of Government, abandoning no ancient name round which the feelings of the circulating libraries were entwined, and yet introducing the most important alteration in the thing of which that name was the symbol; making no disgraceful concessions, and yet yielding all that a wise man ought to yield, I have produced within the last few months a series of novels, resembling in all outward respects their predecessors, and so not alarming the fears of the most timid and unprejudiced watering-place lady, and yet so unlike them, both in their faults and merits, that the snarlers who came with their set phrases of abuse, to crush a foe they believed to be falling, found themselves balked of their prey, and retreated, confounded and crest-fallen, into the ranks. Among my most successful experiments in the new line I may mention 'The Disowned.'

Have you read it, M. Ladvocat; I am sure it would suit your countrymen to a hair, and I hope they have, long before this, had a good translation of it. Thus it suits nearly all classes. The novel readers buy it, because it is by the author of 'Pelham'; clever people buy it, because it is a clever book; our philosophers buy it, because it teaches good principles, by proving that every man acts from bad motives; and those mammas who will not let their daughters read foolish, trifling books that make them romantic, buy it because it contains so much instruction, and because (as a young lady in the shop remarked yesterday) 'Dear Mr. B—— tells us all about Epicurus, Beaumont and Fletcher, Diderot, Shenstone, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Percy, Shaftesbury, and that sort of people; and, besides, he is so handsome, and has such whiskers.' I said, nearly all classes buy this book; but I have published a novel this season which literally all classes buy.—'Zillah.' Ah! Ladvocat, that was a hit which you and all the booksellers in Europe may envy me! You have, probably, heard that a large portion of his Majesty's subjects, men, women, and children, are, at this moment, about to quit, for ever, their native shores,—not for Canada—let not Mr. Wilmot Horton fancy it; not for Van Diemen's land; not for South America; no,—but for Jerusalem. The Jewish monarchy, you are aware, is about to be restored; and it is from a preference to the form of government which these people suppose will be established there, that they (assisted by a Jerusalem loan, which has been contracted for by an eminent house near Charing Cross) are leaving their homes and their native land. You would not imagine that persons occupied, as they must be, in preparation for this great event, would care much about the light literature of our day. But you are not aware of the deep discernment and versatile genius of Mr. Horace Smith. Certain that his previous reputation would procure him all ordinary classes of novel readers, he applied himself exclusively to the task of producing a work which should secure the approbation of this apparently hopeless one; and wonderfully has he succeeded. By embodying in his book the most interesting statistical facts relative to this neighbourhood, such as what

lodgings let for on Mount Sion,—the price of coals, and of butchers' meat,—it has become quite a book of reference,—a sort of itinerary to those interesting emigrants. He is called, among his friends, the Mrs. Starke of travellers to Jerusalem.

There is less fluctuation in the VOYAGE and TRAVEL stock than in most others. Every gentleman who is furnishing a library, must have a certain number of quartos, and the newer they are the better the plates look. TOURS are at a discount; but I have serious thoughts of a great novelty in that line. A NEW TOUR TO PARIS, by the sheer audacity of its title-page, would throw the public upon its haunches, and compel it to swallow the volume, whatever it may contain. No one but a man of most original mind could think of such a subject.

When I first read that part of your letter in which you remark that METAPHYSICS are at a premium in Paris, I own I was a little startled. The notion,—not that such a speculation is desirable, but that it had ever occurred to any human being, or bookseller, certainly never entered my head. There is something, however, in every strange experiment, which has a fascination for me, and I determined, immediately on receiving your letter, to see whether a book of the kind you mention might not be obtained from some quarter or other. Having procured from a respectable gentleman a list of persons who were likely, from the turn of their minds, to engage in such an enterprise, I wrote letters to the following gentlemen: Dr. Coplestone, the Bishop of Llandaff; Mr. De Quincy, a gentleman at Edinburgh, who wrote a book on some medical subject; Mr. Morison, the Hygeist, whom you have probably heard of; Mr. Coleridge, a curious old gentleman, who lives at Highgate, near London, whom you have probably not heard of; Mr. Belsham, the Unitarian preacher; Mr. Lawrence, the surgeon; and two undergraduates at Trinity College, Dublin, asking them whether they would like, either separately or in conjunction, to write a book upon the human mind. The excuses I received were very various. Mr. Morison, the Hygeist, said that he was willing to undertake the work either alone, or with Mr. Lawrence; but as he said the whole might be written in ten pages, and I never like to publish less than three volumes, that negotiation was broken off. Mr. Lawrence and Dr. Coplestone, severally pleaded their engagements at Bartholomew's and the House of Lords; Mr. Belsham declared that he should be glad to write the work, but intimated he felt himself insulted by being associated with such persons. Mr. Coleridge, and Mr. De Quincy, and also said that the work could not be perfect in a year. Mr. Coleridge sent me a long letter, enclosing an article on Aesthetics for the 'New Monthly Magazine'; I was sorry to decline it: but Mr. Horace Smith goes a great deal more into company than Mr. Coleridge, and, consequently, is much better fitted to write on subjects connected with eating. The next polite letter I received, was from Mr. De Quincy. It ran as follows:—

'MY DEAR SIR,—I am bound to return you my thanks for the very great honour you have done me, not merely in writing to me, and thereby enabling me to contemplate in the concrete form of Mr. C——, one whom I had previously considered merely, in the abstract, as the first of heaven's booksellers, but also in expressing a wish that I should be concerned in a joint-stock company, the idea of which, if I understand you aright, will be realised *outwardly* in the shape of a work to be entitled, (I presume,) 'The Young Ladies' Complete Metaphysician,' and *inwardly* in the pounds shillings and pence to accrue from its publication. It is no slight addition to the satisfaction which I derive from your having considered me worthy to take a part in so great an undertaking, that those whom you have selected to co-operate with me, are, with the single exception of Mr. Coleridge, the very men I

should myself have pitched upon, as fulfilling most remarkably, with respect to myself and to each other, the two conditions which are necessary to the perfection of the idea expressed by the word (in a literary sense) *partner*, viz. the *negative* condition of not differing about the formal expression of their belief, and the *positive* condition of holding all the premises of their belief in common. I cannot, therefore, Sir, refuse to contribute my quota; and as the hint in your note, that dispatch will oblige, coupled with the utter impossibility of my having, at this distance, any interview with my associates, appears to take away all excuse from me for not at once furnishing the little aid which is in my power, I send you a receipt, which, if followed in the composition of your dose, will, I am convinced, make it exceedingly palatable. I ought to mention that I discovered the ingredients and the quantity by a careful analysis of fourteen volumes of modern French philosophy; and that the mere business of amalgamating them may be very well performed by any of the persons you mentioned, or by the person (if disengaged) who mixes up the biographies or makes the translations for your establishment. The receipt is as follows:—

Take three gallons and a quarter of Reid, five gallons of Stewart, and one gallon of Brown, boil them together, stirring the mixture gently with a spoon till it has acquired some consistency; (this would take a very long time) therefore, to quicken the operation, throw in about an ounce of Locke, and the same of Condillac; continue stirring till they both are dissolved (which will be in about three minutes at the furthest). The preparation will be now a very loose incompact jelly, and so far well; but the worst of it, that it is also a very tasteless jelly,—so we must have something to flavour it. For this purpose take three scruples of Plato, and two and a half of Plotinus, (you may procure them at any Parisian chemists,) pound them for a full hour in a French mortar, till they are a very fine powder, and then throw them into the saucepan. Stir again, but not so gently as before, for these new ingredients will take some time and trouble to combine with the former. Then I would recommend you, who are providing for Englishmen, to stop; but the Parisians, who are fond of every thing piquant and recherché, make it a rule to procure a few scruples of Kant, Fichte, or Schelling, or sometimes Leibnitz, and after pounding them for several hours, (as directed above,) to throw them in. These articles are very expensive, and the additional trouble which they occasion very great; I therefore leave it to yourself whether you will make use of them. After this skim the mixture, pour it off, and it will make an exceedingly pleasant beverage. I am, Sir, &c. &c.

O. De Q.

'I very much like your idea of the new volume of Sermons which

Cætera desunt.

SAILORS AND SAINTS.

Sailors and Saints; or, Matrimonial Manœuvres. By the Authors of the 'Naval Sketch Book.' 3 vols. Colburn, London, 1829.

WE hate to see a sailor imposed upon; there is something so engagingly defenceless in his character against the wiles of those terrestrials whom, launch them on his own element, he would so justly triumph over by the title of 'lubbers.' A most glaring case of this kind is before us at present. An honest tar, the author of the 'Naval Sketch Book,' and of every line in the Novel on our table, worth reading, has unluckily, in one or other of his shore-going trips, come athwart a detrimental and delusive Templar, (a second cousin, we suspect, by the mother's side,) and this Templar, cunningly availing himself of the various opportunities, and *tempora fandi* afforded by relationship or acquaintanceship as aforesaid, to worm himself into the confidence of our above-mentioned unsuspecting navigator, has not only

been successful, in persuading his cousin that he, (the Templar,) suggested the best hits in the 'Naval Sketch Book'—a production wholly conversant with nautical matters, of which the tailor of a Templar is intensely ignorant; but, furthermore, that he, (the said Templar,) is the fittest person possible on all future occasions to give a finishing touch to the rough pages of his cousin, to relieve them from the sameness of marine details, and in his own consummate diction, 'to consult the general taste, particularly that of the INFLUENTIAL FAIR, by presenting a story enlivened by the introduction of characters, to which parallels may have been found within the circle of every reader's society,' (for ourselves and our small circle, we disclaim the imputation.) Hence, the volumes before us, which, as we have already said, are nothing if not nautical, issue forth to the world under the joint professional anonymes of a **TEMPLAR** and a **NAVAL OFFICER**.

On the face of it, the thing is absurd. A Templar write a novel! What a moral contradiction! One would not stare so much at the appearance of a Set of National Melodies, by Jeremy Bentham, or a connected and intelligible series of Thoughts on the State of the Nation, by the Prime Minister. But a novel by a Templar—and not printed at the Minerva Press! Impossible! The statement contradicts itself. Where should he have found his plot, characters, and incidents? In good society?—which excludes him from its precincts—or, at best, only gives him such a glimpse of them as the devil enjoyed of Paradise; dropping shots of unrepented invitations from such families as are newest in town; fathers smiling middle-aged contempt upon his efforts to impress them with a suitable idea of the liberal and instructed spirit of 'us youth'—mothers taking exactly no notice at all of him, excepting that their daughters shall not take too much—and daughters drawing gentle conclusions of his character, as of a youth rather unsettled in his principles; nor, perhaps, very sane in his mind. We, ourselves, have once been garretteers in Fig-Style Court, and students (!!!) under the auspices of that learned society which has now the honour (nowise unappreciated,) to reckon us among its benchers. But we never thought of writing a novel. Let us see, though—did we never?—have we not some faint recollection—reminiscence rather—of attempting some exploit of that kind, prematurely quashed by the prudence of our publisher? Oh yes, it was at the dawning of the French Revolution, when our young hearts beat audibly at three debating societies, in the sacred cause of liberty all over the world. Our plot was, if we remember right, the Euthanasia of Common Law; our heroine the Goddess of Reason, whom we landed from the Dover Coach, at the sign of the Sauvage, on Ludgate-hill, escorted to the dens of special pleading, which she strangled at the inns of court *en passant*, and knocked Temple-bar and both the Strand churches into the street, in her awful path to purify the courts at Westminster. Who now could recognise the *fougue* of our youth in the chastened pride of intellect, which exalts our riper years, our modified opinions, and matured wisdom! Who now would recognise the stripling of the eighteenth century in the dignified *pater-familias* of the nineteenth, diffusing light upon all topics, from the head of our table, in a fluent yet not prolix stream; descanting so as never to fatigue for a moment the mute attention of our guests and dependants; in an impartial balance, weighing men, and parties, and principles, nor omitting a just eulogium of free trade and toleration, while we ridicule the dreams of the political economists, and reprobate the violence of Mr. O'Connell.

But return we to the Templar. We have no doubt, when his ultra-marine relative makes an occasional trip to town, he is *instantly* 'caught' by this atrocious kidnapper, and incontinently made the object of the most insidious attentions. With a mien of condescending benevolence, the

man of parchments quits his desk for the day; with an air of *nonchalance* and satiety conducts him through the 'sights' of London, depreciates the modern art of Somerset House by talking of his friend Lord —'s pictures, and damns the Tenerife of the Tavistock by comparison with his friend Lord —'s wines. Then he drags off his victim to the theatre, and subsequently stupefies his senses at the Cider-cellar, until he becomes the passive tool of his nefarious machinations. Finally, honest Jack weighs anchor, and leaves London, not materially improved by his sojourn there in either person, purse, or reputation; but impressed with a high notion of the tip-top qualifications of his knowing friend the Templar for a painter of life and manners. With the Templar, therefore, he leaves his manuscript sketches of 'Life Afloat,' which, as we have said, are the only things worth reading in the book, the said Templar undertaking, for good and valuable consideration,—half profits of the work, we dare say,—to enliven the monotony, and complete the three volumes by the counterpart varieties of 'Life on Shore.' Hence nothing but discredit to the book, though nothing but emolument to the Templar. On the strength of lettered ease and independence, he shines out in an entirely new character. His wretched animal in the shape of a laundress, though hardly in the shape of a female, is astonished by the payment of her long-despaired pittance. The lank waiter at the Economic Dining Rooms requires the order for a second pint of stout to be repeated; nor can the cause of this magnificence be veiled in obscurity,

'Long Chancery Lane re-echoes the report;
In Tottenham Fields the brethren with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to gaze—
and in all the pride of authorship, he claims a just supremacy in the haunts where the minor singers and performers most do congregate; or lounges with a more dissolute grace at the 'Saloon,' and ruffles it with a more egregious swagger at the 'Coal-hole.'

We do most earnestly entreat our courteous readers, that whatever they find of ignorance, ill-taste, and presumption in the 'shore-going' department of the volumes before us, and they will find enough, though we shall not soil our pages with it, they will at once ascribe it all to the pernicious Templar. Wherever a citation shows its nose in bad French, an indelicate expression in the presence of a female, a solecism in grammar through the itch of fine writing, it is flagrantly the work of the Templar. The tar must be expected to know nothing at all of such matters, and the Templar knows a good deal less than nothing at all. *Par contre*, it would be doing scant justice to the less assuming, and more efficient partner in this grotesque firm, if we omitted to quote some really clever dramatic touches in the nautical line, a track which may be often trodden without being worn or beaten, as the voyages of 'The Pilot,' the 'Red Rover,' and the author of the 'Naval Sketch Book' himself sufficiently prove.

The following scene in his Majesty's brig *Spitfire* has amused us:—

'Burton came down to "report himself" returned. He detailed the occurrences which took place, and the certainty of procuring provisions and water, with the invitation of Captain Crank to his commander.

Unaccountable as it may appear to any but the female reader, the circumstance of Crank's fair niece having joined in the request was not mentioned. Possibly arising from the suppression of this inducement, the valetudinarian expressed no inclination to accept the proffered civility; and the lieutenant, now more at ease as to any apprehensions that the odds were against him, or that two epauletts might be more attractive than one, solicited permission to dine on shore—a permission which was not withheld, as Burton threw out a politic hint that the advice of the veteran might be turned to present advantage.

Burton had scarcely closed the door of the cabin, before he cried out in the steerage passage—"I say, sergeant, send my boy aft, and one of the 'party,' if you please, to pipe-clay my white pantaloons."

"Pass the word for'ard for the boy Barnes," cried the sergeant."

"Sing out there for Skillygalee-Jack," said a saucy top-man, hauling up the slack of his trowsers.

"Him mus'na come—him turning a pit," cried the captain's black cook, with that air of authority so peculiar to the sable race when in office.

From all outward signs, the boy certainly seemed better calculated to turn the spit, than ever to succeed in the higher walks of the profession; and so far the intuitive instinct of the savage at the coppers proved a better guide in determining the bent, and, perhaps, capabilities of the ill-starred urchin, than the more aspiring pretensions of his affectionate parents; who, very judiciously, as it had been whispered, sent him to sea to learn manners.—The first week, however, he had instinctively discovered the galley to be his province.—Here, by a total negligence of his person, (notwithstanding the inspection and drill, to which boys are subject in the service twice-a-day) and a ready acquiescence in the various drudgeries imposed by his black superior, he had become a domiciled favourite; and his services frequently preferred to those of youths less ambitious.—And here a reflection may suggest itself, on the prevailing taste in officers of the navy for African attendants. It has been the fashion ever since the days of Benbow—no inglorious epoch, by the by. Were we in the habit of hunting for something *recherché*, in the shape of a precedent, this practice with respect to poor *Quamino*, who, all the world knows, often proudly traces his lineage up to sable royalty itself, might be supposed to originate in the classical recollection, that the vain glorious Romans imagined their voluptuous dainties acquired a higher relish when served up to table by royal captives.—As to some of the "births" occupied on board by our Negro brethren, even the amiable Wilberforce himself might augur, that the appointment originated in humane feeling.—But as to the cook, Jack uniformly and artlessly attributed it to the "Negur" being born in the torrid zone, and therefore better able by "natur" to bear the burning fervours of a galley-fire in dog-days.

From reflections far less philosophical than the preceding, our lieutenant was roused by hearing the bell strike seven.*

"What! Powers that be! is that seven bells?—only half an hour to rig and run ashore.—Come, lively," said he to his boy, who had reluctantly relinquished his post of honour to another youngster—"Come,—send the barber aft in a minute."

"Ay, ay, Sir," said the same loquacious top-man, who happened to be standing at the fore part of the steerage passage, and who appeared to be one of those "privileged men," or rather licensed wits, that may be found in every ship in the service.—"Pass the word there for 'Lathering Bob.'—Tell him to bear a hand aft: the second lieutenant wants his muzzel-lashing off in a crack."

"I'll muzzle you, Sir," said Burton, "if I hear any more of that sort of *singing out* about the decks;" when, retiring to the gun-room, he continued, as he rummaged his pockets, "I say, steward, did you see my keys any where?—But it's ever the way when one's in a hurry.—Come, Mister Purser, no tricks upon travellers; these sort of practical jokes are very well in a midshipman's birth; besides, they are but a poor recompense for my performance of your duty."

"My duty!" replied the purser, in a cynical tone, "I'm on the doctor's list.—Some one must have taken the 'demand' for beef on shore, or we should have had no fresh grub to have stopped your grumbling mouth."

"Please, Sir, all the black'ng's out this week past," interrupted Burton's domestic, drawing out his words monosyllabically.

This intelligence was quickly succeeded by another, of almost as pleasing a nature.—The marine to whose fostering charge the lieutenant's holiday inexpressibles had been consigned, appeared at the gun-room door with a woeful face, and preluding with a scratch of the head, reported—"The pantaloons, Sir, are rather out o' condition.—They must have been put by wet and got mildewed.—Besides, Sir, here's an ugly blotch of port wine in front.—I've been trying to coax it out with a little hot pipe-clay, but I can't come it.—I was thinking, if so be, Sir, as you must wear 'em, that you'd better keep a small bit of pipe-clay in your pocket, and touch 'em now and again as soon as they gets dry enough; but you'd better let them be, till you gets in the wind."

"In the wind!—curse you, I believe you're all in the wind."

* Seven bells half-past three.

"Some one with hurried foot came tumbling down the after ladder, and announced, "Sir, there's a whiff * flying ashore, and the first lieutenant thinks it for you."

"The rapid announcement of one calamity after the other, (for calamities they must all be considered by a man in a hurry,) strongly reminded him of the perplexities of that pattern of patience mentioned in sacred history, and he resolved to bear all his misfortunes with the equanimity of his parallel; but unluckily this composure was destined to be short lived, for in his eagerness to expedite his dressing, he the next moment thrust his heel right through his stocking. The weight of his woes, aggravated by this additional interruption, overcame all his self-possession, and with a hearty imprecation he shouted out, "What next?—any more of *Job's* comforters?"

"Irritated as he was by these occurrences, what must have been the effect produced on his too sensitive ear by the report of a gun, or, as ladies would denominate it, a cannon from the shore? Another of the messengers alluded to, determined not to lose this too fortunate opportunity of trying his temper, "sung down" the skylight, "Mr. Hasty says *that's* for you, Sir, and you'll be too late for dinner."

"The report of the gun was echoed by a crash below, arising from the violent contact with the beams above of a boot-jack, which lay too conveniently close to the hand of the irritated lieutenant, as he hove it at the messenger's head, exclaiming, "and *that's* for you, young fellow."

"The pantaloons were again exhibited, whilst Lively prostrated the tawney-coloured boots at his feet. This was too much for his philosophy. It was impossible, he thought, to make his appearance before the sex in such shabby attire. Not a lawyer's clerk at assizes—not a barber's apprentice parading Hyde Park on a Sunday—or a Jew rigged out on the shabbash in some of his best saleable second-hand clothes, thought he, but must appear more gay and debonair in the eyes of the sex.

"D—n it," cried Hasty, opening the sky-light hatch, "you're as long bedizening as a bride, and all for that old buffer on the hill. One would think you were bracing up for a ball, or rigging out for a levee of syrens.—Come, better bear a hand; the people are going to supper presently, and then we won't be able to spare you a boat."

"Spare!" said Burton, "that's just like you; it's long before you'd spare one *even* a bottle of blacking; and, when I do go on shore, (which is seldom enough,) I should like to support the character of the cloth."

"Well—rather than have a canonading from the old boy's battery ashore, I'll rig you out to the nines. But here we have it," continued Hasty, moving from the sky-light, and pointing his glass out of one of the port-holes, in the direction of the cottage—"here we have it, for there comes the gunner with a red-hot poker."

"Having so said, he despatched his servant for the necessary essentials for Burton, premising in a whisper—"By no means let him have my best shore-going swab."

"This intimation, given with respect to the poker, was no false alarm, for the conclusion of Hasty's speech was accompanied by a reverberation of echoes from the neighbouring hills, which sufficiently testified that much longer delay would be fatal to the festivities of the evening.

"What a provoking hurry!" cried Burton.

"On deck there!" cried the captain, through his sky-light, which was usually kept open when the weather was fine—"What guns are those firing?—Any thing in distress in the offing?"

"No, sir!" replied Hasty, "only Mr. Burton in distress for time and togs—I've relieved him from one embarrassment—perhaps you'll extricate him from another, and save time, by allowing the gig to land him.—Indeed, it may be best for ourselves," added the first lieutenant, rather drily: "for the old gentleman ashore seems so peppery, I should'n't wonder if the next gun was shot at!"

"Come, Hasty," said the captain, "that's rather a wild conjecture—but it's not fair to taunt poor Burton—he may yet have the laugh against you.—Man the gig, and land him at once, and tell him to say something civil to the old gentleman for me."

"With one spring from his cabin-door, on to the gun-room table; a vault upon deck, aided by the rim

* Whiff.—An ensign tied up transversely, so as to fly folded up at the extremity nearest to the mast, or flag-staff.

of the sky-light, he hastily descended the brig's side, and jumped into the boat, ere she had been completely manned. But his flight was not unattended by defeat; for the boat had hardly reached her destination half-way, when he thought he perceived the coxswain eyeing his dress with a significant look, as if he had detected his borrowed plumage.

"Why, coxswain," said Burton, "you seem to be overhauling my rigging very closely—is there any thing amiss?"

"I doesn't exactly know, Sir; but it looks to me, Sir, as if you'd carried away the weather topping-lift of your trowsers—the lee-leach, you see, Sir, is as slack as water."

"Curse it! if I hav'n't carried away my braces springing up that infernal skylight.—Back water your starboard oars—no, awast there—give way again—won't do to go back to the brig—I'll make shift with one o' yours."

"Mine, Sir!" said the coxswain, startled at the lieutenant's entertaining the idea that a sailor ever wore a suspender in his life—"Mine, Sir!—I hope you don't take me for a soger, Sir!—I never wants any thing to keep the eyes of my rigging from slipping down over the hounds o' the mast.—But here's a bit o' rope yarn in the bottom o' the boat."

"Why, Bill," said the bowman, "there's a piece of dry parcelling in the locker abaft, as 'ill make a good preventer-brace on a pinch."

"That's right, Jones," said the lieutenant, brightening up at the bowman's suggestion—"that's right, my man—put me in mind to-morrow to give you a glass of grog for the thought."

"Eye—eye, Sir," cried Jones, with good-humoured dryness—"I'll freshen your memory, if you'll only freshen the nip."

"Casting a glance once more at the flag-staff on shore, and dreading any further expenditure of powder from that quarter, he was fain to avail himself of the bowman's substitute, and consult the coxswain instead of his mirror, as to his appearance. That arbiter of fashion, after examining the lieutenant as fastidiously as a boatswain would a ship, when employed in a boat ahead, squaring yards, and repeating the usual commands on such occasions,—

"Top away on your starboard lift—now lower a little o' your larboard—hold-on of all—there you are, Sir,"—concluded with the consolatory assurance that all was now "square by the lifts and braces, and every thing taught fore-and-aft."

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.

Chemical Re-Agents or Tests; and their application in analysing Waters, Earths, Soils, Metalliferous Ores, Metallic Alloys, &c. Originally by F. Accum; improved and brought down to the present state of Chemical Science by William Maugham, Surgeon, Lecturer on Chemistry, &c. pp. 452, 12mo. Tilt, London, 1828.

ONE of the best methods of illustrating a science like Chemistry, is by reducing a multiplicity of experiments and observations to general principles; but, this it was impossible to do during its early progress, while the facts were not sufficiently numerous to be compared with each other, and while analysis was not brought to so great a degree of perfection as to exhibit in the products of an operation the cause and the results of all phenomena. Like the classifications of Naturalists, which could not be established till the knowledge of a vast number of animals allowed them to examine and compare their principal characters, Chemistry required facts to be collected, compared, and classified, as well as a knowledge of agents with their properties, actions, and effects. Much of this was effected about the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. Elements before unknown were added to those with which the chemist was previously acquainted; the analysis of air and water came forward to illustrate the action of those two substances; the decomposition of acids afforded an explanation of their principal effects; the principles of heat and light, those fertile sources of action and re-action, took their places among the elements of bodies. Chemistry, which had hitherto been confined to particular operations, became, all at once, a central and seminal science. Man soon discovered that nature, equally simple in her

principles of action, and fertile in the means of unfolding them, is governed by a small number of general laws; and artists, heretofore separated from each other in the vast field of genius, for the first time perceived that they were united by the closest relations, and that their operations were regulated by principles common to them all.

Of these general principles, the subject of *Tests* forms a very important part, and is well worthy of being treated in a separate volume like the one before us; though this one is not exactly what we could have wished, particularly in the arrangement of the materials, and in many points it is very materially defective. Thus, instead of giving in their order the substances which require to be ascertained, with their several tests, and the methods of applying them, we have an enumeration of the tests themselves, with scattered and desultory indications of the substances tested. This glaring defect might have been partially remedied by means of a good index, or a classified table of contents; but though we find both of these appendages in the book, they are so negligently executed, that they might as well have been omitted. In the second part, indeed, an attempt is made to obviate the evil, and we have sections on mineral waters, earths and stones; soils, alkalies, and acids; but on perusing these, we are strongly impressed with the notion of their having been copied from common books on the science, without regard to what ought to be, the peculiar aim of a work on tests. We may select as an instance of this, the section on soils, treating of their improvement as connected with the principle of their composition.

In cases where a barren soil is examined with a view to its improvement, it ought always, if possible, to be compared with an extremely fertile soil in the same neighbourhood, and in a similar situation; the difference given by their analysis would indicate the methods of cultivation; and thus the plan of improvement would be founded upon accurate scientific principles.

If the fertile soil contained a large quantity of sand in proportion to the barren soil, the process of amelioration would depend simply upon a supply of this substance; and the method would be equally simple with regard to soils deficient in clay or calcareous matter.

In the application of clay, sand, loam, marl, or chalk, to lands, there are no particular chemical principles to be observed; but when quick-lime is used, great care must be taken that it is not obtained from the magnesia lime-stone; for, in this case, as has been shown by Mr. Tennant, it is exceedingly injurious to land. The magnesian lime-stone may be distinguished from the common limestone by its greater hardness, and by the length of time that it requires for its solution in acids, and it may be analysed by the process of carbonate of lime and magnesia.—p. 324.

Now, we submit that all this, though interesting and accurate, is out of place in a book of chemical tests, and only serves to swell it in bulk and price; and to preclude the insertion of other matter, which ought not to have been omitted, such as a table of affinities, a table of specific gravities, and, above all, a list of substances for which there exist any appropriate tests, with references to the manner in which they are detected; the latter being unaccountably omitted, though it occupies a prominent part in the original.

The additions are not numerous, and though of some importance, particularly the table from Mr. Children on the blow-pipe, the table of the colours of precipitates, and the section on ascertaining the per-centage of acids and alkalies in the crude articles of commerce; yet we find a miserable deficiency in the more recent discoveries on chemistry, arising either from negligence or inacquaintance with the scientific journals. Very many substances of recent discovery are not mentioned at all, much less the tests by which they may be detected. Thus, under 'ascetic acid,' which is made the test for gluten, there is no hint given of Taddei's discovery, (published about five years ago) of the composition of gluten, though the test for zymome, one of the principles, is so im-

portant in distinguishing good wheat flour which the powder of guaiac tinges of a fine blue, while bad flour remains unchanged.

Those, therefore, who expect to find this book 'brought down to the present state of chemical science,' as the title promises, will be certainly disappointed.

A COURSE OF MODERN HISTORY.

Cours d'Histoire Moderne. Par M. Guizot, Professeur d'Histoire à la Faculté de Lettres de Paris. Histoire Générale de la Civilisation en Europe, depuis la chute de l'Empire Romain jusqu'à la Révolution Française. Paris, 1828.

THE name of M. Guizot is too splendidly known amongst us, by researches into our own history, unrivalled amongst our own countrymen, that we should need to introduce, by any notice of the author, our remarks on this his recent publication, which comprises the substance of a course of lectures on modern history, delivered in the last season at Paris, since the re-opening of those theatres of public instruction which a seven years' tyranny had closed.

The progress of European civilization (a term too often vaguely employed) is the leading internal fact of modern history, which M. Guizot applies himself to trace throughout the series of outward actions and events, which are the burthen of ordinary annals. Examining, in the first place, the meaning attached to this term by the common consent of mankind, he discovers two elements of human civilization,—the improvement of the social and material state of man, and the development of his individual powers and faculties. Into one or other of these may be resolved whatever events have been considered as conducive to civilization; and in the fortunate union of both, or, at least, in the extraordinary vigour of either has consisted the pre-eminence of those lands and eras which have been noted as the most civilized. It is the aim of M. Guizot to prove that the appearance, at any epoch, of one of those features of progression, to which we have already alluded, may be taken as a sure forerunner, though perhaps at the distance of ages, of corresponding development in the other. Hence, in laying out the chart of European civilization, he measures the influence of those leading events which have hastened its career, or modified its character, by their more or less bearing on the social amelioration or individual development of man.

After sketching the main lineaments of ancient civilization, and finding in its principles an uniform simplicity which produced its rapid growth and unredeemed decay, M. Guizot exhibits the following contrasted and animated picture:

'With the civilization of modern Europe it has been altogether otherwise. Without entering into any detail, look around you, consult your memory; it will immediately appear to you diversified, confused, tempestuous; all the principles of social organization co-exist in it; the spiritual and temporal powers, the theocratic, monarchical, aristocratic, democratic elements; every class and situation in society mingle, jostle; there are infinite gradations in liberty, riches, influence. And these diverse faces are in a state of constant struggle, without any one being strong enough to stifle the rest, and to take sole possession of society. In ancient times, at every great epoch, every society seems cast in the same mould; it is now pure monarchy, now theocracy or democracy, which prevails; but each in turn *does* prevail completely. Modern Europe affords examples of every system, of every element of social organization—monarchies, pure or mixed, theocracies, republics more or less aristocratical, have flourished simultaneously; and, in spite of this diversity, they have all a certain resemblance, a certain family likeness, which cannot possibly be mistaken.

'In the ideas and sentiments of Europe, the same variety, the same struggle. Theocratic, monarchical, aristocratic, popular creeds come in contact, combat, modify, and limit each other. Open the boldest writings of the middle age; you will never find an idea followed out to its ultimate consequences. The parti-

sans of absolute power recoil all at once, and, as it were unconsciously, from the results of their own doctrine; one feels that there are influences, ideas, around them, which arrest them in mid-volley. The favourers of democracy are subject to the same law. Now here is that imperturbable audacity, that blind force of logic, which break forth in the civilization of antiquity. Opinions offer the same contrasts, the same variety: an energetic love of independence, with a wonderful facility of submission; rare fidelity from man to man, and, at the same time, an imperious appetite of doing one's own will, of shaking off every yoke, of living alone, without disturbing oneself for others. Minds are as diversified, as agitated as societies.

'The same character betrays itself in literature. It is impossible to deny that, regarded in the point of view of form and of perfection of art, they are vastly inferior to the literature of antiquity; but in the point of view, of substance, of sentiments, and ideas, they are incomparably stronger and richer. One sees that the human soul has been moved on a greater number of points, and to a far greater depth. The imperfection of form proceeds from this very cause. The more copious and rich the materials the more difficult to reduce them to a form of simplicity and purity. What constitutes the beauty of a composition, what in works of art receives the denomination of form, is clearness, simplicity, symbolic unity. The prodigious diversity of ideas and of sentiments, which has been the offspring of European civilization, has made it much more difficult to arrive at this simplicity, at this clearness,

'Everywhere, then, this dominant characteristic of European civilization is manifest. Undoubtedly, there is the inconvenience annexed to it, that when we consider separately such or such particular development of the human mind in letters, arts, in all the directions in which the human mind can make progress, one finds it in general inferior to the corresponding development in antique civilization; but, on the other hand, when one regards it as a whole, European civilization displays itself incomparably more rich than any other; it has brought a greater number of different developments along with it. Accordingly, behold! it has now lasted fifteen centuries, and it is still in a state of continual progression; it has not advanced, by many degrees, at a rate of such rapidity as the Greek civilization, but its progress has acquired incessantly increasing acceleration. A boundless course is dimly before it, in which from day to day it moves with more and more velocity, because freedom more and more attends its movements. While, in other civilizations, the exclusive empire, or, at least excessive preponderance of one single principle, of one single form, has been a cause of tyranny. In modern Europe the diversity of elements in the social order, the impossibility of excluding each other under which they have laboured, have engendered the liberty which reign at this day. Want of power to exterminate each other, has obliged the different principles to live together, to make a sort of compromise amongst themselves. Each has consented to be satisfied with the portion of development assigned to it: and while elsewhere the predominance of one principle produced tyranny; in Europe, liberty has resulted from the variety of elements in its civilization, and from the state of strife in which they have continually existed.'

'Gentlemen, this is a real, a vast superiority; and if we go farther, if we penetrate below exterior facts into the nature of things, we shall have to admit that this superiority is legitimate, and stamped by reason, as well as proclaimed by facts. Forgetting for a moment European civilization, let us carry our contemplation over the world, over the general course of earthly phenomena. What is its character? How goes the world? It goes on precisely with that variety of elements, with that constant struggle which we remark in European civilization. Evidently it has not been assigned to any principle, to any particular organization, to any special force, to domineer over the world, to model it at once for all, and to exclude from it every other tendency. Different powers, principles, and systems, maintain incessant opposition and reciprocal limitation, by turns prevalent or yielding, never completely conquering or conquered. The general state of the world exhibits diversity of forms, of ideas, of principles, and their contests, and their struggle towards a certain unity, a certain ideal, which perhaps will never be attained, but to which the human race tends by liberty and labour. European civilization is then the faithful image of the world: like the course of things in the world, it is neither narrow, nor exclusive, nor stationary. For the first time, I imagine, the character of specialty has disappeared from civiliza-

tion: for the first time it has developed itself under an aspect as diversified, as rich, as laborious as the theatre of the universe.

'European civilization has entered, if it is allowable to say so, into eternal truth, into the plan of Providence; it advances according to the ways of God. This is the rational principle of its superiority.'

To pour new blood into the veins of an effete and lifeless polity in the last stage of the Roman empire's irrecoverable decay, was an experiment tried, and vainly tried, by some among its rulers, in particular by Honorius and the younger Theodosius, of whom a rescript is extant, addressed, in the year 418, to the prefect of Gaul, of which the sole intention is to establish, in the south of Gaul, a sort of representative government, and, by its aid, preserve the unity of the empire. The provinces and towns rejected the boon—none would either act as electors or as deputies. There was a fatal necessity for utter dissolution and decomposition, before the scattered elements of European society could reunite in the formation of a wholesome body politic. At a later epoch, in the earliest pause of barbarous invasion, and before municipal order was entirely effaced from the despoiled and bleeding bosom of Europe, a last effort to the same end was made; and the attempt, which failed to revive civilization, has immortalized the name of Charlemagne. A darker hour was doomed to succeed—an age of utter uncontrollable disorganization. Society was resolved into its elements; and a new element, introduced by the German invaders, unknown to the Roman world, as to the Christian church, or, indeed, to almost the whole civilization of antiquity,—the ruling passion of personal independence, broke forth in all its fierce and barbarous energy. That such a passion, acting on ignorant and ferocious dispositions, should conform itself to any order, national or municipal, was impossible; that, where all else was feebleness, it should draw to itself whatever still remained of social tendencies, was the natural and actual result. Such was the origin of the feudal system; and such, under various forms and names, has ever been, and ever must be, the first organization of nascent or revived human intercourse. Perhaps the universality of this law has not been seized by M. Guizot with his usual comprehensiveness; at all events, he has not thought the complete elucidation of it demanded by the task before him. Nothing, however, can be more complete and masterly than his survey of the system itself, which he tries by the two standards of civilization which, as we have seen, he had already laid down. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of citing the results of his investigation.

'1st. Feudalism must have exercised a considerable, and, on the whole, a salutary influence, on the interior development of the individual; it excited in the mind energetic sentiments, moral wants, extraordinary developments of character and passion.

'2dly. In a social point of view, it was neither capable of founding a social order, nor political securities; it was indispensable, in order to regenerate in Europe society so utterly dissolved by barbarism, that it was wholly unsuited to a form more regular and extended; but the feudal form, radically vicious, could not possibly either regularise or extend itself. The only political right which the feudal regimen could maintain, was the right of resistance; I do not say of legal resistance,—there could not be any question about legal resistance in a society so little advanced. The progress of society is precisely to substitute, on the one hand, public power to individual will; on the other, legal resistance to individual resistance. This is the great end, the ultimate perfection, of social order: a great latitude is left to personal liberty; then, when personal liberty fails, when it is forced to render up an account of itself, an appeal is made solely to the public reason: the public reason is called upon to settle the litigation which has arisen about the liberty of the individual. Such is the system of legal order, and of legal resistance. You comprehend, without difficulty, how, under the feudal system, there was no room for any thing of the kind. The right of resistance which was maintained and practised under that system, was the right of personal resistance; a right terrible and noxious, for it appeals to force of arms, to the

destruction of society; a right, however, which never must be abolished at the bottom of the heart of man, for its abolition is the reception of servitude. All feeling of the right of resistance had perished in the corruption of the Roman society, and could not reproduce itself from its ruins; nor could it naturally originate, in my opinion, from the principles of Christian society. The feudal system has replaced it in the manners of Europe. The honour of civilization is to render it for ever inactive and useless; to have constantly professed and defended it, is the honour of the feudal regimen.

* * * * *

'In modern times, some men of talent have attempted to restore the credit of feudalism as a social system; they have chosen to see in it a state of law, of rule, and of progressiveness: they have made of it an age of gold. Ask them where they place it; summon them to find for it a local habitation or fixed era; they will not succeed in doing so: it is a dateless Utopia, a drama for which one finds in the past neither theatre nor actors. The cause of the error is easily discovered; and it equally explains the mistake of those who cannot pronounce the name of feudalism without annexing to it an absolute anathema. Neither the one nor the other have taken pains to contemplate the double aspect under which feudalism presents itself, to distinguish, on the one hand, its influence on the individual development of man, on his sentiments, his character, his passions; on the other, its influence on his social condition. The one party have not been able to figure to themselves, that a social system, in which were found so many noble sentiments and virtues, from which literature and morals took their earliest elevation—that such a system could be so mischievous, so fatal, as was pretended. The other party have seen nothing but the evil done by feudalism to the mass of the population, the obstacle erected by it against the establishment of order and liberty, and have been unable to believe that it was capable of originating any amelioration whatever. Both the one and the other have misunderstood the double element of civilization; they have failed to discern it, as consisting in two developments, of which the one might, in the order of time, manifest itself independently of the other; although, in the lapse of ages, and long series of events, they must call each other forth, and act reciprocally.'

(To be continued.)

PUBLIC CHARACTERS, &c.

Public Characters. Biographical and Characteristic Sketches, with Portraits, of the most distinguished Personages of the present Age. Vol. II. 18mo. pp. 324. Knight and Lacy. London, 1828.

This work begins with a portrait and a character of Prince Leopold, we suppose because he has more character than any person of the present day. Indeed, he is, from our author's account, a rare manifestation of the human animal.

'In early youth he was excellently tutored, and manifested a superior understanding and heart. As he advanced, he discovered a decided and habitual preference to those intellectual pursuits which ennoble the human nature in princes as well as subjects. He was always restrained, by careful tuition as well as a tender conscience, from dissipation and licentiousness. He became master of several languages—proficient in the mathematics—and so skilful in the fine arts, that it has often been thought he might have rivalled first rate professors. The several campaigns in which he had served, raised him to military fame, which has rendered his appointment as a British Field Marshal something more than a mere honorary designation due to his exalted rank.'—p. 12.

Lord Hill, who is a General at least, if not a British Field Marshal, occupies the next place, according to a new order of precedence, which seems to have been adopted since the accession of the present ministry. We are happy to notice that the present commander of the forces of this Protestant land is descended from the first Protestant Lord Mayor of London; and we are also delighted to assure our military friends, on the authority of the book before us, that, with respect to the management of the army,—

'On the suspicion that the Duke of Wellington is still the real head of the army, we need not stay to comment. Lord Hill is an honourable and independent man: there is not one more so in the army, or the nation, or the world; and to suppose that he would stoop to be the jackall of the great lion of the

age, is to imagine him, for the sake of office, to be capable of instantly transforming himself into a character perfectly the opposite. Lord Hill will act as he thinks proper, in every respect, while the Duke of Wellington will retain no more influence in the army than he can reasonably claim.'—p. 24.

We shall not particularly notice the account of Mr. Cobbett, because we regret to observe, that the enormities of his character have seduced our author into a deviation from his usual laudatory suavity.

'The name of Russell,' we are told, 'sounds in a British ear like the most delightful music and melody.' The virtues of Lord John Russell appear to have been got, in part, from his family; the rest of his moral and intellectual excellencies he appears to have picked up in company with Lord Mountcharles, the Duke of Devonshire, and others, at the Rev. Mr. Smith's school, at Woodnesborough. And, indeed, he must have made good use of his time, because on his first entrance into Parliament in 1819, 'assuming a modest, but important and influential station, he, in fact, at once took possession of the place vacated by the death of Charles James Fox.' We suppose that the fact of this contingent remainder of the leadership of his Majesty's Opposition has been learned from some unpublished chronicle of the Whigs, for it is rather surprising intelligence to the British public.

We pass over my Lord Wellesley, because he comes just before Madame Pasta; and we have music in our souls. 'Perhaps there never was a period when music obtained a more powerful ascendancy over the people of this thoughtful land than the present.' In this we entirely agree, having drawn precisely the same conclusion from hearing the boys whistle 'The merry Swiss Boy' in the streets. The criticism on Madame Pasta is really ample and judicious; and, if there is nothing original in the previous remarks on the musical taste of the British people, they are, at least, very true.

We mean no offence to Mr. Spring Rice, but we must say, that even the information that 'he furnishes a fair sample of that description of senators and orators from which Ireland, if she could find them multiplying in her land, would have much to expect,'—will not lead us to look further, so much are we repelled by the awful portraiture which is given as a resemblance of his outward man. The effect, indeed, which it has upon us is such, that we close the book, lest we should be shocked by any similar caricature of any of our public characters. But we cannot consider the author as responsible for the faults of the engraver; and we feel that we discharge our duty to him and to the public when we say, that this is a book which any father of a family may safely put into the hands of any of his children, who may have nothing better to do than to read it.

VIDOCQ'S MEMOIRS.

Memoirs of Vidocq, Principal Agent of the French Police until 1827; and now Proprietor of the Paper Manufactory of St. Mande. Written by Himself. Translated from the French. Vol. II. Hunt and Clarke. London, 1829.

We have already offered to our readers a notice and a sample of this very remarkable book. The second volume of the English translation has just been published by Messrs. Hunt and Clarke. The latter half of it is of a different character from the previous portions of the work, for it exhibits M. Vidocq as an agent of police, and instead of recounting the shifts to which he was compelled to resort to escape from punishment, displays the stratagems by which he attempted to subject to justice his former brethren. These confessions could not have been obtained in such perfection from a native of any other country than France. An English spy would have held his tongue; a German would have given us, indeed, the philosophy of trepanning, but glimpses

of individual moral feeling would have been mingled with it, and have interfered with the scientific interest of the performance; an Italian would have marred the value of his rascalities by bedaubing them with lies; a Spaniard would have made all the events of his narrative appear laudable by the simple fact of their connection with himself, but probably would not have opened to us that fine vista of public utility which M. Vidocq so much delights to make us contemplate. In truth, however, the very ground-work of this inimitable history could not have existed except in France, the country of organisation, where all that is most excellent, and all that is most vile,—both of them incapable in other countries of being materialised in institutions,—are regularly and uniformly systematised.

There is only one other observation which we are anxious to make before presenting our readers with some amusing extracts, namely, that nothing can be conceived more horrible or demoralising than the plan of prison-punishment adopted in France. Bad as these things are with us, in this respect the 'great nation' is many a year behind us. We doubt, however, whether their laws create so many frivolous offences as ours.

These two men, who for many years were sent away with every chain, and as frequently escaped, were once more back again in Paris; the police got information of it, and I received the order to search for them. All testified that they had acquaintances with other robbers no less formidable than themselves. A music mistress, whose son, called Noel with the Spectacles (Noel aux Bésicles), a celebrated robber, was suspected of harbouring these thieves. Madame Noel was a well educated woman and an admirable musician; she was esteemed a most accomplished performer by the middle classes of tradespeople, who employed her to give lessons to their daughters.

Madame Noel was obliging and good, but only towards those individuals who were at issue with justice; she received them as the mother of a soldier would welcome the comrade of her son. To ensure a welcome with her, it was enough to belong to the same "regiment" as Noel with the Spectacles; and then, as much for love of him and from inclination, perhaps, she would do all in her power to aid, and was consequently looked upon as a "mother of robbers." At her house they found shelter; it was she who provided for all their wants; she carried her complaisance so far as to seek "jobs of work" for them; and when a passport was indispensably necessary to their safety, she was not quiet until by some means she had succeeded in procuring one. Madame Noel had many friends among her own sex, and it was generally in one of their names that the passport was obtained. A powerful mixture of oxygenated muriatic acid obliterated the writing; and the description of the gentleman who required it, as well as the name which it suited his purpose to assume, replaced the feminine description. Madame Noel had generally by her a supply of these accommodating passports, which were filled according to circumstances, and the wants of the party requiring such assistance.

'Mother Noel had never seen me; my features were quite unknown to her, although she had frequently heard of my name. There was then no difficulty in presenting myself before her, without giving her any cause for alarm; but to get her to point out to me the hiding place of the men whom I sought to detect, was the end I aimed at, and I felt that it would be impossible to attain it without much skill and management. At first I resolved on passing myself off as a fugitive galley-slave; but it was necessary to borrow the name of some thief, whom her son or his comrades had mentioned to her in advantageous terms. Moreover, a little resemblance was positively requisite, and I endeavoured to recollect if there were not one of the galley-slaves whom I knew who had been associated with Noel with the Spectacles, and I could not remember one of my age, or whose person and features at all resembled mine. At last, by dint of much effort of memory I recalled to mind one Germain, alias Royer, alias "the Captain," who had been an intimate acquaintance of Noel's, and although our similarity was very slight, yet I determined on personating him.

'I had much to do in personating Germain; but the difficulty did not deter me: my hair cut, a *à la mode des Bagnes*, was dyed black, as well as my beard, after it had attained a growth of eight days; to embrown my countenance I washed it with walnut liquor; and to

perfect the imitation, I garnished my upper lip thickly with a kind of coffee grounds, which I plastered on by means of gum arabic, and thus became as nasal in my twang as Germain himself. My feet were doctored with equal care; I made blisters on them by rubbing in a certain composition of which I had obtained the recipe at Brest. I also made the marks of the fetters; and when all my toilet was finished, dressed myself in the suitable garb. I had neglected nothing which could complete the metamorphosis, neither the shoes nor the marks of those horrid letters *C A L*. The costume was perfect; and the only thing wanting was a hundred of those companionable insects which people the solitudes of poverty, and which were, I believe, together with locusts and toads, one of the seven plagues of old Egypt. I procured some for money; and as soon as they were a little accustomed to their new domicile, which was speedily the case, I directed my steps towards the residence of Madame Noel, in the Rue Tiquetonne.

I arrived there, and knocking at the door, she opened it: a glance convincing her how matters stood with me, she desired me to enter, and on finding myself alone with her, I told her who I was. "Ah, my poor lad," she cried, "there is no occasion to tell me where you have come from; I am sure you must be dying with hunger?"—"Oh yes," I answered, "I am indeed hungry; I have tasted nothing for twenty-four hours." Instantly, without further question, she went out, and returned with a dish of hog's puddings and a bottle of wine, which she placed before me. I did not eat, I actually devoured; I stuffed myself, and all had disappeared without my saying a word between my first mouthful and my last. Mother Noel was delighted at my appetite, and when the cloth was removed she gave me a dram. "Ah, maman," I exclaimed, embracing her, "you restore me to life; Noel told me how good and kind you were;" and I then began to give her a statement of how I had left her son eighteen days before, and gave her information of all the prisoners in whom she felt interested. The details were so true and well known, that she could have no idea that I was an impostor.

"Yes, yes, my friend," she said, "I know you well; my son and his friends have told me of your misfortunes; welcome, welcome, my dear captain. But heavens! what a state you are in; you must not remain in such a plight. I see you are infested with those wretched tormenting beasts who —; but I will get you a change of linen, and contrive something as a comfortable dress for you."

"I expressed my gratitude to Madame Noel; and when I saw a good opportunity, without giving cause for the slightest suspicion, I asked what had become of Victor Desbois and his comrade Mongenet. "Desbois and Le Tambour? Ah! my dear, do not mention them, I beg of you," she replied; "that rogue Vidocq has given them very great uneasiness; since one Joseph (Joseph Longueville, an old police inspector,) whom they have twice met in the streets, told them that there would soon be a search in this quarter, they have been compelled to cut and run, to avoid being taken."

"What," cried I, with a disappointed air, "are they no longer in Paris?"

"Oh, they are not very far distant," replied Mother Noel; "they have not quitted the environs of the 'great village' (Paris); I dare say we shall soon see them, for I trust they will speedily pay me a visit. I think they will be delighted to find you here."

"Oh, I assure you," said I, "that they will not be more delighted at the meeting than myself; and, if you can write to them, I am sure they would eagerly send for me to join them."

"If I knew where they were," replied Mother Noel, "I would go myself and seek for them to please you; but I do not know their retreat, and the best thing for us to do is to be patient and wait their arrival."

"In my quality of a new comer, I excited all Madame Noel's compassion and solicitude, and she attended to nothing but me. "Are you known to Vidocq, and his two bull-dogs, Lévesque and Compère?" she inquired.

"Alas! yes," was my reply; "they have caught me twice."

"In that case, then, be on your guard: Vidocq is often disguised; he assumes characters, costumes, and shapes, to get hold of unfortunates like yourself."

"We conversed together for two hours, when Madame Noel offered me a foot-bath, which I accepted; and, when it was prepared, I took off my shoes and stockings, on which she discovered my wounded feet

and said, with a most commiserating tone and manner, "How I pity you; what you must suffer! Why did you not tell me of this at first? You deserve to be scolded for it." And, whilst thus reproaching me, she examined my feet; and then, pricking the blisters, drew a piece of worsted through each, and anointed my feet with a salve, which, she assured me, would have the effect of speedily curing them.

"The bath concluded, she brought me some clean linen; and, as she thought of all that was needful, added a razor, recommending me to shave. "I shall then see," she added, "about buying you some workman's clothes, as that is the best disguise for men who wish to pass unnoticed; and, besides, good luck will turn up, and then you will get yourself some new ones."

"As soon as I was thoroughly cleansed, Mother Noel conducted me to a sleeping room, a small apartment which served as the workshop for false keys, the entrance to which was concealed by several gowns hanging from a row of pegs. "Here," said she, "is a bed in which your friends have slept three or four times; and you need not fear that the police will hunt you out, you may sleep secure as a dormouse."

"I am really in want of sleep," I replied, and begged her permission to take some repose, on which she left me to myself. Three hours afterwards I awoke, and, on getting up, we renewed our conference. It was necessary to be armed at all points to deceive Madame Noel; there was not a trick or custom of the bagues with which she was not thoroughly informed; she knew not only the names of all the robbers whom she had seen, but was acquainted with every particular of the life of a great many others; and related with enthusiasm anecdotes of the most noted, particularly of her son, for whom she had as much veneration as love.

"The dear boy, you would be delighted to see him?" said I.

"Yes, yes, overjoyed."

"Well, it is a happiness you will soon enjoy; for Noel has made arrangements for an escape, and is now only awaiting the propitious moment."

"Madame Noel was happy in the expectation of seeing her son, and shed tears of tenderness at the very thoughts of it. I will own that I was affected, and for a moment wavered if for once I would not betray my duties as a police agent; but when I reflected again on the crimes committed by the Noel family, and considered what was due to the interests of society, I remained firm and determined in my resolution to go through with my enterprise at all risks.

"In the course of conversation, Mother Noel asked me if I had any affair (plan of robbery, in contemplation); and after having offered to procure me one, in case I was not provided, she questioned me on my skill in fabricating keys. I told her I was as adroit as Fossard. "If that be the case," she rejoined, "I am easy, and you shall be soon furnished; for as you are so clever, I will go and buy at the ironmonger's a key which you can fit to my safety lock, so that you will have ingress and egress whenever you require it."

"I expressed my feelings of obligation for so great a proof of her kindness: and as it was growing late, I went to bed reflecting on the mode of getting away from this lair, without running the risk of being assassinated, if perchance any of the villains whom I was seeking should arrive before I had taken the necessary precautions.

"I did not sleep, and arose as soon as I heard Madame Noel lighting her fire; she said I was an early riser, and that she would go and procure me what I wanted. A moment afterwards she brought me a key not cut into wards, and gave me files and a small vice, which I fixed on my bed; and as soon as my tools were in readiness, I began my work in presence of my hostess, who seeing that I was perfectly conversant with the business, complimented me on my skill; and what she most admired was the expedition of my work, for in fact, in less than four hours I had perfected a most workmanlike key, which I tried, and it fitted almost accurately. A few touches of the file completed the instruments; and, like the rest, I had the means of unobstructed entrance whenever I wished to visit the house.

"I was Madame Noel's boarder; and, after dinner, I told her I was inclined to take a turn in the dusk, that I might find whether "a job" I contemplated was yet feasible, and she approved the suggestion, at the same time recommending me to use all caution. "That thief of a Vidocq," she observed, "is a thorn in one's path, mind him; and, if I were you, before I

made any attempts, I would wait until my feet were well." "I shall not go far," I replied, "nor stay away long." This assurance of a speedy return seemed to quiet her fears. "Well then, go," she said; and I went out limping.

"So far all succeeded to my most sanguine wishes; it was impossible to stand better with Mother Noel; but, by remaining in her house, who would guarantee that I should not be knocked on the head? Might not two or three galley-slaves arrive together, recognize me, and attack me? I, consequently, endeavoured so to lead her on, that she should herself suggest to me the necessity of quitting her house; that is, that she should advise me no longer to think of sleeping in her domicile.

"I had observed, that Madame Noel was very intimate with a fruit-seller who lived in the house, and I sent to this woman one of my agents named Manceau, whom I charged to ask her secretly, and yet with a want of skill, for some accounts of Madame Noel.

"The event proved that I was not deceived;—no sooner had my agent fulfilled his mission, than the fruit-woman hastened to Madame Noel with an account of what had passed; who, in her turn, lost no time in telling me. On the look-out at the steps of the door of her officious neighbour, as soon as she saw me, she came to me, and without further preface, desired me to follow her, which I did; and on reaching the Place des Victoires, she stopped, and looking about her to be assured that no one was in hearing, she told me what had passed:—"So," said she, in conclusion, "you see, my poor Germain, that it would not be prudent for you to sleep at my house; you must even be cautious how you approach it by day." Mother Noel had no idea that this circumstance, which she bewailed so greatly, was of my own planning; and, that I might remove all suspicion from her mind, I pretended to be more vexed at it than she was, and cursed and swore bitterly at that blackguard Vidocq, who would not leave us at peace. I deprecated the necessity to which I was reduced, of finding a shelter out of Paris, and took leave of Madame Noel, who, wishing me good luck and a speedy return, put a thirty-sous-piece into my hand.

"I knew that Desbois and Mongenet were expected; and I was also aware that there were comers and goers who visited the house, whether Madame Noel was there or not; and she was often absent, giving music lessons in the city. It was important that I should know these gentry; and to achieve this, I disguised several of my auxiliaries, and stationed them at the corners of the street, where, mixing with the errand-boys and messengers, their presence excited no suspicion.

"These precautions taken, that I might testify all due appearance of fear, I allowed two days to pass before I again visited Madame Noel; and this period having elapsed, I went out one evening to her house, accompanied by a young man, whom I introduced as the brother of a female with whom I had once lived; and who, having met me accidentally in Paris, had given me an asylum. This young man was a secret agent, but I took care to tell Mother Noel that he had my fullest confidence, and that she might consider him as my second self; and, as he was not known to the spies, I had chosen him to be my messenger to her whenever I did not judge it prudent to show myself. "Henceforward," I added, "he will be our go-between, and will come every two or three days, that I may have information of you and your friends."

"I faith," said Mother Noel, "you have lost a pleasure; for, twenty minutes sooner, and you would have seen a lady of your acquaintance here."

"Ah! who was it?"

"Mongenot's sister."

"Oh! indeed; she has often seen me with her brother."

"Yes; when I mentioned you, she described you as exactly as possible;—'a lanky chap,' said she, 'with his nose always grimed with snuff.'"

"Madame Noel deeply regretted that I had not arrived before Mongenet's sister had departed; but certainly not so much as I rejoiced at my narrow escape from an interview which would have destroyed all my projects; for, if this woman knew Germain, she also knew Vidocq; and it was an impossibility that she could have mistaken one for the other, so great was the difference between us! Although I had altered my features so as to deceive, yet the resemblance which, in description, seemed exact, would not stand the test of a critical examination, and particularly the reminis-

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ.

cences of intimacy. Mother Noel then gave me a very useful warning, when she informed me that Mongenet's sister was a very frequent visitor at her house. From thenceforward I resolved that this female should never catch a glimpse of my countenance; and, to avoid meeting with her, whenever I visited Madame Noel, I sent my pretended brother-in-law first, who, when she was not there, had instructions to let me know it, by sticking a wafer on the window. At this signal I entered, and my aide-de-camp betook himself to his post in the neighbourhood, to guard against any disagreeable surprise. Not very far distant were other auxiliaries, to whom I had confided Mother Noel's key, that they might come to my succour in case of danger; for, from one instant to another, I might fall suddenly amongst a gang of fugitives, or some of the galley-slaves might recognize and attack me, and then a blow of my fist against a square of glass in the window was the signal which was to denote my need of assistance, to equalize the contending parties.

'Thus were my schemes concerted, and the finale was at hand. It was on a Tuesday, and a letter from the men I was in quest of, announced their intended arrival on the Friday following; a day which I intended should be for them a black Friday. At the first dawn I betook myself to a cabaret in the vicinity, and that they might have no motive for watching me, supposing, as was their custom, that they should traverse the street several times up and down before they entered Madame Noel's domicile, I first sent my pretended brother-in-law, who returned soon afterwards, and told me that Mongenet's sister was not there, and that I might safely enter. "You are not deceiving me?" said I to my agent, whose tone appeared altered and embarrassed, and fixing on him one of those looks which penetrate the very heart's core, I thought I observed one of those ill-suppressed contractions of the muscles of the face which accompany a premeditated lie: and then, quick as lightning, the thought came over me that I was betrayed; that my agent was a traitor. We were in a private room, and without a moment's hesitation, I grasped his throat with violence, and told him, in presence of his comrades, that I was informed of his perfidy, and that if he did not instantly confess all, I would shoot him on the spot. Dismayed at my penetration and determined manner, he stammered out a few words of excuse, and falling on his knees, confessed that he had discovered all to Mother Noel.

'This baseness, had I not thus detected it, would probably have cost me my life; but I did not think of any personal resentment, it was only the interest of society which I cared for, and which I regretted to see wrecked when so near port. The traitor, Manceau, was put in confinement, and young as he was, having many old offences to expiate, was sent to Bicêtre, and then to the isle of Oleron, where he terminated his career. It may be conjectured that the fugitives did not return again to the Rue Tiquetonne; but they were, notwithstanding, apprehended a short time afterwards.

'Mother Noel did not forgive the trick I had played her; and, to satisfy her revenge, she, one day, had all her goods taken away; and when this had been effected, went out without closing her door, and returned crying out that she had been robbed. The neighbours were made witnesses, a declaration was made before a commissary, and Mother Noel pointed me out as the thief; because, she said, I had a key of her apartments. The accusation was a grave one, and she was instantly sent to the prefecture of police, and the next day I received the information. My justification was not difficult, for the préfet, as well as M. Henry, saw through the imposture; and we managed so well that mother Noel's property was discovered, proof was obtained of the falsity of the charge, and, to give her time for repentance, she was sentenced for six months to St. Lazare. Such was the issue and the consequences of an enterprize, in which I had not failed to use all precaution; and I have often achieved success in affairs, in which arrangements had been made, not so skillfully concerted or so ably executed.—Vol. ii. pp. 214—226.

The version is almost always spirited, and generally accurate. The translator having gone so far as to paraphrase the slang terms of the thieves in 'St. Giles's Greek,' might as well have given us the English expressions for those foreign names of places which undergo transformation in becoming naturalized among us. The book is, in its kind, one of the most amusing, and, to him who knows how to use it, one of the most valuable we have seen.

The Life and Times of William Laud, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. By John Parker Lawson, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. Rivingtons. London, 1829.

We did not receive the work early enough to review it for the present Number of our Journal. We have seen enough of it, however, to judge that Mr. Lawson is exactly the proper kind of biographer for Laud. He is adapted for the task by an unhesitating faith in the perfection of his hero, and a hatred for his opponents, only qualified by contempt. In his eyes, every Puritan of the seventeenth century was either a fanatic or a hypocrite. We shall review the book in time for our next week's publication.

A Critical Investigation into the Merits of the Lecture delivered in the University of London, November 11, 1828, by Hyman Hurwitz, Professor of the Hebrew Language and Literature. By Solomon Bennett. 8vo., 18 pp. Printed for the Author. London, 1829.

We are sorry, for Mr. Hurwitz's sake, that he is not met by some worthier antagonist than this miserable and ignorant blockhead. There is no footman in London who does not know more of the English vocabulary, and the laws of grammar, than Mr. Solomon Bennett.

Belgic Pastorals, and other Poems. By Francis Glasce, Esq. 1 vol. 12mo. Rodwell, New Bond-street. London, 1829.

THE following is the 'Argument' of the first Belgic Pastoral. 'At the close of the usurped reign of Buonaparte, Belgium was allotted to the Prince of Orange, who then took the title of "King of the Netherlands;" soon after which, Strephon, formerly a Belgic shepherd, but for the preceding twenty years a soldier in the French army, on his arrival from Siberia, and while clothed in a French uniform, finds Hylas tending his flock by a road-side in the Netherlands, &c. &c. We assure our readers, that, to the best of our belief, Mr. Glasce does not design to write parodies. We have extracted literally, and the poems are worthy of this high argument.

Some Inquiry into the Causes which have obstructed the advance of Historical Paintings for the last Seventy Years in England. By B. R. Haydon, Historical Painter. 8vo. pp. 36. Ridgway. London, 1829.

'Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.'
Shakespeare.

A CONSIDERABLE portion, if not the whole, of this little work has appeared in one of the newspapers. We are glad that this is now published in a more permanent form. Mr. Haydon may be wrong in his views; in some of them he certainly is so. But it is a fine thing to see the workings of a mind so imbued with the love of art, and so wrestling against unfavourable circumstances. We have, unhappily, no means either of relieving Mr. Haydon's distresses, or promoting historical painting. We should be glad to do both. We fear the public will do neither.

NEW MUSIC.

Himmel's Polacca from Fanchon, arranged for the Piano Forte, and respectfully inscribed to the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cavendish, by M. C. Wilson. Cramer and Co.

A CLEVER, well arranged production, neither puerile nor difficult. An introductory allegro risoluto in B flat ushers in Himmel's graceful polacca in an appropriate manner, and the whole exhibits a successful divertimento.

'The Blue Harebell,' a Ballad, composed, and inscribed to David Morrison, Esq., by G. H. Gibbons. Lindsay.

As the name of the above writer was new to us, and musical composers spring up more plentifully than mushrooms, we were very agreeably surprised at the very pleasing and correct piece exhibited. The melody is quite simple, and does not lay claim to much originality; but the arrangement of the accompaniment is ingenious and clever, particularly the use made of the extreme sharp 6th, and the minor applied to the last verse. In the 6th bar of the 5th page, either the vocal part or the accompaniment should be altered, as they do not (in the edition we have seen) agree, and it is a pity the work should be disfigured by that which is apparently only a typographical error.

Rondo on 'Piu lieta piu bella,' from Rossini's Opera 'Elisabetta,' arranged for two performers on one Piano-forte. Composed and dedicated to the Misses Barton, by Frances Hünter. Op. 28. Cocks and Co.

THIS presents a brilliant, interesting, and well-arranged duet; possessing all those qualities, without requiring much practise on the part of the performers; a peculiar desideratum in musical writing.

In arranging duets for two persons to play upon one piano-forte, it too generally happens that the composer does not sufficiently employ the whole scope of the instrument, particularly in the bass part; hence the hands of the second performer are necessarily thrust upwards into an approximation with those of the colleague, in an inelegant and uncomfortable manner, and in the present example some improvements are wanting in that respect; and in the fifth bar from the end of the duet, in the treble on page 15, some very indefensible fingering is engraved, which should be reversed decidedly, at least the thumb and first finger marks. The whole, however, is adapted in good taste, and is worthy a place in the port-folios of every pianiste.

'They tell me thou hast gone from me,' a Ballad, sung by Miss Farrar; the Music composed with Orchestral Accompaniments, and also arranged for the Piano Forte, by T. Reed. Dedicated to his friend J. C. Hophé, Esq. Card.—The words (from an American publication) suggested by that part of 'Pen Owen,' which describes the affliction, the mute and uncomplaining grief of the beautiful, faded, and credulous Rose Weston, when informed of the baseness and desertion of Frank Wittenhall.

..... to propter eundem
Extinctus pudor, et quæ solâ sidera adibum.
Pama prior. ENNIS.

AFTER the perusal of the above diffuse and voluminous title (Latin and all!) it was impossible, but that the fable of the 'Mountain and Mouse' should present itself to the imagination, upon turning over to a quiet pastoral ballad although in full score for instruments! We, however, experienced much pleasure in finding it an expressive morceau, full of feeling, accompanied by correct and clever modulation. The ballad consists of two movements, in the highly superior key of A flat, and the composer deserves much credit for the unusual pains bestowed upon the whole arrangement.

An Echo Trio, sung at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, by Miss Fanny Aylton, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Bedford. Written and composed by John Parry. Goulding and Co.

THIS is a playful and pleasing trifle, of the most simple and unpretending nature; the last words of each line being ingeniously adapted to form a reply, upon being repeated by other singers, who should be behind the scenes of a theatre, or out of sight in a concert-room, when practicable; otherwise, the echoes are to be sung very softly, the singers turning their heads on one side, when there are no extra vocalists to perform them; thus it is written in imitation of Dean Swift's humorous and famous 'Gentle Echo on Woman,' in the Doric manner; which we might be tempted to insert, if it were not too indelicate for the present period. The music and language of Parry's trio are well adapted to each other, and upon the stage must have been effective.

'I'd be a Dove.' Composed by John Barnett, arranged for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Richards, by E. Solis. Mayhew.

An easy, pretty piano-forte rondo, well adapted for incipient performers, and consequently will be found generally useful for teachers. An introductory adagio of one page in C minor appropriately precedes the melody, which is simple, gay, and trifling.

The Bohemian Brothers.—These singers are neither Bohemians nor brothers. The dress in which they appear is not that of the country to which they pretend to belong,—and their singing is decidedly Kamschatkan.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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EDUCATION OF SPANISH REFUGEES.

Among the privations which present themselves as embittering the lot, in other respects sufficiently melancholy, of the unhappy exile, the want of the means of affording to his offspring an education adequate to his own rank in life, has ever appeared to us to be one of the most distressing. It seems to cast a cloud of gloom over the only hope which remains to cheer him in his desolation, the hope of seeing free institutions shedding their blessings on his native land. Sad, indeed, would it be for him, that should this consummation be at length attained, the self congratulations of the patriots should be allayed by the regrets of the parent, and that he should be doomed to the painful mortification of beholding his own children incapacitated by the want of education from participating their full share of the benefits of the regeneration of their country, and from assuming their station in the state for the sake of whose freedom he had himself endured so much. It was with no common degree of satisfaction, therefore, that we observed, in a number of 'The Times' of last week, mention of a suggestion received by the Refugee Committee for procuring the advantages of education to the sons of the exiled families in London. We have taken pains to inform ourselves on the subject; and in justice to the worthy men who have come forward to aid in so desirable an undertaking, not less than as an interesting piece of intelligence to our readers, we are happy to be able to publish the following particulars. The project, it seems, originated with the Senor Nunez Arenas, who has already, we learn, devoted much of his time during his exile to giving gratuitous instruction in mathematics to some children of companions in misfortune. His lectures became popular among his countrymen, and were attended, not merely by youths in the progress of education, but by grown-up persons, who found in them a remedy for the want of occupation incidental to their circumstances, and a distraction, worthy of refined minds, from reflection on the miseries of their situation. This success suggested to D. Nunez Arenas, and to his friends and fellow-countrymen, D. Mariano La Gasca and D. Pablo Mendibil, also exiles, the practicability of forming an establishment for the extension of the very limited range of tuition till then afforded to the instruction of the Spanish youth now in London, in most, if not all, of the necessary and ornamental branches of polite education. The two last mentioned gentlemen proposed to join their efforts with those of D. Nunez Arenas, and to take upon themselves the instruction of classes in such branches as came within the sphere of their respective capabilities. In the full persuasion that a number of their countrymen would be anxious to join in an undertaking so desirable, the three colleagues submitted their ideas on the subject to the Committee for the Spanish Refugees, with the intimation, that all that was required for carrying the plan in question into execution, were suitable rooms in which the lectures might be given, and assistance towards defraying the few incidental expenses actually required to be defrayed. The proposal was received with favour by the committee; a sub-committee was appointed to promote it, and an application was made to the directors of the Mechanics' Institution, who generously yielded the use of their lecture rooms, for the accommodation of the refugees. In the mean time, offers of assistance and support were tendered by several others of the most eminent exiles in London, in such number and of such qualifications that nothing will be wanting to render the system of education complete. The merit of the conduct of these gentlemen who have set this measure on foot, will be the more appreciated, when it is considered with what toil and difficulty they themselves, by the strenuous exercise of their talents, under all disadvantages, acquire the means of a

scanty subsistence, and, consequently, how precious to them must be every moment of their time. We have been favoured with the following list of the names of those who have agreed to combine their efforts for carrying this laudable project into execution.

We are glad to observe among them several well known for their literary attainments. Our readers, we feel assured, will pardon our devoting a line or two to record them. Don Agustin Arguilles, D. Felipe Bauza, D. José Calatrava, D. José Canga Arguelles, D. N. Cardano, D. Ramon Gil de la Cuadra, D. Antonio Alcalá Galiano, D. Mariano La Gasca, D. Pablo Mendibil, D. José Nunez Arenas, D. Cayetano Valdez, D. Joaquin Villanueva. All these gentlemen, about to become the instructors of their juvenile countrymen, have filled offices of state more or less important in their native country, and, with only three exceptions, have all been deputies to the Cortes.

We trust the plan may be put in execution without delay, and succeed to the utmost desires of its founders. Nor can we help entertaining a distant wish that this simple and humble scheme, might prove the origin of a Spanish college, to which the youths of the Americas more especially might resort for the advantages of an European education, which they now seek in Paris. That London would be preferred to the French capital by the inhabitants of the new states, as the place to which to send their children, were there an establishment for the purpose, is notorious.

ROMAN FRAGMENTS.

No. III.

THE AMPHITHEATRE.

THE greatest superiority of the modern over the ancient world consists in the use of public opinion: had the intercourse of political sentiment prevailed at Rome in anything like the degree in which it now obtains among most European nations, outrages like those of the Emperor Caligula could not have been permitted for the space of a day, and probably they would never have been attempted. But in times when there was no press, and no ready means of collecting or consolidating the sense of the community, the brutal despot went on plundering and butchering an unarmed population, long after almost every individual among them would have willingly abjured his authority. At this period, indeed, the high spirit of ancient days was gone, the people were contented to be slaves, and it was only when their servitude became intolerable that they turned round and murdered their oppressors. The emperors, on their part, never neglected some of the arts by which the people might be reconciled to their government, or at least diverted from plotting against it. By their edicts, corn, the contribution of the provinces, was distributed gratuitously to the multitude, and lest men who had no necessary employment should employ themselves in projecting mischief, public spectacles, prepared by the supreme authority, were continually soliciting their attention. At no period of their extraordinary history could the Roman people be considered as enjoying any rational political freedom; but now they were satisfied to depend upon a master who assigned them the food that supported life, and an occupation that rendered it contemptible. Of all species of popular amusement none appears to have been so favoured by the Romans as the exhibitions of the amphitheatre; indeed the extravagant and ferocious delight which such scenes excited might have been perfectly unintelligible in these days but for the histories we have received of pastimes somewhat similar among peoples of modern Europe.

It was to a spectacle of this nature, given by the Emperor Caligula, in the amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus, that Metellus was proposing to conduct his friend. They descended the Palatine together, and passing through the magnificent porticoes of

the Roman forum, entered the Via Lata, the same street by which they had traversed the city the preceding day. Here they fell in with a vast throng of citizens, of all ranks, who were pressing onward to the scene of amusement. The more wealthy and effeminate were borne in sellæ or lecticæ, (two species of litters, differing principally in size, in the number of bearers,) the rest of the company were on foot. For the space of more than one hour this immense concourse of human beings had been pouring through the street. The slaves, forbidden by the Roman laws from being present at these amusements, were eagerly gazing from the tops and lattices of the neighbouring houses upon the multitude as they passed along—every scene was full of bustle and animation, every countenance beamed with expectation and delight. When the two friends reached the amphitheatre, which was situated on the scite of the present Palazzo di Monte Citorio, Metellus repaired without delay to the interior, in order to place his friend as near as possible to the imperial pavilion, for Caligula designed to preside in person. The arena was occupied by a host of naked barbarians, who, drawn up in bands on opposite sides of the podium, were awaiting with amazing indifference the moment that was destined to lay most of them in a bloody grave; a promiscuous crowd of plebeians, seated on the upper benches of the building, were measuring out their expressions of approbation, or contempt, for the different nobles who entered at every moment to take their places.

'Are these indications of public feeling to be considered as much the test of merit now as in the days of Cicero, do you think?' asked Cœlius of his friend.

'You shall judge,' replied Metellus. 'You marked that tall senator, whose appearance was hailed with such idle tumult, I mean the man now standing with his arms folded; that is Protegenes, the direst villain, save one, in the Roman empire; and you will soon perceive that the distinguished exception I allude to, the man who never permitted a more meritorious deed than the murder of his uncle and benefactor, is a prodigious favourite with these ragged brawlers.'

'Hush!' exclaimed Cœlius, 'you mean Caligula; they are gathering round us, and will hear.'

By this time the capacious body of the amphitheatre was intensely crowded, and presented one vast horizon of human beings, ascending in regular gradations; the emperor's presence was alone required for the work of death to begin. His approach was soon announced,—a body of lictors entered, and clearing the avenue to the Imperial canopy, called aloud 'Room! room! give room to the Emperor.' Caligula appeared. As had been predicted by Metellus, a burst of thundering applause followed, and all ranks and orders of spectators rose to do him honour. Caligula* was of a tall, awkward, and ungainly figure, approaching in some degree to corpulency, at the same time a singular emaciation was visible in his face; indeed the hollowness of his temples, his deeply sunken eyes, a forehead distorted with wrinkles, and destitute of hair, communicated to him the semblance of a man worn out with illness or excess, and assailed before his time with the infirmities of age.

He advanced amid reiterated acclamations, leaning on the shoulder of his favourite sister Drusilla; several ladies and senators followed in his train; Caligula threw himself carelessly on the couch prepared for him, and, without waiting till his retinue was disposed around him, gave the signal for commencing the sanguinary festivity.

It was not long after he had taken his seat that the restless and suspicious eye of the Roman Emperor was fixed upon Cœlius: when he gazed at him for a moment, 'friend,' said he, stooping forward, 'methinks, we have known each other

* This description is founded upon the best existing authorities in history and sculpture.

heretofore, though the scene of our acquaintance dwells not in my memory.

'Cæsar has not forgot the camp of Ambiatanus.'

'No, by the life of Drusilla,' exclaimed the tyrant with his usual oath, 'and were I to outlast the days of history, I should not forget the nig-gard fare and sour wines of Germanicus; but Ger-manicus was right, a man should be an economist or an Emperor. Prithee, what is thy name?'

'Calus Cœlius,' was the reply.

Caligula did not seem to recal his name, and he gave Cœlius no further attention.

But that name seemed instantly to excite the interest of a lady who was seated near Drusilla, and whose mind had up to that moment been deeply absorbed in the combat of the gladiators. She turned round to Cœlius as if proposing to address him, but had not confidence to persevere in her intention; the scene was a little embarrassing to both parties. Metellus immediately came forward, and turning to Cœlius, 'Come,' said he, 'I must now complete your obligations to me, to-day, by presenting you to Orestilla.'—'Orestilla!' exclaimed Cœlius, with something like apprehension. But Orestilla did not seem to notice his confusion, she received him with much kindness and affability, welcomed him to Rome, and, under a pretence of affording him a better view of the arena, invited him to be seated by her side; and in the artful and fascinating conversation in which she engaged him, Cœlius had almost forgotten his admiration of Metella. But this agreeable intercourse was not to last; the attention of the whole assembly was suddenly attracted by the loud and angry accents of Caligula: it appeared that the tyrant, having taken offence at some criticisms passed by Proculus, a Roman knight, upon his gladiators, was insisting upon his putting their excellence to trial by descending into the arena and contending against them. Proculus hesitated; the Batavian guards of the Emperor, long accustomed to his wanton and extravagant purposes, approached to enforce obedience; Cœlius gazed on the whole scene with astonishment; but his astonishment was increased when he observed that the people, instead of testifying any indignation at this outrage, received the commands of the despot with delight and enthusiasm; even Orestilla, forgetting the part she was acting, rose and waved her veil in approbation. Powerless to oppose and hopeless of diverting the savage purpose of his master, the Roman submitted to his fate, and descended to the blood-stained sand. He had been furnished only with a sword, but he had wrapped his cloak round his left arm to serve him as a buckler. The general combat had terminated, and wretches trained and exercised for single encounter were the next objects of popular diversion. A gladiator was soon turned upon Proculus to destroy him; but the knight was a wary and an expert swordsman, and instead of falling an instant victim, as was expected, to the superior skill of the barbarian, he received him with a coolness that almost bordered on contempt. A few blows were given and parried on both sides, and then the gladiator was struck, mortally wounded, to the earth; considerable applause followed, and the people seemed now interested in the safety of the man they had just before so eagerly concurred to destroy. As the bloody hook dragged away the dying wretch to the spoliarium or charnel house; a second gladiator sprung forth. The new combatant, evidently presuming on his skill in arms, rushed upon Proculus with the confidence of a wild beast upon its prey; but he had miscalculated his undertaking; the rapid sword of the Roman instantly transfixed his body, and he fell with a hideous scream upon the sand. All the spectators, but especially those of the lower orders, appeared now personally participating in the triumph of their countryman; and some, bolder than the rest, called out that he should be released. All eyes

were bent upon Caligula, as if to read in his countenance the fate of Proculus. The tyrant's features were unusually calm and passionless; he conversed an instant with one of his guard, the soldier left his presence and disappeared from public view; conjectures were various as to the nature of his mission; but a few moments explained all. An old and well known Dacian, who had been liberated on account of his wonderful success in the gladiatorial shows, appeared on the theatre of destruction; at this sight the populace vented their feelings in a general burst of indignation, but there was little time for commiseration: Caligula called on his champion to begin; the two combatants were probably equally matched, the gladiator was superior in the skilful exercise of his weapon, but his adversary surpassed him in strength and agility. They approached amid the deepest silence of the spectators. The rapidity with which their blows were interchanged, made it extremely difficult for the eye to judge of their execution: at last it was evident, from the blood that poured down the side of the barbarian, that he had been severely wounded; but the combat was still courageously sustained; suddenly the sword of the Roman broke short off at the handle, and the unusual groan that followed, showed how assured his fate was disposed of in the minds of the beholders. But Proculus, with admirable address, received his adversary's next stroke upon his temporary shield, and rushing forward at the same time, he grappled on to him with the force and energy of despair; both parties came to the ground and lost their weapons: it was then that the strength of the Roman prevailed over an aged and a wounded enemy. After a short struggle he liberated himself from the dying grasp of the barbarian, and rose up a third time victor. Nothing could surpass the joy manifested in the amphitheatre after this hard-won victory: Proculus alone appeared indifferent, he took up the sword of his fallen enemy, and stood still, awaiting a new assailant. The populace at first saluted him with the title of imperator, as they used to do their generals after a victory, and showered palms and garlands at his feet; but their plaudits soon subsided, for every one felt that the hero's fate was undecided. Caligula rose to depart; but before he quitted the scene, as if to leave a terrible example of his power and barbarity, he commanded that Proculus should be disarmed and thrown to the wild beasts confined in the caves of the amphitheatre. Dreadful as Caligula had become, this order was received with the most open expressions of disgust, and men's minds kindling from mutual sympathy, some persons boldly interceded for the life of the intrepid victor.

'I tell you that he dies!' exclaimed Caligula, his countenance assuming an aspect scarcely human, with rage and ferocity; 'must I be bearded, and crossed, and questioned by slaves who should obey me?—get hence!' Then, raising his eyes to the opposite galleries, he added, 'I'll quell these shouts another day, or more Romans shall fight in the arena: I want not approbation from you, but obedience.'

With this expression he signed to his guards and retired.

LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE.

THAT a correct taste in architecture should ever become a characteristic of the British public, appears to us, we confess, to be almost a desperate wish. That the whole nation should become Nomadic, and go wandering on the banks of the Tiber, the Ilyssus, the Mæander, and the Nile, in search of examples on which to found their judgment, is hardly to be expected, and our national professors are obstinate in withholding from them all opportunities of forming a taste at home. 'Tis pity! for John, after all, is docile, and shows at least a disposition to learn. Witness the courses of lectures, the best substitute for actual observation, which he has provided for his instruction, in not the least interesting of the Fine Arts in different quarters of the metropolis, viz., at the London and the Western Institutions. The lectures on architecture in

Moorfields, if our information be correct, have been delivered, or may be in the course of delivery, by Mr. Joseph Woods, the author of 'Letters from an Architect from France and Italy,' &c. They cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive, since, judging from the work just alluded to, we doubt whether a more fit person to inculcate sound principles of taste in architecture could be afforded by the whole range of the profession. But a journey to Moorfields, in the teeth of the biting east wind, while even the warm red gas flames shrink before the pale, silvery, hoar-be-spangling rays of the chaste Diana, while, too, we may seat ourselves in the painting room of the great master, (both by precept and practise) of excellence in another branch of art, the illustrious Sir Joshua, and there, in the presence of three hundred fellow auditors, all eager for instruction, receive the lessons from a teacher, who, if young and less known to fame, has also the pretension of having his memory fresh from the ancient examples on which he proposes to ground his doctrines, and who, if his introductory lecture form a fair criterion, is fully competent to the task he has undertaken!

Mr. Hosking commenced a series of six lectures on architecture, at the rooms of the Western Literary Institution on Thursday last. The first lecture was necessarily introductory and historical, tracing the progress of the art from the Egyptians to its revival in the middle ages; treating the Hindoo, Persian, Egyptian, and Greek as derived from the same source, and that source the Egyptian. The Roman the lecturer derived from the Etruscan, and the Gothic from the Roman. Of architecture, since its revival, the best specimens were stated to be in Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Bologna,—Milan is considered as inferior to those towns, and Rome and Naples still more so. The Greeks would have used the arch had they known it; the Romans obtained the knowledge of it from the Etruscans, and by it were enabled to do what had not been accomplished by the Egyptians and Greeks, viz. to cross rivers without embarking. The merits of the Corinthian order the lecturer awarded to the Romans, so great was the improvement and perfection they effected in it; its origin he traced to Egypt. In like manner the ameliorations introduced into the Gothic by the English were held to entitle them to give that style the name of English architecture.

The style which has prevailed throughout Europe since the revival of the arts, known as Italian architecture, is of all others that regarded with least favour by Mr. Hosking. He animadverted, very unceremoniously on the historian of architecture, Vitruvius, and his followers:—In expressing the errors the ancient Roman has been led into, by writing from the relations and systems of others, without satisfying himself by personal observation, the learned lecturer had our cordial concurrence; but we confess we feel some little repugnance at hearing a name so truly respectable in most regards handled so freely. Approving the matter, we could not but object to the manner of the censure,—the more so as we observed that the chastiser allowed his zeal to carry him beyond the limits of strict justice. In saying, for instance, that the existing examples of Ionic contradict the assertion of Vitruvius that 'the ancients' (the Greeks) 'appear to have avoided the use of the Doric order in their sacred buildings,' he has strained the meaning of the Roman author by not attending to the context. Other parts of the work of Vitruvius abound in instances in which he discourses and treats of the Doric temples of the Greeks, and prove that he could not intend to make the assertion imputed to him on the light it is taken. Indeed, had the passage extracted by the lecturer been considered in connection with the context, we doubt if he himself could interpret the few words of the author into so general a signification. It is quite clear to the dispassionate reader that they are to be received in the sense of the words which open the same chapter. *Nonnulli antiqui architecti negaverunt Dorico genere ades sacras oportere fieri, &c.*—In one or two instances, to make a point also, the learned lecturer has allowed himself to imagine an extreme case.

It sounded horribly heterodox to our ears, when we were told of the advances made by the Egyptians, while the Greeks were a race of savages; and that Egyptian Thebes was in ruins after an existence of centuries before most of the cities of the Greeks were founded.—We confess, we are not aware, what are these 'most of the cities of Greece,' founded during the century intervening between the destruction of Thebes by Cambyzes and the age of Pericles. With a few such exceptions as those, we have noticed, and a want of due refinement in some of his illustrations and allusions, the lecture

delivered by Mr. Hosking was simple and sensible, well calculated for an audience of uninitiated, and full of promise as to the value of his course. It was listened to with great attention, and several times elicited from the hearers marked expressions of gratification.

CONFESSIONS OF A TRIFLER.

I AM one of that class of persons who never speak seriously on any subject. None that is presented to me appears worthy of grave thought; or if, by chance, a moment's meditation escapes me, I am ashamed of so unusual an exercise of my reasoning powers, and conceal it beneath smiles and jokes. In general I never examine any question, except with a view of finding out some point of view in which it may appear ridiculous. My tone is usually that of giddy mirth; it sometimes rises to that of sarcasm: of deep feeling or earnest inquiry, it is always entirely void. The enthusiasm which, in others, I make the object of ridicule, I never exhibit in myself; and I scorn and discourage that love of truth which would disturb the serenity of my levity with the gloom of thought. While the countenances of others are worn with care, I revel in the sunshine of perpetual laughter. I toil not; neither do I spin the wearisome web of meditation. I am not required to instruct or to serve mankind, but am expected only to cheer them by the reflection of my own tranquillity.

Yet there are some moments in which, even to me, to laugh is painful, and to joke is disgusting. There are times, and I find them now of frequent recurrence, in which certain ideas of the folly of my foolishness force themselves on me. I recollect that there are some high and good objects for man's exertion; I feel that these are not to be attained by levity and mirth. I cannot help drawing the conclusion that they are unattainable by me. I feel, that in this world I am nothing worth; I am of no importance to my fellow-men; a mere insect on this great globe, which wants me not, and heeds me not. Man is placed in this world without aim or purpose put before him. To give himself such aim and purpose for his being, to choose it wisely and to follow it steadfastly, is his only hope of rendering that being noble, and even tolerable. In this I have failed; and, therefore, I feel that I have failed in the great business of life. I sometimes endeavour to bestir myself to search for some object which I may labour to attain; but, alas! there is none such for my reach, and the limbs that I have so long refused to move are now powerless and lifeless from inaction.

There is no character in the world so contemptible as the man devoid of seriousness. The lowest of intellectual beings, if he be steadily intent on any object, is his superior. With regard to the latter, we can understand the ends and the means of his existence; and whether they be bad or good, we can admire him, or pity him, or fear him. But for the man to whom life is not a problem, but a sport; who passes through time, but uses it not; who neither labours for us, nor for himself,—with him we cannot feel. We cannot sympathize with desires which he takes so little pains to gratify; and he excites in us none of the interest which is so often felt in skilful and energetic exertion in whatever cause it may be exhibited. The judgment of the public may be often distorted by ignorance or passion; the prejudices of particular sections of the public will always produce the same effect in some of them; but in this the feeling of the whole and the parts will always be consistent and uniform in treating with contempt him who contemns truth, and who, therefore, contemns alike the different objects about which all are employed, or at least pretend to be employed.

I cannot consider this want of seriousness as indicative of a great original intellectual defect, though it is always productive of such. It is a perversion of the intellectual by the moral nature.

Indeed, it is a vice particularly remarked in persons of talent, because the waste of their energies is obvious and lamentable. Its usual causes are, I conceive, nothing else than vanity and laziness. Vanity leads us to wish for distinction on every possible occasion; laziness prevents us from taking any but the easiest method of acquiring it. Of course, we must possess the faculty necessary for using even that easiest mode, which is, in my opinion, that of a sense of the ludicrous. Without that the greatest quantity of vanity and indolence only make a dull coxcomb.

I recollect well how my own present habits of mind originated. In my youth I had not wanted much love of knowledge, and enthusiasm for truth. I had read much—and thought no very little. I was aware that I had some information, and I had a suspicion that I had mental powers which would enable me to use it to good purpose.

The time came when I was no longer a youth; I had arrived at that period of life at which it was necessary for me to bestir myself. I entered into the world; I found others boldly expressing their opinions—constructing their systems—displaying their knowledge—and I saw that they were rewarded by esteem and applause. Had I not as much knowledge as they?—could I not build opinions as wisely as they?—was I not as capable of attaining distinction?—and should I not seek what all others sought? I determined that I too would display my acquirements, and be famous. Nor was my passion, once excited, moderate. I would not, could not wait. I would not waste my life and my energies in seeking a distant renown. I would get applause as quickly as possible—and then, in as large a quantity as possible; and, surely, if it were compatible with the acquisition of these two objects, I might just as well get it as easily as possible.

It takes long time and much labour to excite deep feeling—as much, nay, even more, to convince, where conviction produces instruction. The esteem and love with which those are rewarded, who have produced these effects in others, are uncertain, and often of slow growth. But any man who can jest, can jest quickly; and the slightest and easiest joke is almost sure to be rewarded by the ready smile of all who hear it. By raising a laugh, you please the many—and though you are very liable to offend one, you do it to great advantage, because you have all the rest on your side. And as the person offended is often the most serious and thinking of the party, you enjoy the pleasure of a triumph over him, which is no small pleasure, at least so I used to find it.

The jester, too, has this great advantage in society, that his mind is never disorganized by any regard for his opinions. He is never betrayed by enthusiasm into the too eager support of an unpopular truth; he can accommodate himself to the taste of any sect, or party, or coterie, because he can always raise the laugh which most men concede to a joke on their opponents. He is never hampered by a system which he must not desert, or opinions to the support on which he has previously committed himself. He utters the paradox or the sneer of the moment,—and who cares for consistency in paradoxes and sneers?

Vain and indolent as I was, it was thus that I became a trifier. The temptations which had first drawn me into the vortex, acted on me with greater force the longer I remained within their influence. I had used frivolity as a means, I came soon to love it for itself. By degrees, I chilled my own enthusiasm. I began to dislike the labour of severe thought. Study became purposeless to one who could not apply it, and, therefore, intolerable. I began, moreover, to pride myself on my levity. I felt, as it were, raised above the highest interests of my fellow creatures; and looking down, from the elevation of a superior nature, on the toils of an inferior race of beings.

I am a young man still; and, though a scoffer,

I have enough of benevolence to make me find some consolation in the thought that, as yet, I have injured none but myself. I have misused myself. I have sacrificed to the smile of the moment, all the deep and pure joys that are for those who have done their duty. I have done no good to my fellow-beings. But, have I done harm?—I trust not. But if so, I am innocuous only through the paucity of my abilities. But, if I live much longer, not even the paucity of my abilities will save me from the guilt of misleading and corrupting mankind.

There is no human being, though mischievousness is an attribute of the most insignificant of the species, that has so evil an influence on the circle of his private acquaintance as the brilliant scoffer. The subtlest reasoning of the most corrupting sophist, the most misleading eloquence of the advocates of vice, have nothing of the power of perversion which is wielded by him who laughs us out of reasoning and feeling.

I know a man whose genius,—for it is genius,—has given him a considerable literary reputation, not equal indeed to what his works merit, and certainly very much less than that which he might have insured to himself by a serious application of his powers. He has a noble fancy, an acute intellect, a fine and just taste, an immense stock of various information; but he has wanted earnestness. He never laboured to investigate truth, or dared to give forth an expression of deep feeling. On the contrary, it seems to be his object, more particularly in his conversation, to throw ridicule on every strong movement of either the intellect or the will. The suspicious taciturnity, which it takes long time to dispel, gives you the idea that he is lying in wait till you shall have committed yourself by saying something which shall arouse his sarcasm. When he does speak, he shows that his silence was caused rather by indifference than any hostile feelings. The subjects which interest you, ay, even the weightier matters which are the urgent business of men, appear as if they were beneath his regards, as if unfit to move his sympathies or exercise his reason. Express your own feelings, he will never reward you with a similar discovery of his own, or lay bare all your opinions, he will never allow you to see what are his. He answers your reasoning with a paradox,—and damps your earnestness with a sneer. The more important the subject the more trivial his tone: and the increase of another's interest in its discussion, but serves to render him more inveterate in his irony. Happy they whom his levity disgusts. I have seen most people grow ashamed of seriousness which appeared ridiculous in his presence,—abandon the cause which his indifference made them suppose unimportant—till their reason bowed down before his folly—their enthusiasm withered beneath his sneer, and they sunk into a reckless disregard of the truth, which his contempt had dishonoured in their eyes. Yet M—— is one of the kindest and most honourable of men. He wants not deep and right feelings, but his vanity prevents him from expressing them, and thus distorts the outward lineaments of a good heart, as well as wastes the energies of a strong mind.

I have seen this man in argument with another, who is the most earnest, and the most illogical of men. The one was weighed down by truths which he had not strength to wield, the other lightly armed with sophisms of which he was an unrivalled master: the one utterly bewildered by the enthusiasm which prompted, while it disorganised his efforts,—the other opposing to him the coolness of perfect insincerity; the one straining to excite feelings, which were far above the temper of his audience,—the other giving refuge to their vanity under the success of his own levity. Who can question which appeared at the moment to triumph? And yet, when I looked back on the contrast, it appeared as if the talents of one but rendered his indifference more despicable, while the other's honesty shone more brightly

for his very errors. The one might have found truth, but spurned it, and never now could he attain it, because he avoided it. The other might err, but even chance might direct him right. At any rate he did his best, and I could not but honour the man who used his slender means to such noble purpose. He had the right will, and even with little power he had thus the great essential without which no man can be useful to his fellow-creatures, no man can have a claim on their love.

J. D.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—While I feel flattered by the very favourable opinion you lately expressed relative to the paper on Russian Literature in the 4th No. of the Foreign Review, and am equally obliged to you for having adverted to certain strange mistakes that occur in it, as it affords me an opportunity of exculpating myself from the charge of having committed blunders which unfortunately are of such a nature that the reader cannot help attributing them to the writer of the article.

After the paper in question had received the editorial *imprimatur*, and, in fact, subsequently to the proof having been revised by myself, objections were started as to its length, although it certainly would not have reached the extent of several other articles that have appeared in the same journal, both before and since. Aware that the utmost limits that could have been allowed me, would have been barely adequate to so comprehensive a subject, it was with extreme repugnance that I consented to its being curtailed. Not only were various passages struck out, which will account for the abruptness observable in several places; but the greater, I may add the *best*, part of the translated specimens omitted; and as some of these alterations took place after I had corrected what I considered to be the last revises of the proofs, it is to this circumstance that I must impute the inaccuracies that have crept in, to my great vexation and astonishment. Speaking of an extract from Shokorsky's dramatic poem 'Naina,' I had said 'We shall here attempt a version of it, availing ourselves of the loose structure of the original;' but unfortunately that portion to which the remark more particularly applied was suppressed, consequently, at present, it seems quite absurd. The expression, 'loose structure,' alluded to the following speech, in which Tavals addresses his companions, when exhorting them to abandon their pastoral and fishing occupations, and embrace a warlike life; the versification, consisting of different metres and rhymes, being only occasionally introduced:

'Brothers, in what are we inferior?

We were not nursed in down;

Our youth has not in chambering been spent;

Nor were we reared as timid girls.

No!—our barks our cradles were,—

The whistling wind our lullaby,

While rocked the surge to sleep.

When Autumn, that laid bare the trees,

And veiled in clouds the face of heaven,

Drench'd us with rains, and to our bones

Probed the keen blast,—

When on the storm-cloud flitted past

Death with his light'ning spear,—

This nought of 'vantage brought our hearts to cheer,

Still less it brought of fame.

The sea, my friends, shall be our trusty steed:

From land to land, from isle to isle we'll scour

Our well-pil'd oars. Our daring swords

Shall to the Lithuanian, the Swede,

And the Roman, prove that our race

Yields not to them in prowess or in might.

So shall our children to their children tell

With generous boast, that not in vain

Their sires up-ploughed the foaming main:—

So shall the rude rhyme by our daughters sung,

From age to age, from tongue to tongue,

Record our prowess. Or should they forget

Our praise to chaunt, our native plains

Shall yet preserve our names,—

Commemorate our deeds.

Homeward, laden we return
With silver breast-plates—sparkling mail,
Our children's heritage; and for our brides
Bring coral, lustrous pearl,
Translucent amber;—fairer yet
Unspotted ermine, and the sable's jet,—
Whate'er of gauds to deck the fair
Yields earth and ocean's depths,' &c.

Passing by minor errors, I will content myself with here correcting two glaring ones. At page 303, the lines

Men rail at law, and lawyers thrive the better,—
Abuse the sex, and yet the fools will wive,"—

were written and intended by me to have been printed thus:—

"Men rail at law, and lawyers better thrive," &c.

In the four lines from Kozlow, page 307, the second, as it now appears, is quite unintelligible; for it would puzzle an Oedipus to divine the meaning of

'Say, and is all life's toilsome passage trod?'

But the sense is, I hope, sufficiently clear when thus expressed.

'Is nought then left us?—must e'en hope expire?

Say, is all o'er life's toilsome passage trod?

Behold above our head yon worlds of fire—

Above those worlds, their maker—and our God!'

Apologizing for trespassing so largely on your columns, particularly as the whole subject may be deemed quite unimportant to every one but myself, I will here terminate an exceedingly disagreeable and ungracious task.

I remain, &c.,

W. H. L.

FOREIGN NOTICES.

THE ITALIAN UNIVERSITIES.

LITTLE seems to be known in this country respecting the present state of the Italian Universities, or the spirit which actuates the study of jurisprudence in a region, whence the civil law of Europe has derived its leading features. Strange indeed it is, that we should be so ignorant of what is passing in that land, which claims our veneration as having been not only the cradle of European civilization at two distant periods of political convulsion, but the shrine of intellectual advancement to which our forefathers thronged in pursuit of learning and science.

It is not an indifference to the subject on the part of their northern fellow-labourers, which has produced the pervading want of acquaintance with the state of the Universities of Italy, but the isolated situation to which the politics of its governors have reduced it, and the impenetrable barrier which they have raised against its literary connexion with the more enlightened north.—These are the causes why the Italian high schools, which were once the favourite resort of foreign youth, have almost passed into oblivion on this side of the Alps.

Partial, therefore, as the subsequent details may prove, they will have their use, by enabling the reader to conjecture what the state of human knowledge, and particularly of legal science, must be in a country where such narrow land-marks determine the paths of either.

There are three universities in the Roman states; those of Rome, Bologna, and Perugia,—the last of which scarcely deserves the name.

Rome.—The lectures delivered in the 'Arcigymnasium della Sapienza' at Rome, consists of courses of moral philosophy, and the elements of natural and inter-national law; the institutes of canon law; canon law, its prelegomena and sources; the institutes of civil law; civil law, ordinary and statutory; criminal law; law of medicine, and medical police; surgical jurisprudence.

No other history is taught but that of the church, from the times of Charlemagne to the first Lateran council; and Roman history, of which courses are given by a professor and a lecturer.

There is no chair whatever for the political sciences.

The pupils in all the faculties are required to attend the course of sacred natural history, in which the works of God, during the third and fourth days of the Creation, as narrated by Moses, are illustrated by chemical and physical experiments*. A gold medal and two silver ones are conferred upon those pupils, who evince, at the examination, that they have reaped the most fruit from these lectures.

Lectures are not delivered during more than one hundred and thirty-seven days in the year.

Bologna.—The subjects of the lectures delivered in this university, are archaeology; natural and international law; civil law, its institutes and notarial practice; criminal law; institutes of the canon law; eloquence and poetry; the sacred canons (*i sacri canon*); public economy, and Latin and Oriental languages.

Neither history nor the political sciences are taught at this university. The courses of archaeology, eloquence, and poetry, as well as those of the languages, are considered as belonging to the faculty of law! There is no faculty of letters: and the whole number of days on which lectures are given, does not exceed one hundred and twenty-one.

Pisa, in Tuscany.—In this university the lectures extend to canon law; rites, in explanation of those points of the canon law which affect promises of marriage (*sponsalia*) and marriage itself; institutes of canon law; institutes of civil law; criminal law; the pandects; logic and metaphysics; Greek and Latin literature; and Italian eloquence. The last three courses are comprised in the faculty of law, as there is no faculty of letters. The only branch of history which is taught is the annals of the church, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century; nor are any political sciences whatever taught here. The session begins on the 11th of November, and terminates in the first days of June.

Padua, in the kingdom of Lombardy and Venice.—This territory comprises the two universities of Padua and Pavia, the course of instruction pursued in both being precisely similar. The lectures comprehend an encyclopædical introduction to the study of law and the political sciences, (of which the text-book† is 'Jus Naturæ Privatum,' Vienna, 1819;) general statistics of the European States, and special statistics of the Austrian monarchy; agriculture, (text-book, 'Gli Elementi d'Agricoltura,' Venice, 1806;) public law of nature, (in conformity with C. A. de Martini's 'Positiones de Jure Civitatis in usum auditorii Vindobonensis,' Vindobonæ, 1773;) criminal law, (as taught by the Austrian 'Code of Offences,') a course which is only given during the last two months of the first year; Roman law and statutory law, (conformably with 'Heineccii elementa Juris Civilis secundum ordinem institutionum et pandectarum;') ecclesiastical law, (agreeably to G. Rechberger's 'Enchiridion Juris Ecclesiastici Austriaci, 2 vols. Lincii, 1819;) feudal law, a course confined to the last two months of the first year; Austrian civil law, in juxtaposition with French civil law, as derived from the text of the codes of both countries; commercial law, founded on the science of commerce and the laws relating to the bills of exchange, (the text book is A. Meneghelli's 'Treatise on the Commercial Code of the late kingdom of Italy Milan, 1808, and the government laws now in force;) maritime and navigation law, (using

* As each year's course is confined to two of the days of the Creation, the student must pursue the study of sacred natural history during a period of three years!

† The professors in the Austrian universities are obliged to adapt their courses to a manual which the executive prescribes; and these manuals are usually one and the same throughout those establishments. The courses, where no mention is made of a manual, are regulated by the professor's own judgment.

the preceding work of Meneghelli, and the public edict of the 5th of April, 1774, in reference to the commercial navigation of Austria;) science of police; and juridical proceedings, notarial proceedings, &c., with practical exercises, (conformably with the 'General Regulations for Civil Proceedings'.)

All law students are required to attend the courses of the faculty of philosophy, which last three years, and amongst which 'Universal History' is taught, according to Bossuet's Digest.

The studies of the faculty of law are disseminated through an interval of four years; and those who are designed for the profession of notaries, are expected to attend certain of the lectures in that faculty for two years.

THE DRAMA.

THE theatrical novelties of the past week have been, at Drury-Lane, a tragedy called 'Caswallon, or the Briton Chief,' the production of the Rev. Mr. Walker, author of 'Wallace.' We have no space for a detail of the plot. The character of the piece is melo-dramatic: its merits lie chiefly in the situations, the dialogue being little poetical, and rather tedious and vapouring. Its success, which was complete, must be attributed to the excellent acting of Mr. Young and Miss Phillips, the first of whom made a very indifferent part exceedingly effective; the last astonishing the audience by her pure style of declamation, and her beautiful and commanding attitudes. At Covent Garden, an opera called 'The Nymph of the Grotto, or the Daughters of the Vow,' has been produced, which secured unqualified approbation on account of the number of rather pleasing ballads introduced in the several parts of Madame Vestris, Miss Cawse, and Mr. Wood. Miss Jarman has to personate the nymph, *alias* the Daughter. Her woes respect the concealment of her sex. She falls in love, but being too religious to perjure herself, the usual machinery is set at work to get her out of the dilemma. Miss Jarman's acting, which was certainly very modest and natural, has so much pleased the correspondent of a Morning Paper, that he deems it fit to encourage her by the publication of an epigram, in which (has the man an ear?) her name is made to rhyme with, and turned into, *charmante*! The literary merit of this piece is less than that of 'Caswallon'; but ballads and Madam Vestris, like the Bourbons in Beranger's song, are *regnent toujours*.

THE COLOSSEUM.

We yesterday visited this magnificent and, as being the project of an individual, stupendous undertaking. As it is now in almost every respect incomplete, we shall not attempt a detailed description of its different parts, reserving ourselves till the last touch of the last artificer has been given it. The room for the reception of works of art, which will be admirably adapted to its object, is nearly circular, and in the centre is a small inclosure, called 'the ascending room,' in which, we suppose, the visitors will be raised by machinery to the higher parts of the building, and conveyed to the gallery answering to that above the dome of St. Paul's, and afterwards to the height of the ball and cross, (for, be it known, that an actual model of the cathedral occupies the centre of the Colosseum,) from whence are seen all the wide ramifications of this busy capital, the upward and the downward windings of its venerable river, and a circuit of surrounding country, the nearest point of whose verge must at least be distant twenty miles. The season is summer: it is market-day in Smithfield: the scaffolding is not yet taken down from before the façade of the New Post-Office; some bricklayers are repairing a stack of chimneys on a house top: Ludgate-hill and Fleet-street are crowded with vehicles and foot-passengers: states are stretched across the western avenue to Newgate Market, and their shadow falls upon the northern wall: and there is the sign of Howard and Co. in St. Paul's Churchyard:—these are selected as instances of the minuteness and animation of the picture. It was forgetful of us not to observe from any one of the multitude of steeples what o'clock it was. Coming out from the main entrance you go to the right of the building, and through a passage with anti-rooms, arrive at the intended library, a long and lofty apartment looking into a spacious quadrangle which as yet contains nothing but workmen. Returning then, and entering by the south lodge, you reach the conservatory; and, leaving on your right an apartment inscribed 'Intended Aviary,' perambulate a curved walk, arched

over with glass, and widening ever and anon into a circular space, which contains, among the fairest and the foulest productions of earth's womb, the *opuntia spinosissima*, bristling with ten thousand spears. This done, you are duly prepared, by the intervention of a dark, *quasi* subterraneous, passage, for a suite of rooms entitled the Swiss Cottage, grotesquely shaped and rustically furnished; in each of which, during summer, you will be able to luxuriate in the refreshing coolness of grotto and cascade; and in the first of which, during the prevalence of the present or any similar frost, you may derive no little comfort from a large coke fire, which sends up its small blue flames from the spacious hearth. Such is an epitome of what is now to be seen, but only half of what the completed plan will embrace.

This is a great and wonderful production. What it indicates as a sign of the times, we will elsewhere discuss. Ours is an age of luxury; but let us hope that luxury for once may not be the herald of decay. The mere artist is effeminate; the mere man of science, a recluse; and the scholastic, a pedant; but when science and literature are well proportioned and combined by the fusion of nature, do they not form the proper condition of society? We heartily wish the success of Mr. Horner complete, and that when through perils as numerous as those in the Apostolic list, and after having been in jeopardy of every kind every hour, he has put the last touch to his astonishing work, he may have nothing to do but rest from his labours, and enjoy the rich fruits of the paradise he has created. The Colosseum is an achievement for which every one will thank him—not in word but in deed—except, perhaps, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, with whom the fine day does not, as with Mr. Horner's exhibition, last all the year, and who will consequently find their monopoly irreparably invaded.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'—*Comus*.

I.—ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—*Genesis*.

1.—ANIMAL CHEMISTRY.

Indestructibility of Hair.—Mr. Rice informs us, that when on duty at Sheerness dock-yard, he collected several specimens of wood taken from old ships which had been dug out in the progress of the works carrying on there; and among them he found a piece of oak plank, with some hair adhering to its edge, which had apparently been used as the caulking material when the ship whence the plank was taken had been built. Upon inquiry, he was told by Mr. Knowles, of the Navy Office, that the ships in question had been laid aground in the time of Charles II., and subsequently, some as break-waters, and others as houses for artificers. It appears also from his work on the preservation of the navy, that *hair* had been long used for caulking, and was not discontinued till about 1791. The fact proves the indestructibility of hair; for any other animal substance could not have resisted the chemical agency of water, &c.

2.—ANIMAL ANTIQUITIES.

Professor Buckland probably mistaken.—There are few readers who may not recollect the sensation produced by the discovery, a few years ago, of a collection of the bones of hyenas, rhinoceroses, &c. in a cave at Kirkdale, in Yorkshire. Similar caves, containing bones, have also been discovered on the continent, and recently one near Maidstone, in Kent. Professor Buckland, in his 'Reliquiæ Diluvianæ,' has framed an ingenious hypothesis, tracing the deposition of these bones in the caves to a period anterior to the deluge of Noah, hyenas having, according to him, made these caves their dens.

Mr. J. Ranking has just published, in 'Brande's Journal,' some learned investigations, tending to show that Professor Buckland's conjectures are wrong, the bones in question being more probably the remains of the wild animals exhibited in the Roman amphitheatres, in the vicinity of those caves. Some of Mr. Ranking's references and quotations are very interesting, and merit further inquiry, but in the present state of the discussion we shall not take it upon us to decide for either party; Professor Buckland will, no doubt, take up the subject thoroughly, in the second volume of the 'Reliquiæ,' which he has just announced.

Mr. Ranking thinks he can also trace the recent origin of the remains of elephants and mammoths,

found in Behring's Straits, to animals belonging to Turks, Moguls, or Chinese, whose capitals are on the banks of large rivers, discharging their waters into the Arctic and Pacific oceans. We think this still more probable than his Roman conjectures; but he does not enter at all into the comparative anatomy, which may bring fatal objections to his views.

3.—ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

Fishes peculiar to certain Lakes.—Several travellers confirm the account given by Josephus, (*Antiq. iii. 18, and De Bello Jud., &c.*) that the fishes of the Lake of Genesareth are peculiar to it. Hasselquist says, 'I thought it remarkable, that the same kind of fish should here be met with as in the Nile; such as char-muth, silurus, boenni, nulsil, and sparus galileus.' Josephus says, that some consider the fountain of Capernaum as a vein of the Nile, because it brings forth fishes resembling the coracinus of the Alexandrine Lake.

4.—ANIMAL AGRICULTURE.

Hay-making Marmots.—It is said, that marmots, in the strictest sense, make hay: that they bite off the grass, turn it, and dry it in the sun. It is further reported, that they use an old she marmot as a cart, and that she lies on her back, till the hay is heaped on her belly, and two others drag her home.—*Med. Gazette*.

We have seldom met with a story which more palpably betrays credulity than this. We cannot, indeed, disprove the account by positive evidence to the contrary; but the very facts stated exhibit, from internal evidence, great exaggeration, if not improbability.

5.—ANIMAL MECHANICS.

The Nut-hatch.—The nut-hatch, (*Sitta Europæa*), by means of his strong beak, penetrates with facility the shells of nuts, and extracts the kernel, and when he is at work, his tapping may be heard at the distance of a furlong. A nut-hatch, having been wounded and caught, was placed in a cage, and during a night and day which his confinement lasted, his tapping was incessant. In that short space, he rendered the wood-work of his prison like worm-eaten timber, quite pierced and shattered. His hammering was peculiarly laborious, for he did not peck as other birds do, but grasping his hold with his immense feet, he turned upon them as upon a pivot, and struck with the whole weight of his body, thus assuming the appearance with his entire form of the head of a hammer, or similar to birds which may sometimes be seen on Dutch clocks, made to strike the hour by swinging on a wheel.—*Mag. of Nat. Hist.*

6.—ZOO-PHYTOLOGY.

Coral Polypt.—MM. Quoy and Gaimard, the Naturalists of the *Astrolabe*, in her late voyage of discovery, paid considerable attention to the habits of the numerous polypti inhabiting corals and corallines, and have thrown some light on their history. They always found, on examining with attention, that the polypti protruded only a very little their lamellar and fringed tetacula (*les étoiles lamelleuses et découpées*) from their abode, a circumstance which gives them a very peculiar appearance. In some milleporæ, the animals are very obvious, though in others they cannot be seen; but on passing the hands along the surface, the touch does not indicate the feeling of an immediately stony basis. In some no organic substance can be perceived, the surface being rough and dry as the most arid limestone; but in others, such as the *sek's-horn*, though similarly rough and dry, very minute polypti can be detected burrowing in the stony matter. It may be remarked that touching the polypus produces the same stinging sensation, followed by redness, as that produced by certain medusæ, which has obtained for them the name of sea-nettles. The sting of the polypti, it would appear, is produced by some acrid fluid, for it is communicable from the hands to any other part of the skin.

MM. Quoy and Gaimard could find no trace of animation in the substances called nullipora by Lamarck from their exhibiting no perceptible pores. They profess entire ignorance of their manner of growth.

Corals and corallines of recent formation are much more porous and fragile than when of some age, because the interstices in the former case have not been filled up, and even the parts which have been formed require exposure to the air to consolidate and harden them.

No polypti appear to possess, as has by some been supposed, life or animation in common. If they did, they would enjoy, as M. Lamarck shrewdly observes, qualities repugnant to the nature of every known animal, namely, the faculty of never dying. The stars and rosettes of the polypti, therefore, however nume-

rous, and however closely contiguous, have no mutual communication, nor continuity of substance, the only evidence indeed of which is the instantaneous and simultaneous retreat of the polypi into their cells, when accidentally disturbed.

It has been supposed by some naturalists, and is universally believed by the negroes, that fish are rendered poisonous by feeding on the coral polypi; but MM. Quoy and Gaimard argue that the flat obtuse nose of fishes cannot possibly detach the polypi from their encasements. In the instance of fish which have jaws strong enough to break coral, such as the diodon cæruleus, whose stomach they found filled with fragments of madreporæ, no nation is known to eat them. In the Marianes they are looked upon with disgust.

7.—ENTOMOLOGY.

Eyes of the Whirl-Wig.—One of the most striking instances of providential wisdom with which we are acquainted occurs in a species of pretty little water-bettles, which, during the summer months, may be seen on the surface of every pool weaving eccentric dances.

'Cycle and epicycle, multiplex and mixed,'

and twinkling their polished corselets in the sun. If their sports are intruded upon, however, by any one approaching them, they dive with the rapidity of lightning, and retreat to the bottom of the water. Their great quickness of sight is quite surprising, and is to be accounted for by the provision to which we have just alluded, and shall now explain.

Land animals see indifferently under water, and aquatic animals imperfectly in air; and an animal with an eye equally fitted for seeing in water and in air, can have, on account of the great difference of the mediums, but imperfect vision in either. The insect above-mentioned, the whirl-wig, (*Gyrinus natator*), to obviate this difficulty, is furnished with two sets of eyes, one pair being placed on the crown of the head for seeing in air, and another pair under the head for seeing in water. As it swims half submerged, the latter pair must be very useful in warning the insect of approaching danger from fishes, &c. below.

8.—CRUSTACEOLOGY.

Land Crabs.—In the forests of Guam, more than a mile from the shore, MM. Quoy and Gaimard found a very large species of pagura, with violet claws, lodged in the shells of buccina, and covered with an earthy crust, which appears to be their constant abode. Some of these pagura had the faculty of emitting a sort of froth when they were irritated. They were attracted by light; for one night, when encamped on shore, the sailors lighted a fire, and a large pagura came towards it from a considerable distance, and became the victim of his curiosity, being cooked in his own house, and afterwards devoured.

It appears that there are two divisions of this tribe, one living on land, the other in water; the marine species being distinguished by rounded eyes set upon the extremities of long cylindrical peduncles. The land species on the approach of danger always retreat either into accidental crevices or holes, or preferably under the roots, or into the hollow trunks of trees, never, or at least rarely, into the sea, though it be near them.

9.—ICHTHYOLOGY.

Artificial Propagation of Herrings.—Dr. Franklin having observed in New England, that the herrings ascended from the sea into one river of the country, while a single individual was never seen in some of the other rivers, though nearly contiguous, he procured the leaves of some plants on which the herrings had deposited their spawn, and conveyed them to the waters which were not visited by the fish. The success of this experiment surpassed his expectations, the spawn was completely productive, and the following year the river was filled with a numerous shoal of herrings, and, since that period, has been regularly visited by them every year.

Fish Spawn transported by Beetles.—A large water beetle (*Hydrophilus picea*?) feeds, it is said, upon the spawn of fishes, and as it takes wing during the night, it is not improbable that it may be the means of voiding some of the spawn which it has swallowed in an undigested state into ponds and lakes at a distance. It is reported, indeed, that fish have been actually bred from the spawn extorted from the beetle when caught.

10.—ORNITHOLOGY.

The Heather-blower of the Scotch.—This is the common bittern, miredrum, or marsh-boomer (*Ardea stellaris*, Linn.), and the sound of the bird is so very common, that every child is familiar with it, though the birds, from being shy, are not often seen. The poet, Thompson, seems to have had a very erroneous

notion of the manner in which the bird produces the noise, when he says—

'So that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill engulfed,
To shake the sounding marsh.'—*Seasons.*

On the contrary, we have repeatedly remarked, that the bittern usually booms while flying high in the air. Its lofty spiral flight, indeed, is a matter of common remark.

'Swift as the bittern soars on spiral wing.'—*Southey.*

Southey seems to be well acquainted with the boom of the bittern.

'At evening o'er the swampy plain,
The bittern's boom came far.'—*Thalaba.*

11.—MAZOLOGY.

Toed Horses.—M. Bredin, Director of the royal veterinary school at Lyons, has in his museum the hoofs of a horse containing on the right fore-part three toes, and on the left, four. Another chiropodian, or polydactylous, horse is in the museum of the veterinary school of Alfort. In the latter, there are but two toes on each foot.

Suetonius and Plutarch mention a similar horse, with toes, in the days of Julius Cæsar; and the haruspices decided that it promised him the empire of the world.

Two species of Giraffe.—The distinguished French naturalist, M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, is of opinion that there are two species of the giraffe: one a native of the Cape of Good Hope, another of Nubia, differing in the form of the head, the distribution of spots on the skin, and also in size.

Bats in January.—The common bat, or flitter-mouse (*Vespertilio murina*) sometimes flits about on fine evenings, though the crepuscular moths which are its favourite prey, are still scarce, and it must often, we should suppose, hawk for a whole evening, without taking one. We once caught a bat, which did not refuse any sort of insect, grubs not excepted, and, perhaps, those bats which appear so early as January have other prey besides moths to pursue.—*Companion to the Almanac.*

12.—ANTHROPOLOGY.

Singular Fancies of Hypochondriacs, &c.—The celebrated Pascal believed one of his sides to be glass, and on the same side he always imagined that he saw a precipice yawning beneath him. M. Malebranche tells us of a woman who had seen a criminal broken on the wheel while pregnant, and her child, when born, was found to have all its limbs broken, like the criminal. Lavater, the physiognomist, mentions a similar instance of a pregnant woman, who having seen a criminal have his hand struck off, bore a girl without a hand. A man, as ugly and deformed as Æsop, is reported to have had a family of very fine children by filling his house with good pictures.—*Dictionnaire Infernal.*

Singular Woman at Marseilles.—M. Robert, physician to the Lazaretto at Marseilles, has just transmitted to the Académie Royale at Paris, an account of a woman who, besides the ordinary mammae, has one *à la cuisine*, so perfectly organised, that it has served to nurse several children; a fact as extraordinary as it appears to be well authenticated.—*Baron Cuvier, Analyse des Travaux, &c.*

II.—NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

'The meanest flow'et of the vale,
The simplest sound that swells the gale,
The common sun—the air—the skies—
To him are opening Paradise.' GRAY.

1.—VEGETABLE MECHANICS.

New Sensitive Plant of Australia.—Several species of stylidium, particularly stylidium graminifolia, possess a singular irritability of the column bending over the reflexed lip of the corolla, between the two upright appendices. When slightly touched near the base, the column suddenly springs up, carrying the anthers and stigma with a quick jerk over to the opposite side of the flower. If left quiet for a short time, it gradually resumes its former position, but is ready to spring again when exposed to any sudden irritation, though when irritated too frequently, the force of each successive spring becomes diminished. The use of this mechanism is probably connected with the dispersion of the pollen for the fertilization of the anthers.—*New South Wales Journal.*

2.—VEGETABLE GEOGRAPHY.

Plants of the Polar and Temperate Regions.—Immediately on having descended from the line of perpetual snow, we find nature indicating her care of the forests by producing on the dreary mountains of Lapland, a species of birch and of willow, though the cold be still so intense as to permit the former to put forth only three leaves from the bud by the end of June, which,

in a few weeks more, have fallen and withered. Yet, by this feeble effort of vegetation, life is sustained, and the acclivities of the snowy dofrines are covered by a miniature forest of dwarf birch, (*betula nana*), a beautiful little shrub, not uncommon on some of our British mountains. As we descend into more genial, though still severe climates, we meet successively, though not always on the same meridian, with belts of Scots fir, spruce fir, larch, and other species of pine, which form a broad zone of cone-bearing trees, covering the north of the world, and fringing the domes of snow which mantle the polar regions. Interspersed with the pines, and increasing in numbers and size towards the southern skirt, many species of hard wood or deciduous trees occur. The hazel, the birch, the mountain ash, the alder, the aspen, the sycamore, the ash, the lime, and others, are met with, till, by-and-by, the oak becomes the sovereign tree of the forest. This noble plant reigns over a broad territory, having first appeared as far north as Drontheim in Norway, and finding Europe almost too narrow for its southern extension. But its proper clime is the central region of Europe, whence the great rivers divide to pursue opposite courses to the Mediterranean and Black Sea on the one hand, and the Atlantic, the North Sea, and the Baltic on the other. Along with the oak, the beech, especially in chalk countries, the elm, the maple, the poplars, and many other trees occur, diversifying the landscape; while pines, seeking a colder climate, have betaken themselves to the mountains.

3.—GEOLOGY.

Submergence of the Continents.—M. Constant Prevost has just published an interesting memoir on the geological question, whether our continents have been submerged oftener than once. He attempts to prove that there does not exist, under alluvial formations, any beds or strata which can be regarded as having formed the surface of an ancient continent, covered for a considerable time with land vegetables, and inhabited by land animals, before it was enveloped in marine deposits. The debris of vegetables and of land animals, sometimes found in vertical positions, in sandstone, in diluvial strata, or in caverns, he supposes to be wholly accidental, and originating in the sea invading a country previously inhabited. He thence proceeds to explain the formation of the basins of London, Paris, and the Isle of Wight, according to the following series of epoques:

1. A deep tranquil sea deposited the two varieties of chalk which compose the bottom and the sides of the great tertiary basins.

2. Then, by the ocean becoming shallower, the great basin would be formed into a gulf in which chalk-breccias and plastic clay would be deposited and covered by the marine remains of the first coarse limestone.

3. The deposition was next interrupted by some commotion, which sensibly broke and displaced the strata. The basin then became a salt water lake, traversed by copious streams of water flowing alternately from the sea and from the continents, and producing a mixture presenting the second course, limestone, silicious limestone, and gypsum.

4. A large volume of fresh water, charged with clay and marl burst into the basin forming in the middle a deposit of marine bivalve shells, the basin becoming a lake of brackish water.

5. The lake now ceased to communicate with the ocean, the level of the waters going on to decrease, and the muddy deposits from the continental waters continuing.

6. The ocean burst in accidentally, whence beds of sand and the upper marine sandstone were deposited; and soon after, the basin being drained, contained only fresh water, of little depth. There was now much less influx of water; animals and vegetables made their appearance; and mill-stone grit and fresh-water limestone were deposited.

7. The succession of these different epoques was terminated by the discursive cataclysm.

4.—MINERALOGY.

Washing of Gold.—The art of washing gold was practised on the Rhine from early antiquity up to 1824, when it ceased near Basil; but a few continue to be employed in the environs of Lahr, as at Wittenweir there are three; at Nonnenweir fourteen, &c. The gold is found in a coarse alluvial deposit, and sometimes forms a coating on the pebbles. The banks containing the gold are usually about 100 paces in length. They are usually on the margin of the river, and rarely in the islands. The banks of pebbles containing the gold are covered with pebbles and vegetable earth.—*Zeitschrift für Mineral. Jahn, p. 533.*

5.—OROGRAPHY.

Mount Sorata.—From the observations of Mr. Pentland, alluded to in a recent 'Athenæum,' it appeared that the Nevado de Sorata is the highest mountain in America. The following is a more particular account. This mountain is situated towards the northern prolongation of the eastern Cordillera, and almost in the centre of a group of snow-covered peaks. Its latitude is 15° 30' S., and is to the east of the large village of Sorata, inhabited by native Peruvians. Mr. Pentland has determined its height to be 25,000 feet, by means of trigonometrical observations taken on the shores of the lake Titicaca, compared with the usual limits of perpetual snow in this climate, namely, 17,100 feet.

It is composed of transition slate in which porphyritic syenite abounds, traversed by auriferous veins, from which particles of gold are washed down into the streams which run into the Rio Beni, that runs through the celebrated El Dorado.

Mr. Pentland announces that he will publish in a few months the detail of his observations upon this and the other mountains of the Andes, as well as his researches into the history, antiquities, geography, and natural history of Bolivia, or Upper Peru. — *Annales des Sciences*, xiv. 299.

6.—NEPHEOLOGY.

Arched Clouds.—Mr. G. Harvey, of Plymouth, has published a description of a singularly beautiful cloud which he observed towards the end of May last, in which arches nearly complete, and diverging in some measure from a common centre, spanned the horizon almost like rainbows. A modification of that form of wane cloud, called *Windreels* by the peasants in Kent, corresponding exactly to the description of the Plymouth clouds, was observed on the 22d of May last, by Mr. J. Rennie, at Blackheath, and has been described and figured by him in 'The Magazine of Natural History,' No. V. It is a pity Mr. Harvey does not mention the precise day on which he observed the Plymouth cloud, as if it were on the same day we might infer that the arch extended from Plymouth to Blackheath, if not farther.

7.—METEOROLOGY.

Supposed Change of Climate.—Professor Schouw, of Copenhagen, has argued plausibly against the opinion that certain climates have changed in the lapse of ages. The date tree, for instance, he says, requires a mean temperature of 78° Fahr. to bring its fruit to perfection; and it is successfully cultivated in Palestine now as it was in the earliest times, of which he gives interesting notices. Jericho was called Palm Town; and Deborah's palm tree was mentioned between Rama and Bethel. Pliny mentions the palm tree as being frequent in Judea, and chiefly in Jericho. Tacitus, Josephus, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, and Theophrastus, all speak of woods of palm trees there; and on the Hebrew coins, date trees are by no means rare, and are easily recognised by their fruit. — *Oken's Isis*.

8.—BOTANY.

Flora Virgiliana.—Sprengel of Halle, and Martin of London, have endeavoured to ascertain the identity of the plants mentioned by Virgil; and, more recently, M. Fée of Paris was employed upon the same subject by the editor of the Latin Classics; but Signor Tenore, of Naples, has not only had the advantage of their remarks, but has travelled over Italy with his Virgil in his hand, and has just published the result in a brochure, entitled 'Osservazioni sulla Flora Virgiliana.' He only mentions eleven: 1. The Arundo of Virgil is not necessarily the Arundo Donax, nor the A. Phragmites, as M. Fée decides; for Italy possesses other species of Arundo; 2. The Baccar is not the Valeriana Celtica, as M. Fée thinks, but rather the Asarum; 3. The Cerunthe must be either the Satureja Thymbra or S. Capitata; 4. The Cucumis of the line,

'Cresceret in ventrem,' &c.,

is not the cucumber, but the Cucumis Chate of Linnaeus, a plant originally brought from Egypt by the conquerors of the world. As to the Cucumis Cernuus of Virgil, Sig. Tenore thinks it must be the Melone Vernico of the Italians; 5. The Æsculus is, without doubt, the Quercus Robur, var. Latifolia, and not the Quercus Æsculus, of which the existence in the Flora of Virgil is doubtful; 6. The Hedera Alba is not the Antirrhinum Asarum, a common plant in the south of France, but which is not found in the Neapolitan territories; it must be that variety of Hedera called by Pliny Chrysocarpum; 7. The Hyacinthus is not the Lilium Martagon; it accords better with the Gladiolus Byzantinus; 8. The Oleaster is not the Eleagnus Angustifolia, or Bohemian olive, which never grew spontaneously in Italy, but the wild olive, at present known all over the

south of Italy by the name of Olivastro; 9. The Céræa Pruna belong to the variety named by the Italians Scaldatelle; 10. The Roseta is the cultivated rose; 11. The Viburnum is not the Lantana, but the Viburnum Tinus. — *Bulletin des Sciences*.

Flora Classica.—Dr. J. Billerbeck is publishing, under this title, descriptions of all the plants mentioned in classic authors, with the original passages in which they are mentioned. — *Annonc. Scient. de Götting.*, p. 479.

III.—USEFUL ARTS.

'Every new discovery may be considered as a new species of manufacture, awakening moral industry and sagacity, and employing, as it were, a new capital of mind.'

— *Edinburgh Review*.

I.—CULINARY CHEMISTRY.

To render Meat tender.—The surest and most convenient method of rendering meat or poultry speedily tender, is to wrap it in a cloth to preserve it from dirt, and expose it the preceding evening to a gentle and constant heat, such as the hearth of a fire-place or an oven, some time after the fire has been extinguished. — *Journal des Conn. Usuelles*.

Longevity of the Tortoise.—In the library at Lambeth Palace is the shell of a land-tortoise, brought to that place about the year 1623, which lived in the year 1730, when it was killed by the inclemency of the weather; a labourer in the garden having for a trifling wage dug it up from its winter retreat, and neglected to replace it, a frost, as is supposed, killed it. Another tortoise was placed in the garden of the Episcopal house at Fulham, by Bishop Laud, then Bishop of that see, in the year 1628; this died a natural death, anno 1753-4. What were the ages of these tortoises when placed in the gardens is not known.

Comparative Speed of English and Russian Travelling.—*English*.—The unhappy criminals, upon whom the Recorder presented his late Report, were kept in an uncertainty as to their doom for a night and day after it had been sealed; the sentence of death which was passed at Windsor at half-past eight the one evening, not having reached Newgate until half-past five on the next day;—a journey of twenty-one miles performed in twenty-one hours, or at the rate of one mile per hour. — *Russian*.—The intelligence of the death of Alexander reached St. Petersburg from Taganrog, and was there deliberated upon by the senate, Constantine proclaimed, and the news returned to Teflie, in Georgia; in the market-place of which the proclamation was publicly read on the twentieth day from that of his death, a distance, in all, of two thousand two hundred miles, (taken in a direct line, and including all delays and detentions,) traversed in nineteen days; being at the rate of one hundred and sixteen miles per day, or about five miles per hour. — *Moral*.—The comparative importance of the deaths of great men and small, is in the ratio of five to one in favour of the former.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

- Annual Obituary and Biography, vol. 13, for 1829, 8vo. 15s.
Home's Comparative Anatomy, vols. 5 and 6, demy 4to., 4l. 4s.
Woollrych's Commercial and Mercantile Law, 18s.
Gift of an Uncle, royal 18mo., 2nd edition, 3s.
Wood's Account of Sessional Schools, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Sermons by the Rev. Thomas Brown, D. D., 8vo., 9s.
Barr's Scriptural Student's Assistant, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
The Annual Peerage for 1829, 1l. 8s.
Turner's Modern History of England, pt. 2, 4to., 2l. 8s.
London's Magazine of Natural History, Vol. 1, 8vo., 18s.
Narrative of the Peninsular War, by Gen. the Marquis of Londonderry, 3d edition, 2 vols., 8vo., with Map, &c. 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Ball, or a Glance at Almacks in 1829, 1 vol., post 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Twelve Years' Military Adventure, 2 vols., 8vo., 1l. 4s.
Mr. Stephen's Comments, 8vo., vols. 13 and 14, 10s.
Bentley's Justification, abridged by the Rev. T. Jones, 3s.
Visits to the Religious World, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Fate of Graysdale, 2 vols., 12mo., 14s.
Vincent's Explicatory Catechism, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
The Domestic Visitor, vol. 1, 1828, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Hood's Analytical Physiology, 2d edition, 8vo., 7s. 6d.
An Enquiry, 'What is the one true Faith?' 8vo., 12s.
Baxter on the Knowledge of Ourselves, with an Essay. By the Rev. Dr. Young, 12mo., 4s.
Imperial Remembrance, on a sheet of drawing Atlas, 3s. 6d.
Rev. J. Slade's Twenty-one Prayers for the Sick, composed from the Psalms, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Walsh's Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England, post 8vo., 3d edition, 12s.
Cullen's Practice of Physic, new edition, with Notes, by Drs. Cullen and Gregory, 2 vols., 8vo., 24s.
Barker's Cicero's Catiline Conspiracy, with Notes, &c., 12mo., 5s.
Marshall on Classification of Shipping, 8vo., 6s. 6d.
Thomson's Explanation of the Bible, 18mo., 2s.
Select Letters of the late W. Roman, 32mo., 2s. 6d.
A Help to the Private and Domestic Reading of the Holy Scriptures, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
A Plain and Short History of England for Children, with Questions, by the Editor of the Cottager's Monthly Visitor, 2s. 6d.

- Sandford and Merton, 1 vol. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Noel's German Exercises, 12mo. 6th edit., 8s.
Palmer's Evidences, 1 vol. 8vo., new edit., 7s.
Reginald Trevor, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.
The Pool of Quality, edited by the Rev. J. Wesley, new edit., 2 vols. 34mo., wood-cut, 6s.
The London Greek Grammar, on the Model of the London Latin Grammar, 12mo., 5s. 6d.
Auto-biography, vol. 23, containing the Diary of the late George Bubb Dodington, 18mo.
The New Scots Magazine, No. 11.
The Country Album, with 400 wood-engravings, 5s. 6d.
Last of the Plantagenets, 8vo. 12s.
The Media of Euripides, with English Notes. By J. R. Major, 8s.
Ridge's Introduction to Perspective, roy. 8vo. 8s.
Memoirs of Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 10s.
The Modern Martyr, by the author of 'The Evangelical Rambler,' 3 vols. 12mo. 10s.
Burder's Supplement, 32mo. 39th edition, 1s. 6d.
James's Christian Fellowship, 3d edition, 18mo. 3s.
Spirit and Manners of the Age, vol. 1. New Series, 8vo. 11s. 6d.
Selections from the Works of Taylor, Hooker, Barrow, &c. &c. By Basil Montagu, 3d edition, post 8vo.
A Third Edition of the Romance of History, by Henry Neele.

In a few days will be published

- Restalrig or the Forfeiture, by the author of 'St. Johnstoun.' A second Edition, much enlarged, of a Defence of the Baptists, by George Gibbs.
The Odes of Anacron, on the same plan.
A new edition of Morning and Evening Sacrifice.
The Philoctetes of Sophocles, literally translated into English prose; with the Greek ortho, English accentuation, and metres, by T. W. C. Edwards, M. A.; also, by the same, Greek Extracts, for the use of the Edinburgh Academy.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Jan.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
Mon. 12 35	33 34	29. 72	NE. high	Fair Cl.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 13 34	35	29. 82	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wed. 14 33 1/2	35 1/2	29. 82	Ditto.	Mst. p.m.	Ditto.
Thur. 15 34 1/2	33	29. 68	Ditto.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.
Frid. 17 30	36	29. 41	E.	Frost.	Cum. ditto.
Sat. 17 27	27	29. 45	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cir.-Cirros.
Sun. 18 34 1/2	29 1/2	29. 71	E. to N.E.	Ditto.	Cirrostratus

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week.
Highest temperature at noon, 36°.

Astronomical Observations.

- The Sun and Mercury in sup. conj. on Tuesday, at 5 1/2 h. A.M.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 28° 5' in Sagitt.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 7° 59' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 28° 15' in Capri.
Length of day on Sunday, 8 h. 24 min. Increased, 40 min.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2° 32' plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99509.

UNIVERSITIES and PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

A few Copies of 'EXTRACTS from SELECT NOTICES of these INSTITUTIONS,' are on sale at Messrs. Charles and John Rivington's, 5, Waterloo-place, and St. Paul's Church-yard; and Messrs. Treutzel and Wartz, Treutzel, Jun., and Richter's, 30, Soho-square.

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This unpretending volume contains much valuable matter, carefully digested in small space, and expressed in clear and simple terms.—*Weekly Review*, Aug. 30, 1828.

We can recommend this little book to the attention of tutors, for the simplicity and clearness of its arrangements. The improvements in this edition are worthy of particular notice, and the engraved plates, illustrative of the study of mensuration, will be found to afford considerable facilities to the learner.—*Atlas*, Sept. 7, 1828.

This little volume embodies a mass of instruction in a narrow compass, it offers great facilities for a youth in pursuing the dry study of Arithmetic, than any other book of the class we have met with; it would be an improvement on the title to call it: "Learning made Easy."—*British Traveller*, Nov. 15, 1828.

London: printed for William Joy, 66, St. Paul's Church-yard.

EXTENSION OF THE TRADE TO INDIA, AND OPENING OF THE TRADE TO CHINA.

MR. BUCKINGHAM having formed the determination of visiting personally all the principal Towns in Great Britain, for the purpose of arousing public attention to the importance of opening a Free Trade to every part of the Eastern World, commenced, in the present month of January, with Liverpool, where, according to the testimony of all the Public Papers of that place, his Lectures were attended by the largest and most respectable audiences ever collected together on any similar occasion, and where, at the concluding Lecture, Mr. Buckingham was surrounded, as a mark of honour and approbation, by the principal Merchants and Bankers of Liverpool, when the following Vote of Thanks was moved by the Mayor, Nicholas Robinson, Esq., seconded by one of the leading merchants, James Cropper, Esq., and carried by acclamation:

'That the cordial Thanks of this Meeting be presented to Mr. Buckingham, for his exertions in exposing the injurious effects consequent on a continuance of the Monopoly of the East India Company: and that this Meeting cannot permit Mr. Buckingham to leave Liverpool, without expressing their best wishes for his success in the towns he is about to visit.'

Mr. Buckingham followed up these Lectures by a subscription of 100l., which has been paid by him to Mr. James Cropper, Mr. John Ewart, and Mr. William Rathbone, of Liverpool, as the commencement of a General Fund to be raised for the purpose of promoting, by all legal and constitutional means, the great object of extending our commercial relations with every part of the Eastern World.

The proceedings at Liverpool were terminated by the following Requisition to the Mayor:

To the Worshipful the Mayor.

Liverpool, 14th January, 1829.

Sir,
We, the undersigned Bankers, Merchants, Free Burgesses, and other Inhabitants of Liverpool, deeply impressed with the importance of extending the commercial relations of this country with his Majesty's dominions in the East Indies, and with China, respectfully request that you will call a Public Meeting for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of removing the restrictions imposed upon commerce by the present Charter of the East India Company; and of prevailing on the Legislature to secure to the public all those benefits which a free commercial intercourse with India and China is capable of affording.

J. Bolton
John Gladstone
James Cropper
Arthur Heywood
Robert Benson
Rich. Leyland
J. A. Yates
Eyre Evans
Geo. Grant
Chas. Lawrence
John Garnett
William Myers
John Ewart
Thomas Case
H. B. Hollinhead
J. T. Alston
C. Taylor
W. Wallace Currie
Henry Booth
Samuel Hope
John Murray
Thomas Ogilvy
Will. Ward
Thos. Tinley
Wm. Stewart
Thos. Tattersall
Jas. Bunnell
Adam Hodgson
R. F. Bred
John Cragg
Charles Shand
Edward Jones
W. Rotherham
W. Potter
John Gordon
C. Lorimer
Gilbert Henderson
John Orr
Benj. Thomas
Samuel Parkes
David Jackson
George Maxwell
T. K. Finlay
Francis Jordan
W. Latham
Hardman Earle
Wellwood Maxwell
Jas. Alkin
Cyrus Morrall
John Dennison
W. Robinson
Thos. Leatham
John Richardson
R. McNeill
John Fletcher

Charles Holland
Samuel Lacon
John Taylor
Thomas Crowder
W. A. Brown
James Brebner
Alex. Smith, Jun.
A. Reiman
Thos. W. Rathbone
Francis Haywood
William Rathbone
George Prevost
Colin Campbell
Thos. Moore
James Phillips
John Bibby
Chas. S. Middleton
Thos. Brocklebank
Robert Preston
Harold Littledale
G. F. Dickson
Edward Rushton
A. T. Patterson
Richd. Bateson
John Frd. Muller
Thomas Davenport
J. B. Sefton
James Powell
James Riton
Charles Hummerston
J. B. Boothby
Henry Whitaker
John Taylor
Wm. Dixon
M. Witherspoon
E. D. Falkner
Roland Edwards
Perrottand Campbell
Robert Whittle
Andrew Leadly
H. Matthie
Duncan Gibb
Nicholas Hurry
J. J. Smith
Richard Vaughan
James Lea
Hugh Duckworth
Thos. Bolton
James Chapman
Haddfield and Glynn
W. Corrie
Thos. Langton
John Marriott
Miles Barton

R. E. Hyde
James Ackers
John Wybergh
William Lowes
David Hodgson
T. B. Barclay
Edward Roscoe
Edward Baines, Jun.
Edward Cropper
Richard V. Yates
Thomas Thornley
John Field, Jun.
Timothy Bourne
John D. Thornley
James Ryley
Francis Boult
John Fearon
Walker, Weatherby
and Co.
John Finch
Thos. Jevons
John Smith
W. F. Porter
Thos. Sneyd
John Bewley
Jas. Mullineux
E. Radcliffe
James Crooke
Henry Crooke
John Owen
Robert Cooke
Richard Griffiths
George Crane
Francis Banks
Josh. T. Hobson
Daniel Willis
John Priestley
Richard Allison
Willis Earle, Jun.
John Welch
Robert Jones
James Leader
Edward Willmer
Thomas C. Porter
W. S. Roscoe
Christopher Bullin
Hugh Jones
Samuel Thompson
Henry Moss
Edward Rogers
John Wright
Thomas Littledale
Jos. C. Ewart
J. G. Duncan

The Mayor, in compliance with the above Requisition, has appointed Wednesday, the 28th of January instant, for the Public Meeting,

[Mr. Buckingham has since visited Manchester, to make arrangements for lecturing in that town early in February. His reception there was most cordial from men of all parties, and a Committee has been formed, consisting of the leading manufacturers and merchants, of the town, to promote the great public object he has in view.]

THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL AND NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE, for January, 1829, price 3s. 6d.

Contents: Address of the Editor—Waterloo before and after the Battle, by an Eye-witness—Twelve Years' Military Adventure—Early Military Career of the Duke of Wellington, in India—The Battle of Assaye—Memoir of Captain Sir William Hoare, Bart.—Military Establishments of France—Sketch of the Storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, by an officer engaged—Memoir of Sir Harry Calvert, Bart.—Siege of Vienna, by the Turks in 1683, and its deliverance by John Sobieski, King of Poland, (translated by Miss Porter)—On the Establishment of Camps of Instruction in the British Army—Naval Tactics—Military Resources of Prussia—MSS. of General Miller—Naval Signals—Scenes of War, by John Malcolm—Sailors and Saints—Emigration—King's Troops in India—Steam Navigation—The American Navy—Russian Army, Reduction of the Moors—Captain Forster's Scientific Voyage—A Chinese Battle—French Deserters—General Orders, Courts Martial, Naval and Military Promotions and Appointments, Distribution of the Army—The Editor's Portfolio, &c., &c.
Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington-street.

On the 1st of January was published, price Three Shillings, No. I. of the

CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

and CELTIC REPERTORY, containing,
1. Introductory Essay.—2. Biography of the late Lloyd Lord Kenyon.—3. Translated Selections from Davydd ap Gwilym a Welsh Poet, the precursor of Chaucer.—4. Observations upon Lord Cawdor's Letter to the Chancellor upon Welsh Jurisprudence.—5. Gaelic Poetry.—6. History, Geographical and Antiquarian, of Llanwnnog Parish, Montgomeryshire; by Gwalter Mechain.—7. Legend (with the music) of Iolo ap Hugh.—8. Mediolanum; by Anserius.—9. Legend of Bala Lake.—10. Medallist History of the Roman Emperor Carausius, born at St. David's.—11. Englynion of the Fifteenth Century, translated by Idrison.—12. Unpublished Manuscript Account of the Civil War in North and South Wales, in the time of Cromwell.—13. Adieu to Wales, (with the music, to the Air of 'Lily Morgan's Delight,' written for the 'Cambrian Quarterly,' by Mrs. Hemans.—14. The Bard's, an Ode, by Miss M. Porter.—15. Celtic Communication from Dan. L. Minors de Kerlesc, Corresponding Member of the Cambrian Institution; translated by the Editor of the 'Cymmrodorion Transactions.'—16. Ode, written near Cader Idris, by the Author of 'The Italians.'—17. Notice of the Denbigh Eisteddfod.—18. Provincial News.
London: published by H. Hughes, 15, St. Martin's-le-grand; and to be had of all other Booksellers.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

MONSIEUR MERLET, Teacher of the French Language at the University, begs to inform the public, that he has now resumed his Evening Classes, at his residence in the city, 9, North-building, Finsbury-circle.

Monsieur Merlet is now publishing a FRENCH GRAMMAR, in Four Parts; consisting of 1. The Pronunciation. Price 3s. 2. The Accidence; containing, among the other matter, a concise table of the regular and irregular verbs. Price 3s. 6d. 3. The Syntax. Price 3s. 6d. And 4. The Appendix, or Dictionary of difficulties. Price 3s. 6d. Each part is complete in itself; and being by means of the illustrations adapted to the age, capacity, and progress of all learners, each may be had separately, or the four parts in one volume, forming a complete French Grammar. Price 10s. 6d.

To be had of Mr. Richardson, 23, Cornhill, and of Mr. Taylor, 39, Upper Gower-street, Bedford-square.

NEW FLUTE MUSIC just published by R. COCKS and Co., 30, Priores-street, Hanover-square.

For the FLUTE and PIANO FORTE: Drossler's 15 Italian Fantasias, in which are introduced 34 elegant Songs and Duets, composed by Rossini, &c. This work is admirably calculated for sister and brother, both parts being obligato; 12 books, each 3s. 6d. Do's 17 Sacred Melodies, 12 books, each 2s. Berbiguier's Fantasia, Op. 69, 4s.; Tulou's Crada Sorte, 4s.; Dittio's celebrated March in Mose in Egitto, for two Flutes and Piano-forte, 3s.; Forde's 12 Trios for ditto, each 2s. and 4s.—FLUTE SOLOS: Mozart's Operas of Figaro, La Clemenza, and Così fan Tutti, by Saust, 3s.; Weiss' 15 Tyrolean Melodies, 3s.; Cabinet, 6 books, each 3s.; Drossler's Beauties, 12 books, each 3s.; Dittio's celebrated Preceptor for the Flute, 9s.; Dittio's Flutist's Daily Companion, 6s.; Dittio's 27 Melodies for one or two Flutes, Op. 70, 4s.; James's Flutist's Catechism, 1s.

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London: Printed and Published every Wednesday morning, by WILLIAM LAWER, at the Office, No. 4, Wellington-street, Strand.

THE ATHENÆUM.

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 66.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1829.

Price 8d.

ON THE USE OF THE COLD SEASON TO FASHIONABLE NOVELISTS.

I TAKE it for granted that the modern novelists, however they may differ in other respects, are all alike in this one, that they entirely dispense with what is usually called *creative power*, as quite unnecessary in the fabrication of their works. I assume this, because it has been their boast, and I firmly believe it is a true boast, that they describe nothing but what they have seen. Some may describe accurately, some carelessly; and they undoubtedly beheld the objects which they describe from different points of view. In painting a dinner-scene, for instance, a few of them labour under the disadvantage of sitting upon chairs of the same height with those upon which the different figures in their group are sitting, and of being engaged in the same operation with them, while the majority occupy a more commanding station behind those chairs, and survey the process which is going forward with disinterested indifference. But neither of them attempt to describe dinners at which they have not assisted in one or other of these two capacities.

I take it for granted, also, that of late the Hippocrene of this gentleman has run rather drouthy, and that there is but little chance of the scenes and characters of fashionable life lasting another season. I draw this melancholy inference, first, from general principles; and, secondly, from my observation of the more recent novels. Among all the more shrewd and intelligent of these writers, there is an evident feeling that they must, in future, look abroad for their materials. For some time, they contrived to eke them out by one after another declaring that his predecessor knew nothing whatever about the life which he attempted to describe, and, consequently, that it must be described again. This was a good joke at first. The notion of revisiting Almack's, after the public had been fairly put to sleep by the former visit, was a courageous, and therefore a successful one; but it would not do again. The public wants story books, not books of controversy; and it will rather take up with false opinions about Willis's, than be insulted by being told that the reports which it had relied on as gospel were false and heretical. This contrivance having failed, there is no other resource but abandoning the well-worked mine; and this step our friends seem to be resolved on. The author of 'Pelham' is gone out among the gypsies, and Lord Normanby attempts to describe the middling class; and, though it must be owned that the clumsiest of 'nature's journeymen' never made more abominable mockeries of humanity than the personages which these clever writers have produced, we may fairly ascribe this to their want of practice, and take their good disposition as an earnest of better things.

We think, therefore, we shall be performing a real, and not an unbenovolent service, either to the public, Mr. Colburn, or the fashionable novelists, if we suggest a method by which they may turn the present inclemency of the weather to account in obtaining the materials of which they are in need. It is an ill wind which blows nobody good; and the present frost (interrupted for a day or two, but likely to be soon resumed) is an ill frost, if it produces nothing but chopped hands and starvation.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—You must prepare for an expedition into very strange and distant latitudes; and perhaps it would be as well, if you have any thing to dispose of, that you should make your wills. Our very first voyage will take us beyond the Pillars of Hercules, even to the very bottom of Oxford-street. We shall then tack round a little to the right, into what is called the north-west passage, to a place called Holborn. Passing by a singular structure, called after a canonised coachman of the name of Giles,—the calendar of this part of the world is composed entirely of coachmen,—we turn down a dark and narrow strait, into which it is my present purpose to conduct you. This is the principal street of St. Giles's, and is peopled with IRISHMEN and IRISHWOMEN. Now, I dare to say, that you fancy you have a very accurate conception of what an Irishman in London is. You fancy, I doubt not, that, when you have put together the notions of squalor, violence, rude generosity, lawlessness, and drunkenness, you have a thorough understanding of the compound of which these qualities are the elements. And it is possible that, if the animal were in a state of rest, if he were standing before you in a tolerable coat on a warm day, you might delude yourself into the belief that you had some imagination of the character. But it is now freezing,—it is six o'clock in the evening,—it is a dense fog,—it is St. Giles's: look there at that man,—had you the most distant fancy that such a being existed? Did the notion of poverty, valour, generosity, lawlessness, or all these together, enable you to conceive that starved eye, not the seat of one passion, but where all are holding their revels under the sceptre and ordinance of the one all-commanding passion of hunger? Had you any notion of that gesture, of his language, of his laugh, of his closed fist? Or could all your notions of the modes of Irish and of female nature combined, have given you the slightest hint of that woman who is reeling drunk across the street with a child in her arms, who, amidst all her oblique movements, she takes care shall not be in the least danger? Could you have conceived any curses so tremendous as those she is bestowing upon that child, or could you fancy any love more intense than that which she evidently feels for it, and which seeks a vent in these very curses? Well, you think that you know something more of Irish character now than you did a few hours ago? But you are mistaken if you suppose that you know much yet. You have only seen a few broad national outlines, you have only had time to catch some conception of the genus; you must come again, and again, and again, to investigate the species and the individuals. You will not find one huge Irish wolf, and all the rest made in his likeness. You will find crosses of the lion and the hyena, and the dog and the cat, aye, and strange to relate, of the lamb. You will see every form of animal nature, and there is not one, no, not a single specimen, in which, if you look for them, you will not discern some faint and shadowy traces of human nature likewise.

And now, if you please, we will go where we shall behold a noble spectacle of human nature predominant over animal nature; and that under circumstances in which the cravings of the latter are the most loud and importunate, and where

* Every reader knows the last passage in 'Christabel.'

the struggle to vanquish it is the most fierce and desperate. We will venture into that wide and dangerous sea, part of which, however, you may have already navigated for the purpose of seeing certain barbarous, but comical enough, jugglers called Perlet and Laporte,—Tottenham-court-road. I will not describe this long and hazardous voyage minutely, but will suppose ourselves safely landed at the point of our destination which is called SOMERS TOWN. You have seen the Irish,—you are now in the Spanish quarter; and, if your knowledge of the evil qualities of human nature had given you but a feeble notion of the aggregate and composite of these qualities, I will convince you, too, that the common-places about high feelings and high thoughts have never enabled you to conceive the actual power of endurance, the strength, the sublimity of character, which may be attained by those who seek for them. You observed the man of whom I inquired the road? His coat was not ragged; there was no meanness in any part of his attire; least of all, was there an approach to petition in his air. But, if you had looked into his manly and intelligent countenance, you would have seen what ravages had been going forward there; you would have had no difficulty in believing, what is the fact, that a dinner of potatoes is a luxury to him, which not above once or twice in the week he can attain to; and that he must dispense with this occasional repast, perhaps to change for it the rinds that few Englishmen would give to their pigs, because the inhabitant of a southern climate, in a piercing English winter, has need of a blanket for his children, if not for himself. All this is TRUE; and, if you ask why he does not proclaim his sorrow, I answer you, because he is an educated man, because he has pride, because he was a Castilian gentleman. Being bred in affluence, he does not ask you bread in poverty; having recollections of the times when the smiles of court ladies, or the better smiles of an applauding nation, were his, he conceals the fact that there are nothing but frowns for him now; labouring under every circumstance that makes his present misery more agonising and excruciating, he THEREFORE is silent respecting it. Not but that he has consolations in the loss of all worldly good, and, what is far worse, of all his powers of usefulness:

'What supports him, do you ask,
The conscience, friend, to have lost them, overplied
In liberty's defence.'

aye, in the cause of liberty, and order, and law, and morality, and religion.

As you have ventured so far out of all your ordinary tracks of walking, and as far out of all your ordinary tracks of thought, any new proposition I may make will scarcely seem surprising. What, therefore, if I conclude by recommending you to pass an entire night in the REFUGER FOR THE HOUSKLESS POOR? Start not, illustrious tribe of Lacys, Miltons, and Pelhams; there is no novelty in the suggestion. Shakespeare and Fielding did greater things than these; and yet I conjecture their necessities were not quite so pressing as yours. Sit yourselves down, therefore, in the very centre of the building,—not together,—there must be no winks and nods, no self-satisfied remarks that such an old man or woman is 'quite a study,'—nothing to remind you that you are come to survey all around you as superior, and not as

equals; for, trust me, there is no spirit so fatal as this to a right discovery of any mysteries, but, above all, of the mysteries in human nature. Let me, therefore, Mr. Lister, introduce you to that tall woman at the opposite corner of the room to the one at which we entered, who is cursing in a voice of such power and richness as might better befit the singing of anthems. She has been drinking gin, you perceive, all the evening; but never mind that, she will be quiet presently; and, in the mean time, you may examine her face and form. I do not think you ever saw or fancied a set of much more striking features, a much higher, fuller, or more marked forehead; eyes, though in colour they are not brilliant, more strongly set into the head; a nose more strong and definite in outline; mouth and jaw more indicative of animal power. And that manly, say rather, that martial figure. She cannot be much less than six feet in height; it surely never can have been fashioned into such vigour and proportion in a metropolis. No, if you listen, you will hear her history. She has only spent one day in London. She is telling no tale of confiding faith and base desertion; (I should like to see the man who would have betrayed her;) no, it is one of mighty strength, and will, and fixed hate. I think you seldom hear finer eloquence than that with which she is denouncing her mortal foe. True, that mortal foe is the inhabitant of a little village 300 miles off, and is, moreover a woman of no higher station in the world than herself. But how deeply every one around her is interested in the feud that has been going on between them for the last twenty years! How entirely our sympathies are with the speaker, and what contempt we entertain for her puny rival! How perfectly right we feel it was in her to revenge that insulting courtesy which, in the pride of her fine clothes, she made her one Sunday morning, by ravaging her garden, letting her bees out of the hives, and massacring a litter of young pigs! And then how mean, how utterly disgraceful, it was of the poor-spirited wretch to establish, during her short sojourn in the county jail for this offence, a rival sugar-candy shop next door to the house, in which she had long enjoyed a monopoly of that article. In spite of the sublimity of her character, she has some traces of human vanity; she cannot suppress the fact, and, though nowise germane to the matter, it did not seem to be awkwardly introduced, that every brick of her house—and it is the best-built cottage in the parish—was laid by her own hands, that she tilled the garden, planted the fruit trees, in short, redeemed the whole from a waste, and that, too, without asking leave of the lord of the manor, and in defiance of all writs, executions, and all copyhold processes whatsoever. Indeed, it is pleasant to collect from her narrative, that she is quite as much a terror to the gentle as to the simple of her neighbourhood; that rich and poor tremble before the superiority of her character and the magnificence of her exploits.

What a strong imagination she has! She has projected, as it were, the story she is telling into the minds of her hearers, and fancies, whenever she reaches any part of it, that they know what is coming. This, and not, perhaps, a guilty conscience, accounts for her zeal in explaining away the dark passage in her history relating to her husband. Yet the circumstances are awfully suspicious. Her attempt to throw the body into the well, at the bottom of the garden, I do not dwell upon; but why was the countenance black, and why were the hands clenched in death? And why does she provide against the chance of our believing her guilty of the act, by that half-profligate plea which she mutters in so low and hollow a voice, that she suspected him of intimacy with her detested rival?

I am glad to see you so well occupied, Mr. Ward. That man with his dry, sharp features, is a very good subject. You perceive, by his dialect, that he is Yorkshire; and he is not very communicative just now, for he has smelt a rat—in other

words, has discovered that you are a gentleman. But be patient, and you will presently know a great deal of his character. He is a very cunning fellow, indeed; but he is also vain of his cunning, and vanity is now unsealing his lips. All that he is telling you of his history, is false; but that is a trifle, for his way of telling is true, and reveals the man. He is one of those who have preferred the gratification of an evil propensity to the reward of it—a complete amateur in fraud—one who has lied and cheated against his most obvious interest, and who at last, by dint of excessive ingenuity, has come to want a friend and a home. But the ruling passion is strong even in the Refuge; and he would sooner trick you out of one shilling than receive a donation of twenty.

Indeed, Lord Normanby, you are wasting your time. That poor girl, with the bright, wandering, sunken eye, and locks that fall so beautifully over her faded and now rougeless face, is an interesting creature, and you may learn much from her. But why ask her for the story of her life? Whenever the moral feelings have been desolated by crime, the understanding will be perverted likewise; and she will weave, almost unconsciously, into her tale of sorrow, inventions that will change it from a dreadful history of facts into a childish romance. And you do not come here, my Lord, to get materials for a romance; you come to know something of human-kind. You do not come here to learn the crimes of your own class; you come to make acquaintance with another, in which the traits of character and individuality are far more striking. Tempt her, therefore, not to falsehood; but ask her of those things in which she cannot deceive you. See if you can find what good feelings still live in her, what star still illuminates her solitude and desolation; and let that star be the guiding light by which you discover all the other recesses of her heart.

And now, my Lords and Gentlemen, have you learnt any thing? Have you seen any thing which you would not have seen, and which, therefore, you could not have described, if you had remained enclosed within your own narrow circle? If you have, I trust you have learnt something more than merely what will be of use to you in concocting the next article for New Burlington-street. The means, I trust, will prove more valuable than the end. For I think you cannot fail to have perceived thus much—that human nature is not an easily deciphered manuscript—that it must be studied before it can be understood, and that, in order to understand it aright, you must sympathise with its weakness, as that of which yourselves are partakers, and reverence its majesty, as that which has proceeded from the Deity.

LETTERS FROM THE ÆGEAN.

Letters from the Ægean. By James Emerson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

THIS is, as our friend Jeffrey would observe, a very respectable little work; and, coming to hand at a time when we are cruelly beset with frost and fog, it has proved very acceptable to us. Honest Bob Acres, finding his courage oozing away at the near approach of a duel, felt very grateful to his ally, Sir Lucius, for talking to him about honour and courage: just so, in the midst of these scenes of gloom and snow-storm, when every thing in the world, save the easterly wind, has become torpid with the cold, we take it very kind of Mr. Emerson for telling us about 'sun-burnt hills,' 'blue, unruffled waters,' and 'skies crimsoned with the hues of sunset.'

Mr. Emerson is a young man, so, at least, we imagine the pages before us sufficiently testify; but we learn, from the preface to his work, that this is by no means the first time he has come before the reading public. He was a contributor to a work published three years ago, called 'A Picture of Greece;' he has also been a contributor to 'The New Monthly Magazine;' and we are sorely tempted to believe his name has been attached to

certain poetical effusions: but our business is not at present with his poetry. From notes made upon the spot, Mr. Emerson has now presented us with two agreeable little volumes; he conducts us over many interesting scenes in the Ægean, moving from Sunium to Syra, and from Syra to Smyrna. At the last place, he makes a short tour into Asia Minor, for the purpose of investigating the sites of the 'Seven Churches;' he then embarks once more, and visits successively Scio, Samos, Patmos, Antiphilos, Naxos, and Mycone, suddenly making an end of his tour at the island of Milo. The narrative is enlivened with several amusing anecdotes and interesting observation. The massacre of Scio, the Arundelian marbles, the Dukes of the Archipelago, and the Vampires, come severally under discussion. Mr. Emerson is a sentimental, and rather an ambitious gentleman, with some taste for picturesque, and a very Irish cast of diction, which some persons may call poetical. For our own parts, we remarked with pain the affectation which too often disfigures his pages, convinced, as we are, that Mr. Emerson is, in reality, an intelligent and an amiable man.

We are not prepared to decide on the degree of merit due either to the author of an epic or a book of travels, who bursts at once *in medias res*; but we felt obliged to Mr. Emerson for sparing us the usual commencement,—the going on board, leaving England, sea-sickness, and twenty other things which we equally nauseate. The author of 'Letters from the Ægean' sets sail, not from Portsmouth, but from the consecrated cliffs of Sunium.

On reaching Smyrna, the following observations on the personal appearance and habits of the Turks are very striking:

'Taken en masse, the Turks are the finest-looking race of men in the world: their oval heads, arching brows, jetty eyes, and aquiline noses, their lofty figures and stately gait, are all set off to full advantage by their ample robes and graceful turbans; all in ease and proportion about a Turk; there are no angles or straight lines in his features or person; in all we find the pure curve of manly beauty and majestic grace.'

'It is inconceivable what a miserable figure an Englishman or a European makes beside him; his black unmeaning hat, harlequin pantaloons, and hard-colored, straight-cut coat, (which will one day puzzle those of posterity who shall be antiquaries in costume,) contrast so villainously with the picturesque head-dress, ample trousers, and floating pelisse of the Ottoman, whilst his glossy beard sings contempt on the effeminate chin of the clipped and docked European. His arms, for "in the East all arm," usually consist of a pair of superbly chased pistols, stuck in a silken sash; a yataghan, with a jewelled handle; a larger and more clumsy knife, called a hanjar, and a scymetar swinging in a scabbard, covered with green or crimson velvet, (as the owner, being an Emir or otherwise, is entitled to carry it,) and ornamented with bosses of gold. The latter is, in general, the most important and valuable portion of his arms, or even of his property. I have seen some blades which were valued at 200 or 300 dollars: many are said to be worth triple that sum, and all retain the name of Damascus, though it is by no means likely that they have been manufactured there. The twisting and intermingling of the fibres of the metal are considered as the tests of excellence; but I have never seen any possessed of the perfume said to be incorporated with the steel in the real Damascus sabres.'—Vol. i., pp. 85, 86.

Some of our readers will perhaps learn of Turkish toleration with surprise:

'Their trades, their merchandise, and the exercise of their religion, however, suffer little or no suspension for the Turk, though the prince of bigots, is the most tolerant of professors. Provided he suffer no injury from his neighbour's creed, in property or person, he neither punishes him for his opinions, nor attempts to drag him out of them; and, consequently, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Armenians, Jews, and Greeks, have all their respective temples and religion equally protected by the Sultan with the mosques of Mohammed.'—Vol. i., p. 99.

It has been remarked by Madame de Staël, '*Voyager, quoi qu'on en puisse dire, est un des plus tristes plaisirs de la vie*;' and, probably, it is not until we have exchanged our own pleasant homes for

the heat, dirt, and discomfort, of a southern climate, that we become converts to her opinion. No doubt, there are many objects in Italy, Greece, and Egypt, very curious to behold; and, contemplated in the twilight beauty of imaginary prospect, they possess irresistible charms; but, when we approach them in reality, and find ourselves at *mal aise*,—when, for instance, after passing a restless night in a bed occupied by various created beings besides ourselves, or perhaps in no bed at all, we reach some point of universal interest, irritated by want of sleep, bilious with the effects of a hot sun and an unusual diet,—and, conscious that we have travelled to the scene before us for the express purpose of being pleased,—why, then, to say the least, the gratification we experience very seldom overpays us for all the privation and fatigue we have undertaken in search of it.

Among other inconveniences generally laid out of calculation when people propose to travel, is the Sirocco. The following are the observations of Mr. Emerson respecting it:

'It seldom, however, blows with force; it is rather an exhalation than a wind. It scarcely moves the leaves around the traveller; but it sinks heavily and damply in his heart. A stranger is at first unaware of the cause of the wretched misery he endures; his temper coarsens as his spirits sink; every person, and every circumstance, annoys him; it affects even his dreams, and sleep itself is not a refuge from querulous peevishness; every motion is an irritating exertion, and he trudges along in discontent and unhappiness, sighing, and thinking of home, and attempting to philosophise on the arrant folly that could induce him to leave England for an hour to come to such a dismal, miserable, uninteresting banishment as the Levant.'—Vol. i., p. 150.

If our author be correct on the subject of the Vampires of Eastern story, we must conclude that Lord Byron has made improper use of them:

'The grand interest of these narratives, however, seemed to arise from Santorin being the chosen abode of the Vronkolakos, or Vampires of the Cyclades. This popular superstition, which varies from the Vampire tales of Hungary, in the demons being merely attached to mischief and not addicted to blood, supposes the evil spirit to enter into the lately deceased body of his victim after interment and reanimating it, to visit the houses of his former friends, inflicting on them the bitterest torments and unceasing injury.'—Vol. ii., pp. 84, 85.

In the course of his tour, our traveller fell in with a Greek named Gregorio, a vine-dresser, whom he represents as the only sincere devotee he ever encountered of his nation. 'Morning, noon, and evening, was he engaged in his devotions; the lamp before the image of the Virgin in his chamber was never suffered one moment to be untrimmed.' It happened that, on one occasion, Mr. Emerson found the saintly Greek under the influence of strong mental depression. He inquired the cause, and was told that Gregorio, in a dream on the preceding night, had imagined he murdered a fellow-townsmen. Mr. Emerson endeavoured to cheer his spirits by representing that it was only a dream; but the Greek replied, 'Alas! *mikordo*, dreams are like feathers, which serve to show the winds of our passions.' This idea our author treats as something very singular and ' quaint.' We believe, however, that Gregorio is by no means the only person who has held this doctrine; Smellie, in his work on the 'History of Natural Philosophy,' asserts, that, were men desirous of ascertaining the tendency of their passions, they should keep a *noctuary*, in which every dream should be carefully registered. He adds, that, at one time, he kept a noctuary himself, and many curious things he appears to have inserted therein; among the rest, the following: Mr. Smellie imagined himself one night 'tripping it on the light fantastic toe,' in a very elegant society of ladies; suddenly, his inexpressibles, (so it is recorded,) from some unknown cause, descended to his heels; whereupon the same Smellie, even in his dream, painfully alive to the absurdity of his situation, exerted himself vigorously, as became a man in so singular an emergency, but to no purpose; the more Smellie tugged and pulled at his

imaginary small-clothes, the more the small-clothes refused to quit their very distressing situation. This was a real psychological curiosity: we quite forget what conclusion the philosopher deduced from it; but, no doubt, it was one eminently useful in practical life.

Mr. Emerson visits the Grotto of Antiparos, and finds it far below its reputation and Goldsmith's description. We suspect, that, after all, the Grotto of Antiparos is very inferior, as a natural curiosity, to that of Addlesberg in Istria.

The 'Letters from the *Ægean*,' contain a good deal of information and amusement, although we cannot but quarrel with the style in which they are written. What could possess a man of Mr. Emerson's good sense to pen such a paragraph as the following?

'Sunset on land is more reposeful and lovely, but sunrise on the ocean is grandeur itself. At evening *de* (?) sinks languishing behind the distant hills, blushing in rosy tints at his declining weakness; at morn, he rises all fresh and glowing from the deep, not in softened beauty but in dazzling splendour. With the weary pace of age, he glides, at eve, from peak to peak, and sinks from hill to hill; at morn, he bursts at once across the threshold of the ocean with the firm and conscious step of a warrior. His decline conveys the idea of fading brightness; his rise the swelling effulgence of mounting and restless light.'—Vol. i., p. 7.

We protest this is the very acmé of *fadeuse*. The next is but a few degrees better:

'Behind us was the Gulf of Smyrna, by which we had entered; its then turbulent waters now placid as the brow of infancy, and glittering in the beams of the morning sun like plates of silver on a warrior's mail, while the snowy sails of the Levantine barks which glided along them, were scarcely to be distinguished from their own dazzling whiteness.'—Vol. i., pp. 29, 30.

Then comes a passage like this:

'Its immense area, of six hundred and eighty-seven feet, was under a crop of wheat, which, as it bent in graceful waves beneath the faint breeze from the valley, seemed to heave a long-drawn sigh over the surrounding scene of departed grandeur.'—Vol. i., p. 135.

This would scarcely be tolerated in verse. Pray, Mr. Emerson, avoid the like extravagance in future.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

The Life and Times of William Laud, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. By John Parker Lawson, A.M., 8vo. Rivingtons. London, 1829.

THREE parties have, at different times, promulgated their notions of the British Revolution; and we wish we could say their several contributions had conducted to aught resembling trial unity. First, most influential, as most interested, and endowed with most of active effrontery, a party which we need not name still speaks of the whole struggle as originating in the scruples of fanaticism, describes the popular faction as provoking mortal strife for the position of a table, or the use of a rag, and draws characters of its leaders from the dregs of the conventicles. Next advance a band of stout republicans, who, fixing their idolatry on the few ardent spirits whom the Civil Wars inspired with the bold project of a commonwealth, can see nothing in this period of history, except as it promoted or withstood their views. Lastly appears a party, if it deserves the name, of whom the only bond is literary fastidiousness and indolence, who never attempt to institute any scrutiny whatever into the real wants and tendencies of the age which they write about; but content themselves with 'calling from the heterogeneous mass of former annalists, whatever may best rouse the languid interest of those who find no stimulus in the search for truth, and with drawing such deductions as lie most upon the surface, with regard to the political and social results of the era they pretend to delineate. The partial views of which we have spoken, have each of them some basis of truth. We must not dissemble the existence and extent of fanaticism, while we laugh at the mean artifice of those who would attempt to throw its

shadows on the memory of the wisest and the best among our forefathers. Again, we cannot but be dazzled with the political light of that era which has bequeathed to us such works as those of Harrington and Milton, while we may not shut our eyes to the historical fact, that their republican speculations were too novel and daring to be suited to the wants of their age. And finally, we may perhaps not differ very widely in our estimate of general results from the careless writers to whom we have already alluded as contenting themselves with a general and superficial survey. But, as the former classes erred by giving only a partial view of the mixed elements of the epoch before them, so the latter fail to seize the distinguishing features which separate any one historical epoch from any other, or at least from any other of the same kind. It may, perhaps, be found that all the mistakes which are made with regard to the true character of a social revolution, proceed from not sufficiently discriminating the two main subjects of inquiry which every such event affords,—the social state and wants, namely, which form the real cause, as their satisfaction forms the rational object, of the conflict, and the particular state of individual feeling and intelligence which modifies the general result. The former knowledge is absolutely necessary in order that a general view of the subject may be obtained; the latter, in order that acquaintance may be made with the real life and actions of the period.

The lives of public men often afford the best epitome of the general dispositions and opinions of their era, or else the most striking examples of some one of those elements in excess. In the class of those whose characters are compounded from a variety of contemporary impulses, may be reckoned, on the one hand, Clarendon, whose conduct proved a tolerably complete exposition of the idea of government, civil and religious, which animated the efforts of one side in the contest. On the other hand, there could hardly be a more active embodiment of the mixed nature, temporal and spiritual, of that popular revolt from the combination of Church and State, which, imbued with a strong tinge of religious sentiment, yet fixed its views and taught its instruments in political reformation, than is afforded by the character of Vane. Examples of the narrower spirit which only embraced some fragment of the general feeling may be found chiefly among the Scottish Presbyterians on the one hand, and, on the other, has nowhere been displayed more broadly than in the character of their persecutor, the Archbishop Laud.

Of the spirit and feelings of the new biographer of this celebrated person, we shall have occasion to speak in another, perhaps in several future, articles. In the mean time, we will give two extracts from his first chapter, which will at once explain the nature of his opinions, and will prepare the ground for the observations we may hereafter have to make:

'On the fourth of January, 1600, he was admitted into deacon's orders, by Dr. Young, Bishop of Rochester, and, on the 5th of April, 1601, he was ordained a priest by the same prelate. We are informed that this prelate, "finding his study raised above the systems and opinions of the age, upon the noble foundation of the fathers, councils, and the ecclesiastical historians, early perceived, that, if he lived, he would be an instrument of restoring the Church from the narrow and private principles of modern times, to the more enlarged, liberal, and public sentiments of the apostolic and primitive ages." Nor was Bishop Young mistaken in his judgment, though he well knew that it would be a task of no small difficulty,—a task, indeed, not likely to be accomplished without bloodshed. For, after the English Reformation of religion, notions had been entertained by many persons in the Church, not only subversive of its constitution, but highly detrimental to the safety and well-being of the state. The discipline of Geneva, and the doctrine of expediency, as laid down by John Calvin, who has the merit, if merit it be, of contriving and introducing

a new system of ecclesiastical polity, and who, moreover, has the still more questionable merit of discovering in the sacred Scriptures certain doctrines which exhibit the Deity not in the most favourable light, as he himself was forced to confess, when with grief he admits it to be an *horrible decretum*.—this discipline had led many astray from the maxims of primitive truth and order, and the notions of expediency, as to the Church and its visibility, had engendered a lamentable callousness towards that very Church of which they all professed to be sincere members. Forgetting that the Church of Christ is one and undivided,—forgetting that the Saviour himself declared, “my kingdom is not of this world,”—and forgetting, too, that this union is not solely a spiritual union, composed at the same time of outward heterogeneous masses, but is, in truth, both a spiritual and a temporal union, no limits were assigned to the extravagancies of fancy, and no safeguard adopted for the preservation of that Church, the doctrine of which Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, had sealed with their blood. But the axiom which Laud subsequently assumed, though doubtless sneered at by Dissenters, is strictly true, that the Church must be guarded both against Rome and Geneva—that a Church founded on the Apostles, and not on Christ, is the Roman and the Genevan rock—but that the Church must have a more solid basis, or it has no foundation at all; and that, though it must be built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself must be the chief corner-stone. There were, therefore, only two positions,—either that the Church must be a regularly organised body, which, though a voluntary association, acknowledge Christ for its head, or it must not; there must either be systems of authority and regulation, or there must be anarchy and confusion; it must, in short, either be like a well-governed and well-organised kingdom, to which it is compared in the Holy Scriptures, or it must be so ill-regulated, as that all its members may literally do that which is right in their own eyes. The former, then, was the position of the well-wishers of the Church of England, the latter that of those who were preparing the way for its overthrow: the former was advocated by those who defended order and primitive truth, the latter by those who were on the point of holding out the right hand of fellowship to novelty and fanaticism. Laud hesitated not for a moment to decide; and his memory does truly deserve well of the Church of England, since he so early avowed himself the bold defender of its constitutions.”—Pp. 13—16.

Under the auspices of those and other leaders of the Puritans, the tenets of Geneva were making rapid progress in the University, engendering the most novel speculations about the Church, and producing a general carelessness about its constitution, which threatened to sap its very foundation. Forgetting the moderation and admirable caution of the great men under whose auspices the reformation of the Church of England had been conducted, they seemed as if they had themselves determined to commence a new reformation, while at the same time they admitted, that the line of demarcation between the Reformed Church and that of Rome was broad and insurmountable. Nor was their policy the less crafty than their general conduct; for, since they well knew that, were they to make any notorious innovation at once, they would be published by the civil and ecclesiastical power as disturbers of the peace of the realm, their sole hope lay in biasing the minds of the students in the University, over whom they were placed; while, at the same time, they merely corresponded about their differences with their friends among the laity who were in power and influence. Now it was, indeed, that the doctrines of the Church of England, founded on holy Scripture, were not only disputed, but positively denied. The opinions of Calvin respecting predestination, reprobation, election, and all the other kindred dogmas, were seasonally maintained, although their defenders might have known that, besides looking in vain for Calvin's *horrible decretum* in the holy Scriptures, the fathers, with the exception of St. Augustine, and his two disciples, Prosper and Fulgentius, never conceived such tenets, so far as individuals are concerned; and perhaps, in this view, even St. Augustine himself may not be conceded. The doctrine of Scripture and of the Church respecting regeneration in infant baptism was denied, as was also the doctrine of the Church respecting the holy Eucharist. It was absolutely denied that either of these sacred rites had any efficacy in man's salvation. The article in the Apostle's Creed respecting Christ's local descent into hell, as set in the Convocations of the Church in 1552 and 1562, was disclaimed as erroneous, merely, as Dr. Heylin well remarks, “because repugnant to the fan-

cies of some foreign divines, because they were in dispute among themselves about the meaning of it.” The episcopal government of the Church was held to be against the ecclesiastical constitution of the apostolic and primitive times, and this, too, by men who were conversant with the apostles and fathers. Presbyters and bishops were held to be synonymous, and the fallacious doctrine of expediency in church government was assumed, it being asserted that the apostles did not trouble themselves about ecclesiastical polity; the doctrine of the visibility of the Church was disclaimed, and sectarian conventicles were held to be as scriptural as the Church, though these, it was evident, were all founded on the visions of enthusiasts, and false positions erroneously drawn from holy Scripture. The Pope was furiously declared to be Antichrist; the ordination of the Church of Rome was pronounced invalid, as part of “the mark of the beast.” These, and other such opinions, were “as positively and magisterially maintained as if they had been the chief articles of the Christian faith.” The public services of the Church, according to the Book of Common Prayer, were either carelessly performed, or neglected; offence was taken at every sacred rite and ceremony which had been practised since the days of the apostles. “In a word,” to quote from Heylin on this very subject, “the books of Calvin made the rule by which all men were to square their writings, his only word (like the *ipse dixit* of Aristotle) admitted as the sole canon to which they were to frame and conform their judgments; and, in comparison to whom, the ancient fathers of the Church, men of renown, and the glory of their several times, must be held contemptible: and, to offend against this canon, or to break this rule, was esteemed a more unpardonable crime than to violate the apostles' canons, or dispute the doctrines and determinations of any of the four first General Councils; so that it might have proved more safe for any man, in such a general deviation from the rules and dictates of this Church, to have been looked upon as a heathen or a publican, than an anti-Calvinist.”—Pp. 22—25.

MONTMORENCY.

Montmorency; a Tragic Drama. The First of a Series of Historical and other Dramas. Together with some Minor Poems. By H. W. Montagu. 8vo., pp. 142. 5s. Joy. London, 1828.

As one of the ablest writers in ‘The Foreign Review’ has presented us with a view of the rise, progress, and present state of play-making in Germany, we think it but right that a similar history should be written of this staple manufacture as it exists among ourselves. We do not assert that we have attained all the excellence which our neighbours have reached in this department. The business here has been much less systematised; and each man goes after his own inventions in a way which he certainly would not do if the laws of his craft were settled, as they, no doubt, ought to be, at a general meeting of masters and workmen. Several of the machines, too, which it seems are in common use on the Continent, have never been introduced here. The fate-loom, for instance, of which a particular account is given by Mr. Carlyle, though, we believe, it is not unknown to some of the more eminent houses, has never worked with any great success. Yet we question whether there may not be even more interest attaching to the description of a great branch of national industry while it is in an unfinished state, than after all its operations have been reduced to uniformity. At any rate, if that be the consummation after which we should aspire, nothing can more tend to hasten it than a knowledge of all the different processes which are now commonly resorted to by ingenious and hard-working men.

With these feelings, it is our intention forthwith to commence a series of articles upon modern dramas, explaining, as succinctly and clearly as we can, the different processes through which a play passes from the first purchase of the raw material till it is completely fitted for the Drury Lane and Covent Garden market. The present moment, when the most dangerous opinions are in circulation, is the time at which we think it most advisable to undertake this task. The newspapers are every where proclaiming that a play called ‘Caswallon,’ which has been acted to very crowded

houses, is a tragedy, and, consequently, that it is expedient tragedies should be produced at our theatres. Now, if ‘Caswallon’ were a tragedy, we should take the liberty of arraigning the conduct of the managers most severely for allowing it to be acted, and of the audience for applauding it. Once in twenty years, a quasi-tragedy like ‘Rienzi,’ may, no doubt, be produced, and ought to be applauded, because, if it were not so, the public would not be able to talk of the legitimate drama, old English feelings, and so forth. But beyond this point, we affirm no manager has a right to go. There are a set of men regularly attached to the establishment of each theatre, whose business it is to make plays; and there is no man of honest feeling who must not scout the notion of depriving these men of their livelihood, by encouraging another class of productions, and thereby throwing discredit upon their useful labours. We are anxious to prove, therefore, that no such dishonesty has been committed; that, in engaging the services of Mr. Walker, Mr. Price has not committed the atrocity of employing a writer of tragedies, a measure which would unquestionably occasion a general strike among the playwrights; but that he has merely added, as he had a full right to do, a good serviceable person to his establishment, the workmen at which were many of them growing lazy, and few of whom were acquainted with the latest improvements in the trade. But ‘Caswallon’ is for our next number. In the present we wish to introduce, and we shall merely introduce, to our readers, a very promising young gentleman of the name of Montagu, who has written a book called ‘Montmorency,’ and who, having studied the stage for many years, proposes to write a series of historical dramas.

The fruits of this long study are apparent in this gentleman's volume. He has evidently considered Mr. Macready in all his best attitudes; and, having done so, he has then straightway consulted his books to find what man in history, and at what particular period of his history, might be supposed, without great violence done to history, to stand in these same attitudes. Now it has occurred to him, that Henry Montmorency, being a well-made Frenchman, and having involved himself in some scrapes, was as likely a person as any to assume, in theatrical language, the air and gesture of passion. This being settled, Mr. Montagu then devises a set of situations which will bring out these attitudes; and, lastly, he considers what words would sound well, as issuing from the mouth of a man in the various postures in which he has imagined him. Our readers will see that this is the rationale of the following scene. Julia of course is Miss Phillips.

‘Enter Duval, hastily.

‘Duval. This note, my lord, from the Duke of Orleans;—

Who, with his staff, is still at Melun, some Two leagues hence, unrecovered of fatigue: He bade the messenger deliver it with all speed.

‘Henry. Leave. (Exit Duval.) Hurried?—how's this?—

(Reads.) “The King and Parliament of Toulouse have publicly proclaimed us ‘Traitors!’—And set a price upon our heads.”—

Julia.——Julia.——read this;— Then say how I must act. (Gives the note.)

‘Julia. (After reading with great trepidation, exclaims with tremulous passion,) Oh dark—dark foreboding!—

The gulph is wide Before us,—and that which urges to its brink Is—the vulture-grip of destiny,—

And—will not be opposed!—

‘Henry. Collect thyself, my wife;—how must I act? ‘Julia. Alas, I know not,—think no more of’t—it may pass

Harmless, if unregarded,—unacted on.—

Oh,—my husband,—our child—our child!

‘Henry.——Traitor!— Sink that in dangerless obscurity?—

—Traitor!— ‘Julia. Oh!—dreadful word!—

‘Henry. How must I act?

'Julia. But my tortur'd heart!—
'Henry. How must Montmorency act?
'Julia. (In a stifled voice.)
I am faint,—must leave thee,—will return:—
(Montmorency calls for an attendant.)
Come to me,—
'Henry. I will:—but Julia,—the word,—
'Julia. (With dignity, after a severe struggle, and in a hoarse but significant undertone.)
Montmorency—must be—himself!—
(An attendant enters,—Julia leans upon her, almost fainting, and exit.)
'Henry. And shall be—himself!—
Condé was an excellent prophet!
Somewhat too close, though:—there is preknowledge
Founded on concert with the things to come!
Blacken'd to infamy? priced to a mob?
Hired out to a gallows-butcher? and by these
Puppets of royalty!—
Not while this scabbard knows its trust!
Fortune!—
Advance me in thy smiles, that I may stamp
Detection on their hypocritical brows!
That I may hurl them from their secure'd security!
Insidious Prelate!—Ministers of hell!—
Base panders to injustice!—
Ye call me young;—would laugh my threats to
scorn,—
The lion's whelp, when least we think, turns lion!
(Exit Henry de Montmorency.)

Still further to illustrate Mr. Montagu's
scheme, we quote the following:
'I know not how it is,—but close upon
Deeds which in their beginning we had stamp'd
Rightful,—there oft does steal a sickness
That almost turns decision from its bent.
The cause that I have ta'en up, is good,—but then
The means usher in such frightful consequence,—
And so poor the ends of human action,
That my opinion staggers.
The very business that brings me here
Is pictured to my soul's infirmity
As motiveless—
'Tis maddening, this dark contrariety:—
I cannot bear it:—must not:—need not!
His hand falls mechanically upon the hilt of his
sword, but slides from it as he appears more
deeply plunged in thought.

Who would be proud of life?—
To-morrow, at this hour,
Thousands shall have yielded up the last gasp
Of their strength, or of their feebleness!—and this
Is but a world's lesser repetition,
Each hour's—each speck of time's similitude!
Who, then, would crave this shadowy existence?
This all-unsatisfying dream?
This efficiency of man?—of man, that, now,
Exalts him to the gods,—and feels, anon,
Age or disease, or his rude fellow's arm,
Plucks from him the pillow of his security!
I'm almost tempted to rid me of the burden (Half
draws his sword.) (Energy.) Without me these war-
like preparations dissolve into a bloodless league.
(Draws his sword out of the scabbard. Voices heard
outside.)

Pshaw! this interruption:—Chautelute?
No!—some brawl,—swords out!
I will, for a time, be umpire. (Retires.)

We shall give no opinion of the merits of this
particular scheme of play-writing, till we have
acquainted our readers with some others with
which they may compare it; and we shall proceed
to Mr. Walker in our next.

CHRISTIAN SECTS.

An Inquiry, what is the One True Faith, and whether it
is professed by all Christian Sects: with an Exposition
of the whole Scheme of the Christian Covenant, in a
Scriptural Examination of the most important of their
several Doctrines. 8vo. pp. 394. Whittaker, Treacher,
and Arnot. London, 1829.

'In philosophy,' says the ablest layman that
ever wrote on theology,* 'when truth seems
double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical
than myself; but, in divinity, I love to keep the
road, and, though not in an implicit, yet in an
humble faith, following the great wheel of the
Church by which I move, not reserving any pro-

* Religio Medici, p. 15, edit. 1736.

per poles or motion from the epicycle of my own
brain.' Many readers of Sir Thomas Browne have
been puzzled by this sentence: not a few have
thrown the book away in indignation when they
reached it; and some even of the more tolerant have
perhaps perceived in it that very spirit of paradox
which it so zealously disclaims. But those who read
books, not that they may judge them by pre-con-
ceived rules, but that they may enter into the spirit
of their author, and so profit by them, will, we ap-
prehend, not be inclined either to give up a great
man for a single passage, or yet to believe that he
could have uttered so grave a sentiment in care-
lessness or wantonness. We believe that Sir
Thomas Brown had a meaning in the passage,—we
believe it was a meaning which, whether right or
wrong, whether of universal application or suit-
able only to his particular character, was nowise
at variance with the freedom of his general spec-
ulations, and does not the least militate against
the principle of free inquiry generally. What
we think his words imply is this, that he fixed
upon a certain Church, because it expounded
some principles which he held true and important,
more satisfactorily than any other; that he found
it a useless and unprofitable task to be constantly
sifting the opinions of his neighbours, to see
whether, along with these true principles, they
might not hold some false ones; that, re-
posing upon what was positive in his own creed,
he was always at liberty to go out into other
creeds,—not in quest of their falsehoods either,
but to see whether there might not be some truths
in them* which could combine with and illus-
trate those specially enforced by his own sect; and
that, by exercising this privilege,—of seeking true
opinions wherever they were to be found, instead
of endeavouring to coin new opinions in his own
mind, at the risk of their having been coined al-
ready, and moreover of their not being worth any
thing,—he was able to exercise a larger charity,
to obtain a greater quantity of truth, and better
escape the temptations to vanity and contention,
than if he had spent all his life in the detection
and exposure of error.

We repeat it: this view of the subject may be
false, but it is not hostile to the largest and freest
inquiry, to the most philosophical Catholicism; in
short, it is the very principle of Eclecticism which,
taking as a foundation one comprehensive idea, en-
deavours to connect with it every thing that there
is of positive in all other creeds, in which that idea
has been not at all or only imperfectly realised, and
excluding the negations in each of them. Thus,
to take an instance from the history of English sects:
An Eclectic philosopher like Sir Thomas Browne
becomes a member of the Established Church. He
is determined to this step because he finds more
to approve of in its doctrines, its discipline, than in
any other community; and, in addition to this, be-
cause in its character of an Established Church, it
fulfils, he conceives, more perfectly than any other,
the idea of religion embodied in social institutions.
Well, with this idea he starts in his examination
of other sects; not to see how far they differ from
it, or how far they are wrong, but to find whether
there is not something in these also that is right,
and which will fasten on to the truth he has already
mastered. In this inquiry, we will suppose he
discovers the Society of Friends; and they, he
finds, have been, throughout their whole exist-
ence, endeavouring to realise the idea of religion
embodied in the mind of the individual. He finds,
no doubt, that, along with this positive part of
their faith, they hold the negative opinion, that
religion ought never to be embodied in institu-
tions, or in any forms whatever; and he finds, too,
that some who hold his doctrine, and perhaps
that he himself, may have some tendency to think
that it is not needful to provide for religion fur-
ther, when once it has been established in a
Church. But these two negative opinions, he soon
convinces himself, are both exceedingly wrong,

* See his remarks just above the passage quoted, on
the truths which he was able to extract out of Popery.

(his own far the most so); and, accordingly, his
next object is to discover what copula there is
between the two positive truths, and how they
must be cordially and inseparably linked together.

The author of the inquiry, 'What is Faith?'
(who is a layman also,) is of a different school of
Eclectics from the one we have described; and,
though his pretensions are much more noisy,
and his language towards the majority of men
much more contemptuous, we take leave to say
he is of a much inferior school. He thinks (and
herein Sir Thomas Browne might not differ from
him) that there is a vast deal of error, confusion,
and contradiction, in the opinions of all sects.
But he thinks, also, that the way to arrive at
truth is to find out, not in what each sect is right,
but in what each is wrong. To see where each
sect is wrong, and how much it has deviated from
an imaginary standard in the author's mind, to
ascertain the degree of their declination, and to
set them all right:—this seems to have been the
object and the nature of his undertaking. Whe-
ther such a task is very favourable to the growth
of that humility which is the mother of truth,
or of that kindly feeling which is its nurse,
we shall not stop to inquire. That his zeal in
detecting other men's contradictions has not
saved him from many in his own statements, we
think we could satisfactorily prove by a few
quotations; but, as we have no wish to dogmatize
on points of doctrine, and thereby to fall into the
very error with which we are reproaching him,
we will, instead of quoting from the body of his
work, make a remark or two upon a passage in
his preface, from which we gather that he con-
siders his possession of one qualification, that
of being a layman, a compensation for the want
of most others:

'So long as the ministers of different persuasions
confine their endeavours to the vindication of their par-
ticular creeds, what can they tell us that we have not
been told before? What can they say that has not
been already said? And they must so confine them.
If they write at all on these subjects, they must main-
tain the doctrines of the Church to which they belong.
A minister who cannot conscientiously do this,—who
would be led by his own interpretation of the sacred
text to controvert or question some of those doctrines,
—must withhold his sentiments from the public, if he
would not incur the censures of his diocesan or of his
congregation, and lose the income on which, perhaps,
he depends for a livelihood. No long time hath elapsed
since a clergyman of talent and irreproachable char-
acter was deprived of his living by his bishop for
avowing tenets inconsistent with the creed of the
Church of England; and the more the bishop was right
in so dealing with him, (and, certainly, it is the bishop's
duty to take care that the clergy of his Church teach
the doctrines she insists upon,) the more reason have we
to expect a full, free, and impartial investigation of
such doctrines only from laymen. The clergy may be,
and, no doubt, generally are, when not prejudiced by
education in favour of particular tenets, more adequate
to the undertaking; but we cannot expect that, so cir-
cumstanced, they will be willing to enter upon it, al-
though their opinions and dispositions might lead them
to do so were there nothing to deter them. The author
of this work, therefore, thinks that it is no disparage-
ment to the clergy,—nor any unbecoming assumption
to himself,—to say, that the circumstance of its pro-
ceeding from a layman requires from him no apology,
lest presumption be attributed to him on that account.
In proportion as he is unskilled in what is called theo-
logy, he may be expected to be the more impartial; and,
although he is conscious that he has no just pretension
to the qualifications of a writer, he has a valid claim,
he trusts, to common sense; and that, according to the
old adage (true at least in this instance) "an ounce of
mother wit is worth a pound of clergy," is much
more valuable than that understanding which is ac-
quired by education for the clerical profession, and
which can seldom fail, as the profession is now con-
stituted, to be biased by the discipline it has under-
gone."—Pp. v—vii.

This passage we think erroneous throughout.
We deny that a clergyman must confine himself
to a mere bare repetition of old opinions; we
deny that he would expose himself to the censure
of his diocesan by any new attempt to 'justify

the ways of God to man,' we deny that a person unskilled in theology is, therefore, more likely to be impartial; and we deny that 'common sense' will at all avail in this or in any other subject as a substitute for deep, careful education and study. There is no doubt that a churchman, if he were to proclaim either from the pulpit or the press, or even in conversation, that he disbelieved in the doctrines to which he had subscribed, would subject himself to ecclesiastical censure; and we are free to confess, that the man who did so, is not one from whose wisdom or whose honesty we should expect much assistance in clearing up difficulties or discovering truth. But that a churchman, who, without setting himself up as a discoverer and a censurer of the false doctrines which may have mixed with the true in the faith of his own Church or of any other,—an assumption which we have endeavoured to show is as little sanctioned by philosophy as by religion,—who should fix his attention upon those principles which he believes are more completely realised in that Church than elsewhere,—who should endeavour, by every novelty of argument and illustration, to deepen the conviction of them in the minds of his hearers or readers, and, if he believes they hitherto have been wrong placed in the ordinary system, to restore them to their proper situation,—who should gather out of the opinions of any other sect those principles which, though in harmony with the principles of his, (and holding these, he could have no wish to take any that were not in harmony with them,) and even necessary to their complete fulness, had nevertheless never been sufficiently connected with them by his predecessor,—that a clergyman may do all this without even a nod of reprehension from his superior, we hold to be as certain as that he may use his discretion in the purchase of a horse or a picture. The restraint imposed upon him in each case is exactly the same. His free-will may be embarrassed in the one by the low state of his finances: in the other, by the low state of his mind: but in neither will it be interfered with by the bishop. And, if we think that the obstacles to clergymen's pursuing religious inquiries honestly are imaginary, or arise entirely from themselves, we are still more firmly convinced that the advantages which belong to them, above any other class of the community, for this work are enormous.

We should like to ask those who talk so largely about the impossibility of men with professional habits and 'class-interests,' fulfilling the appropriate duties of their calling, whether there is nothing in the circumstances of laymen which must give a narrowness and superficiality to their views? Have they no professional interests that are unfavourable to the growth of feelings which belong to a practically religious man, and, at the least, as unfavourable to the formation of that scientific habit of mind which is necessary to the systematically religious man—the theologian? Oh no, says our author; the farm, and the exchange, and the senate, are just the schools for nurturing men to supersede the monks of the cloister; because, forsooth, those who are bred up in them have such a vast stock of 'common sense!' Common sense, indeed! as if, in the year 1829, it were possible still to juggle mankind by the use of that precious phrase!—as if every person with that moderate knowledge of quackery which it would require some ingenuity in the present day not to possess, was not aware that 'common sense' is another expression for the impatience of every principle that cannot be made evident in half a minute's conversation—for the superficial coxcombry which laughs at whatever seems contradictory, not knowing that a system in which some things did not seem contradictions, would bear a *prima facie* mark of falsehood—for indolent indifference to truth, for self-satisfied ignorance. All the subtleties of schoolmen, divines, metaphysicians, councils, and systematizers of every description, have not introduced one tithe of the confusion into the studies of

theology and metaphysics, (with mathematics the empirics have fortunately been prevented from meddling, and this accounts for their dislike of them,) which have been brought into them by the blundering conceit of the worshippers of this bastard 'common sense.' It is owing to the apathy of the clergy, (an apathy arising, as we have before asserted, not from the necessity of their situation, but from a want of that strength and earnestness of feeling which characterised their forefathers,) that so many of these irreverent hands have been already laid upon the ark of the covenant, that so many crudities have been put forth as rational, exactly because the elaboration of them had caused no effort of reason to their inventor. They have fallen short of their duty, not in that they have not degraded their faith by bringing it within the ken of the sensual and fleshly eye to which they presented it, but in that they have not laboured to couch men's eyes that it might be beheld in its grandeur and purity. For this purpose, they should resort to all ancient expedients,—they should avail themselves of every modern invention,—above all, they should study the structure of the organ which they are required to heal. By fulfilling this high responsibility honestly, humbly, and fearlessly, they will show men that some of the very truths which, in their rashness, they would have torn from the system as useless excrescences, stand in its very centre, are dove-tailed into innumerable others, and would by their removal involve the falling of the rest; that principles of the most intimate importance to man's welfare are generally those of whose truth he must be convinced by inward consciousness, before they can be made clear to him by outward demonstration; and that the declaration that 'a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err' in his path to heaven, is perfectly consistent with the assertion, that, if (parting with the humility which was his security) he were to attempt to lay down a system of theology, he might err most grievously; even as the same 'wayfaring man,' though excellent in the use of mechanical tools, might mislead his auditors considerably if he were to attempt a lecture on Mechanics.

THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS.

The Last of the Plantagenets: an Historical Romance, illustrating some of the Public Events, and Domestic and Ecclesiastical Manners, of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. 8vo., pp. 464, 12s. Smith, Elder, and Co. London, 1829.

RICHARD III., as our readers, if they likewise read 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' are aware, left two natural sons, the one Robert of Gloucester, the other a youth whose relationship he recognised the night before the battle of Bosworth, who afterwards passed through various accidents, was discovered, some time in the reign of Henry VIII., working as a builder, and survived all the reign of Edward VI. The adventures of this person, supposed to be described by himself, form the subject of the romance before us.

The author has evidently drunk deeply at those wells of English undefiled, the old chroniclers; and we do not know any sources from which we may derive more strength and refreshment. In these days, when not merely metaphysicians and natural philosophers, but even poets and novelists, use, even in their description of the living world, abstract *dried* words which are supposed to *represent* thoughts more effectually, and, as it were, disinterestedly, because they *embody* none of it—it is delightful to go back to this pastoral age of language when weeds were like roses fresh gathered; imperfect types, indeed, of the tree from which they came, but so rich with its juices and its dews, that the imagination apprehended its essence, though the eye could not comprehend its shape.

But the best use, we think, of studying this old language is, not that we may imitate it, but that

we may impregnate the dead phrases of our own age with a portion of its life and beauty. We can well forgive our author, however, for his attempt to give us a picture of the actual style as it speaks to the fancy, rather than of the spirit of the style as it speaks to the imagination. The best thing is to wear a friend we love in our heart of hearts, so that he may reform our character and spirit. But we like books occasionally to bring the picture of the man himself before our eyes, with his very look and gesture, and, perhaps, clad in the very costume in which we have been wont to see him and converse with him. The only danger, in the latter case, is, that our remembrance of him is not sufficiently distinct; that, being so much blended with our individuality, a portion of that individuality should have cohered inseparably to him; and that in our picture some of our own vulgar features should be joined, contrary to the Horatian precept, with his more handsome and striking ones. This accident has sometimes befallen our author. He has not been able always to keep up the spirit of the olden times, while he has been imitating their language; and sometimes the imitation has made him forgetful of the higher importance of giving interest to the narrative. But, on the whole, we have been very much pleased with the work. It breathes of the flowers of the olden times; and, if now and then we detect a little mixture of newer scents, lavender water or Eau de Cologne, we willingly attribute this to the age and not to the writer. The following extracts will prove that there is great interest in the story, as well as in the language:

'Great was my disorder at being thus left alone with so noble and exalted a personage; yet do I not speak of his greatness of rank only, but also of his goodly form and courteous manner; for that record of him is all untrue, which was written what time the Red Rose prevailed over the White, declaring that Richard was fearful to look upon. He was not, in truth, as one bath of late full slanderously described him, "little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, and hard-favoured of visage;"—none of these was he: for, though his person were not of the tallest, it was well up to the middle stature of men; and, albeit one of his shoulders might be somewhat higher than it's fellow, yet he had a shrewd eye who did discover it, and a passing malicious wit who reported it to be a great deformity. As for his face, in good sooth it had none evil expression in it; though it was marked with much serious anxiety, and was pale and discoloured from weariness and an agitated mind, which scared his brief slumbers with fearful dreams, and gave occasion to his enemies to say that he was haunted by a guilty conscience. Nevertheless, his step and demeanour were full of pomp and royalty; so that it wanted not for any one to say even unto me, though but a simple cloister-bred youth, "that is the King;" since all men might well perceive that he could be of nothing less than the blood-royal, or the wearer of a crown. His habit was the close dress of red velvet which he wore under his armour, surmounted by a blue velvet robe lined with fair ermines, and choicely embroidered with the letter of his name in gold. The blue Garter of England embraced his knee, and the enamelled George thereof hung to an azure scarf round his neck; whilst upon his head he wore a chapeau of red velvet and ermine, which threw his rich and full brown hair back upon his shoulders.'—Pp. 19, 20.

'The sacred calm and silence, and the holy grandeur of the spot, seemed to bring back unto my mind those days when my young feet were wont to wander in the Cathedral at Ely, or around my father's tomb in the Church of the Grey-Friars at Leicester; and, towards the close of day, I again went alone into the chancel, telling the good Custos, or Decanus as he is now called, Christopher Urswicke, that I would vain pray awhile in secret on that evening, since early on the morrow I must hasten forward on my journey. It was then, enwrapped in thought, that I drew nigh unto the royal tomb by the high-altar, and, kneeling there, prayed audibly unto God and the Virgin for the salvation of all my House; and especially for King Edward, the Duchess Margaret, my noble cousin the Lady Bride Plantagenet; and King Richard, whom I called my father. As these orisons escaped from my lips, I heard a gentle voice near me exclaim, "Holy St. Edward!—

my cousin, and the son of King Richard!" whereupon I started, and, looking around, beheld that a leaf of one of the golden gates of King Edward's tomb was open, and that within was a maiden seeming also to be in prayer. She was clothed in a white habit, such as was worn by Novices of the Order of St. Austin, and the fading light was yet enough to show me that it was indeed no other than the Lady Bride at her father's sepulchre; now most wondrously increased both in beauty and in stature since I had last beheld her.

"Hereupon I hastily arose in much confusion; but, as she was about to depart, I noted that in her surprise her rosary had fallen from her hand, and I forthwith entered the tomb and restored it unto her; saying, albeit, with a hesitating voice, "Believe not, Lady, that I knew of your presence in this place, or came hither to trespass on your secret prayers and pious piety. Indeed, you may well deem that what I have now uttered is not to be spoken lightly, seeing that mine own safety is so much involved therein; nevertheless, I rest me securely upon the good faith of the Lady Bride Plantagenet."

"Stranger," responded she, hastily drawing her robe around her, as if anxious to avoid a more perfect recognition on my part, and yet speaking in a voice so sweet and gentle that it came upon mine hearing like the soft swellings of distant music:—"Stranger, you have in sooth awakened my wonder: yet whoever you may be, whether another false adventurer from Burgundy, or the true son of the blood-stained Richard, your words with me are as if they had never been spoken; since I have neither desire to expose thee unto danger, nor ought to do with the world or its vain-glorious honours."

"As she spoke thus, her visage became suddenly crimsoned over; yet was it but for a moment, as anon her pure and eloquent blood flowed onward in its wonted course, and her face resumed again its tranquil fairness; such as the still lake shows unto heaven, when the passing gale hath gone by, and the light ruffle which it called forth hath died upon the clear waters. When I last saw the Lady Bride, there was much of the glad look of childhood in her bright blue eyes, and the rich abundance of her hair of paly gold; and those golden locks did still remain even more beauteous than before, but methought that her merry glance was now shaded by a musing melancholy, which shall be full rarely noted in the countenance of one so young. Having awhile marked her in silence, listening with wondrous delight unto her voice, I now assayed to answer her; telling her, that, albeit I was indeed from Burgundy, and even from her noble kinswoman the late Duchess, yet was I no false adventurer who sought to disquiet the realm, nor was my noble father sought of that which the world was wont to call him. I then told her of the Lady Margaret's decease, of her mission which had brought me unto England, and specially of that touching the good Queen Elizabeth and herself; wherein, I added, I could not but rejoice, since it would lead me again to hear the voice of one who was so passing fair."—Pp. 278—280.

MEDICAL REFORM.

Analytic Physiology: Treating of the Cure of Nervous Diseases, by External Applications to the Spine. By Samuel Hood, M.D., A.B. Second Edition, with an Appendix. 8vo. pp. 207. Whittaker and Co. London, 1829.

THIS is about as marked a specimen of confident presumption as we recollect to have ever met with; the author congratulating himself, with all imaginary complacency, upon his discoveries, their importance, and the certain reform which they have actually begun to introduce into the practice of medicine. All this eclat and influence, however, must, we conclude, be entirely confined to the utmost sphere of his own fire-side; for, though we have had very considerable acquaintance with medical literature during the last twelve years, we do not recollect ever having heard either of Dr. Samuel Hood, A.B., or his book, before it was sent to us last week from his publishers. But, that we may exculpate ourselves from any possible charge of misrepresenting his extravagant pretensions, we shall here copy his entire preface:

"It usually takes about a quarter of a century to effect a revolution in the principles of any of the abstruse sciences: half of that period is past since I commenced trying to establish the treatment of nervous diseases on physiological principles; and, should I live

to the age of fifty, I venture to predict, I shall see the object which I have had in view accomplished. I was amused to hear, the other day, that a celebrated journalist declined reviewing my work, because my opinions were too new, whilst others assert that neither my facts nor conclusions are new. Such is the progress of science: first question the facts, and, when they can no longer be disputed, then deny the originality of the discovery. These observations indicate that a change has actually begun in the theory of medicine. As to the originality of the discovery, posterity will settle that point with its accustomed equity; and the object of this work is to drive empiricism from regular practice, by extending the knowledge of the animal economy."

After such a flourish of trumpets, we were prepared to look, at least, for singularity, if not for novelty or accuracy; but, instead of either, we find the work consisting chiefly of a collection of facts and observations from well-known authors, mixed up with a number of cases; most of them, as it appeared to us, of little moment, but detailed in so dogmatical and repulsive a manner, as must disgust and repel every class of readers.

Medical men will be able to understand the extent of the reform in the profession meditated by Dr. Samuel Hood, when we inform them that he is a believer in the identity of life (which he chooses to designate the *vital force*) and galvanism, the nerves and the blood-vessels in the animal system performing the same rôle in eliciting this vital force as the plates of copper and zinc in the galvanic trough or the voltaic pile. The original author of this great discovery, he further informs us, was not himself, but Sir Isaac Newton; for, though he is too proud and independent to allow himself to be biassed by any authority, how high soever it may be, he is right fain to shelter himself under every great name which he can by any means twist into his haband. For example:

"In the foregoing investigation of physiological causation, I have uniformly traced irritability and decomposition to a power generated between the blood and the nervous system. This power, I am persuaded, is either galvanic electricity or a modification of it; but, if I am wrong, it is an error which I participate with Newton, Gaubius, Hunter, Wollaston, Abernethy, and Philip; and who need be ashamed to err with such authorities, even if the opinion itself were unsupported either by analytic or synthetic analogy? It would be satisfactory to have an incontestible proof that the vital force is electric," &c.—P. 187.

No doubt it would be satisfactory to a theorist, if nature would condescend to create proofs expressly for his speculations; but, as it does not appear that this has been done in the present instance, we are put off with a string of *alleged* authorities instead of facts. We have said '*alleged*,' because three out of the six authorities above enumerated, did not even know, and could not know, of the existence of galvanic electricity, and of course could not by any possibility identify it with life. What could Newton or Gaubius know of it, though Galvani published his work a few years before Hunter's death? Be this as it may, we have here the dogmatic authority of Dr. S. Hood, (page 187), that the vital force '*is not an ignis fatuus; it is a substance perceptible by the senses; it is tangible by the thermometer*'"

We do not recollect of having ever met with a piece of more '*perceptible*' and '*tangible*' absurdity than this. Hartley's vibrations and vibratuncles of the brain were common-place sobriety to this announcement of the tangibility of life by the thermometer; nay, more, Dr. Hood affirms that this tangible vital force is not only identical with galvanic electricity, but with what Van Helmont called '*Archæus*,' and Stahl, '*the soul*.' Our medical readers will at once perceive the accuracy of our author's erudition, from this strange jumblement of things so distinctly different.

His practical facts appear to us to exhibit principles altogether worthy of the theories for whose support they are brought forward. His

title-page announces, indeed, that his chief remedies consist of external applications to the spine; but these are, almost in every case, limited to the forming of eschars with caustic. By means of nitrate of silver, he burns off a portion of the skin from the size of a shilling to that of a half-crown; and, in this manner, he proposes to cure all incurable disorders, such as tic douloureux, hydrophobia, epilepsy, Indian cholera, locked-jaw, &c., and also to stop the cold paroxysms of ague; not that he had any wish for this novel practice to supersede the treatment with bark, but because '*the bark is afterwards more efficacious*.' He appears to be altogether ignorant both of Fowler's solution and the sulphate of quinine, both of which are all but specific in the cure of ague; at least, he gives us no hint from which we can infer his knowledge of either. His eschar practice in this complaint we conceive to be harsh and cruel; and we infer, from his own showing, that it is not of great efficacy.

The evidence which he produces, from the success of the same practice in locked-jaw, is only worthy of notice in so far as it renders manifest the shifts of a theorist to impress every thing possible into his service. The only case which he gives is on the authority of a Captain Jackson, whom the author had instructed in his method of cure previous to his sailing to the coast of Africa. The treatment was, of course, as successful as that recorded of Madeira wine, with which it is said a whole ship's company was cured of locked-jaw, besides the authority of Captain Jackson's own letter, reporting the cure. The author adds:

'Being recently at Liverpool, I called on his excellent mother; she informed me, that she had often heard her son say that the treatment of tetanus recommended by me had been completely successful, and that Captain Jackson had instructed her second son, Richard, (also dead,) who cured Captain Owen, of the ship *Rathbone*, belonging to Thomas Tobin, Esq., of locked jaw.'—P. 206.

The reform of medical practice, announced by the author as already begun, we infer, has not been in the profession, but among sea-captains and their brothers! We no longer marvel that we never before heard of Dr. Samuel Hood; and our readers, after this, cannot feel much surprise, when we tell them that our author gravely proposes to prove the truth of Christianity by phrenology. To prevent the possibility of mistaking the learned Doctor upon this point, we shall state the matter in his own words:

'Philosophers have, in all ages, admitted an intimate relation between the physical and moral nature of man; it is, therefore, not a little strange that such a quantity of sarcasm should have been heaped upon Gall and Spurzheim, for bringing, with immense labour, this relation into a more tangible shape. The kind of ridicule now levelled at phrenology, was, in former times, liberally bestowed on chemistry, astronomy, and Christianity itself: and, like them, it will be likely to prosper under persecution; truth shines brightest from the collision of opposing sentiments.

'The Baroness de Staël has truly observed, that every discovery appears absurd at its first announcement; the new conclusions are tried by the test of known principles, while it is precisely by abandoning old principles, especially if they be false, that new conclusions are brought to light. Man feels a sort of selfish regard for the doctrines which he imbibes in his youth; he feels himself, as it were, personally attacked when they are assailed: it is a most difficult lesson to unlearn error; and to acknowledge it, requires no inconsiderable share of magnanimity. A discovery has to combat the prejudices of mankind as well as the difficulties of science; such, at least, has been the fate of Gall and Spurzheim. Fanatics have assailed them, as being irreligious, while they have only shown the moral law of the Evangelists is the best adapted to the physical and intellectual capacities of man, and have, in fact, drawn from natural history new and powerful evidence of the Divine origin of Christianity. Moralists have railed at them, as confounders of right and wrong, while they have been only laudably employed in pointing out a method by which man may become more easily acquainted with the predominant propensities of his nature, without the instructive, but often painful,

lessons of experience. The sages of antiquity, the legislators, philosophers, and divines of modern times, have all added to a knowledge of the general nature of mankind; but phrenology shows the individual to himself, setting his natural character naked before his eyes. —P. 115.

We conceive that our readers have now had enough, and more than enough, of Dr. Samuel Hood, the great medical reformer.

INTRODUCTORY CANTO TO A POEM ABOUT SOMETHING.

I.

THAT was a noble and a virtuous rage,
Which, in the midst of violence and lust,
Saw proud and helmeted warriors forth to wage
War on the Tyrant, to uphold the just,
To shield from wrong the helplessness of age,
To pour sweet balm on the corroding rust,
Which grief, deep, silent, gnaws into the heart,—
Methinks that was a great and generous part.

II.

And yet we're apt to laugh at these same knights,
And think them rather valorous than wise;
And wonder how men blest with the delights
And luxuries which affluence supplies,
Should prefer sieges, shipwrecks, perils, fights,
To their own home's endearing sympathies,
And, plainly scorning their domestic duties,
Should run about protecting injured beauties.

III.

'Tis very well for us, (who have the happiness
To live under a mild Administration,
And revel in security,) to profess,
We really think it mental aberration,
To study the 'redress of grievances.'
But, then, we take not in consideration
The altered circumstances of society;
For what is outrage now, was then propriety.

IV.

And then redress by law was so precarious,
That very few indulged in litigation;
The 'Bill of Middlesex,' and all the various
King's writs, had but a scanty circulation.
There was no such effective 'Certiorari' as
A good knight's arm; so that, in every nation,
Stout warriors did the business of attorneys,
And your Orlando's were the only Barriers.

V.

But now, the circumstances being new,
'Tis difficult to choose an occupation.
I must confess, I've often wished to do
Something might gain a decent reputation;
And I am wont to set before my view
Examples, best deserving imitation,
Of those who, in their several professions
Of arts, or arms, by conquests, or possessions,—

VI.

Have in their day made an important stir;
Yet against all some strong objections lie;
My politics are not such as, I fear,
Lead, in the Church, to highest dignity:
And of all nauseous objects, I aver,
That which excites the most disgust in me,
Is a Lord Bishop reading to the nation,
'In justice to himself,' a recantation—

VII.

Of principles, which (accidentally)
Might interfere with subsequent promotion.
For Painting I've by no means a good eye.
Of Music I have not the smallest notion,
Nor any species of philosophy.
Of love I've drunk a very decent potion.
A young man cannot study at the Bar,
Without, at least, two hundred pounds a-year.

VIII.

'Tis said, Lord Eldon was not worth a sou,
When first from Scotland he arrived in town;
But then I should suggest, that very few
Have brains or luck to do what he has done.
And your opinions must bend like a yew
To gain the emoluments of a silk gown:
I always have esteemed the bard's vocation
A gentlemanly high-road to starvation.

* Vide Bishop Doonham's—*passim*.

IX.

Yet, such a road! that, if my hope could rise
High as the wishes I have dared to build,
If I could e'er aspire to realize
The humblest of the many dreams that filled
The splendid future of my phantasies,
I'd starve content to have such hopes fulfilled.
But my friends tell me I'm so unmetaphorical,
My poems would be far too episodic.

X.

Ariosto is all episode. To my
Mind Ariosto is the very glory
Of a bard, who in England, Italy,
Portugal, Spain, have graced their nation's story.
Perhaps you'll think that *sentimentally*,
France is omitted in this inventory:
But the fact is, I have a deep contempt,
Mixed with a hatred, for the Government,—

XI.

Character, customs, literature, laws
Of the French people. I, of course, foresee,
That this most sweeping damnatory clause
Will raise a charge of 'nationality.'
For which I care not: I speak out, because
Such is my opinion. As for poetry,
I think a man might read French till his brains
Were added, and find little for his pains.

XII.

But this is episode.—The army is,
In war-time, very far from being agreeable
To all the notions I have form'd of him;
And though, in peace, you have a comfortable
'Amend' in the enjoyment of the mess,
I don't consider any luxuries able
To drive away the leaden, dead ennui
Of being tied to one society.

XIII.

There is no doubt, the glory of the nation
Mainly consists in her superiority
In naval matters: but th' accommodation
Is so deficient,—and the blasphemy
Of the Lieutenants—and the consternation
Created by a storm—appears to me
So dreadful, that a man had better far
Live in a mad-house than a man-of-war.

XIV.

Besides, the vice and immorality,
Which, as my good friend Smith* asserts, defiles,
From head to stern, the whole ship's company.
And therefore, no trade suiting, for awhile
I shall take up inditing poetry,
A few spare tiresome moments to beguile.
So for myself and my unhappy verses,
I crave the reading public's tender mercies.

XV.

The only difficulty I find in me,
The magnitude of which you cannot doubt:
(It meets me in every quarter like a dun,
And puts all my ideas to the rout.)
The fact is, ere my poem was begun,
I did not settle what to write about.
I can't think how I made such a mistake in
The very outset of my undertaking.

XVI.

The omission of this slight consideration
Is likely to occasion me much pain;
But, as the bark of my imagination
Has left the shore, I can't put back again.
So first I'll mention my determination
To have a MORAL PURPOSE in my strain,
And to the very best of my ability
Uphold the noble doctrine of Utility.

XVII.

'Twere to debase our faculties divine
Not to direct them to some useful end.
Seeing that Mr. B.—l—w—r's views and mine
Agree in this, and that my worthy friend
In 'The Disowned,' has managed to combine
Instruction with amusement, and to blend
The great truths of political economy
With a few scattered precepts on gastronomy,—

* See the Rev. G. C. Smith's work called 'Portsmouth,' containing an elegant detail of the immoralities prevalent in ships in harbour, and also at Mutton Cove and North Corner.

XVIII.

With similar designs, I lately wrote
Some pastorals defending 'Usury':
I'm shortly going to advocate the 'Vote
By Ballot,' in romance or tragedy.
And, if I've time to publish it, I've got
An epic on 'Our Foreign Policy.'
And after that I'll promise you a sonnet
On 'Codification,' or an ode upon it.

XIX.

I hope to rouse the spirit of the nation
Against the expenditure of Government,
By some Pindaric stanzas on taxation;
And, if to these a patriotic ear is lent,
I'll write a canto against emigration,
And set forth the true theory of rent,
Besides a very plaintive little ditty,
On the report of the Finance Committee.

XX.

But these are projects which do not admit
Of instant execution; and I'm fired
With an outrageous wish to benefit
The human species, and shall soon get tired,
If I've to wait 'till my slow-kindling wit,
Has had sufficient time to get inspired;
So I shall tune my harp to sing of fights,
And tales of ladies fair and armed knights.

XXI.

But, I assure you, not with any view
Of eulogizing either dame or knight;
For I hold with 'The Westminster Review,'
That it is very shameful to excite:
Ideas of feudal dames being chaste and true,
Or the male friends bold, generous, and polite,
And that Miss Landon, by her warlike strains,
Could only mean to turn young ladies' brains.*

XXII.

Oh! be! you naughty L. E. L. that you
Should show such an iniquitous intention
Of hurting the Reviewer's feelings so!
One, too, who showed you so much condescension!†
For my part, every deed of derring-do
Or helm, or lance, or steed, I chance to mention,
I shall subjoin a hint, that war does not
Increase the national capital a jot.

XXIII.

I shall have ferried sentiments, with touches
Of tender feeling, but no single thought or
Word that might shock the purest-minded duchess,
Or any lover of true 'milk-and-water.'
In fact, my poem, reader, shall be such as
No man need blush to read out to his daughter,
No father of a family need fear
To let his children of both sexes hear.

XXIV.

I dare say that all people will expect
To find my poem quite a 'perfect treasure':
But I must tell them they must not object
To wait a little for their 'lot of pleasure';
For really I can't promise to effect
Another Canto without much more leisure.
So, reader, you must wait with resignation
My period of poetical gestation.

* See the review of L. E. L.'s 'Troubadour,' in 'The Westminster Review.'

† We shall address Miss Landon as our equal, because we consider her unequal.—1844.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF LITERATURE IN HOLLAND.

We purpose taking some kindly notice of the writers of Holland,—a class of men who we think have hardly received justice at the hands of the literary world. Our own countrymen, who, in search of amusement or instruction, have ransacked the literature of other European nations, have overlooked our Dutch neighbours as if by general convention, and neither their language nor the minds that have ennobled it, have been much noticed among us, in the way of honourable commemoration. True it is that something has been spoken of the Hollander,—his rage for commerce, and his passion for tulip-roots, the magnificence of his dairies, and the bulky superfluity of his nether garments, have all in their turn attracted our attention, and with reason; but the Dutchmen have been remarkable for better things than these. It must be confessed, when we look at Holland,—a country planted in the waves, dependent for its very existence on the durability of its dykes,—a country essentially commercial, we should scarcely imagine it calculated to promote the cause of literature; but the fact is otherwise; few countries have a juster title to celebrity on that account, and the wise and learned of all succeeding ages will not deny that such men as Erasmus, as Grotius, as Julius Scaliger, and Isaac Vossius, have a just title to their gratitude. The lovers of science should always commemorate the names of Huygens, Boerhave, and of Swammerdam. While to those who delight in the quiet elegancies of civilized life, who should be dearer than Rembrandt and Gerard Dow, than Mieris and Paul Potter?

The same century, the thirteenth, which witnessed the rise of Bruges and Antwerp, presents us with the first distinct evidences of the dialect, since known as the Dutch language. The productions of the German minstrels, which were collected by order of Charlemagne, formed, perhaps, the model for the madrigals, or love romances, of Holland of the fourteenth century; the writers of which, Alaerlant, Jean Helu, and Melis Stoke were simple burghers; but their verses accompanied the breviaries of high-born ladies, and were, perhaps, more frequently perused as being the most interesting. Like the poems of Chaucer and Gower with us, these effusions contributed in some measure to fix the language in which they were written. The fifteenth century forms a new and remarkable era in the history of literature. The art of printing was then first discovered by Laurent Koster, an inhabitant of Haarlem. The greater skill or industry of the German trio, Gutenberg, Faust, and Schœffer have, however, won for them the eulogies due to Koster, whose merits are scarcely recognised beyond the walls of his native city. The first consequences of this discovery to letters in Holland, were not so important as might have been expected. At the court of Philip le Bon, of Burgundy, whose influence prevailed over the extent of the present Netherlands kingdom, French alone was spoken; and the 'Chambers of Rhetoric,' which had their origin at this period, following rather than leading opinion, served, by sanctioning the introduction of foreign words only, to corrupt the language over which they pretended to watch. The circumstance most worthy of notice in this age is the first appearance of prose writing.*

From this time, however, the ignorance that had so long prevailed began to pass away, and the impulse which had been given to human know-

ledge and curiosity at the end of the fifteenth, displayed itself with increased vigour at the commencement of the sixteenth century. In Holland, the treasures of antiquity were illustrated by Agricola and Erasmus; philology, by Hadrianus Junius; mathematics and geography, by Mercator and Ortelius; botany, by Dodonæus; chemistry, by the Isaacs; anatomy, by Vesalius; and jurisprudence, by Rævardus and Vigilius; but their works are in Latin. The University of Leyden had its origin in the following romantic causes: This city, having effected its preservation from the arms of Philip II. with the sufferings and death of 6,000 of the inhabitants, was offered by the Prince of Orange, an exemption from taxes for many years, or the establishment of a university. The citizens decided for the latter. Four months after the raising of the siege the university was founded, and, in a few years it became one of the most celebrated in Europe. About the same time, by the labours of Coornhert; of Marinix Aldegonde, the composer of the national song of 'Orange Boven'; of Wilhelmus van Nassauwen; and of Spiegel, the language was very greatly purified from its corruptions, and the poetry of Roemer Visscher gave it simplicity and grace. But it is to Hooft, who flourished in the beginning of the seventeenth century, that the Dutch language is most indebted. He brought it, it may be said, at once to perfection. Equally admirable in poetry and in prose, the partialities of his countrymen rank his 'Granada,' a pastoral, next, if not equal, to the 'Aminta,' of Tasso; and, in the history of his country, he proved his native tongue to be capable of imitating the sterner beauties of Tacitus, an author whom he is said to have perused fifty-two times, in order to fit himself for the task he had undertaken. Hooft is a rare instance of talents of the first order rightly employed and duly rewarded. The friend of Huygens and Descartes, and the protector of Grotius, he was the intimate and confidant of William I., Prince of Orange, and was ennobled by Louis XII., of France. Vondel, the Shakspeare of his adopted country, was the contemporary, and shared the friendship of Hooft. The subjects of his plays are generally scriptural; his best, as dramas for the stage, are 'Gijzebrecht van Amstel' and 'Palamedes'; his last, though Greek in name, has reference to the death of Barneveldt, and was felt and attempted to be avenged by that great man's murderers. But it is in his satires that Vondel greatly shines. In these he displays an energy of style and ideas, that has been equalled by no satirist of Holland, and surpassed by few of any other country. More popular than either Hooft or Vondel, though with less pretensions to purity and elegance, is Cats, the poet of low life. His writings, in their detail and strong nationality, remind us of the paintings of the Dutch school. In one of his poems, 'Het Huwelijk,' or the Marriage, in six cantos, he depicts, in description and in dialogue—the girl, the lover, the betrothed, the woman, the mother, and the widow. Hence his influence with the common people, to whom he speaks in their own way, recalling all their own familiar ideas; and hence, like Burns, he is the companion of the cottager's fire-side, in whose possession may often be found only two books, the poems of Cats and the Bible. We may also name, among the writers of this period, Grotius, who, happily for his fame, rejected the language of his country, and wrote in Latin; Scaliger and Justus Lipsius, professors at Leyden. It has been said by Niebuhr of this university, that, Rome or Greece excepted, there is no place that has greater claims on the lovers of antiquity than the hall of the university of Leyden, where the portraits of the eminent professors encircle that of the illustrious founder. The splendour which the efforts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had shed over Dutch literature was now to decline; a foreign, and, consequently, a spurious, taste prevailed; the writers of the early part of the eighteenth century, instead of pursuing the bent of their own genius,

and obeying no laws but those which the nature of their subject and the taste of their readers instinctively require, adopted for their own tongue the rules which Boileau and less worthy critics had declared necessary for the French. As might have been anticipated, boldness and originality in style and thought gave way to the absurdities of pedantry and the feebleness of imitation; and it is difficult, from among the writers of the time, to select one of sterling merit. We must not, however, pass over the peasant, Poot. He is tame and almost below mediocrity when addressing a patron, but shows himself a true poet in his odes on the happiness of a country life; and the trees, under which he had so often reposed from his labours, the flowers at his feet, the sky above him, the gurgling waters, the birds and the breeze, live again in his then inspired lines. Next to Poot is Langendijk, who, notwithstanding the buffoonery of many of his compositions, has been compared to Molière, and must always be granted a high place among comic poets. Van Haren is chiefly known by his odes and his poem entitled 'Les Gueux,' wherein he celebrates the praises of the great founders of Batavian liberty. If polite literature lost ground in this age, the cause of science advanced. Philology, jurisprudence and physic, flourished under the auspices of Haverkamp, Oudendorp, Drakenborch, Heinecius, Boerhave, Albinus, Campen, Musschenbroek, Lyonnet, and Farenheit. From this person few writers appeared of such eminence as to attract or demand particular notice until after the French Revolution.

The first name that then occurs is that of Bilderdijk, a most voluminous writer, who unites the apparent discordant qualities of lawyer, grammarian, and poet. At an early age he obtained a prize from the poetical society of Leyden; after which he put forth translations of the Greek tragedians. A refugee from his country in 1795, he delivered lectures in London on poetry, in the French language, which were well attended. In 1806, he returned to Holland, became the instructor of Louis Buonaparte, and published three volumes of tragedies of unequal merit, together with translations from Pope, Horace, Pindar, Theocritus, &c. On the abdication of Louis in 1810, he lost his pension, and, three years afterwards, joined the triumphant shouts of his countrymen on the return of their native prince, an event which, in his 'Hollonds Verlossing, or Deliverance of Holland and Wappenkreet; or an Appeal to Arms,' he has celebrated in verses well worthy of the subject. His fame depends, however, very principally on his grammatical works, and we can recall no author who has treated with greater skill the delicacies and niceties of that crooked study, or who has evinced a deeper insight into the structure of their own language than Bilderdijk. He has been ably seconded by Siegenbeek in his profound remarks on the new system of orthography, by Wieland, the author of a Dutch dictionary, in eleven volumes, and of a work on Dutch synonyms, as well as a good elementary grammar; and by Kinker, in treating of prosody. In moral philosophy, Kinker's name, in conjunction with Van Hemert, again appears as the propounder of Kant's system, and in which endeavour they have been skilfully seconded by Schröder, Deiman, Falk, and Jeronimo de Bosch. Kinker is a wonderful man. He embraces in the wide circuit of his knowledge, it may be said, all that pertains to philosophy and the fine arts. His summary of Kant's system has called forth the highest and most marked praise from Degerando in France. He has written and translated tragedies and operas for the stage. His 'Janus Reviv'd,' and 'Ruminator,' prove his vast acquaintance with policy and government. His 'Essay on Dutch Prosody' has been mentioned. With the ancient he is equally conversant as with modern languages. Among his productions are remarks on an Egyptian manuscript, and on a Greek manuscript in

* In the library of Brussels is a general history in manuscript, composed about the year 1450, or 1460, with plates, in one of which is seen a monk consoling the last moments of Augustus; and, in another, the funeral of the emperor is celebrated with all the pomp of the Romish ritual, whilst the notary and other personages present at the writing of the monarch's will, are habited in the costume of the fifteenth century.

Egyptian characters. Like all great Dutch authors he is a poet, and a good one; and, to his other accomplishments, he adds a thorough knowledge of music. Yet, of the name of the Professor of Liege, how few in England have heard? Foremost amongst those who have deserved well of their country, stands the Count Van Hogendorp. Having entered the army at an early age, this nobleman proceeded, as a private individual, to the Northern States of America, where he was honoured with the friendship of Franklin, and resided under the same roof with Washington. Returning to his native land, he found it agitated with the first ebullitions of revolution: the people contending against their rulers, and he espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange. The final triumph of republicanism forced him to take shelter in the quiet of private life. This enlightened individual was one of a few whose hopes for the future rose superior to circumstances, and who, at the most fearful period of Napoleon's ambitious career, still looked forward to the final regeneration of their country. When the time arrived for expelling the invaders, he came forth to cheer and sustain his countrymen, and elevate their minds to the level of that exigence on which their freedom depended. The studies to which he had devoted himself during his retirement proved of eminent service to him, as the head of the Committee appointed, in 1815, to draw up *la loi fondamentale* of the Netherlands kingdom. The Count Van Hogendorp ranks with Kemper and Van Alphen as the most efficient and most eloquent members of the National Assembly. We wish we had room to quote a few only of the arguments of this statesman in favour of a free trade, from his 'Considerations of the Policy of the Low Countries.' His other principal works are, 'On the Commerce of India,' and on the 'Commerce, Culture, and Finances of Java.' In the eloquence of the pulpit, Dermont and Vander Palm have surpassed, in the estimation of their countrymen, all their contemporaries.

The Dutch language is rich in historical records; amongst later writers, Kluit has published a history of the different forms of government which have prevailed in Holland from the earliest periods. It is a work replete with information imparted in a clear and concise style. To any one who is acquainted with the entangled state of this country's earlier history, it is satisfactory to find for a guide a writer who has brought it into any degree of order, and has explained the origin and changes in the connection of the sovereign with the people; the state of the nobility and the commons at different epochs; the commencement of the corporative privileges of the different cities of Holland and the rise, influence, and power of the national assemblies and the stadtholders. Van Wijn in his 'Historical Evening,' and 'Sedentary Life,' has opened up to his readers a fund of information regarding the manners and customs of past times. The history of William II. Count of Holland, by Meerman, and the history of Guelderland, by the Baron de Spaan, may be consulted with advantage by the curious in the traditionary lore, laws, politics, and religion of the middle ages; and Herman Bosscha and Van der Palm have recorded the events which finally led to the restoration of the Orange family to the possessions of their ancestors. Some exceedingly interesting sketches of the characters who figured on the scene at that critical period, and who first raised the cry of Orange Boven, are to be found in Van der Palm's work, displaying all the fervour and animation of which that great writer is so capable. But the authors who have distinguished themselves on treating more recent subjects of history are Scheltema and Van Kampen. Scheltema would stand even higher than he does, if he had not too great a love for Hooft and obsolete phrases. He has taken Hooft as his model, who, as we have noticed, is himself an imitator of Tacitus. Even with these defects, his 'Russia and the Low

Countries considered in their connection with each other,' is of a high and lasting character. 'The History of the French Dominion in Europe,' by Van Kampen, is one of the most interesting with which we are acquainted. Van Kampen has also given to the world a very good geographical and political description of the Netherlands. It would be unjust to pass by unnoticed the very excellent Roman History of the learned and indefatigable Stuart, the author also of the 'History of the Country since 1753,' and of the 'Annals of the Netherlands since the Restoration.' The subject of ecclesiastical history has been ably treated by Plank, and Dermont, and Ypeij, and Hamelsveld. Numberless as the falling leaves of Vallombrosa are the poets. Mr. Bowring has already introduced some of the more ancient to the notice of the English nation: of the *irritable genius*, we could find much to say; but we know not where we should end, and we are prevented giving specimens to bear out our very favourable opinion. We believe no one could read, without emotion, the tale of the former world, by Bilderdijk,—'The Exhortation to Israel' of Da Costa,—even the Poems for Children' by Van Alphen—the patriotic songs of Bellamy,—'The Orion' of Nieuwland—the Tales of Tollens—the 'Merits of Women,' by Spandaw—the more lofty strains of Helmers, Kinker, Van Hall, and Schouten, or the 'Tombs' of the soft and melancholy Feith. We pass, finally, to the only department of literature in which the Dutch language does not boast any work of merit—the novel and romance of modern times. Loosjes approaches the nearest to the best models in his 'Life of Maurice Lijnslager,' and the Sieur Renaud Jean von Goldstein tot Scherpzel, and Madame Wolff and Agatha Dekken, have united their talents in some pleasing works of fiction; but the poverty of the rest shows the further necessity of exertion. Wherever there are successful examples, there will be abundance of imitators or rivals.

N.B.—Wagenaar, a voluminous and respectable author on Dutch history. Albinus, a celebrated anatomist. Hoogvliet, a poet.

MONTI AND THE ITALIAN WRITERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

No. III.

Among the poems which Monti wrote in celebration of Buonaparte's victories, the finest is that which is entitled *Il Beneficio*. It is a sublime vision, in which he paints the sorrows and the hopes of Italy when the French General, descending upon it at the head of a formidable army, promised to relieve it of its misfortunes, and to restore to it the grandeur of its power and prosperity—a promise which, by the by, the said General never performed. The description of this warrior appearing on the Alps, and terrifying Europe with his frowns, recalls, perhaps, too exactly the picture of Achilles putting a crowd of enemies to rout, by merely appearing on the front of a vessel. In his personification of the Italy, under the form of a beautiful woman covered with wounds, and lamenting in desolation and mourning, he seems to have combined the powers of Michael Angelo and Raphael. We must quote the passage:

'Una donna di forme alma e divine,
Per lungo duolo attrita, e di squallore
Sparsa l'augusto venerando crine,
In vision m'apparve; e sì d'amore,
Sì di pietà mi prese e di rispetto,
Che ancor la veggio, ancor mi balza il core.
Era un sasso al bel fianco duro letto,
La sinistra a la gota; e scisso il manto
Scopriva le piaghe de l'onesto petto.
Insultavan superbe al suo gran pianto
Stranie donne scettrate; e la strigne
Or questa or quella di catene; e vanto
Traean dal lutto ond'ella si pascea,
E crescean strazio ed onta a la meschina:
Io le guardava, e d'ira il cor fremea.

Ma l'afflitta, che pur ne la ruina
De la prime fortune alma scerbava
Sdegnosa, e dentro si sentia regina;
Ricordivi lor disse (e il capo alzava)
Ricordivi che tutte io v'ebbi ancella,
Tutte... e rotto un sospir gli occhi inclinava.
Poi le luci nel pianto ancor più belle
Girando a i figli, chi di voi m'aita?
Sciamava. E i figli forsennate e felle
Volgean l'arme in se stessi, e la ferita
Del sen materno esacerbando, il poco
Misero avanzo le togliean di vita.
Mi corse a l'empia vista e gelo e foco
Per le vene, e gridai: pace, fratelli.
Per Dio pace: e trovar non sapea loco.
Pareami errar furante, irto i capelli
Per le saire di Roma erme ruine,
E percuoter col pugno i chiusi avelli;
E agitarli, e svegliar l'Ombre latine.
Ahi prisca gloria! ahi vani orgogli! ahi come
L'italica virtù cadde a vil fine!
Io chiamava le antiche Ombre per nome;
E quelle alzati i coperchi, e rimossa
Dai fieri aspetti le scorrenti chiome,
Sporgean le fronti per veder che fosse.
E de' nipoti la virtù veduta,
Le fraterne discordie e le percosse,
E l'arbitra del vinto Orbe venuta
In servitù del servo, dolorosi
Quei divi spirti di sì gran caduta,
In volto si guardan muto e pensosi.
Indi qual vergognando giù cadea,
Gli occhi nel cavo de le palme ascosi;
Qual ritto in piè spiccandosi mietea
Tutta fuori de l'area la persona,
E gridando vendetta, armi chiedea.'

The poem which approaches to this in form and grandeur, is that which bears the title of 'La Spada di Federico.' It is well known, that after the battle of Jena, Buonaparte carried off the sword of Frederick II. as a trophy of victory, to expiate the defeat of the French at Rossbach. The description of the Prussian hero rising from his tomb, and extending his hand with shuddering indignation, to prevent his weapon from becoming the prey of the conqueror, has some sort of analogy with that of the downcast King in the most forcible scenes of Macbeth, or at least it awakens the same horror, and causes the hair to stand on end from similar feelings. 'Il bardo della selva nera' is an incomplete poem, which the author has not finished. Buonaparte is also the subject of this; but it is a feeble production in comparison with the others, though it occasionally sparkles with beauty of a superior order. A great number of other poems of all kinds follow those which we have noticed, all bearing the stamp of genius. The pathetic cast of his elegies, the audacious flight of lyrical odes, the concentrated force of his sonnets, the biblical sanctity of his religious strains,—all, in fact, are clothed in a magical language, which makes us think and feel, and transports the soul into enchanted regions. The best analysis which could be made of so many celebrated productions, would be to reprint them, and place them entire before the eyes of all admirers of the just and beautiful.

Monti has also written some tragedies. We do not pretend to maintain that they have attained to the standard of Alfieri as to theatric perfection; but we confidently venture to assert, that he has caused tragedy to advance another step in the poetical forms of expression. Alfieri, from a laudable apprehension of falling into the musical harmony of Metastasio, and consequently into that mild effeminacy with which the Italian language has always been reproached, had adopted a system of versification certainly energetic and profound, but most frequently devoid of all pomp or splendour. Monti has shown that these two qualities may be very well imitated. His tragic productions are rich in those dazzling attractions of poetry, which the theatre stands in need of, in order to excite all our faculties at once, and to lead the affections of the soul by a simultaneous movement of all the organs of sense. Thus in his 'Aristodemus,' unquestionably the best of his tragedies, whilst we are rather shocked at the treaty of peace

between Sparta and Messina, which breaks in like an episode, quite foreign to the principal plot; we are yet delighted with the poetical beauty of the striking dialogue between Aristodemus and the Spartan Ambassadors, the pomp, dignity, and contrivance of which, leaves us nothing to desire. Under this point of view, it must be said that Monti has added to the reform of tragedy that was made by Alfieri, and has gathered to himself some of the ornaments from the brilliant crown of the Piedmontese Sophocles. Justice compels us to avow that this species of glory has also been shared by Piedmonte in his noble tragedy of 'Arminius.'

Besides his original poems, Monti has also consecrated his vigils to translating in verse the *Satires of Persius* and the *Iliad of Homer*. The first of these is known by the obscurity, constraint, and roughness of his style, and the second by his simplicity, majesty, and splendour. The address with which Monti has conquered all these difficulties, and the spirit and beauty which he has given to these two ancient poets are beyond all praise; consequently, with such a series of inspired works, following each other in quick succession, like prodigies on prodigies, the influence which he has over the age in which he has lived in, has been powerful and general. The vigour of his versification, which savours of his long theories upon Dante, has turned public attention to this first father of Italian poetry, whose immortal poem has once more become almost the exclusive aliment of all well constituted minds. The depths of his thoughts, the aerial colouring of his images, and the bold relief of his pictures, have given the death-stroke to those composers of verses who endeavoured to revive the redundancy of the *Arcadia of Rome*, or of the *Frugonian sect*. There was a time when young Italians commenced their literary career only by a frivolous sonnet or insipid *Anacreontic*. To do so, in the present day, would be to risk their reputation in the very outset, as it is well known that public contempt would be their sure and inevitable reward. Monti is at his post with his Herculean club in his hand, to make youth comprehend that they must either aspire to poetry worthy of the name, or remain silent. Hence arises the great number of tragedians with which Italy at present swarms. The poets run to the theatre to exorcise their powers, and learn to struggle with innumerable difficulties. Certainly they have no reason to be too proud of their success, for the career is immensely difficult; but, it must be observed, that if good tragedies are very rare, there are none that are absolutely worthless: with all their faults, they are all more or less strongly conceived in some respects, and invariably exhibit some talent and promise. We merely dwell on this fact, to show the noble inclination of the age, and what we owe to the generous influence of a single individual.

It has been said, that, by a remarkable phenomenon, all great poets are commonly bad prose writers. This remark is in general true, but it admits of exceptions. Voltaire gave the first example of this in France, and Monti has given a second in Italy. It would be long and tedious to enter into the origin of the dispute which he has undertaken to sustain for several years past, for the reformation of the great Dictionary of La Crusca. It is a question which can be interesting only to Italians, and we therefore pass it by. One thing is certain, that the poet has carried off the suffrages of all the enlightened men of Italy in favour of his opinion, and that the six volumes he has published on the subject are written with a vivacity, a propriety, and a purity and charm of style, the merit of which has not even been contested by his competitors. Aided by his vast literary knowledge, he has disclosed the faults and the *lacunes* of the Dictionary, and has so embellished with graces a theme necessarily cold and sterile, that the work is as entertaining to a well-informed Italian, as a romance would be in any other country in Europe.

SKETCH OF COUNT DE LA BORDE'S TRAVELS IN THE LEVANT.

[Continued from page 11.]

At a distance of twelve leagues from the plain of Konié rises an isolated mountain, called the Kam-Dugh, or black mountain; it is the object of several marvellous stories, and had never been visited by any preceding traveller. 'That mountain,' said the Turks, 'contains a thousand and one churches, which inclose treasures; and they fall down upon the heads of any person, who attempts to enter them. The stones of these monasteries, as we are informed by the Greeks and Armenians, walk in procession by night, and spread terror in every quarter.' In fact, neither Olivier nor Kinnaird could find a guide bold enough to accompany them to the spot. The truth of the matter is, that it has always been head-quarters for robbers.

Ali, Pasha of Konié, having given us one of his guards as our guide, we explored the mountain in several directions, in the hope of discovering the ruins of some ancient city. But, to our great regret, we found that the thousand and one churches, of which the Turks had spoken, consisted of monasteries and tombs of the fifth and sixth centuries; which were distinguished, however, by a very remarkable feature, inasmuch as all their façades were of the shape of a horse's shoe, an evident proof that this species of architecture, which is common to the most ancient Arabic monuments, did not originate with the Arabians, but is derived from the Byzantines, who were the parents of every thing relating to the arts in Asia as well as Europe. In truth, the Greeks did not surrender the sceptre of taste, even in the worst times of their decline.

From Konié we bent our course towards Mount Taurus and Caramania. The ascent to the most elevated point of that mountain did not consume above seven hours, though it took us three days to complete our descent to the coast; from which latter circumstance the great elevation of the Asiatic plane is manifestly apparent. I lament that I must abstain, gentlemen, from describing the interesting vicinities of the Taurus, the ruins scattered along the whole coast from Selefké to Tarsus, the remains of Corisum and Eleusis, the forest of columns at Pompeiopolis, and the memorable Tarsus, where the living waters of the Cydnus had well nigh engulfed Alexander, and the apostle Paul first drew breath! As we passed by the spot, where the roof of that apostle had once stood, I was forcibly reminded of the simple yet eloquent observation he addressed to a female, who had thrown herself at his feet:—'What is it that thou doest? I am but a man of Tarsus.'

We quitted this neighbourhood with all possible speed in consequence of the ravages which the plague was inflicting around us; our intention was to re-ascend the Pyramo and examine the remains of Anazarba, the ancient Anazarbo, and of Boudrou, six leagues beyond it, in which, as the Arabs informed us, there were more than two hundred columns, all of them standing; but on mentioning our wish to Nourid, Pasha of Adana, he dissuaded us from the attempt by acquainting us that the Turcomans, who inhabited the valley, were suffering dreadfully from the plague, and were in a state of open rebellion against his authority. We were much surprised at the inquiries he made about General Sebastiani and Prince Talleyrand, and found that he had known the former at Constantinople, where he had been Grand-Vizier, and became acquainted with the latter during his mission to France, previously to the embassy of Ghslib-Effendi. His conversation was of a far more lively and instructive cast than any we had hitherto had with other Pashas or Mussulmen, who had fallen in our way; and he invited us to assist at a species of *divan*, composed of the whole of his household, and held every day in the court-yard of his palace. The Delhi-bashi, Tartars, Tchautshes, &c., arranged them-

selves in a circle, and the spectators stood behind them; the orchestra, composed of drums and wind instruments, then ranged themselves in due order. Within the circle were posted five Tchautshes, who amused us with throwing up their long rods on high, and catching them as they fell; these rods were furnished with long silver chains, by means of which they whirled them backwards and forwards, much in the same way as the censors are swung at mass; besides this they ejaculated a prayer or two for the welfare of the Grand Signor and the Pasha. After these prayers had been said, one of them advanced a few paces, and asked, in a loud tone of voice, if any person had been unjustly dealt by, or had any complaint to make; assuring the injured party that his petition should be read in the presence of the assembly and presented to the Pasha. We were much pleased with this solemnity, and were expressing our feelings upon the subject, when an individual, who had kept himself in the back-ground, in the rear of the band, during the whole ceremony, advanced three paces towards the circle, and placing his right hand upon his scymitar, kept his eye steadily fixed upon the Pasha, as if awaiting his commands. We naturally imagined that this was the officer in attendance, but were informed that it was the *executioner*: an intimation at which the blood curdled in our veins, and the frightful despotism of the East rushed in all its terrors upon our imagination.

The route from Adana to Aleppo, is the same which Alexander traced when he crossed the Pili Maritimi on his way to meet Darius. The field of battle on the Issus is precisely such as history has described it; a plain inclosed between the sea, and an amphitheatre of mountains, and peculiarly adapted to give the fullest effect to the tactics of the Macedonian phalanx, as well as to afford bravery the preponderance over numbers.

Antioch and its magnificent ruins, the woody shades of Daphne, and the pellucid meanderings of the Orontes, detained us for a few days; but the ravages making around us by the plague, disconcerted all our designs. On passing through the village cemeteries, we were alarmed at the multiplicity of sepulchral hillocks, and the fresh-gathered appearance of the flowers which the Turks are accustomed to plant over the graves of their relatives or friends. The dismal impressions this scene excited had by no means diminished when we reached Aleppo. At a league in advance of that city, M. de Lesseps, the French Consul, having received information of our approach, rode out to meet us in company with the principal French merchants; though, in consequence of the ten days' quarantine to which it was determined to subject us, they did not venture to come in personal contact with us. When, however, we had reached our quarters, M. de Lesseps jumped from his saddle, exclaiming, 'I can contain myself no longer; happen what may, my feelings must have vent!' and with these words he threw himself into my arms. His companions did the same by mine; and every idea of quarantine and its purifications was from that moment laid upon the shelf. In fact, there are so few Frenchmen who are found travelling in eastern regions, that the arrival of a single individual of that race becomes a positive festival to their poor fellow-countrymen in exile. Alas! within two months afterwards the plague carried off several of our hosts, whom the earthquake had spared.

From Aleppo we took our departure for Palmyra. The difficulties of this journey form much the same kind of episode in our Levantine excursion, which that city itself forms when we refer to its isolated site amidst the encircling desert. The visitor generally starts from Homs, or from Hama. Among the inhabitants in these two towns, are several who keep up an intercourse with the Arab chiefs, and enter into terms with them for providing travellers with guides; in fact, they are to a certain extent the purveyors of the

desert. The most eminent of these agents is the Sheik Thala, who conveys the caravan of Mecca from Hama to Damascus; he instantly dispatched an express to a chief, who was the most influential leader of the surrounding hordes at the time of our visit; power, however, is but a fleeting commodity in the desert, and is incessantly merging from one tribe into another, as it is dependent upon the junctions or alliances which take place between them, and the fresh tribes imported every year from the Euphrates and Tigris. In four days' time the man who was to conduct us, made his appearance; he proved to be Nahar, the Sheik of the tribe of the Lions, which is a branch of the distinguished race of the *Aneses*. He was at the head of ten thousand men, living under six thousand tents, and scattered over a surface of thirty or forty square leagues. He was a man of fair stature, about sixty years of age, and spare in person, and brown in complexion, like all the Bedouins. He had a sheep's skin, dyed inside of a reddish colour, thrown across his shoulders; and this was the only circumstance which distinguished him from the rest of his suite. His motions were solemn and slow; and when a smile shot across the predominating gloom of his countenance his features assumed an expression of sweetness, though mingled generally with a touch of melancholy, which betrayed the corroding canker of some internal affliction; he was sparing of words, and never expressed himself with vehemence. The terms of our compact were speedily adjusted; but there was one condition to which we demurred, and ought never to have assented, that of laying aside our arms. He asserted, that he could not be responsible for our safety without we acceded to it; and added, further, that the most trivial act of indiscretion might prove our destruction. With this man, and three of his followers on foot, as our escort, we entered the Desert: our own little host comprised six horsemen, and three camels, carrying water and provisions. The first day's march brought us to the encampment of the Benekali Arabs, a branch of the Embaraki tribe, whose domain extends along the whole range of the Desert from Damascus to Aleppo. During the night we were suddenly called from our slumbers by the appearance of robbers at a distance; the whole camp was in instant commotion, and we became conscious, when it was too late, of the mistake we had made in leaving our arms behind us. The two following days were not marked by any particular occurrence. The Arabs on foot were generally sent in advance to see that all was safe, and would frequently stand upright on the back of a camel, to extend the range of their observations, with looks full of anxiety at the slightest noise, and earnestly attentive to the most trivial movement which occurred. Man, a stranger to his fellow mortals in these vast solitudes, is ever apprehensive of encountering an enemy in the first individual that threatens to cross his path. However great may be the distance, the moment one person catches a glimpse of another, he instantly seeks to avoid him; and a whole army might be lost on the very spot, where one human being would ineffectually strive to conceal himself from another.

The Sheik Nahar preceded us in silence, but halting at various intervals to say his prayers. One day, conceiving that he had lost his way, though he had in fact deviated from his course simply with a view of replenishing our stock of water from the supply afforded by a rock, with which he was acquainted, we could not refrain from expressing our apprehensions to him; upon which he replied with the greatest unconcern, "I promised Sheik Thala to accompany you to Tadmor, and bring you back to Homs: and I shall keep my promise. Do not alarm yourselves at what you may see." He did not fail to reach the spring which he was in quest of. The ensuing day, which was preceded by our passing the night under the open sky, without any fire to

protect us against its cutting chill, we were slowly prosecuting our course, when we discerned from fifteen to twenty Arabs coming down upon us at full gallop, and, with their lances lowered, commencing an attack upon our camels which had remained behind. We turned back to defend them, and a fierce conflict of fists and sticks ensued; they as well as ourselves being unprovided with fire-arms. The rest of the tribe had joined their comrades, and we were in the most imminent danger of being plundered and left naked in the midst of the desert, at sixty miles' distance from any supply of water or human habitation. Whilst our hands were mutually busied in tearing the clothes from each other's backs, our horses were exchanging blows with the Arabian mares, and the uproar was at its height. Messieurs Hall and Becker once had to struggle on foot with two Bedouins; my own son, who was the only one of us who had concealed a pistol in his girdle, was by its aid enabled to keep two Arabs at bay, after losing his turban. I was struggling to find my way through the hurly burly, in search of our guide, whose lance had been shattered at the first onset, when one of our party cried out 'We are saved!' In fact we now remarked the Arabs fighting among themselves, and their leader prostrated before our old conductor, anxiously endeavouring to apologise for his offence. Nahar, collecting his garments around him with the most consummate sang froid, regained his saddle, and showed no sign of indignation but a tear or two which rolled down his cheek, and certain upbraidings levelled from time to time at the young chief, by whom we were escorted three miles further on our road. This youth was mounted on a mare, worth fifteen thousand piastres; and yet, the only recompense he sought, for the service he had rendered us in arresting the despoiling career of his tribe, consisted in a small quantity of barley for his courser; to this we added a vest, in which he attired himself upon the spot.

FOREIGN NOTICES.

CANOVA'S RIGHT-HAND.—We scarcely know with what feelings we ought to regard the extraordinary communication contained in the following letter; whether to deplore the act it commemorates as the evidence of a meretricious refinement of sentiment, or to set it down as an honest, however eccentric, tribute of veneration to the memory of the 'illustrious departed.'

Dr. P. Zannini to Professor Rosini, of Pisa.

Venice, July 10th, 1828.

SIR,—The notice with which you conclude the 128th note of your 'Essay on the Life and Works of Canova,' calls upon me to acquaint you with the final disposal of that great sculptor's right-hand, which, as you very correctly observe, was intrusted to my custody. In placing this circumstance before you, I conceive that I am simply evincing my deference to the right which that essay has given you, of being made acquainted with every point affecting the memory of that illustrious Possagnese.

I believe you are already aware, that, on the day when the monument to Canova was inaugurated in the Church of the Frari, in this city, his heart was removed from the cenotaph which the members of the Academy of the Fine Arts had erected to his memory in their hall of private assembly, was transferred to the church of the Frari, and deposited in the pyramid of the monument. Whatever may have been the motives for this removal, and however great a dissonance may exist between the figures which adorn it, or, more properly speaking, of which the monument is composed, and the remains inclosed within it, it will be admitted that Canova's heart, which was the seat of so many active virtues, occupies a much fitter resting-place, in a spot consecrated to religious purposes, than in an institution ex-

clusively dedicated to the fine arts. To this latter establishment; the possession of his right-hand appears far more properly to appertain; this hand modelled a multitude of objects, few of which were not of marvellous execution, and impressed upon them that living and speaking portraiture of the chaste and beautiful, in pursuit of which the liberal arts are constantly toiling.

On this truly noble occasion, when the academicians found themselves deprived of their relic, they solicited M. Canova to replace it by the right-hand of our immortal artist; and he, after obtaining the requisite license from the Roman tribunal, cheerfully acceded to their request, and, by his letter of the first of May last, authorised me to deposit it in the safe-keeping of that academy. Nor did he attach any other condition to the gift beyond this,—that, whenever the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice should be dissolved or removed elsewhere, the right-hand of his brother should be delivered to the arch-priest of Possagno, in order that it might be re-united with the mortal remains of Canova, which, in a short time, will be transferred from the ancient church of that district, to find a last repose under the sacred roof of its chief temple. In conformity, therefore, with the concession made by M. Canova to the said academicians, on the 9th of this month of July, 1828, I transmitted to the Venetian Academy of Fine Arts, Antonio Canova's right-hand, and caused a solemn attestation of this transmission to be drawn up by an official person, with a view to its enrolment in the archives of that body.

These lines will, therefore, preserve a perpetual record of the several spots where the remains of this great man will be deposited: his body reposing in the temple of Possagno, his heart in the monument 'ai Frari,' and his right-hand in the private cenotaph erected to his memory by the Academy of Fine Arts.—Continue to me your friendship, and believe me, &c.

FRANCE, 1828.—After minute inquiries, Chaptal has estimated the agricultural capital of France at 37,522,061,676 francs, or 1,563,335,900*l.* sterling. Of the 131,646,000 acres (English measure) which constitute the surface of its territory, there are 56,332,000 acres of arable land, 4,880,700, vineyards; 16,099,800, woods and forests; 8,702,300, pastures; 8,611,000, meadows; 17,280, turf for burning; 525,840, buildings, &c; 525,840, ponds or stagnant waters; 16,182,600, roads, rivers, rocks, &c. It is lamentable to reflect, that 9,941,600 acres, being more than a twelfth part of the whole territory, are occupied by marshes, sandy districts, or otherwise waste land, which are lost to husbandry or any other productive purposes.

The same intelligent economist estimates the annual crops of wool at 42,000,000 chilogr., or 826,170 cwt*s.* English; the number of sheep, whether of the Merino, cross, or native breeds, at 34,188,910; that of cattle, at 6,973,400; and of horses, at 1,872,617; independently of 250,000 of the latter, which are not employed for agricultural purposes.

The annual produce of the vineyards of France, says M. Cavoleau, averages 35,075,689 hectolitres, or about 926,000,000 English gallons, (old measure,) the value of which may be calculated at 22,156,200*l.* sterling. This valuation is taken at the prices on the spot of growth, to which must be added the expenses of carriage, indirect taxation, municipal dues, (*octroi*), mercantile profits, &c., which will nearly double the estimate, excepting as regards what is abstracted by the growers for their domestic consumption. The extreme lowness of the price at which the preceding valuation is estimated, arises from the disproportionately small quantity of good wine which is produced.

The department of the Gironde alone produces 74,052,000 gallons of wine, which, if bottled, would cover nearly two square leagues; and the

value of its annual produce will average 2,049,040*l.* sterling,—about one-eleventh part of the value of the vines yearly grown in France. The Charente stands next on the list, producing 48,206,400 gallons; and the Charente-Inférieure, with its 47,298,500 gallons, ranks as the third in importance.

The average annual produce of the *hectare* (2 a. 1 r. 35 p.) of vines for the whole of France, is 13*l.*, or very nearly 5*l.* 6*s.* per acre. It yields the greatest pecuniary result in the department of the Yonne, where the crop produces the grower 29*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.*, or nearly 12*l.* per acre.

JENA.—Its site is rendered exceedingly romantic by the group of mountains in which it is embosomed; but the town itself, which has a population of 7,000 souls, including the students, is an execrable gallimaufry of old tenements; save and except, perchance, the market-place, which still prides itself in its far-famed clock. Whenever this *mensur temporis* strikes the hour, the jaws of a huge head open wide their portals to receive a blow from a figure standing beside it, whilst a haunting angel lifts his book of hymns on high at each recoiling thump.

Jena stands foremost in age among the German Universities; it dates from 1558, when Charles V. refused to sanction its establishment. Nor did it, for some time, obtain more than a left-handed confirmation from his successor, Ferdinand, who at first refused it the privilege of granting degrees in the faculty of theology; but afterwards, an attack of imperial indigestion having been removed by Schröter of 'that ilk,' he allowed the doctors of divinity to rid themselves of polemical indigestion as best they could. In the seventeenth century, Jena became what Bologna had been in the middle ages, and is said to have been frequented by four and even five thousand students: in the nineteenth, their numbers have sunk to six and seven hundred.

Von Loen, in his portrait of Jena, as it existed one hundred and twenty-four years back, speaks of the students as wearing long swords, dangling behind them like spits, with an evident itching to jump from their scabbards: the wearer's garments, shoes, and stockings were of the most villainous description, as if such trifles were unworthy of his philosophical sobriety; yet his presence dispersed a gale, savouring of tobacco, beer, and brandy; and he would roam and lounge about in reckless idleness by day until night, seek quarrels in the midst of the market-place, and keep the honest burgher from tasting the balm of slumber. He delighted in riotings, mummeries, and mystifications, and would saunter forth in night-gown and slippers, with his sword drawn, in quest of an antagonist. A genuine son of Jena, whether then or at the present day, has never known what it was, or is, to leave his bear-glass dry; and I recollect seeing more than one of his brethren in the year 1802, drawing blood on the market-place by open daylight, with a black leathern helmet on his head, surmounted by a bush of tall red feathers. His mind and habits were pre-disposed for the inoculation of the 'Burschen-schaft,'—a fellowship, which was any thing but blameable in its fundamental principles; it was his misfortune to pervert them, and afterwards the error of the German Governments to goad him further onwards in his faulty path.

Nothing can exceed the beautiful scenery which characterises the environs of Jena. I would not set down the adjoining *Paradies*, as it is called, in this list, for it is a mere meadow planted with rows of trees; but I intreat the traveller to extend his perambulations to the more distant scenes, which gird the banks of the Saale. He must not neglect to ascend the 'Foxe's Tower;' the superb panorama it commands, will richly reward his pains; and, when he looks down from its height, he may imagine himself transported thirty years back, assisting at the rough ceremonies of inau-

guration perpetuated to the older students under the name of 'Penalismus,' or the Jena freshman, and helping to foment his hostility against the recusant Philistine, who shunned the presence of a *fox* (the chosen appellation of the initiated) with scarcely less dread than the Philistines of old trembled at the approach of Samson's foxes. Or the worshipper of the sharpest-nosed of all foxes may conceive himself looking down from the same hallowed pinnacle where stood the Corsican, on the 14th of October, 1806, eyeing the black eagle of Brandenburg, until the oracle issued from his lips:—'*Il se tromperont furieusement, ces perruques là !*'

None can visit this spot, or the adjacent hills, the 'Kunitzberg' or the 'Rauthal,' without travelling back on the wings of thought to the 'bloody day of Jena;' a day pregnant with far more portentous consequences than the 'scamper of Rossbach,' for it expunged the name of Prussia from the catalogue of monarchies in a single day, and swept the whole of Germany into a fell captivity of seven Egyptian years! The avenging fiend bivouacked on the height of 'Grafenberg' during the night of the 13th of October, whilst Hohenlohe lay quietly, drunk with sleep, in the hollow of 'Capellendorf.' The knell of Prussia tolled from the moment the enemy was allowed to occupy that height; the French had been lost, had Hohenlohe previously thrown himself upon the foe, before the main body had come up to cover Napoleon's daring and unsupported advance. But the Prussian host had no Blücher or Wellington that day on its muster-roll. The field of Jena was gained before the battle began. The leaders of the Great Frederick's descendants were at war with each other, and at war as to the plan of operations: the wiser one of Hohenlohe had been spurned; the push was devising on the other side of the Thuringian forest, when the thunderbolt burst upon their left flank and rear, severed them from their magazines, cut off their supports, and placed the Elbe in their front, and the Rhine at their backs: a mental as well as physical darkness overshadowed them. Brunswick, their veteran commander, stooping with age, was carried off blind from his wounds; his men were famished because no ambulatory gibbets had been provided for the Prussian commissaries; his adversary seemed even more familiar with the ground than the native guides themselves; the Saxon cartridges were too large to slip through the musket's orifice; the enemy was thought to be at a distance; and too true is it, that both officer and man deemed the very name of a Prussian soldier their certain safeguard against the 'folly of an attack.' Frederick himself could not have conquered under such circumstances!

EHRENHEIM AND GEORGE CANNING.—The Baron D'Ehrenheim began his career in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Stockholm in the year 1773, and subsequently occupied the post of President of the Swedish Chancery until the fall of Gustavus Adolphus, when he abandoned all political avocations and devoted the tranquil hours of retirement to scientific pursuits. One of the fruits of his leisure was a work on 'General Physics and Meteorology,' in which he signalled himself by great mental intelligence, extensive knowledge of his subject, and a clearness, precision, and simplicity of style, which place him on a par with the most distinguished of classical writers. As a statesman, he was entitled to and enjoyed the full mead of public esteem, and in private life, was respected for the integrity of his principles, and the possession of that share of 'goodwill towards men,' from which alone his conduct on the following occasion could emanate.

His official recompense, as leader of the Cabinet, for concluding a treaty between Sweden and Great Britain, was the customary present of a snuff-box of the value of 1,000*l.* sterling; but Ehrenheim requested the Swedish ambassador in London to hint that he was anxious to receive, in exchange for the box and its diamonds, the value

of the present in ready money. To this request he further added,—'In case the English Cabinet should feel surprised at so unusual a proceeding, I allow you to reveal my secret motive, by acquainting Mr. Canning, (who was at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs,) that the province of Bohus is labouring under a total want of corn, and that I am anxious to apply the money in alleviating its distress.'—Canning did, indeed, consider the request as 'passing strange,' but, when its purpose was explained to him, observed that Ehrenheim could not fail to be a man of large property, from the circumstance of his volunteering so handsome a donation.—'By no means,' replied the ambassador; 'M. D'Ehrenheim is not a man of property at all.'—'I admire him the more,' rejoined Canning with great animation; 'and you may rely upon it, his request shall be complied with; but I have a favour to ask of you on my own account; and this is, that you add the value of the box, for which I am a claimant on the Swedish Government, to the donation M. D'Ehrenheim is anxious to present to the province of Bohus.' The reader will determine for himself which of the two diplomats is *least* entitled to his admiration. Scarcely a twelvemonth elapsed, before the President D'Ehrenheim followed his generous competitor to the grave.

SAXONY.—The Electorate of Saxony possessed a population of nearly 2,500,000 souls, spread over a surplus of 723 square miles; its revenue amounted to 1,650,000 or 1,800,000 pounds sterling; and, until the middle of the seventeenth century, its preponderance was greater than any German Power, excepting that of the Emperor of the Romans; it was more considerable, more compact, and more bountifully gifted by nature than Brandenburg, and its military strength consisted of a fine army of 50,000 men. Even at the time of the French Revolution, it was superior to Bavaria; but, in more recent times, it has been compelled to barter its 'marrow and fatness' for an empty title! The kingdom of Saxony contains scarcely 300 square miles; nay, a recent calculator has reduced them to 271½,—with a population of 1,200,000 souls, (inferior to that of the British metropolis itself,) and, at a time when its debt is 2,750,000*l.*, straitened in its resources to a revenue of 927,000*l.* The pruning-knife of the Congress of Vienna was the instrument by which it was shorn of the larger and the more valuable moiety of its ancient possessions. To Prussia was Saxony called upon to surrender two-fifths of her inhabitants, and two-thirds of her income; and with these was she deprived of sources from which she drew three of the most indispensable necessities of life: to wit, Thuringia, her magazine of grain; Lusatia, her store-house of wood, and her salt mines, whence the plunderer generously allows her to import this necessary article, at a fixed price, to the amount of 20,000*l.* yearly. But a whole century will not reconcile the Saxon to his Prussian masters: the seven years' war engendered a hatred which has never subsided; and this transfer has thrown fresh fuel on its embers.

The contrast which the sixty miles' ride between Dresden and Berlin affords, is scarcely less striking than that between Dover and Calais, or 'either bank of Tweed.' The Berliner is lively, honey-tongued, vain, apologetic, and satirical; the Dresdener, thoughtful, sparing of words, and reserved in speech: the one thirsts after what is new, the other clings to what is ancient; the former is an enthusiast for public amusements, the latter is devoted to his home; the one loves to sparkle, and the other covets retirement. The Berliner, in short, is formed for the world and busy life, but his neighbour for domesticity and a private station; where the Dresdener is orthodox and frugal, his cousin of Prussia is prodigal and a free-thinker. The Saxon is a German of the olden times, as compared with the Brandenburg, who possesses the art of assuming so many faces, that one is often at a loss to determine which are his native lineaments.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary meeting of this Society was held on Friday, the 16th day of this month; the Right Honourable the Earl Stanhope, F.R.S., F.H.S., in the chair.

The minutes of the previous anniversary meeting having been read and confirmed, the treasurer's secretaries', librarian's, and conservator's reports were severally read; and the thanks of the Society ordered to those different officers for their services during the past year.

The secretaries' report gave a total increase of 245 members, of whom fifty-six were fellows; and a decrease of seven members, by the decease of four, and the resignation of three members.

The librarian's report showed an addition of near 100 volumes, comprising many works of great scarcity and value.

The conservator's report exhibited an addition of near 7000 different species of plants, and other interesting articles to the collection of the Society.

The following persons were then elected to form a council for the year ensuing:

The Honourable and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells; Henry Brandreth, Esq.; Commissioner William Burnett, M.D.; John Frost, Esq.; Humphrey Gibbs, Esq.; Thomas Gibbs, Esq.; Theodore Gordon, M.D.; the Right Honourable the Earl of Hardwicke, K.G.; Robert William Hay, Esq.; Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart.; Thomas Jones, Esq.; Sir Alexander Johnston; Sir James M'Grigor, M.D.; the Right Honourable Robert Peel; Michael John Short, M.D.; William John Short, Esq.; the Right Honourable the Earl Stanhope; Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart.; Joseph Fitzwilliam Vandercorn, Esq.; William Yarrell, Esq.; and John Peter Yosy, Esq.

A letter was then read from Sir James M'Grigor, addressed to John P. Yosy, Esq., secretary, informing him that he had, in consequence of his very numerous avocations in the public service, felt it incumbent on him to cease to hold the honourable office of President of the Society, though he would ever continue to feel a warm interest in the welfare of the Institution, and hoped to be able to render himself as useful as he had hitherto attempted to be.

The following were then elected officers for the year ensuing:

President, The Right Honourable Philip Henry, Earl Stanhope, F.R.S., F.H.S.—*Director*, John Frost, Esq., F.R.S., &c.—*Treasurer*, Thomas Gibbs, Esq., F.H.S.—*Secretaries*, John Peter Yosy, Esq.; and Humphrey Gibbs, Esq., F.H.S.—*Librarian*, Henry Brandreth, jun. Esq., M.A., F.S.A.—*Conservator*, Michael John Short, M.D.

The noble President then proceeded to deliver an address, in which he pronounced a warm and well-merited eulogium on their late president, and expressed his most grateful sense for the honour the Society had that day conferred on himself, by electing him Sir James M'Grigor's successor. He regretted to say, that, though the Society had many subjects of congratulation, yet there were also others which called for their condolence, namely, the loss by death of Sir James Edward Smith, late president of the Linnæan Society; of Sir Charles Peter Thunberg, professor of botany and medicine at Upsal; of Mr. Bose of Paris; and of Mr. Choris, a gentleman who had proceeded, under the auspices of the Geographical Society of Paris, to South America, and whose tragical death was some time since noticed in 'The Athenæum.'

His Lordship then congratulated the Society very warmly on the distinguished mark of royal favour which it had received by the condescension of his Majesty in becoming patron of the Society, and expressed his earnest hope that the members would consider it as an additional stimulus to use their best exertions in promoting the valuable and important objects which they had in view.

He afterwards noticed the appointment of a Committee of Correspondence, which had become requisite in consequence of the great increase of corresponding members, particularly on the Continent, which committee had already been of great service to the Society.

In recapitulating the proceedings of the Society during the past year, his Lordship mentioned, in terms of just praise, many valuable papers which had been read at the meetings, and presented Dr. John Hancock with the Gold Medal, which had been awarded to him for his excellent and important communication on the Angostura bark-tree. Another dissertation had also been written by Dr. Hancock on the Vandellia diffusa.

The silver medal had been adjudged to Professor Fresco Caldì of Florence.

His Lordship then dwelt on the general objects of the Society, and the means of promoting them by botanical inquiries, by chemical analysis, and, above all, by medical investigation.

These researches would, in some cases, be directed by an analogy in the exterior forms of plants, in others by a chemical analysis of their respective constituents, and also by the knowledge that they had already been employed with success in the cure of diseases. He observed, that it would be of extreme importance if indigenous plants could be employed as satisfactory, and even more advantageous, substitutes for some of the expensive drugs which are imported. Many of these same plants were now despised from an ignorance of their qualities, which might, under further investigations, be found interesting and important. His Lordship very strongly enforced the necessity of the members making exertions commensurate to the magnitude of their views, by which they would deserve more and more the approbation of the world, and the gracious protection of their sovereign, and concluded by moving a vote of thanks to their late excellent and revered President.

The thanks of the meeting were also passed to the Earl Stanhope, with a request that his Lordship would allow his comprehensive address to be printed for distribution amongst the members.

The meeting then adjourned.

THE DRAMA.

Drury-Lane.

THAT the popularity of 'Caswallon' has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, we can say with quite as much confidence as Lord Ashburnham could have felt, when he brought forward his famous resolution respecting the influence of the crown. After much wavering and indecision of the critics on all sides, it is now evident that nothing could have made it successful from the first, but the good acting of Young, and what was still more for its advantage, his extreme judgment in getting over the ineffective parts in a manner almost equivalent to their omission, and in seizing, on the other hand, every practicable opportunity of producing effect, by tossing his arms and exerting the deep energies of his lungs. No doubt but another cause of its not failing was the prevailing delusion that it was the production of Miss Mitford, instead of the author of 'Wallace.' But now that its real fraternity to the latter is generally known, and its publication has enabled people to judge of it from itself, and not from the actors who have supported it, also when much more than is due has been conceded to novelty,—we conceive that now there is no earthly reason why it should not be quietly and decently withdrawn like its predecessor; and, if not withdrawn, why it should not be incontinently damned: if the play-going public could only be persuaded to awaken its better judgment, 'Caswallon' certainly would not be tolerated any longer. We are sure it has few merits of its own, either as a play or as a poem; and it is a hard case, that at Drury-lane, our best theatre, and possessing the best company, we should hardly once in a season be treated with a genuine tragedy, because novelty is more attractive to the public than merit. Another source of annoyance on such occasions is the mean opinion forced upon us of the actors, who can affect to enter into and feel characters which nobody else can; and of all persons aggrieved in the matter, no one has more right to complain than poor Miss Phillips, subjected as she is in the beginning of her career to make her way through such disadvantages as modern tragedies must present, particularly such as 'Caswallon,' which is no more to be compared to 'Rienzi,' than 'Rienzi' to a multitude of others, which the company at Drury-lane might be performing instead; fortunately, however, and as it were by accident, she has been allowed an opportunity of establishing herself perfectly in Juliet, and not even 'Caswallon' can now shake her reputation.

The Surrey.

UNDER the excellent conduct of its veteran manager, this handsome and capacious theatre seems to flourish in a style scarcely to be expected on the other side the water, both as regards its audiences and its performances. Large houses have been attracted thither lately by the appearance of Elliston himself, in some of his popular characters. We witnessed 'Wild Oats' on Saturday evening, and were well pleased to observe in Rover no trace of the gout or other infirmity,

either bodily or mental. We could not contemplate this wildly generous and high-spirited character without an interest and a feeling that had reference more particularly to the person of its representative himself. Playing in soberer years the semblance of a character, of which he had too well supported the reality in his better days, we felt that some retrospective glimpses of his own brilliant career, not unmingled as it was with disaster and mischance, must occasionally cross the mind of the actor; and, as in the present tranquil and quiet sun-setting of his fame and fortunes, such ideas could scarce be other than pleasurable to himself, we were delighted in referring to this source a reality in his tone and manner which was sometimes almost beyond the limits of acting. Rover is somewhat overdrawn, and on the whole, perhaps, less to our liking than his counterpart Jack Bunce in 'The Pirate'; but in the last scene a finishing stroke is given to this character than which we scarce know anything more happy and striking in the Drama: it is where covered with shame and confusion at finding that it is the real Sir George Thunder, and the father of his friend, whom he has been treating with ridicule and contempt, he still remembers the blow he had received from him on that occasion, and, instead of offering any excuse, himself requires an apology for his wounded honour. The painfully anxious and conciliating tone in which Elliston gave these words, 'I am sure that you, Sir, the father of my friend, will have no objection to apologise for the blow,' was touching to the last degree; and the man of honour and high feeling spoke with equal force in his manner and countenance, as in the expression of his voice. Mrs. Fitzwilliam is a clever comic actress; she played the part of Jane with a degree of humour which deserved all, and even more than all, the applause it drew from a rather promiscuous and occasionally indiscriminating assemblage in the pit.

'Virginus' was the after-piece; and, though we could not stay this out, yet we can say conscientiously that we were not once struck with any instance of bad taste in either of the performances; which, as the corps can scarcely be called more than respectable on the whole, reflects much credit on the management. Mr. Osbaliston, the hero of all tragedies performed here, is rather a deserving actor, though quite without genius, inasmuch as he rants within tolerable limits, and does not too much affect to imitate his betters, nor strain after things beyond his reach.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

'Ut in vitâ, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitantemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam, præcedat.'—*Plinius Epistola.*

I.

'Collecting toys
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.'
Milton's Paradise Regained.

1.—POETICAL.

Ben Jonson inspired by Wm.—The following curious memoranda, by Ben Jonson, are now preserved at Dulwich College:

Mem.—I laid the plot of my 'Volpone,' and wrote most of it, after a present of ten dozen of palm sack from my very good Lord T—: that play I am positive will live to posterity, and be acted—when I and envy be friends—with applause.

Mem.—The first speech in my 'Catilina,' spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern [near Temple Bar, where Child's Place now stands]. I had drank well that night, and had brave notions. There is a scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water with my wine.

Mem.—Upon the 20th of May, the King (heaven reward him!) sent me a hundred pounds. At that time I went often to the Devil; and, before I had spent forty pounds of it, wrote my 'Alchymist.'

Mem.—'The Devil an Ass,' 'The Tale of a Tub,' and some other comedies, which did not succeed, written by me in winter: honest Ralph died, when I and my boys drank bad wine at the Devil.'

The Rose.

Detente, aguarda, presumida rosa!
Y en la piedad de Mayo no confrées;
Porque eses hojas, donde agora ríes
En el seran tu perdición hermosa.
Francisco de Berja.

Translation.

Vain-glorious rose! thy boasts forbear;
Trust not May, though heavenly fair;
Now laugh amidst thy leaves, but know
Thy beauteous ruin thence shall flow.

2.—SENTIMENTAL.

Light Sentiments.—Light sentiments last long. Nothing breaks, because nothing binds them. They follow the current of circumstances. The profound affections irrevocably destroy one another, and leave only a painful wound in their place.—*Wieland*.

Love.

Love is of so mickel might
That it all pains makis light.—*Barbour*, ii. 1.

Ambition.

Den blutzen Lorbeer, geb ich hin, mit Freuden
Fiers erste veilchen, das der mers uns bringt
Das duftige Pfand der neuverjungten Erde.

Schiller, *Piccolomini*, I.

Translation.

Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet of the leafless spring
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed.
Coleridge.

3.—RHETORICAL.

Words.—Of words first; for it is one of the first things which we do, they are but the lackeys of reason, of which to send more then will performe the business is superfluous; me thinks an *esse videatur* at the close of a period is as nice as a tumbler ending his tricks with a caper; and Tullie's *venit, imo in Senatum venit*, mooves me no more against Catiline than the first *venit*. Me thinks this same Rhetorick, the child of words, is but a pickled herring to bring on drinke, for his diuisions and repetitions are for nothing but to bring his memory acquainted with his tongue, and to make three works of one. How shall a man hope to come to an end of their works, when he cannot with two breathe saile through a period, and is sometimes grauelled in a parenthesis. I wonder how Cicero got the people of Rome tyed so fast to his tongue; for, were his matter no better than his style, hee should not persuade men to looke vpon him? I make as great difference between Tacitus and Seneca's stile and his, as musicians between Trenchmore and lachrymæ. Me thinks the braine should dance a jigge at the hearing of a Tullian sound, and sit in counsell when it hears the other.—*Sir W. Cornwallis's Essays*, 43.

4.—PICTURESQUE.

The Vale of Urseren.—After passing the Devil's bridge and an undescrivable chaos of granitic rocks, with the Reuss foaming down in cascades upon the right, we entered a dark passage, which has been made in the rocks, about nine feet high, eleven broad, and thirty toises long. On emerging from this subterraneous passage, the traveller is surprised to see opening on his view, a pretty oval plain, all smiling and verdant, and the Reuss, clear and tranquil, and winding through the meadows every where margined with shrubs and saline trees. Wood cabins and isolated chalets are scattered up and down the valley; on the left of the valley, is the village of Indermatt, built some years ago with stone, while the back is finely terminated by Mount St. Gothard. The valley is a good league in length by a half-league in breadth, and has plainly been the bed of a lake, whose waters have escaped by the passage through which the Reuss now flows.—*Tableau de la Suisse*, 135—137.

5.—ROMANTIC.

Love of Danger.—Saussure gives the same account of the chamois-hunters of the Alps, as Kotzebue does of those of the Tyrol. The pursuit is exceedingly dangerous, by no means lucrative, but altogether most fascinating. A handsome young man, newly married to a charming wife, said to Saussure, 'My grandfather was killed in the chase, as well as my father; and so firmly persuaded am I that I shall end my life in the same manner, that this hunting-sack which I always carry with me, I call my winding-sheet, (*mon drap mortuaire*;) because I am certain I shall never have any other; and yet, Sir, though you would offer to give me a fortune on condition of giving up the chase, I would at once reject it.'

6.—ANCHORITICAL.

Pleasures of Imprisonment.—For me, I do not envy, but wonder at, the licentious freedom which these men think themselves happy to enjoy, and hold it a weakness in those minds which cannot find more advantage in confinement and retiredness. Is it a small benefit that I am placed there, where no oaths, no blasphemies, beat my ears? Where my eyes are in no peril of wounding objects? Where I hear no invectives, no false doctrines, no sermonizations of ironmongers, felt-makers, colliers, broom-men, grooms, or any other of those inspired ignorants? No curses, no ribaldries? Where I see no drunken conversations, no rebellious routs, no violent oppressions, no obscene

rejoicings, nor aught else that may either vex or affright my soul? This—this is liberty—who, while I sit here [in the Tower of London] quietly locked up by my keeper, can pity the turmoils and distempers abroad, and bless my own immunity from those too common evils.—*Hall's Free Prisoner*.

7.—MUSICAL.

A devilish good Musician.—Baltzar, a native of Lubbeck, so far outdid any thing which had ever been heard in England from the violin, that Wilson, the professor of music at Oxford, in a humorous way, stooped down to examine his feet whether or not he was a devil incarnate, (which are always, it should seem, punished with *pedes hircini*;) so much did Baltzar perform beyond the power of a man in exercising his fingers and his instrument.—*Wood's Athen*.

Impress of Musicians.—Thuanus relates that it was very common for boys who had fine voices to be carried off clandestinely or otherwise, and retained by princes to contribute to their pleasures.—*Burney, Hist. Mus.*, I. 313.

8.—CRITICAL.

Anah's Mules.—The passage in Genesis xxxvi. 24, rendered in the received version, 'This was that Anah that found the mules in the wilderness as he fed the asses of Zibeon his father,' has given some trouble to biblical critics. The Hebrew word *Imim*, here rendered 'mules,' is in the vulgate *aquas calidas*, 'hot springs.' Bochart is of opinion, that *Imim*, or *Emim*, is the name of a people or tribe; while Canne, the annotator, tells us that *Jemim*, as he Romanizes the Hebrew, means neither mules, men, nor waters; but 'elsewhere.' Houbigant, agreeing with Bochart, renders *metra* translated 'found' by 'fought,' or 'attacked,' *Dimicavit in deserto contra Emecos*. The question then, is, whether Anah found in the wilderness mules, hot springs, or nothing; or whether he made an attack upon a party of Emims. The latter is certainly the most improbable rendering: while the translation in the vulgate is the most plausible.

9.—CLERICAL.

Canonical Dress.—What enemies were some ministers to periwigs, to high-crowned or broad-brimmed hats, to long cloaks and canonical coats; and now to long cassocks, since the Scotch jump is looked upon as the more military fashion, and a badge of a northern and a cold reformation.—*Taylor, Artif. Hands*, 119.

Persons ecclesiastical may use any comely and scholar-like apparel, provided that it be not cut and pinked, and that in public they do not go in their doublet and hose without coats.—*Canon. Eccles.*, 74.

His scanty salary compelled him to run deep in debt for a new gown, and now and then forced him to write some paper of wit or humour, or preach a sermon for ten shillings to supply his necessities.—*Draper's Letters*.

10.—SUPERSTITIOUS.

Bad Omens.—Among other things anciently held ominous, we find mentioned a hare crossing one's path, but, above all, the owl. 'Maxime vero abominata est, tristis et dira avis, voce funesta et gemitu qui formidolosam dirasque necessitates et magnas moles instare portendit.—*Alexand. ab Alexandro*, v. 73.

11.—ONEIROLOGICAL.

A Five Days' Dream.—In the British Museum, is a scarce tract, with the following verbose title:—'The Sleepy Man awakened of his five days' dream; being a most strange and wonderful true account of one Nicholas Heart, a Dutchman, a patient of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in West Smithfield, who sleeps five days every August; and you have a true relation how his mother fell in one of her sleeps on the first of August, she then being near the time of her labour; and on the fifth day she awakened, and was delivered. As soon as he was born, he slept for five days and five nights; together with the true dream which he and his mother dreamt every year alike. But, what is more particular than all the rest, he gives an account of one Mr. William Morgan, whom he saw harried to a dismal dark castle; and one Mr. John Paimer, he saw him going into a place of bliss: these two men were patients in the Hospital, and died while he was in his sleep. London: printed by Edward Midwinter, at the Sun, Pye Corner, Smithfield.'

II.

'That knowledge is not to be reckoned useless, which, though useless in itself, sharpens genius, and sets the mind in order.'—*Lord Bacon*.

1.—POLITICAL.

Poor Laws of Switzerland.—We are not informed whether the custom is general in Switzerland; but all around Chamouni, it is the custom for an orphan, or

an old person, who has no means of subsistence, to be kept alternately in all the houses of the parish to which he may belong; and, when the round is finished, he begins anew.

2.—HISTORICAL.

Honorius.—The chief amusement of the Roman Emperor Honorius was the feeding of poultry; in which he spent the greater part of his time; and, so childish and imbecile did he become, that, if we are to believe the reports of the time, he was greatly alarmed when Rome was taken by the Goths, till he was given to understand that it was not a favourite chicken of that name, but only the capital of the world, which he had lost.—*Procopius, de Bello Vandal.*, i. 2.

Ancient Ireland.—Hume had something better ideas conjecture and alleged prejudice to go upon, when he said that 'the Irish had been buried in the most profound barbarism and ignorance at the coming of the English.' Orpheus, indeed, the earliest writer who mentions Ireland, saying that the Argonauts touching at Ierne in their expedition, does not tell us any thing about the inhabitants; but Diodorus expressly affirms, 'that the Irish were cannibals: "Dicunt ex his nonnulli, et anthropophagos esse, sicut Britannos qui Irim incolunt." (Lib. v.) Pomponius Mela says, the Irish in his time were destitute of every virtue: "Cultores (Hiberni) inconditi sunt et omnium virtutum ignari, magis quam alium gentes, aliquentus tamen gnari, sicutis admodum expertes." We lately also quoted from one of their own historians, (Keating), a shocking instance of Irish cannibalism.—See 'The Athenæum', January 7, p. 15.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Romance of History of England, by Henry Neele, 3d edition, 3 vols. post 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.
Buckingham's Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia, 4to., 28 Plates, 3l. 12s. 6d.
Emerson's Letters from the *Ægean*, 2 vols., post 8vo., with Map, &c. 18s.
Rank and Talent, a Novel, by the Author of 'Truckleboro' Hall', 3 vols., post 8vo., 11. 8s. 6d.
Captain Clapperton's Journal, 4to., 2l. 2s.
Winstanley's Observations on the Acts, &c., 8vo., 5s.
Jenning's Views in Paris, Part I., contains 50 Views and an engraved Title, 5s. Common; India Proofs, 10s.
The Ladies' Library, Part I., 2s. 6d.
Hall's Precedents in Conveyancing, Part I., 12s.
Longhollow, a Country Tale, 3 vols., post 8vo., 24s.
Flowers of Anecdote and Wit, Woodcut, from Landseer, 16mo., 3s.
Old Ways and New Ways, folio, Plain 6s., Coloured 12s.
Q's First Spelling Book, 12mo., Plain 3s. 6d., Coloured 4s. 6d.
Westall's Views in Great Britain, Part I., 5s. Ind. Na Proof, 10s.
Herodotus, translated from the Greek, with Notes and Maps, by Isaac Taylor, Jun., 10s.
Living and Dead, 3d Series, 1 vol., post 8vo., 10s.
Tales of Passion, by the Author of 'Gilbert Earl', 3 vols., post 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.
Pratt's Friendly Societies, 12mo. 4s.
Dodd's Beauties of History, 12mo., 4s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

	Jan.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.		A.M. P.M.	at Noon.			
Mon. 19	27	30	29. 91	N.	Clear.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 20	27	30	29. 89	E. to N.	170s.	Ditto.
Wed. 21	26	26	29. 70	N.E.	Snow.	Ditto.
Thur. 22	24	24	29. 47	E.	Clear.	Ditto.
Fr. 23	24	19	29. 30	E. to N.E.	Snow.	Ditto.
Sat. 24	20	24	29. 27	N.W.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 25	22	21	29. 31	S.W.	Fog.	Stratus.

The frost commenced on the night of the 16th, and continued unabated till Sunday the 25th. On Saturday last, at 9 h. morning, the thermometer was 15° below the freezing point.

Highest temperature at noon, 36°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun entered Aquarius on Tuesday, at 16 m. to 6 h. A.M.
The Sun and Saturn in opposition on Wednesday, about 3 h. A.M.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 6° 55' in Capri.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 9° 18' in Sagitt.
Sun's ditto ditto 30° 30' in Aquar.
Length of day on Sunday, 8 h. 44 min. Increased, 1 hour.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2° 39' plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.9333.

REMOVED TO 43, NEW BOND-STREET.

MR. A. JONES, SURGEON-DENTIST,
begs to acquaint the Nobility and Gentry, that from many years intense application, he has invented and brought to perfection a new system of Fixing Natural, Terro-Metallic, and Artificial Teeth, from one to a complete Set, which are so accurately fitted as not to be distinguished from the original, and answer all the purposes of mastication, articulation, &c.
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EAST INDIA MONOPOLY.

ON the 1st of February, will appear, in a PAMPHLET, price One Shilling, a REPORT of all the PROCEEDINGS at LIVERPOOL, Connected with Mr. Buckingham's Lectures on Opening the Trade to India and China, compiled for 'The Oriental Herald.'

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The number for February will contain the following articles:

1. The approaching Session of Parliament.—2. Elementary Education.—No. III. Children's Books.—3. The best Bat in the School.—4. The Tower.—A Letter from Dr. Mayrick to the Editor.—5. On the Supply of Anatomical Subjects.—6. You'll come to our Ball.—7. Paris in 1825.—8. A Looking-glass for the Country.—No. I. Windsor.—9. Steamers.—10. The Moral Tendencies of Knowledge.—11. Diary for the Month.—12. Hobbles.—13. Notes on Art.—The Colosseum, &c.—14. The Editors' Room.—15. The Journal of Facts.

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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. VI.

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THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LONDON LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 67.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1829.

Price 1s.

THE VISION OF A GODLESS WORLD.

(From the German of John Paul Richter.)

[A considerable portion of the following extraordinary composition is inserted by Madame de Staël in her work on Germany, (part II., chap. xxviii.) But it is greatly defaced there, in part by the ragged and disjointed condition in which it is brought forward, and partly by that haze of indistinctness which French translators seem to be led by their language to throw over every thing lying beyond the narrow scope of their poetical eye-sight, not to mention sundry inaccuracies to which the English version has superadded the somewhat ludicrous substitution of *splendid basilisks* for *fiery basilisks*, thus converting a serpent into a church, a place such reptiles are not in the habit of frequenting, unless we can bestow that name on the temple of Pandemonium. Still, even under that form, it has been read by many who have been strongly impressed with the power and intensity of the conception; and perhaps these, and others too, it may be, will not be displeased to see it in a dress more resembling the one it received from its author. A variety of like compositions are scattered through the sixty volumes of John Paul's works; and the reader may find one done into excellent English by his great admirer amongst us,—an admirer, too, who is almost his rival in portraying the fantastic progeny of sleep, in the ninth volume of 'The London Magazine,' p. 242.]

If my heart should ever become so hapless and so withered, that every feeling in it which asserts the being of God should be destroyed, I would appal myself by reading over the following composition of mine; and it would cure me and give me back the feelings I had lost.

The aim of this poem is the excuse for its boldness. Men deny God's being with just as little feeling as most acknowledge it with. Even in our best systems of philosophy, we gain nothing more words, counters, and medals, as unisers collect cabinets of coins; and it is late before we convert the words into feelings, the coin into enjoyments. A person may believe in the immortality of the soul through twenty whole years; and in the twenty-first, on some great moment, be for the first time astounded at the riches contained in this belief, at the warmth of this fountain of naphtha.

Just so was I terrified by the poisonous vapour that steams forth to choke the heart of him who for the first time sets foot in the ante-church of atheism. It would give me less pain to deny immortality, than to deny God: the former act only robs me of a world that is enveloped in clouds; the latter snatches from me the present world; that is, its sun: the whole spiritual universe is blown up and shattered by the hand of atheism into numberless quicksilver atoms of beings, that glimmer, and course, and roam, and rush together and asunder, without unity or permanence. No one is so utterly forlorn in the universe as the denier of God: he moans with an orphan heart that has lost its Almighty Father, beside the vast corpse of nature, which no living spirit animates or holds together, but which grows in the grave; and his mourning ceases not until he crumbles away from that corpse. The whole world lies before him, like the great Egyptian stone Sphynx, half-buried in the sand; and the universe is the cold iron mask of a formless eternity.

It is my further view, by this poem to alarm certain reading or deep-read doctors; for, of a truth, these people now-a-days, since they have been taken, like captives condemned to hard labour, by our new philosophy for the task-work of its drainage and mining, will canvass the existence of God as coldbloodedly, and as coldheartedly, as if the question were about the existence of the unicorn or the kraken.

For the sake of others who have not advanced

so far as these learned doctors, I will yet remark that the belief in atheism and the belief in immortality may co-exist without any contradiction; for the self-same necessity which in this life has cast the light dew-drop of my being into a flower-cup beneath the sun, may re-produce it in a second; nay, it would be easier to give me a second body than the first.

On being told in our childhood, that at midnight, when our sleep comes nigh to our soul and darkens our very dreams, the dead raise themselves out of theirs, and walk into the house of God, and there mimic the worship offered to him by the living, we are wont to shudder at death for the sake of the dead: and in our lonely walks at night we turn away our eyes from the long windows of the still church, and fear to examine the gleams upon them, whether they fall from the moon.

Childhood, with her joys, and still more with her fears, resumes her wings, and sparkles anew in our dreams, and plays like a glow-worm in the little night of the soul. Do not extinguish these flitting sparks. Leave us even our dismal and painful dreams; they are half-shadows that set off the realities of life. And what have they to give us in the room of these dreams, which carry us up out of the roar beneath the easter to the quiet hill of childhood, where the stream of life was still flowing onward in silence along its little grassy plot, bearing the load of unconscious years, on its way toward the precipice.

I was lying once, on a summer evening, in the sun, upon a hill, and fell asleep. Then I dreamt I awoke in a church-yard. The rolling wheels of the clock in the tower that was striking eleven, had awakened me. I searched through the dark empty sky for the sun; for I imagined that an eclipse had drawn the veil of the moon over it. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swung to and fro by invisible hands: along the walls shadows were flitting, which no one cast; and other shadows were walking upright through the naked air. In the open coffins nothing continued to sleep, save the children. In the sky there was nought but a grey sultry cloud hanging in massy folds, and a huge shadow kept on drawing it in like a net, nearer and closer and hotter. Above me, I heard the distant falls of avalanches; below me, the first tread of an illimitable earthquake. The church heaved up and down, shaken by two ceaseless discords, which were warring against each other within, and vainly striving to blend into a concord. At times a grey gleam leapt up on the windows, and at its touch the lead and iron melted and ran down. The net of cloud, and the reeling of the earth, drove me toward the porch, before which two fiery basilisks were hatching their venomous broods. I passed along amid unknown shadows that bore the marks of every century since the beginning of things. All the shadows were standing around the altar; and in each there was a quivering and throbbing of the breast instead of the heart. One dead man alone, who had been newly buried in the church, was still lying on his couch, without any quivering of his breast; and his face was smiling beneath the light of a happy dream. But, when one of the living entered, he awoke and smiled no more: tollsly he drew up his heavy eyelid, but no eye was within; and his beating breast, instead of a heart, contained a wound. He lifted up his hands, and clasped them

for prayer; but the arms lengthened and lowered themselves from his body, and the clasped hands dropped off. Overhead, in the vault of the church, stood the dial-plate of Eternity, on which no number was to be read, nor any characters except its own name; only there was a black hand pointing thereat, on which the dead said they saw Time.

At this moment, a tall majestic form with a countenance of imperishable anguish sank down from on high upon the altar; and all the dead cried: 'Christ! is there no God?'

He answered:—'There is none!'

The shadow of every dead man trembled all over, not his breast merely; and, one after another, their trembling dispersed them.

Christ spake on:—'I have gone through the midst of the worlds, I mounted into the sun, and flew with the milky way across the wilderness of heaven; but there is no God. I plunged down, as far as Being flings its shadow, and pried into the abyss, and cried:—Father, where art thou? but I heard only the everlasting tenebrous, which no one sways; and the glittering rainbow of beings was hanging, without a sun that had formed it, over the abyss, and trickling down into it. And, when I looked up towards the limitless world for the eye of God, the world stared at me with an empty bottomless eyesocket; and Eternity was lying upon chaos, and gnawing it to pieces, and showing the end of what it had devoured.—Scream on, ye children!—these shades with your screaming: for He is not!'

The shades grew pale and dissolved, as white vapour that the frost has given birth to is melted by a breath of warmth; and the whole church became empty. Then—Oh it was terrible to the heart!—the dead children, who had awaked in the church-yard, ran into the church, and threw themselves before the lofty form upon the altar, and said:—'Jesus! have we no father?' And he answered with tears streaming down:—'We are all orphans, I and you; we are without a father.'

Here the screeching of the discords became more violent; the walls of the church tottered and burst asunder; and the church and the children sank down; and the whole earth and the sun sank after; and the whole of the immeasurable universe sank before us; and Christ remained standing upon the highest pinnacle of nature, and gazed into the globe of the universe, pierced through by a thousand suns, as it were into a cavern, burrowed into the heart of eternal night, wherein the suns were running like miners' lights and the galaxies like veins of silver.

And, when Christ saw the crushing throng of worlds, the torch-dance of the heavenly *ignes fatui*, and the coral banks of beating hearts, and when he saw how one globe after another poured out its glimmering souls upon the dead sea, as a water-balloon strews its floating lights upon the waves;—then with a grandeur that betokened the highest of finite beings, he lifted up his eye toward the nothingness and toward the infinite void above him, and said:—'Moveless and voiceless nothing! cold eternal necessity! frantic chance! can ye, or any of you, tell me? when do you dash to pieces the building and me? Dost thou know it, O chance! even thou, when thou stridest with thy hurricanes athwart the snow-dust of the stars, and puffest out one sun after another, while the sparkling dew of the constellations is perched up as thou passest along!

How desolate is every one in the vast catacomb of the universe! There is none beside me save myself.—O, Father! Father! where is thy world-sustaining breast, that I may rest on it! Alas! if every being is its own father and creator, why may it not also become its own destroying angel?

Is that a man still beside me? Poor wretch! your little life is one of nature's sighs, or the mere echo of it; a mirror flings its rays on the clouds of dust from the ashes of the dead on your earth, and, forthwith, ye spring up, ye beclouded, fleeting images. Look down into the abyss, over which clouds of ashes are floating; mists, full of worlds, are rising out of the dead sea; the future is that rising mist, and that which is falling is the present. Dost thou know thy own earth?

Here Christ looked down, and his eye filled with tears, and he said: 'Alas, I was once upon it; then I was still happy; then I had still an Almighty Father, and still looked with gladness from the mountains to the unfathomable heavens; and, when my breast was pierced through, I pressed it to his soothing image, and said, even in the bitterness of death—Father, draw forth thy son from his bleeding tabernacle, and raise him to thy heart. Ah! ye over-happy inhabitants of the earth, ye still believe in Him. Perchance, at this moment, your sun is setting, and ye are falling on your knees in the midst of blossoms and radiance and dew, and are lifting up your blessed hands, and, while shedding a thousand tears of joy, are crying to the open heavens: Me, too, even me, dost thou know, thou Almighty One, and all my wounds, and after my death thou wilt receive me and close them all. Miserable creatures, after death they will never be closed. The woe-begone mortal who lays his bleeding back in the earth, to sleep till the coming of a fairer morning, full of truth, full of goodness and joy, will awake amid the storms of chaos, in the eternity of midnight; and no morning comes, and no healing hand, and no Almighty Father. Thou mortal beside me, if thou still livest, pray to Him now, else thou hast lost him for ever.'

And, as I fell down and beheld the shining world, I saw the uplifted scales of the giant-snake, Eternity, that had spread itself around the universe; and the scales dropped down, and it wreathed itself twice round the universe; then it twined in a thousand folds around Nature, and squeezed world against world; and, with a crushing force, compressed the temple of infinity into a village church; and every thing grew dense, and murky, and dismal, and the clapper of a bell stretched out its measureless length, about to strike the last hour of time, and to split the fabric of the world to atoms—when I awoke.

My soul wept with joy that it was again able to worship God; and my joy, and my tears, and my faith in him, were my prayer. And, as I stood up, the sun was glowing low down behind the full purple ears of corn, and was quietly throwing the reflection of its evening glory to the little moon that was rising without a dawn in the east; and between heaven and earth a joyous short-lived world was spreading out its tiny wings, and, living, as I was, in the presence of an Almighty Father; and from the whole of nature around me came sounds of peace, like the voices of evening bells from afar.

I. C. H.

CONTRE-PROJET TO THE HUMPHREYSIAN CODE.

A Contre-Projet to the Humphreysian Code; and to the Projects of Redaction by Messrs. Hammond, Uniacke, and Twiss. By John James Park, Barrister-at-law. 8vo., pp. 260. J. and W. T. Clarke. London, 1828.

IN our former notice of Mr. Park's volume we took occasion to class him with that division of jurists on whom we bestowed the epithet of historical. From this, however, our readers must not conclude that the object of his book is to defend the general principles of any school. All who maintain that the goodness of a system of laws,

instead of being tried by maxims of pure reason, must be determined by the circumstances which are peculiar to each particular country, may, for general purposes, be called historical jurists. But in this class there is again a subdivision. However anxious the Codifiers may be to appropriate to themselves all theoretical honours, and to leave their opponents the distinction of being tolerable practical men, and however willing some of their opponents in this country may have shown themselves to acquiesce in this injurious allotment of parts,—it is known to every German, and nearly every Frenchman, that there is a body of historical jurists who occupy themselves solely with the theory of systems of law, and who have shown at least as much profound and philosophical acquaintance with *principles* as any of the more boasting disciples of the other creed. This valuable body of thinkers and writers are not, in general, professional lawyers. They are, for the most part, University professors—men who have been trained in scientific habits of thoughts—who have abundant leisure, and (what is not always the accompaniment of leisure) abundant diligence; and, best qualification of all, who are not distracted from hard closet study by the feverish wish to make immediate practical trial of any discovery they may chance to light upon in the course of it. The other class, whose business is not to form a general science of jurisprudence, but to discover the principles which are at work in some particular system of laws, and thence to form a judgment which of them must be retained, abandoned, or amended—must be the working lawyers of that country—men who, in addition to profound knowledge, have a great experience of the practical operations of the system. It is one argument in favour of the historical jurists, that all their general speculations have derived strength and illustration from these local experiments; for, when the additions to scientific discovery go on, *pari passu*, with the additions to empirical discovery, there is one striking evidence that the science itself is not empirical, an evidence analogous to that which has been dwelt on so powerfully in Adam Smith's 'History of Astronomy.'

To this last class Mr. Park belongs; and his work is the most successful attempt that we know of to give a complete *rationale* of English law, and thereby to point out the principles upon which all alterations in it must be conducted. The following passage is an excellent opening to the subject:

'But it may be asked, if the combination of facts, and of the transactions of mankind, are, as they must be, infinite, how can there be a redundancy of rules for an infinite matter? The right understanding of this question is extremely important, as otherwise the supposition would appear to clash with observations that may be advanced in the sequel of this inquiry, in speaking of codes of law. In the existing law of this country, that which I designate a *redundancy*, arises, in every case, from a body of rules and doctrines having, in former times, been concocted, in reference to some subject matter which, though then veritably existent and important, has now ceased to have any existence or importance, otherwise than in fiction of law. The spectre of the *thing* alone remains; while all the doctrines which were applied to it in its actual vitality continue to encumber the science. This is the redundancy of which I here speak. By an unnecessary rule, I here mean a rule which is without an object really in *esse* in the existent actions or relations of mankind; an abstract without a concrete; a case in which the rule itself alone calls into existence the *Ens Logicum* which it is to dispose of, and which, but for that rule, would not exist even in idea. Of such rules, it is obvious that a redundancy may well exist concurrently with an infinitude in the existent and veritable transactions and relations of civil society, and in the combinations of the machinery by which it is now conducted.

'From what has been already advanced, a sufficient foundation is laid for the observation, that a faulty state of the law may arise from two very distinct causes.

'1. Vices, or inconveniences, in the rules themselves.

'This cause, upon the supposition of its existence, requires no explanatory remarks.

'2. Redundancy of rules beyond the necessity which exists, although the rules themselves be indifferent, or equally capable of promoting or defeating justice, as the chances may fall.'—Pp. 14, 15.

The test of any part of a system being a *redundancy* is its being unnecessary to the consistency of the other parts of a system, or to fulfilling the idea of the system. To apply this test in the case before us, we must reduce the system of English law to a science. But can this be done? Is it possible, that, in that which has been so often called a medley of contradictions and barbarisms, there can be any principle of combination, any internal law? Hear Mr. Park's answer:

'But the common law of England, as it now stands before us in a connected stream of decision to the present time, may be stated to be a system for substituting argumentative corollary or inference for arbitrary and pre-constituted rule. In other words, it is an infinite series of conclusions drawn from some judicial premises already given. It has in so far the semblance of a mathematical science; though without its capability of *positive* demonstration. Every proposition once decided becomes a datum from which to reason to the conclusion upon a new combination; and it is commonly for this purpose that decisions, or precedents as they are called, are quoted by lawyers in legal disquisition or argument. It is consequently a system of analogies and dependencies, the *proof* of every new decision (for such in fact is the argumentative judgment or *conclusion* pronounced by the judge) being—its coherence and conformity to the principles established by former decisions, as its data; and its demonstrable grounds of distinction from those other decisions from which it appears to depart.

'It is important, in passing, to inquire in what the value of such a system consists; and it is remarkable that the same materials will conduct us to an equally important consideration; its specific inconveniences. Both these qualities, like the opposed points of a revolving index, turn upon one centre.

'The transactions of mankind, and the internal combinations of those transactions, being infinite, it is impossible to have any series of pre-conceived propositions (which must necessarily be a *finite* series) co-extensive with the questions of right which arise upon the *infinite* series.

If, then, there were no means furnished by the law, considered as a science, for adjudicating on the new combination, but the fiat of the judge, two consequences would follow: 1st, that *every new combination whatever*, however close in its analogies to existing rules of law, must go to the tribunal of justice to be adjudicated, with all the delay and cost involved by that process; and 2ndly, that the declaration of the judge, when obtained, would be an arbitrary resolution on the case, governed by the temperament, views, and notions, which the individual judge might happen to entertain of justice, policy, or convenience; to say nothing of partiality or prejudice.

'The common law of England, on the contrary, by a theory of its own, concludes every new combination to be under the influence of some one or more pre-established principles or rules of adjudication, and to be capable of being driven or hunted home to those principles by a dialectic force. Hence it considers the judge as merely *declaring* the law, not promulgating it;—in point of fact, he is deciding between contending intellectual gladiators, which of the two has proved his thesis;—that thesis necessarily being, on either hand, that the question of right arising upon the new combination is governed by such of the rules of law already declared, or the reasons upon which those rules are founded, as would favour, by their analogies, the right of the party who in his turn propounds his argument. "Show me the reason," as my Lord Coke pithily observes, "and I will show you the law."—Pp. 21—24.

This passage seems to us to sweep away, at once, immense heaps of rubbish which have been accumulating for the last fifty years about this question. Ever since the establishment of the Vinerian Professorship at Oxford, there has been a vast quantity of confusion congealing about the public notions of the common law. Mr. Justice Blackstone carried with him into his new situation a very high, and, probably, a very just, notion of the merits of the English law and of the English constitution. But, in expressing that high opi-

nion, he was not sufficiently attentive to the different force of the same phrases when addressed to a forensic and to an academical audience. If eminent judges had stated from the bench, that common law is the perfection of human reason, no mischief could accrue from the observation, because all to whom the observation was addressed, whether barristers, solicitors, or suitors, would instantly refer it to the standard of excellence in a system of law most present to their minds, which standard would be its adaptation to the wants and circumstances of those for whom it was provided. But, when those same phrases were used before persons who had another standard of the perfection of human reason in their minds,—namely, in the case of a few of the listeners to these lectures a strictly scientific standard, and in the case of the greater part of the readers a vague common-sense standard,—an exceedingly false and dangerous opinion was likely to be taken up. The uninquiring credulous part of mankind would believe the lecturer's words, and believe them in a sense in which they were utterly false: another part, discovering their superficial inaccuracy, would laugh the professor, his disciples, and the subject of their panegyric, to scorn. And this in fact has been the case. Immediately upon the publication of the 'Commentaries,' the common law began to be spoken of as *the* perfect system of law,—and also, as the greatest collection of barbarous nonsense ever accumulated by the perversity of human wit.* The English constitution fared in the same way. From the first years of George III.'s reign up to the commencement of the French Revolution, no one spoke of it except as the model of a system after which all the constitutions in Europe ought to be fashioned; and, since then, it has been denounced as the most absurd combination ever formed out of heterogeneous and warring materials. And what is, then, the third opinion we would set up against both of these? Why, this; that the common law is not the perfection of human reason, and that it *ought* not to be; that the British constitution cannot be a universal model, and that it would be a bad constitution if it were. Neither one nor the other can be tried by the pure reason, because they do not fall within its province; but both, nevertheless, may have a sound principle at work in them, and of both, therefore, a scientific account may be given. It is for furnishing this scientific account of English law, that we feel ourselves so much indebted to Mr. Park. The next passage is also valuable, as correcting the vulgar notions about the evil of adhering to precedent:

'And here—from this very necessity of consulting the public security—arises the first actual separation between the law and the sense of mankind. The judge himself tells you, that the decision he feels bound to make, judicially, is the reverse of that he could have wished to pronounce with a view to the deserts of the parties, or their real rights. The public, *not in the secret*, would say to the judge, Bend your rule to the justice of the case. No, says the judge, I am bound by the precedents. Bound by the precedents? the public would rejoin: say, rather, you are spell-bound; that, sitting here for the avowed purpose of administering justice between litigating parties, and with a case of clear right and wrong before you, you deliberately and solemnly disappoint the expectations of those around you, or to whom the facts of the case may be otherwise known, and, in the face of common sense and justice, make shipwreck of both upon some ideal shoal of legal fiction. Bound by precedent? And what is precedent? What is its binding power? Whence does it derive its omnipotence? If there are previous decisions, if there be a previous rule established, those decisions, that rule, must be either applicable, or not applicable. What is the guide for determining their applicableness, but the justice or injustice they will produce in combination with the case under consideration? If they produce injustice, does not the fact itself demonstrate that the particular case is without the reason of the rule; or that it was not contemplated when the rule was laid down; and, therefore, by inad-

vertence only, was omitted to be made an exception to it? Is it in precedent to shoulder out justice? Is it enough to be told that men are to be denied their rights, that their sense of right and wrong is to be invaded, that their passions are to be awakened, their indignation roused, their affection for the jurisprudence of the country alienated, only because in some case between A. and B., whom we never before heard of, and which took place out of living memory, Lord C. or Lord D. happened to say such or such a thing? Is this the way in which excellence is attained in any other science? Is this making the use of our forefathers which in every other branch of human knowledge we are told is the best use—that of standing on their shoulders, and trying how much further we can see?

'I know all that as well as you, the judge might respond. *But I know something, also, that you do not know*,—that, unless I resolutely preserved the *system of the law, and the uniformity of decision*, against all compulsion of my feelings, all desire to do justice, all influence of compassion, in particular cases like this, I should bring you, the public, into a state of confusion and uncertainty, which in twelve months would fairly bring the wheels of the whole social machine to a stop. This result I *dare not* bring about, and this is what I mean when I say, I am bound by the precedents.'—*Pp. 33—35.*

A collateral proof that there must be a scientific adjustment of parts in the system of English law, is furnished, Mr. Park remarks, by the existence of such a being as a professional lawyer. That there ever has been a human being capable of retaining one hundredth, or one thousandth part of all the points of which English law is made up, is a supposition quite monstrous to any one who examines a single volume of reports. What possible dependence can there be placed upon the opinion of any one of the body, even if their duties were far more minutely subdivided than they are? And yet dependence may be placed upon the opinion of a vast number of lawyers, upon an innumerable number of points connected with the most dissimilar subjects. How can this happen, he asks, except from the fact of that inhering in the mind as a science, a small fragment of which, if considered as a collection of facts, would be immeasurably too much for the memory of a Crichton. Hence he deduces an important argument against those reformers by way of *reduction*, who imagine that a classification of the points of law under heads and titles, would make all previously existing books useless. It would be nearly as hard labour to learn by heart fifty heads of that interminable index as to study the whole mass of English law; and yet, that learning would be exceedingly useless.

Mr. Park tracks Mr. Hammond, Mr. Twiss, and the other redactionists, very skilfully through the various windings of their scheme. We have not room to accompany him, but we recommend this part of the work especially to our readers.

The following summary of the arguments respecting Codification is too valuable to be omitted notwithstanding its length.

'The advantages of Codification are striking and obvious. By converting the tables of the law into *tabule rasee*, it for a time throws back jurisprudence into pure science; it makes a clear field for the admission of elements, so far as the materials of jurisprudence are capable of affording them; it disencumbers the existing science of the whole mass of matter which has accumulated in a period of the world comparatively barbarous, or under conditions of society which have no longer a real existence; it lays open to the uninterrupted influence of the human intellect, the whole material of law.

'Its effects upon legal literature, and the prosecution of the science of legislation and jurisprudence, are consequently novel and striking. Law assumes much of the character of one of the pure sciences; and a new race of jurists and politico-metaphysical writers start into existence. The general activity, discussion, and interest, which pervade the departments of the physical sciences, extend themselves in tenfold degree to the department of jurisprudence, from the greater amount of interest which that science, under a process of re-construction, exercises over the rights and conditions of civil life. The dull embers of a technical

science, receiving upon them the unctuous stream of human intellect, vivacity, and contention, blaze up into a flame which arrests the attention of every spectator, from its contrast to the dull twilight which had preceded. To those accustomed to the activity and intensity which pervade the departments of the physical sciences, and to which they owe so much of their successful prosecution, such a change in the department of jurisprudence cannot but be particularly gratifying and acceptable. It has the virtue also of opening new avenues to human enterprise. The monopolizer of conventional reputation and conventional importance are cast into the shade, as they always will be in such a passing transition of the elements of the world's structures, by unaccredited genius and unknown talent. New reputations are achieved, new sources to importance opened.

'In the mean time, the science of jurisprudence is found to have lost in certainty and in tangibleness, exactly as it has gained in splendour and interest. For fixed and technical rules, which, however they had originated, had by their very technicality obtained the tangibleness and manageability of *formulae*, and which therefore could generally be expressed and had reference to as succinct points, has succeeded an interminable mass of discursive argument, of elementary disquisition, of politico-metaphysical literature, of heterogeneous and contending elements of mind; attesting more the activity and the diversity of the human intellect, than any approximation to the reduction of jurisprudence to a certain science. Points of law, instead of finding their solutions in precedent, or analogy—in one or two arguments derived *per processum ad similia*—are to be hunted through controversies and disquisitions similar to those of polemics, and often equally discursive. The authority of past decisions is gone, and those which have come in their place are no longer held to be imperative precedents, but are only referred to as expressions of opinion, which, in a science placed upon the footing of other intellectual creations, can have little other authority on those who are to follow than the essential value which may appear to them to belong to them.'—*Pp. 120—122.*

We cannot conclude without saying that a more careful perusal of this volume has increased our admiration of it, high as the opinion was which we expressed in a former number.

TALES OF PASSION.

Tales of Passion: Lord Lovel's Daughter.—The Italianian.—Second Love. By the Author of 'Gilbert Earle.' 3 vols., 12mo., Colburn. London, 1828.

THE author of these volumes is very anxious to convince his readers that, in spite of the similarity of title, there is no similarity of purpose between his *Tales* and Miss Baillie's celebrated 'Plays of the Passions.' If he had said that there is a very great difference of power between the two works, we should not have taken much pains to disprove the assertion; for, whatever faults may inhere in the conceptions of the female dramatist, we think no one will deny that she has shown extraordinary genius in embodying them, and few, we think, will dispute that, even when the notions of the author of 'Gilbert Earle,' from not being his own, are tolerably good, his execution is generally very maimed and defective. But, if, as has been asserted, Miss Baillie sinned against the laws of art when she exhibited courses of action, each of which was the result of one passion, instead of being wrought out by the interlacing and cross-working of many, we do not see that the writer before us can escape the charge, merely because he has chosen to confine himself to that which is called in common parlance, *The Passion*. To suppose that love, because it is the strongest of all passions, therefore exists the most independent of all the rest, seems to us the vulgarest of all vulgar conclusions. Instead of living apart from the rest of human feelings, it absorbs them into itself; but so absorbs them, that each shall retain its proper qualities and its individual activity. How is it that every woman in Shakspeare is in love, that nearly every one of his women is a meek confiding creature, not distinguished by the possession of any intellectual qualities different from the others, and yet that each has such marked individuality, that it is absolutely i

* Mr. Bentham's first work was a 'Commentary on the Commentator.'

possible ever to mix or confound them in one's mind? For this reason: because in his poetry, love, though an overmastering, is never a levelling passion; it compels all powers into its service, to make use of them, not to extinguish them; it is rather the abstract and essence of all the feelings that existed in the mind previously, than a new one thrust forcibly in to expel and eradicate them. The ordinary tribe of love-writers, be they dramatists (so called) or novelists, treat the matter differently. Love is, with them, more than a tyrant: he is a tyrant of the Napoleon sort, bent upon changing human nature, and making it into a very vulgar sort of composite called a love-nature. And herein consists the great immorality of such writers, under whatever guise or fashion they may present themselves, and the immense distinction between those old English writers whom, in their insolence, they sometimes condemn as much more mischievous than themselves. If love, the most ardent burning love, be described as an active principle, the collected energy of human nature, nothing but good can result from the study of it. But, if it be represented as a passion not working in, but upon man and woman, heating down, and enfeebling, and rendering passive all the other powers,—it becomes the vilest of all instruments for debasing that which it is the business of art to elevate—it is converted into a worse, a more impious and immoral kind of necessity, because it is a necessity acting through those senses which are at all times too strong for us, and which it should be the business of our lives to compel into our service, not to exalt into our tyrants. It is well, consequently, that a judicial visitation descends upon those who commit this crime—that their descriptions of love are rendered far less powerful, far less passionate, by this very attempt to increase their vividness, and that we turn with delight, not from the immorality, but from the weakness, of sentimental love, to the genuine, glorious, native, womanly love of the *Violas*, the *Mirandas*, and the *Juliets*.

All these remarks are illustrated by the tales before us; and we trust, therefore, that we shall be excused from going into great details respecting them. Least, however, our observations should be misunderstood, we ought, in justice to the author, to say, that, upon the ordinary principles of the world's morality, there is nothing objectionable in his work, and that the observations which he intersperses are all exceedingly proper and orthodox, (besides having the advantage of being very common-place,) and that the style, though ordinarily much exaggerated, is occasionally powerful. As a specimen of the work, we give the following scene from the first tale, which, though it partakes of the evil qualities we have alluded to, is, nevertheless, somewhat redeemed by the parties in it successfully resisting the temptation to which they are exposed. The heroine is a young Catholic lady, in the reign of Henry VIII., who has nourished a secret passion for her confessor, a passion which he discovers with great horror, when he is one day giving her ghostly counsel. The following scene occurs two years after the discovery,—Hubert, the confessor, having very wisely gone abroad in the interval, lest the love of a fair devotee should be too strong for his powers of resistance:

'A few days after the news of the final dispersion of the rebels had reached her, Alice, according to her wont, proceeded, at evening, to the Abbey to pray. It was rather later than usual, and the sky was misty and dark. The stream rushed with a hoarser sound towards the ruins, dark masses of which rose before the eye with but little relief from any light behind. The heart of Alice was heavy in her bosom. The hope on which it had so fondly rested was stricken away. The heretic had again prevailed; and all that she most loved and venerated was prostrate beneath his power. If ever her spirit had needed prayer to cheer and strengthen it in its distress, it did so this night. She sought the Abbey to implore help to her failing soul—to weep, to watch, and to pray. A very different scene awaited her.

'As she approached the shrine of the Virgin, at which she was accustomed to pay her vows, she perceived a figure kneeling before it. A sight so unusual surprised her; but, thinking it was, perhaps, some pious traveller who, in passing, came, under cover of night, to pray at a spot so sacred,—she proceeded onward that she might not disturb him, and, taking a circuit of some extent, did not return to the shrine till a certain time had elapsed. She now approached it from the opposite direction to that in which she had come before—through the ruins, namely. She, therefore, fronted the person, who still knelt before it. She was again about to turn away, when, at the moment, the moon which had, hitherto, been totally obscured by thick clouds, burst, on a sudden, brilliantly forth into the clear heaven—and shed its first rays upon the stranger's face, upturned in fervent adoration—it was Father Hubert's!—Alice uttered one shrill scream, and sank, half-fainting, to the earth.

'Since the memorable day on which her heart had been laid bare before him, the eyes of Alice had never rested upon his form; but now, in shadow and in gloom, one slight glance sufficed to reveal to her the bodily presence of him who had ever been present in spirit—she knew him at once! A little more time was needed for Hubert to recognize who it was who had thus interrupted his devotions. A broken column, which had supported her as she sank to the ground, intervened between them. He hastened to pass it, and to raise the fainting form he saw prostrate before him.—When Alice opened her eyes, she found herself in Hubert's arms; and at the same moment he became conscious of who it was he held there.

'Let those whose happy fate has placed them free from temptation here pause; and, when they are about to condemn unfortunates who have sunk beneath the power of passion, let them remember that there are positions such as this; that fate carries on its course situations in which every thing which stirs, excites, inflames, maddens the senses and the soul, is conjoined—when all that is likely to check, to calm them—to show the danger which impends—to recall the reason which staggers—is silenced, is far away! Those who have been tried in the fire of such an ordeal as this, and have come forth pure, will be the first to pity and to pardon such as have sunk under its strength. They know how mighty the temptation is, how mighty the resistance must be!

'Let those who have loved figure to themselves the feelings of these two at the instant of their mutual recognition! Let them recall for a moment the light in which each had been viewed by the other—let them run over in their minds the sensations which, in the foregoing pages, I have endeavoured to trace. They will be able to appreciate the storm which shook their souls. Hubert felt the heart of Alice throb against his bosom!—this loveliest of created beings—this, the only woman who had ever called forth a soft emotion within his heart—now lay in his arms, too weak for self-support, yet retaining sufficient consciousness to cause her pulses to beat thus tumultuously, her breath to be drawn in those quick and broken gasps which made every nerve in his frame thrill electrically, as he felt them upon his cheek!—It was in vain, oh! it was in vain, that she strove now to check that passion which had fired and consumed her whole being for years!—the agonizing hours of restraint were passed; this, this at least, was a moment which love claimed as its own—and she gave herself up, body and mind, sense and spirit, to its entralling, its overwhelming ecstasy!

'The frame of the monk shook in the extremity of mortal agitation—a mist came over his eyes—his brain reeled—the self-control of years staggered before the breath of one passionate moment—he stooped his head to her's—and the first kiss of mortal passion which had ever polluted the lips of Hubert, burned upon their surface then!

'As he raised his head, with the deep, long-drawn sigh which is the reaction of passion in its excess—his eyes chanced to light upon that image of the Virgin, before which he had but now knelt with the calm, unclouded devotion which was his wont in the hour of prayer. Gracious Heaven! and what had a space of time scarcely capable of being numbered from its very briefness, wrought upon him! Years, years had not sufficed to do the work of that brief moment! The calm moon shone upon the holy image; and his soul sank abashed, in its guiltiness, from before its strong gaze. He shuddered; and, gently lowering Alice upon the column, who was scarcely yet restored from the first shock of surprise, followed as it had been by such rapid emotions, he sprang from her side, and sinking

upon his knees before the shrine, he sought that protection from his own rebellious passions which nothing but prayer can give!

'Lady, who deignest to read these pages, I trust that thou canst not figure to thyself the feelings which now reigned in the heart of Alice. None but those who have drunk deep of passion's most maddening cup, can judge of the tumult of her soul, when she felt the lips of Hubert pressed to hers. And when, a moment after, she saw him spring from her as though infection dwelt upon her touch, and kneel in agony of spirit before the Virgin's shrine,—the conflict was almost too much for her frame to bear. It was some moments before she was able to rise, or even to speak.

'“Father, pray for me!” she exclaimed, “pray for me—pray for us both!—I dare not, I cannot pray myself!”—and she sobbed bitterly.

'At the sound of her voice, he paused in his supplications—“Alice,” he said, “I am a weak and frail sinner, my prayers have no intercession. Oh! pride, spiritual pride!” he continued, scarcely addressing her, but almost, as it were, thinking aloud, “thou art the stumbling-block over which I have fallen—it is thou who hast shaken the self-subdued passions of years! But now is my haughty spirit humbled—I feel how weak and vain is human strength when it thinks itself the greatest—*ora pro nobis*,” he exclaimed, again turning towards the shrine—“*mater dolorosa, beatissima virgo, ora pro nobis peccatoribus!*”—And the large drops of cold sweat started upon his brow, as he bent himself to the earth in anguish.

'Alice remained by the column, trembling, overawed. The sight of this mighty spirit, which she had always revered as something almost superhuman, wrestling with the passions of humanity, struck her as a spectacle not to be contemplated without a sensation approaching to reverence. I do not mean that she thus analysed her feelings, but that they existed in her at the moment, and operated upon her unconsciously.—Some time elapsed without either party again speaking. The silence was, at last, broken by Hubert:

'“Alice Lovel,” he said, “this is no time for even such as you, bound by no restrictive ties or special duties, to give way to the vain and giddy passions of human affection. To me, at all times they are forbidden, like flesh to the Israelites in the desert—I cannot taste of them and live. But, at a season like this, when the ark of the Lord is broken from its resting-place, and his servants need all their strength and freshness to restore it—when their backslidings are noted and published as a scoff and bye-word wherewith to slander the true faith,—then to give way to the baits and instigations of the Devil—I shudder at the danger I have run: and here too! here in the scene of my former ministry—here, whither I came to pour out my spirit in prayer to the great Mother of all Purity!—alas! alas! I know not myself, thus fallen, thus stained. Alice Lovel, I can no longer address thee in the language of spiritual admonition—I can no longer call thee ‘daughter,’ and chide thee for thine errors as a father doth his child—I am now no more than a poor sinner, frail, weak, and liable to err as thou art—I am not fit to guide, who myself cannot walk alone. Years, Alice, have passed since we have met. When we last parted, I reproved in you that passion to which this night I have given way myself—that passion which so nearly led us both into deep perdition. My sister, let us return thanks to Heaven for having escaped the tempter's snare—let us implore pardon for the guilt we have incurred—let us pray for strength to preserve us in the time to come!”

'The tide of emotion had now ebbed—and the heart was softened by its influence. Like the flood of the Nile, it had ever borne every thing in its onward course—but, like it, its reflux had fertilized the soil. The fruits it now bore were repentance and humbleness of heart. With these did Hubert and Alice pray together—and the blessed calm of a spirit reconciled to its God pervaded them.

'After a long space, they rose from before the shrine. “Lady Alice,” said he monk, “this is, in all likelihood, the last time we shall meet in this world. The hour of my trials is probably at hand; and I hope my support of them will not disgrace my holy calling. We shall meet no more: the scaffold or the stake will be my portion, as it has been of those far more worthy than I am; and I shall receive, with the pride of a chosen servant, the crown of martyrdom as the completion and reward of my toils. But you are still young; length of years, honour, and riches, await you. Cast not from you those precious gifts. Forget the unhalloved and unhappy passion you have suffered to grow within your heart. Let the memory of this

might be blotted from your mind. Remember Hubert only as the monk of the Holy Cross—such as he was for years, not as what he sank to for one moment! But, above all, my daughter, shrink not from the true faith. In the midst of this rebellious city, let at least one just person remain! Remember the piety of your blessed ancestor—prove that you are not unworthy of him:—and now, daughter, fare thee well!"

"Oh, Father," exclaimed Alice, "I will strive, indeed I will strive, against myself,—but the feelings of years cannot be rooted out in a day. Penance will I undergo—prayer I will be constant in—but, oh! I have done penance, I have prayed,—yet my stubborn heart has prevailed against all my efforts. It has broken my strength and health—I shall not live long, and I rejoice at it—death approaches me, and I welcome him. I am an humble and useless worm—when my life is trodden out, what matters it, oh, to whom? But on your existence hang mighty fates! And, talk not so horribly as you did even now? Do not wait danger!—for the sake of heaven, do not! Fly to a safe and distant land. In Italy, you will find refuge and support. Reginald Pole is a noble gentleman: he receives and succours the suffering confessors of our faith! Fly to him—quit this land of heresy and wrath! Say that you will fly, Father!—In pity, say you will!"

"Alice," returned the monk, "I may not shrink from the cup which is prepared for me—I will not court danger—but I will not fly from it. In this country of England is my lot cast—and here will I see it to the end. For you, daughter, I see, indeed, that your cheek is pale and your form wasted, and it grieves my heart that so it is. But cherish not the serpent of despair within your breast. It is not lawful for you should thus act—it causes you to be your own destroyer! Strive, strive against the tempter, and assistance will be granted unto you. Watch and pray, that you enter not into temptation!"

"The moment of parting was come; Alice felt that life was about to close upon her for ever! The first hour in which she became conscious that she was loved by him whom her soul worshipped, was to be that of their final separation. If the emotion betrayed by Father Hubert had served, in some degree, to lessen the reverential distance at which she had been accustomed to contemplate him, it had flooded her heart with the rapture of a new joy—it had added a quality to the affection which burned within her breast such as it had never known before. Yes! the sensation of reciprocity—the knowledge that, in despite of all the obstacles which interposed, her attachment was not regarded wholly with cold disapprobation and unsympathising reproof—in one word, the consciousness of being beloved,—that far, far greatest of all the joys with which Heaven has blessed humanity,—now spread its exquisite influence over her heart, and raised her, as it were, into a higher nature. Probably, notwithstanding all the counterbalancing emotions, Alice had never tasted such rapturous moments as those which she had known that night.

"Farewell, dear daughter—farewell, Alice!" said Hubert, in a voice which strong feeling broke and thickened;—"Farewell! and the blessing of God and the Holy Virgin be upon you for ever!" He raised his hands in the attitude of benediction as he spoke; and, casting one last glance upon that form which had been the dearest to him of any that earth had ever borne, he broke away from it at once, and, moving at a rapid pace, was speedily lost in the darkness."—Vol. i., pp. 178—191.

LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

A History of England from the First Invasion by the Romans, to the twenty-seventh year of the Reign of Charles II. By John Lingard, D.D. 4to. vol. vii. Baldwin and Cradock. London, 1829.

THIS age of character is gone—we can neither match the virtues nor the vices of our forefathers. It might be unjust, or, what is worse, unpopular, to deny that we are better for the loss of all irregular individual features; and that the principles of society have triumphed in the process which has melted us, and stamped us with one image and superscription. Undoubtedly, we now philosophise better on historical examples than in former times. But in those times, examples and events themselves, which we have leisure to examine and to analyse, exerted immediate influence on contemporary characters; and, though less favourable to tranquil speculation, spoke directly to the intellect and passions of men, awakening

high imaginings and deep reflections, though not arranging these with perfect philosophical accuracy. We would fairly give whatever has been gained, or said to be gained, by those abstract people, public opinion and rational liberty, for some portion of the strength, or, if that would be unreasonable, of the weakness, which characterised our ancestors. But we never hope to see the reproduction of either. We fear that the Home-secretary is not at all likely to exhibit himself at any balcony whatever, in Piccadilly, divested of

'The troublesome disguises which we wear,'

after the manner which excited so much scandal in some of the courtiers and councillors of Charles II. We have not heard of any lady at court whose secret influence is likely to shower an interesting degree of disgrace upon the hoary head of that rigid censor of morals, the ex-Chancellor; nor do we believe there is patriotism enough in the people or Parliament to drive the Duke of Wellington into exile, on account of the new facings of his house at Hyde-Park Corner, which, in plainer and in better days, would have secured him the report of taking bribes from the enemies of old England.

We purpose to devote a future article to a view of that momentous period of history which Mr. Lawson's 'Life of Archbishop Laud' exhibits in its origin and commencement, and which Dr. Lingard's present volume, at its close, leaves imperfect. We shall then inspect more narrowly the historical truth and value of the works of which a cursory notice is all that we have hitherto undertaken.

The following passage throws a just light upon those circumstances which, after the Restoration, conduced to the nourishment and exposure of all that has since drawn most discredit on the memory of Charles II., and which confirmed the ill impressions made on his character by the hardships and uncertainties of exile:

'Though the convention parliament had undertaken to make ample provision for the pecuniary wants of the Government, Charles was advised to apply to the two Houses for additional aid, and obtained from their loyalty a grant of four subsidies, the ancient but now obsolete method of raising supplies. It has been said of the king that he was improvident; that the establishment of his household was calculated on the most expensive scale; that he made magnificent presents to his favourites and mistresses; and that he squandered enormous sums in the unnecessary repair and improvement of the royal palaces; but it should also be remembered that at his restoration he found himself incumbered with a debt for which he could not be responsible, the enormous sum owing to the armies in the three kingdoms under the heads of arrears; and that he was moreover compelled from the destitute state of the several arsenals to expend 800,000*l.* in the immediate purchase of naval and military stores. We are assured that in the first fifteen months, the only sum which could be devoted to the ordinary current expenses of the state was the 70,000*l.* voted on account of the coronation. The parliament repeatedly listened to his solicitations: but the estimates were inaccurate; the taxes proved deficient; they were tardily collected; new debts were contracted before the original debts could be discharged; and, during the whole course of his reign, Charles laboured under the pressure of a burden which he was unable to remove. This gave a peculiar tone to his policy. To procure money became his habitual pursuit: it entered into all his measures as the principal, or, at least, as an important, object: it dictated to him the match with Portugal and the sale of Dunkirk to France; and it seduced him into that clandestine correspondence and those pecuniary bargains with the French monarch, which have left an indelible stain on his memory.'—Pp. 368, 369.

The sovereign, however, was not the only man in his dominions unscrupulous in the arts of acquisition; and the following instance is only one of many in that reign which showed his taste to be congenial, in that point, with his Great Council's:

'The objection which had been raised before their convocation was renewed after the return of the king. They had not been called by the royal writ; they were therefore illegal assemblies, and their acts might here-

after be disputed in the courts of law. The obvious remedy was to dissolve them, and to summon a parliament after the usual manner, which might legalize by its authority the irregular proceedings of the convention. But this to the king's advisers appeared, in the existing circumstances, a dangerous experiment: they were not disposed to part with a house of commons so obsequious to their wishes; and they preferred to pass an act, declaring that the parliament summoned in the 16th of Charles I. was determined, and that the two houses then sitting at Westminster constituted the two houses of parliament. It might, indeed, be asked, whence an assembly, illegal in its origin, could derive the power of giving to itself a legal existence; but it was hoped that, as long as the convention sat, no man would venture to moot the question; and on its dissolution every defect might be supplied by the authority of the succeeding parliament.

'The experience of former years had shown that, to restrain within due limits the pretensions of the crown, it was necessary to keep it dependent on the bounty of the subject; but the houses seemed to have adopted the contrary doctrine: they attributed the calamities which for so many years had afflicted the nation to the scanty provision made for the support of royalty; they found, on inquiry, that the annual expenditure of the last king greatly exceeded his income; and, to prevent the recurrence of wants which he experienced, and of the illegal expedients to which he had recourse, they raised the yearly revenue of the crown to the unprecedented amount of 1,200,000*l.*

'But, while they provided for the sovereign, they were not unmindful of their own interests. In the preceding reigns, the proprietors of lands had frequently and zealously sought to abolish tenures by knights' service, confessedly the most onerous of the existing feudal burthens; but their attempts were constantly defeated by the monarch and his courtiers, unwilling to resign the benefits of marriages, reliefs, and wardships. Now, however, in this season of reconciliation and mutual concession, the proposal was made and accepted; the terms were arranged to the satisfaction of both parties; and Charles consented to accept a fixed annual income of 100,000*l.* in place of the casual but lucrative profits of the court of wards. Still the transaction did little honour to the liberality of the two houses. They refused to extend the benefit to inferior tenures: and the very act which relieved the lords of manors from the services which they owed to the crown, confirmed to them the services which they claimed from those who held by tenure of copyhold. Neither did they choose to pay the price of the benefit, though it was to be enjoyed exclusively by themselves. Originally, the authors of the measure intended to raise the compensation by a tax on the lands which had been relieved: the amount had actually been apportioned to the several counties by the committee, when a member, as it were accidentally, asked why they should not resort to the excise; the suggestion was eagerly caught by the courtiers and many of the proprietors; the injustice of compelling the poor to pay for the relief of the rich, though strongly urged, was contemptuously overlooked; and the friends of the motion, on a division in a full house, obtained a majority of two. In lieu, therefore, of purveyance, military tenures, and their various incidents, fruits, and dependencies, the produce of one moiety of the excise, a constantly growing and more profitable branch of revenue than the original compensation, was settled on the crown for ever.

'The excise, as the reader will recollect, had been introduced by the parliament to defray the charges of the war against the king. To reconcile the nation to so odious a tax, it was first voted for only a short period; and, though it had been continued ever since by successive grants, an understanding always existed that, as nothing but necessity could justify the imposition, so it should most certainly cease with that necessity. By the last enactment, one half of it was now rendered perpetual; nor was the house slow to dispose of the other. It had taken no measures to raise the revenue to the amount which it had voted: the festival of Christmas approached; the king admonished the members of his intention to dissolve the parliament; and the houses hastily passed three bills to improve the receipts on wine licences, to regulate the post office, and to grant to the king the second moiety of the excise for his natural life, in full of the yearly settlement of 1,200,000*l.* From that moment, all hope of its extinction vanished; and, in the course of a few reigns, the streamlet has swelled into a mighty river. The excise then produced 300,000*l.*; it now produces 18,000,000*l.* per annum.'—Pp. 348—351.

The following passage, on similar grounds, deserves attention :

' Since the year 1642, a considerable portion of the landed property in every county had passed from the hands of the original owners into the possession of new claimants; and it was on this important consideration that the founders of the commonwealth rested their principal hope of its subsequent stability. Hundreds of their adherents had by the revolution been raised in the scale of society: they were become invested with the wealth and influence that originally belonged to their superiors; and it was their interest to oppose with all their power the return of a system which would reduce them to poverty and insignificance. Charles, in his declaration from Breda, touched on the subject in guarded and measured terms: " he was willing that all controversies in relation to grants, sales, and purchases, should be determined in parliament, which could best provide for the just satisfaction of all who were concerned." Parliament, however, made no such provision. It confirmed, indeed, as a measure of tranquillization, the judicial decisions which had been given in the courts of law and equity; but the royal promise respecting the transfer of property by grants and sales was forgotten, and, in consequence, no relief was afforded to two numerous classes of men belonging to the opposite parties. At the very commencement of the civil troubles, many royalists disposed of a portion or the whole of their estates, that they might relieve the pecuniary wants of the king, or enable themselves to raise men, and serve in the royal armies; and at its conclusion all of them were compelled to have recourse to similar measures, that they might discharge their debts, and pay the heavy fines imposed on them by order of the revolutionary governments. That these men had strong claims on the gratitude and pity of the king and parliament, could not be denied; but these claims were neglected: the sales had been effected with their consent, they were bound by their own acts, and consigned to murmur in penury and despair. The lands belonging to the crown, to the bishops, dean and chapters, and to a few distinguished cavaliers, had been granted away as rewards, or sold to the highest or the most favoured bidder. These were now reclaimed; forcible entries were made; and the holders, as they were not allowed to plead a title derived from a superior authority, were compelled to submit to superior rights or superior power. To the argument that they were, the most of them, bona fide purchasers, it was truly replied that they had taken the risk with the benefit: but, when they appealed to the "just satisfaction" promised in the royal declaration from Breda, Charles himself blushed at the rigour of his officers and adherents. By proclamation he recommended measures of lenity and conciliation; he advised that the revolutionary purchasers should be admitted as tenants on easy fines; and, at the united request of the two Houses, he established a commission to arbitrate between the contending parties. The consequence, however, was that, while the purchasers of the crown lands were in general permitted to remain in possession, the purchasers of the church lands were in numerous instances treated with extreme severity. The incumbents had themselves suffered hard measure; they were old, and therefore anxious to provide for the support of their families after them; and, instead of attending to the royal recommendation, they made no distinction among the bidders, but selected for tenants those individuals who made them the most advantageous offers.'—Pp. 358—360.

We extract the contrast drawn by our author between the characters of Charles and James, as, on the whole, correct, though tinged, as was to be expected, with partiality for the latter of the royal brothers:

' There was at this time a marked contrast between the characters of the royal brothers. Charles, though oppressed with debt, scattered his money heedlessly and profusely; James was careful to measure his expenses by the amount of his income. The king seemed to make gallantry the chief occupation of life; the duke to look upon it as an amusement; and, while the one daily spent his time "sauntering" in the company of his mistresses, the other attended to his duties in the Admiralty with the exactitude of the meanest clerk on the establishment. In point of abilities, Charles was considered superior; but he wanted strength of mind to refuse an importunate suitor, or to resist the raillery and sarcasm of those whom he made his companions. James, with a judgment less correct, and with knowledge less extensive, formed his resolutions with slowness, but adhered to them with obstinacy. His word was esteemed sacred; his friends relied with confidence

on his support, whatever sacrifice it might cost him: and his enemies knew that, till he had brought them on their knees, he would never forgive their offences. Yet no diversity of temper or opinion could diminish the affection of the two brothers. James was the most dutiful of subjects; and, however he might disapprove the judgment, he always concurred in seconding the will, of the sovereign. He was easy of access, and affable in discourse; but his constant attention to preserve the dignity of his rank, gave to his manner a stateliness and distance repulsive of that freedom and familiarity which the laughter-loving king indulged in the associates of his pleasures. In private life the duke was loved by few, but feared or respected by all: in public, his industry was the theme of commendation; and the fame which he had acquired in the French army, was taken as an earnest of his future military prowess.'—Pp. 430, 431.

But Dr. Lingard has afforded, in his notes, a view more striking of the character of Charles II. than any which (without disparagement to his acute discrimination) his text could have possibly exhibited. It is in the shape of an extract from a letter of the King to the Chancellor, and is certainly the rarest missive of imperiousness and blasphemy that ever issued from a 'gracious and religious king':

' Now I am on this matter, I think it necessary to give you a little good council in it, least you may think that by making a further stir in the business, you may divert me from my resolution, which all the world shall never do; and I wish I may be unhappy in this world and in the world to come, if I fail in the least degree of what I have resolved, which is of making my lady Castlemaine of my wife's bedchamber, and whosoever I find use any endeavour to hynder this resolution of myne (except it be only to myselfe), I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how true a friend I have been to you. If you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion soever you are of; for I am resolved to go through with this matter, let what will come of it, which again I solemnly swear before Almighty God. Therefore, if you desire to have the countenance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business, except it be to beat down all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in. And whosoever I find to be my lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live. You may show this letter to my lord-lieutenant (Ormond), and if you have both a minde to oblige me, carry yourselves like friends to me in this matter.'—P. 625.

The last document we shall notice as illustrative of the policy of the reign which forms the subject of the latter part of Dr. Lingard's volume, is one which gives that volume peculiar value, as here, for the first time, it has been offered to the public, although referred to by most former historians. This is the Secret Treaty of 1670, published from the original in the possession of Lord Clifford, a descendant of one of its framers, the existence of any copy of which had previously been doubted. In the preamble of this instrument, Charles states his design of reconciling his kingdoms with the Church of Rome, and commissions Arlington, Arundel, Clifford, and Bellings, to confer with the Sieur Albert, Ambassador of Louis XIV., on the means of establishing a closer friendship, union, and confederacy, between their respective sovereigns, for the furtherance of that end. The general scope of this Treaty is already so well known to the readers of English history, that we content ourselves, at present, with translating for our readers two of its scandalous provisions.

' The King of Great Britain being convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, and resolved to make a public profession of it, and to reconcile himself with the Roman Church so soon as the affairs of his kingdom will permit him, has every reason to hope, and to confide in the affection and fidelity of his subjects, that none of them, not even those on whom God shall not have as yet abundantly enough bestowed his grace to dispose them to conversion by his august example, will ever fail of that inviolable obedience which all nations owe to their sovereign even of contrary religion: nevertheless, as there are sometimes found unquiet and turbulent spirits who exert themselves to trouble public tranquillity, particularly when they can

cover their evil designs with the plausible pretence of religion; his Majesty of Great Britain, who has nothing more at heart (after the repose of his own conscience) than that general repose which the mildness of his government has procured to his subjects, believes that the best method of preserving it from disturbance would be the assurance, in case of need, of the assistance of his most Christian Majesty, who, wishing on this occasion to give the King of Great Britain indisputable proofs of the sincerity of his friendship, and to contribute to the success of a design so glorious, so useful to his Majesty of Great Britain, as well as to the Catholic religion, hath promised, and doth promise, to give for this purpose to the said King of Great Britain, the sum of two millions of livres tournois, of which one moiety shall be paid three months after the exchange of the ratification of the present treaty, in specie to the order of the said King of Great Britain, at Calais, or Dieppe, or Havre de Grace, or remitted by letters of exchange at London, at the risque, expense, and peril of the said most Christian King, and the other moiety in the same manner three months afterwards: and besides, the said most Christian King binds himself to assist with troops his Majesty of Great Britain, to the number of 6,000 infantry, if needful, and even to levy and maintain them at his own expense, so long as the King of Great Britain shall consider himself in need of them for the execution of his design; and the said troops shall be transported by the vessels of the King of Great Britain to such places and ports as he shall consider most proper for the good of his service, and, from the day of their embarkation, shall be paid, as aforesaid, by the most Christian King, and the time of the aforesaid declaration of Catholicism is entirely left to the direction of the said King of Great Britain.

' The said Sovereign Kings having, each in his own particular, many more causes than they should need to justify to the world their resolution of mortifying the pride of the States-General of the United Provinces of the Low Countries, and of destroying the power of a nation which has stained itself so often with ingratitude so extreme towards its founders and creators, and which has even the audacity, at this day, to design erecting itself into sovereign, judge, and arbitrator of all other potentates; it is agreed, resolved, and concluded, that their Majesties shall declare and make war conjointly, with all their sea and land forces, on the said States-General of the United Provinces of the Low Countries; and that neither of the said kings shall be able to make peace, truce, or suspension of arms with them, without advice and consent of the other; as also that all commerce among the subjects of the said Sovereign Kings and those of the said States shall be prohibited, and that the ships and goods of those who shall traffic, notwithstanding this prohibition, may be seized by the subjects of the other king, and shall be reputed just prizes; and all previous treaties made between the said States and either of the said kings or their predecessors shall remain null, except that of the triple alliance made for the maintenance of the treaty of Aix la Chapelle; and if, after the declaration of war, any subjects of the said kings shall be taken prisoners in the service of the said States, they shall suffer execution by the justice of the said king by the subjects of whom they shall have been taken.'

TRAVELLING EMPIRICISM.

Letters from an Eastern Colony. Richardson. London, 1829.

THESE letters were indited by 'the third or fourth cousin of a peer.' We learn, moreover, from the preface, that 'the spot whence they are written is not put down at full length; but the reader who has the least knowledge of geography will discover it from the initial and the local peculiarities.' For what good purpose, then, all this mystery about their birth-place is assumed, is more than we can divine. Nobody will a moment hesitate in pronouncing that they were penned at Trincomalee, in the island of Ceylon, and that the writer, or, as Mr. Mitford would doubtless call him, the soldier-philosopher-author, is an officer in some one of his Majesty's regiments,—an individual whose temerity and presumption are in immense disproportion to his talents or information. Though our Xenophon talks rather discursively about India and its inhabitants, it is, we think, pretty clear he has never set foot on that continent; and, with respect to

Ceylon, he does not even profess to be very learned. Indeed, he sagaciously remarks of the natives, 'It is surprising how little we know of their religious opinions or prevailing modes of thinking, which is chiefly owing to the impossibility of holding any intercourse with them.' We only wish his premises and conclusions on other matters had any thing like this strong relationship.

Our philosopher takes leave of most matters relating to the East about page 40 of his volume, and then etymology, lexicography, phrenology, poetry, prose, and Roman Catholics, together with education and religious missions, make up the book. What a deal of wisdom one gets by residing at Trincomalee!

There is not one syllable in these 'Letters from an Eastern Colony,' which might not have been equally well written in England, excepting always some blundering statements relative to the native inhabitants of Ceylon, and a style of reasoning, with respect to them, which we hope may never exist within our borders. We will take one specimen of each: 'I must now give you,' says the writer to his highly-favoured correspondent, 'some account of the Malabar population of T—Gentoo is a term expressing their religion, which is a slight modification of Hindooism.' Now, Gentoo is a word corrupted from the Portuguese; it means Gentiles, and is applicable to all the nations of India. Moreover, the religion of the people of Trincomalee is Buddhism, about as much a modification of Hindooism as it is of Paganism. So much for local information. But now comes something far worse than ignorance: 'The mass of the people here live from hand to mouth, are dependent on employment for their subsistence, and receive no more wages than is sufficient to purchase rice for the day: this seems to me to make them virtually slaves'!!! Suppose, now, instead of the word rice, we substitute potatoes or rye-bread, there is nothing in this description of the people of Ceylon that is not perfectly applicable to the larger part of the people of Europe. And our author wishes to argue, because these people are in misery and want, that, therefore, they are to be stripped of all civil and political rights, and included among the live-stock on our estates:—'Not that I,' says this liberal and humane individual, 'would advocate the slightest degree of oppression or injustice toward the natives; but to summon an *English gentleman* before a court of justice for a mere kick or a thump does neither the natives nor us any good; it lessens our authority over them, and adds to their insolence.' Fortunately, this is not the sophistry that will entangle any one. We do not wish to dwell long over a dull book; but we must say, that sentiments such as these, though held by 'the third or fourth cousin of a peer,' are much more calculated to make a man virtually a slave than any other calamity incidental to the human species.

Our 'English Gentleman' is a great scholar, though, by the way, to quote thrice over a fragment of Virgil in this style, *Non omnes possumus omnia*, is an indifferent specimen of scholarship; but the application of the Latin is more remarkable. 'We do not ask our watchmaker to repair our shoes, nor the contrary.' (Query, *The shoes to repair the watchmaker!*) 'Why, then, do we expect Dr. McCulloch the physician to reason accurately on the principles of political economy, or how can any one imagine that Mr. Joseph Hume, who is a Scotchman, a retired doctor, and a Presbyterian, will propose wise alterations for the army, the navy, the Court of Chancery, and the Episcopal Church of Ireland? The thing is impossible.' There is no resisting argumentation such as this, though, we must say, it is somewhat tyrannous in our author to use a giant's strength with so little consideration. Mr. Hume and Mr. McCulloch (who, we now learn for the first time, is a physician) are here annihilated with a single stroke of the pen. Our soldier-philosopher having

shown in like satisfactory manner the advantages of ignorance, and having pointed out that it was education which induced the lower orders in 1819 and 1820, to ascribe their distress to the employment of power-looms, and education that made the lower orders assemble in order to destroy these same power-looms, he then falls foul of the Missionaries in the East; and this, he tells us, is the most important part of his volume. Indeed, being, as he says, 'of a religious turn,' we have nearly half the volume dedicated to these considerations. His object is to show that the Church Missionaries, or Missionaries sent out by the Evangelical party, are a very ignorant and mischievous set of men.

Persons who are acquainted with Molière's admirable comedy of 'Le Medecin malgré lui,' and who remember the lofty galimatias adopted by Sganerelle, when compelled to officiate as a physician, may form some idea of our author's style, when he gets on the subject of religious missions. One day in the month of August, 1827, a ship touched at Trincomalee, and landed two Church missionaries and their ladies. 'I heard,' he says, 'one of the ladies, (much too loquacious a damsel, by the way, for a missionary's wife,) tell our chaplain's lady that she had brought nothing but white satin shoes and silk stockings from England.' Was there ever such a vixen! But this is far from the sum of her ill-doings. 'She also spoke of beer, port wine, and brandy, more than I thought altogether becoming in a female.' By and by, comes another foul offence of these same Church missionaries; our informer says he cannot vouch for the truth of it, though he heard it from high authority. A missionary, not of 'the old orthodox Church societies which have existed for more than a century,' but of that impudent set, 'the *soi-disant* Church Missionary Society,' who 'assume a misnomer for the very purpose, it would seem, of imposing on the ignorant,'—as we said, a missionary of the latter order was sent to China, and (impudent dog!) in the first letter that he wrote home he earnestly requested 'an immediate supply of fifty millions of Chinese New Testaments.' We are not told whether the request was complied with; but, whether or no, our author is hopeless of making many converts to Christianity, either in China or in India, unless recourse be had to a plan of his own. The nature of this plan is rather mysteriously developed; but enough is said to afford a very distinct idea of its meaning. 'There should be,' the author insinuates, 'some interposition of the existing authorities: the British Government has nothing to apprehend from its native subjects, in decreeing the abolition of institutions and customs which, however ancient, are irreconcilable with truth,' &c. 'The general order of things must be reversed; without which, the labours of missionaries, however judicious in themselves, will be cramped and unproductive.' No doubt, a little energetic persecution would produce an admirable effect in India: an *auto-da-fé*, ever and anon, at each of the three Presidencies, and one, also, at Trincomalee, would be an excellent device for winning over the natives to our religion, and in causing them to abandon the Gentoo faith, and all other modifications of Hindooism. We are told there is no fear of losing India; and this leads to some profound observations, which we cannot quite pass over without a word.

Every body who has read Hume's Essays, and almost every body who has not, will concede that the source of all political power is opinion; that is, the power of a ruler (sultan or president, call him by what name you will) is nothing more than the power, the actual force of muscle and mind which the strongest portion of his subjects consent to employ for the purpose of carrying his orders into execution. This is the beginning and the end of all political power, and its nature is the same in every form of government. Now what says Xenophon to all this? 'I know,' says

he, 'that the Government of India is a government of opinion; but I cannot help observing, I have never been able to discover what is meant by a government of opinion, as a term peculiar to India. If the phrase is to be taken in its obvious signification, I would ask this simple question, (simple enough, Heaven knows!) Is the Government of India founded on a true or false opinion of our power to uphold it?' What may be the drift of this doughty interrogatory, does not appear; but the original subject is resumed with great seriousness. 'After all the attention that I have been able to give to it, it seems to me that the Government of England is more a government of opinion than the Government of India.' Now, we think we have quoted enough; and, in taking a long farewell of the author of 'Letters from an Eastern Colony,' we think it right to observe, that we have not encountered in any work which late years have produced from the London press, any parallel display of ignorance, heartlessness, and self-complacency, and that all these disgusting peculiarities are exaggerated fifty-fold by the author's affectations and cant about the Christian religion, when almost every sentiment that he utters is in direct opposition to its sublime and expansive charities.

THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

De l'Eligibilité et de l'Age des Eligibles. Par M. Emm. de Las Casas. Paris, 1828.

As this brochure, besides the particular purpose for which it is written, has a meaning and a merit of its own, we think it not unworthy of a slight notice. Every body knows that no Frenchman can become a representative of the people till he is forty years old: so says the Charter. Now, the Charter is in itself a very good, perhaps the best, formula of a constitution that was ever adapted to the wants and wishes of a people; and the strongest proof of this is, that, at the present day, all the moral politicians, all that are any thing better than compounds of wordiness and apostrophes, are its firmest adherents, and that the liberal cry, which elsewhere is raised in adoration of some false and unattainable theory, expends itself in 'Vive la Charte!' There are some people who consider a constitution an immutable thing; which, if once allowed to be good, it is sacrilege to alter; and so it is, and must be, in the principles on which it is founded; but so it cannot, and ought not to be, when it is regarded as a development of the popular mind, and of the ever-varying feeling of a nation. M. de Las Casas can make this distinction.

'D'abord il faut considerer dans la Charte les dispositions qui de leur nature sont inalterables et celles qui ne sont que des developpemens et des moyens d'execution. Les uns constituent nos droits; les autres en reglent l'exercice,' &c.

In 1815, an 'ordonnance' was made, authorizing all deputies to be eligible at twenty-five: in the assembly thus formed, a violent debate took place, in which nothing was done, and, since that time, the original rule has obtained. This session, however, it is intended to bring the subject again before the Chambers; and hence M. de Las Casas' clever pamphlet. His arguments are various, and very well put: he shows that there is no example in history of so late a limit as forty, and fortifies this opinion by a list of examples of 'bruted men,' who have gained glory in their early days. This catalogue is laughably heterogeneous: Scipio Africanus and Lord Liverpool, Mazarin and Montesquieu, Pitt and Corneille, &c. &c. This will, doubtless, have great influence on the French; as the spirit which created the hope of founding a Roman republic on the banks of the Seine, and turned every shoemaker into a Lycurgus, still lives in a modified form. But what follows is in better style:

'L'homme qui est propriétaire à quarante ans, doit sa fortune, ou à son industrie, ou à son heritage. De ces deux moyens, l'industrie n'enrichit que peu à peu; car la rapidité du gain est toujours en raison

directe des chances de perte, ce qui fait qu'une grande fortune ne peut, en general, se former que très lentement. 2. Quant à l'héritage, la vie moyenne de l'homme est, selon M. de Laplace, de 43 ans : (et, comme il s'agit ici de la classe aisée, il faudrait, pour être exact, élever un peu ce nombre.) Les parents possèdent leurs biens jusqu'à l'âge moyen de 43 ans, leurs enfants de 21, de 25, de 30 ans, restent sans existence politique.

Now, if we combine this statement with the calculation, that, if the age of eligibility were twenty-one, there would be in France, 14,817 eligible men; but, if it be thirty, they will be reduced to 11,082,—we shall perceive very strongly the effect of the limit in diminishing the number of possible representatives. We agree with M. de Las Casas in the conclusion he comes to; but we must say that his arguments are not exactly of that kind which are wont to convince us. We think the French restriction absurd, because, in our opinion, age has nothing to do with the matter: a fool of forty is certainly a more contemptible thing than a fool of twenty-one: there is a probability, that the heart, when the finer edge of the feelings is worn off, will be more sensual, that the desires will become more selfish, and that the mind, having been longer choked up and smothered with evil weeds, will have become effete, but, nevertheless, the man who has been schooled, or rather who has schooled himself, in the paths of thought and meditation, who has cut himself off from sordid feelings in the spring-time of his life, cannot degenerate in after-existence. The very act of being and seeing, which to others is an accumulating mass of false impression and a sensuous abandonment of the light of nature, is to him a series of steps in his progress to wisdom and to truth. M. de Las Casas seems to have omitted a strong feature in his case, viz. that none will apply themselves to politics as a study, but those to whom there is no immediate interest to study at all. Politics must be studied; they can be studied only in practice, and a man must be in some degree an acting politician, before he can be a thinking one. We could wish the converse were equally true. There is a note at the end of the volume containing a tolerably accurate account of our representative system: it is as well the French should be a little enlightened on this point. Of the University of Cambridge the author says, 'Le vote est sous l'influence du Ministère':—this is a singular proof how custom makes a law.

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ

Popular Premises examined, a Philosophical Inquiry into some of the Opinions of Christians and Philosophers, on Deity, Doctrines, the Human Mind, &c. By Richard Dillon. 18mo., pp. 90. London, 1828.

ALTHOUGH we do not agree with the author upon many of the points which he has discussed, yet we hesitate not to say that his book is clear, clever, pointed, and (what is no small praise) brief and comprehensive. It is well worth the perusal of all who take interest in the abstruse doctrines which he has here investigated with considerable talent and acumen;—occasionally, however, tinged with dogmatism, though not with illiberality.

A plain and short History of England for Children, in Letters from a Father to his Son. By the Editor of 'The Cottager's Monthly Visitor.' 18mo., pp. 261. London, 1829.

To render this title a proper designation of the book, the word 'ecclesiastical' has been culpably omitted before the word 'history,' as the chief aim of the author is to render the Church the paramount object of attention. Those, therefore, who wish their children to be instructed in church history, strongly tinged with what Jeremy Bentham calls Church-of-Englandism, will find this little volume well adapted for that particular purpose. The style is plain and very suitable to the subject.

Parks and Palaces. Ridgway.

THIS is a lively and clever brochure, upon a subject which comes home to the bosom and pocket of every one. The exposure of Messrs. Nash, and Soame, and Bruton, is very amusing and satisfactory.

Hints designed to promote a profitable Attendance on an Evangelical Ministry. By the Rev. William Davis, Minister of the Croft Chapel, Hastings. 18mo., pp. 71. London, 1828.

AMONG other vices, the author is peculiarly severe in reprehending those who go from chapel to chapel for no other purpose than to pick up gossip and criticise the officiating clergymen. To those who thus err, we strongly recommend a perusal of Mr. Davis's hints.

The Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

WE are much pleased with this attempt to rescue our aboriginal literature from the oblivion into which it has fallen. The writers are evidently men of ability and research, whose enthusiasm, though we may not enter into it, we shall admire, and whose learning, though it may run into tracks in which we are not habitually interested, we shall be glad to profit by.

The Censor.

THE publication of 'The Etonian' has stirred up the emulation of several of our other large schools; and, though nothing has yet been produced which can at all compete with that clever book, the attempt, at least, is worthy of attention and encouragement. The present periodical is a novelty in its kind. It is written, we understand, by boys of the first and second forms at one of the metropolitan seminaries, and has been printed by permission of the master. Of course, the youths will not be allowed to neglect their accidents for their periodical; and, this danger being guarded against, we dare say the practice which it will give them in English grammar and composition will be useful to them in after-life.

Roman Catholic Question. Ridgway.

SUCH liberal extracts have been made from this pamphlet of Mr. Blake's in the reviews and other newspapers, that we have no excuse for evincing it ourselves. But for this circumstance we could not have denied ourselves the pleasure of introducing to our readers what strikes us as the most plain, temperate, honest, and clever exposition of the question which is to be found among all the volumes that have been written upon this tedious and interminable controversy.

NEW MUSIC.

I see them on their Winding Way,' dedicated to Mr. G. Ford of the Leicester and Stratford Theatres, the words taken from an unpublished Poem by the late Bishop Heber, the Melody and Accompaniment by B. Hime. Latour.

AN advertisement upon the first page informs us, that 'the symphony is from a celebrated march in imitation of a band at a distance; upon hearing which, the late Bishop Heber wrote the poem from which the words are taken.'

This symphony and march commences exactly as the old tune in 'The Beggars' Opera,' 'When the heart of a man is depressed with cares,' and which same air is popular in the Lancers' Quadrille. However, new or old, the song is well imagined, well harmonised, and deserves to be well thought of and well encouraged, as a spirited, appropriate, and clever adaptation. The composer is the same gentleman who wrote the ballad, 'Lassie, let us stray together,' (noticed in the Athenæum, No. 63, p. 8,) in which notice, by a typographical error, his name is spelt Horne instead of Hime.

Nel Silenzio, the admired Chorus in Meyerbeer's 'Il Crociato in Egitto, with brilliant Variations for the Piano-forte. By Henry Hers. Op. 23. Cocks and Co.

THESE are, indeed, brilliant and beautiful variations, and the whole publication is truly magnificent, as a production for the well-educated and well-practised pianiste. The piece is written in the fine key of E flat, commencing with an introductory largo 'Maestoso e serio,' in which the very able writer exhibits some classical and erudite modulations; and it may serve to show the care he has evinced in his composition by our insertion of the following recommendations as to style, expression, &c., which he has prefixed to each part or variation: First varia. 'Brillante e leggier.' Second varia. 'Sempre staccato ed energico,' an ingenious arrangement of triplets. Third varia. 'Ben marcato, ma il Basso leggiero,' an excellent exercise for the left hand. Fourth varia. 'Piu lento e molto espressivo,' difficult but exceedingly tasteful. Fifth varia. 'Vivo e molto brillante.' Finale. An allegro vivo, in 6-8 time, forming a highly finished rondo of seven pages. The whole is a composition of the highest class.

A Selection of the most admired Airs from Rossini's Opera of Semiramide; arranged for the Piano-forte. By N. B. Challenor. In two Books. Mayhew and Co.

WE have noticed before, with peculiar satisfaction, the very concise and useful arrangements (especially to teachers) made by Challenor, of Mozart's 'Seraglio,' and Rossini's 'Il Barbiere,' in which the principal advantages were the unusually familiar style of adaptation, without injuring the effect of the various movements chosen; and 'Semiramide' is published as a sort of continuation, with the same attention to usefulness, thus fitting the whole of the works to the hands of incipient performers better than any other arrangement published. The first book contains the lively chorus 'Belo ai celebri,' the beautiful gem 'Di tanti regi,' the spirited movement 'Tremate il tempio.' The grand march 'Ergi omai,' and the graceful allegretto 'Ese ancor libero,' which resembles 'Di tanti palpiti,' and Carafa's 'Aure felice.' And the second book presents the prayer 'Al mio pregar.' The allegro 'La madre rea,' the andante 'Giorno d'orrore,' and the subsequent allegro 'Tu serena,' (which last three movements constitute the duet sung by Pasta and Brambilla, with such enthusiastic applause,) these are followed by the expressive andantino 'Serbami Ognor,' and the whole concludes with the vivace, 'Al gran cimento,' forming an appropriate finale.

An Invitation, written by Shakspeare. The Music composed and respectfully inscribed to Miss Drinkwater, by Walter Turnbull. Power.

IT might have been expected that Shakspeare's words, 'Come live with me and be my love,' would have animated a musical writer to some ingenuity of modulation, or, at least, a little novelty of melody; but, alas, no such thing! the piece is as homely as the compounded names of the author, composer, and the lady, to whom it is dedicated.

WE recommend our readers to visit, when they have a few minutes' leisure, the rooms of Mons. Edouart, a proficit, in the Regent Circus, Oxford-street. The title assumed by Mons. Edouart is one which by no means sufficiently indicates the spirit and beauty of his figures, which he produces by the aid of a pair of scissors from a bit of black paper. Among the portraits of many distinguished persons, those of Mr. Irving, (the clergyman,) and of Mr. Simeon of Cambridge, struck us as peculiarly forcible and accurate. Mons. Edouart, for the sum of a few shillings, furnishes his visitors with likenesses of themselves, which, considering the simplicity of the means he employs, are really exquisite. He will be happy also to show his collection or any part of it gratis, to any one who may visit his apartments; and half an hour may be very agreeably spent among these productions of ingenious and facile skill.

SONNET.

FROM CALDERON.

THESE flowers that were a glory and delight,
Awakening at the paleness of the morn,
At eve shall be a spectacle forlorn,
When sleeping in the lap of the chill night.
These tints, this rainbow, edged with airy white,
And gold and purple, challenging the sky,
Are an example to mortality
What one day in its limits may unite.

The roses have been born that they might bloom,
And, only blooming that they might wax old,
Found in a bud their cradle and their tomb:
E'en such do men their destinies behold:
Birth and the grave are compassed by one day;
Ages are hours when they have passed away.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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SKETCHES OF HUMAN LIFE. No. I.

Charles.—Altered as you say you are, you at least retain your love of walking. You do not seem to become weary of traversing these old avenues.

Edward.—No; I have been too short a time in my country, not to take pleasure in objects which remind me so vividly that I am no longer an exile. This elastic turf seems to fill my limbs with a new life; and I wander, as in a half-conscious dream of serene rejoicing, among these broken vistas, and under the shadow of these green and tufted glens.

Charles.—It is well that you have not lost your affection for these things, as you say that you are comparatively indifferent to many in which you formerly delighted.

Edward.—Aye, Charles, I am indeed changed. Fourteen years of labours and perils, sickness, captivity, and sometimes despair, have done their work upon me. When I left the land in which we had both of us passed so many happy hours, my courage sank. I had not strength even to write to you; and I went on through a thousand circumstances of difficulty and danger, without being able to oppose to them more than a shadow of that energy which I had formerly been master of. Innumerable prospects such as this which surrounds us, floated continually before my mind. For the present I was nothing more than an inert heap of corporeal atoms; I lived only for the distant and the past. And, while all those intermediate years seem to me now but unimportant and unmeaning, that which occurred before them still presents itself to my feelings as the only real the only substantial portion of my existence, as all that concerns my true and inner being.—Frances was but fifteen, and my age was double this; yet how exquisitely was her character adapted to mine, her agile and brilliant, though not frivolous, youth of heart to my graver and severer humour. She was to me like the black-bird amid the dark foliage of yonder tree, filling it with a soul of melody. Only three days before I was unexpectedly called away across the sea, we met in these very gardens. We walked together, and our footsteps were as irregular as our thoughts. I feared to look at her, except with stolen and side-long glances. She fixed her eyes upon the ground, while we talked, in imperfect and difficult accents, about any thing which might be farthest from the emotions of each. At last, I caught the glimpse of a tear growing through those long lashes. My hand touched her's, and I felt the drop fall warm upon it. I spoke and she scarcely could falter a reply; and that evening I left her with a more exulting and winged sense of happiness than I had ever known before—than I have known since. Charles, I am now grey and blasted, not young in years, and very old in spirit; yet even all, the changes wrought by time and misfortune do not appear sufficient to explain the difference between what I am now conscious of within myself, and the man I then was. I am now crushed, motionless, and solitary; I was then a being of joyous exertions and bounding aspirations, and linked, as it seemed to me, in the profoundest and most delicious sympathy with one so fair and youthful, in whose mind the blossom was so tremulously beautiful, and the stem so straightly firm, that love for her was of itself power, and liberty, and virtue.

Charles.—What circumstance put an end to her affection?

Edward.—I know not. I wrote to her from abroad, but received no answer. And, though I have always in some degree consoled myself with the notion that my letter may have miscarried, I never had sufficient confidence to write again. I can now form no conjecture as to what may have become of her. She may still be rich, and gay, and lovely; or the low sod and the narrow

coffin may be all that remain to her; and even in this, O! how far happier than I who am left to the consciousness of such a present, and the recollection of such a past. But—but, Charles, she may also be at this moment another's wife. Would to Heaven the thought had never crossed me! But even so, God bless her! She is not, she cannot be mine; but, rich or poor, beautiful or withered, wedded or maiden, Frances must needs be the sweetest and the loftiest-minded creature that walks the earth.

Charles.—It may not be impossible to let you see her.

Edward.—She lives then! But no—no—I am a fool. What if she does live? She knows nothing of me. I hoped for a moment; but it is all—gone. By my eternal trust, if you are mocking me—

Charles.—Nay, this is folly. She lives; and within an hour, you shall see her.

Edward.—An hour, an hour!—it is years—fourteen years since I have beheld her except in visions, or heard her save when, in the watches of the night, I have groaned out 'Frances! Frances!' and the winds have circled and lingered near to scoff me with an empty repetition of the sound.

Charles.—You shall see her and hear her this evening. Do not fear to address her, and you may trust for a restoration of her favour.

Edward.—You say she is not wedded. But no, it were madness to think of it. She will not remember what I was; and I cannot forget what I am. Yet to look upon her again, to listen to her voice, again to follow and gaze at Frances—no—I am dreaming—I am dreaming; it cannot be.

Charles.—There will be a masked assemblage in these gardens this evening. See, they have lighted up the pavilions; and through those bushes there are glimpses of moving forms and brilliant dresses. She will doubtless be here. We will go put on masks and dominoes, and return in a few minutes.

Edward.—I little need these outward disguises; years, and troubles, and hopelessness, have masked me in a vizard which can only be loosened by the worm. But we will do as you please; only let us hasten. I would I had once more seen her, and then bid her farewell for ever!

Charles.—Come on then. The moon is gliding into her purple presence-room, from amid the curtains of her chamber. The music is beginning yonder in the thicket. We must be here anon.

Sophia.—My dear Frances, though you are in the character of a peasant-girl, and I of a sultana, I suspect our real inclinations are very different from those which our dresses would indicate.

Frances.—I know more of the world than you, Sophia; and, trust me, a little gratification for one's vanity is as necessary to the carrying on life agreeably, as is the satisfaction of our tastes and affections. I advised you, my cousin, to make yourself a Fatima; for nothing will be more delightfully exciting to the imaginations of your acquaintances than the contrast which they will discover between your fresh and delicate charms of voice, eyes, and spirit, and the gorgeous magnificence of these flowing robes and glittering jewels.

Sophia.—Yes, I understand; and your wit, and manner, and knowledge of society, and highly-finished beauty, will dawn, I suppose, with additional splendour from amid the grey twilight of this rustic garb.

Frances.—Perhaps so. I own that without some little view of this kind I can conceive no use in masquerading as a shepherdess. The natural rudeness and narrowness of the character would be very stupid, except as a foil to other qualities which may exist beneath it.

Sophia.—I have done as you pleased in the matter, because I think it very unimportant. But, for my own part, I see no value in admiration gained by these artifices. Yet I might be more

excusable for resorting to them than you who are so secure of gaining attention and applause, if you would only trust to your genuine self. Even my vanity, if I thought its gratification so necessary as you seem to think it, would be hurt at the notion of my being admired or loved for any thing but what belongs peculiarly to myself.

Frances.—Well, my dear, at your age it is very natural you should think this. I think I can remember the time when I too thought so. But I am grown wiser now.

Sophia.—Yet you sighed even while you said you had grown wiser. Wisdom surely does not make us unhappy.

Frances.—The gardens are filling. We have no more time, my dear, for moralising.

Sophia.—Yet see how the lamps have burst into a broken blaze; and how exquisitely is the music arranged to sound in concert with the rippling of the water, and the breathing of the trees, as if they were the voice of the whole landscape; and this mingling of a thousand gay colours and fantastic shapes around us is as splendid and strange as if all the clouds of sunset had taken wing, and flown hither from the west. There is a mystery too in the flood of disguised faces which I should be sorry to exchange for a full knowledge of the features the masks conceal.

Frances.—There, again, I entirely differ from you. To be sure, I can guess pretty accurately as to most of the people at all worth knowing; but, when I am in doubt, there is nothing I long for so much as to discover the secret.

Sophia.—Well, I will be as inconsistent as you wish. Who is that tall, affected-looking man, dressed as a troubadour?

Frances.—Do not speak so loud, when you give such very barbarian opinions, Fatima. What you call affectation is the very dew and bloom of unequalled accomplishment. That is my friend Frederick. See he is looking through the moving crowd with an air of careless superiority. He will find us out at a glance. Aye, I thought so, here he comes. Now, prithee, coz, do not spoil my game, either by openly declaring yourself, or by withdrawing from conversation with him.

Frederick.—Most queenly shepherdess, and most graceful Sultana, may a poor Troubadour ask the name under which he may be allowed to celebrate your beauties.

Frances.—You may call me Amoret, and my companion is named Fatima.

Frederick.—That voice belongs, methinks, to one who has not always worn a peasant's garb?

Frances.—You mistake the note of the thrush for that of the nightingale, Sir Troubadour. I am here in attendance upon the Sultana, like yonder cloud that waits upon the moon.

Frederick.—Say rather, like a seraph accompanying a mortal.

Frances.—Nay, master Giraud D'Alençon, do not speak in whispers. I have no secrets from my mistress.

Sophia.—I know these masks, Frances. There is my sister, I will join her, and you may find us, when you will, in the alcove, beside the waterfall.

Frederick.—Now, cruel Frances, for you cannot disguise yourself from me, will you permit me to converse with you more freely?

Frances.—See, we are watched by yonder pair in black. What can they require from us?

Edward.—Charles, it is, it is her voice. I must speak with her, were it but for a moment. Detain that masker, who is by her side; and I will address her.

Frances.—Well, sable spirit, what need you with a country Amoret?

Edward.—This black vesture is less a disguise to me, than that rustic garb to you, Lady.

Frances.—Good Heavens! do I not know that voice? I do not understand you, Sir.

Edward.—Frances, Frances! it was not always

thus. I remember a time, when no disguise could have prevented you from recognising me, when nothing I could have said as to myself would have been unintelligible to you.

Frances.—'Tis strange. It must have been long ago; for I profess I have, at present, no notion what you mean.

Edmond.—How false, and heartless, and trivial sounds that voice! How has it been sharpened and hardened by the evil discipline of the world! Lady, take off that mask. Aye, there are indeed the features I have loved to look upon. But the flower is petrified, and its fragrance has departed. You have shown what I asked, but would gladly have missed to see. Look here, Frances, is there ought in this face that you can recognize?

Frances.—Can this be life? Edward! O my God!

Edmond.—Yes, Frances, I am indeed one long lost to you, and to my country; yet even now too soon returned to find you thus.

Frances.—Your sudden re-appearance has agitated me so much that I must now leave you. We soon shall meet again.

Edmond.—And can indeed the bright and free-hearted being I remember be dulled and withered into this wretched hollow idol of the world's vanities? Then is all time destruction, and all change but death.

Frances.—How can I save myself from this importunate spectre of the past? I will wed Frederick to-morrow.

NOTES ON LISBON.

No. V.

HOUSES.

THE houses of Lisbon are all built of stone, found in great plenty in the neighbouring quarries, (when first taken from the quarries it is merely a clay, but soon becomes exceedingly hard by exposure to the air.) These stones are only squared, or rather smoothed, (for they are seldom used in a square or any regular shape,) on the side which forms the exterior of the wall; and, as the mortar they use is uncommonly strong, they bind into a solid mass of masonry, the mortar, when thoroughly dry, becoming harder than the stone itself. They use a great deal of timber in the framework of their houses, for the purpose of binding or tying the whole together, so as to be able to stand the shocks of earthquakes, to which they are so subject. Contrary to our mode, the whole frame of the house is first erected by the carpenter, and the mason is then called in to fill up the interstices. This and the great thickness of the walls considered, (from 2 to 3½ feet,) I am led to think that even such another earthquake as that in 1755, would not be attended with such serious consequences. Indeed, the mischief then occurred chiefly among the churches, which, from their lofty walls, unsupported roofs, and no intermediate floors to bind the walls, must necessarily fall in on any violent concussion; and it being a Saint's day, and the hour of high mass, when that dreadful event happened, all the churches were filled, and it has been computed that upwards of 60,000 persons perished in them alone.*

While speaking of earthquakes, I shall state the effect one had on me. About eight o'clock in the morning, on the 4th of June, a slight shock of an earthquake was felt in Lisbon, which, in a few seconds, was followed by another considerably more violent; so much so, that those who were asleep were awakened by the rocking of

their beds, the rattling of doors, windows, &c. The alarm was extreme: in several parts of the city, families ran out of their houses, praying more sincerely than I believe they generally do; however, no further evil ensued than frightening the women and children, and breaking a few windows. The sensation experienced by myself and a gentleman who was with me at the time, was rather singular. We were walking in Gold-street, which stands on a flat, nearly level with the Tagus, and very near it: on a sudden I felt a universal faintness come over me, and my knees and feet were seized with a weakness similar to that caused by excessive fatigue; at the same instant my friend complained of the same faintness and lassitude. It, however, went off in a few minutes, and we neither of us at the time had any idea of the cause; nor was it till we were told of the earthquake that we were enabled to account for our strange sensation. From what we experienced, I am confident that, had the houses been falling round us, we could not have escaped destruction, for we were in progressive motion, and yet the weakness, faintness, and even sickness, forced us to stop for at least two minutes, totally unable to move; and those two minutes would have been quite enough to have buried us and all Lisbon.

To return to my subject. The method of tiling their houses is well adapted to keep out the very rains of winter. The tiles are curved, and are placed the reverse way, alternately into each other, and the intermediate hollows are filled up with a thick paste of mortar, which, when dry, is impervious to the rain; and the roof has a very neat and pretty appearance, the tiles and mortar forming stripes of white and red. In many instances I have seen this effect beautifully diversified: the birds and the wind carry on to the roofs of the houses, various kinds of seeds of mosses, lichens, grasses, &c., which soon take root in the mortar, and the houses then present roofs of broad alternate stripes of light green and red, the *coup-d'œil* of which is uncommonly elegant.

The houses are generally from five to seven stories high; some few are carried to the fatiguing height of ten. The houses of the nobility or of rich individuals, however, seldom exceed two, sometimes have only one. Every separate floor is considered as a distinct house, and, as such, contains a distinct family; and it very frequently happens that those on any one floor cannot tell who occupies either of the others.* Each generally consists of a large sitting-room, a dining-room, kitchen, pantry, and one, two, or more small rooms fit for china closets, servants' bedrooms, &c. The bedrooms for the family are, in general, what they call alcoves; that is, they are rooms lying in the centre of the floor, communicating with the outer rooms by glass-doors, through which they receive the only light they have, as, from their internal situation, they are totally deprived of the benefit of any window of their own; and the only way there is to ventilate them is by throwing open the doors, as, with very few exceptions, they have two doors, one opposite the glass-door, leading towards the kitchen, for the convenience of the servant, who must otherwise pass through the sitting or dining-room to make the beds, &c. These gloomy chambers are, however, by no means so close and uncomfortable as might be imagined; on the contrary, I rather think, provided they are ventilated every day, they are cooler than if they admitted the sun.

I know not from what cause, unless it be from the filth of the streets, and the laziness of the people, but surely Egypt was never more sorely vexed with vermin than Lisbon is every summer;

fleas, bugs, and flies swarming in tens of myriads, and I much doubt if, in the whole city, there is one house free from the two former. The latter, from its nature, is equally a visitor of the palace and the cot.

In Lisbon house-rent is always paid six months in advance, lodgings the same; so that it is impossible the landlord can ever lose his rent. There are only two periods in the year in which either house or lodgings can be procured, (generally speaking,) which are on St. John's day (24 June,) and at Christmas. Those who intend to remove, must one month (exactly) before the expiration of the six months, put a square piece of blank white paper in each window; if they neglect to do that, it is supposed they intend to remain where they are; indeed the landlord can oblige them, as by not putting up the *Escritas*, as those blank pieces of paper are called, they prevent him from letting to others.

But in most instances the landlord will not receive his rent in advance, but prefers a *Fiador*, that is, some person who shall become security for you, not only as to the payment of the rent, but also that you shall make good all damages done to the premises. A short lease or agreement to this effect, is drawn up by the landlord, and signed by you and your *Fiador*,* in which, amongst other things, it is always stipulated that you shall not drive any nails into the walls, and that you shall not let the house to any other person without the landlord's consent. The former of these restrictions is very necessary, as, in general, the walls are very neatly, and, in many instances, very elegantly painted with various subjects, such as groups of figures, allegorical representations, fruit, fish, and flowers, particularly the latter. In some of the houses of the higher orders, I have seen rooms painted in groups of figures, in a style that would hardly be tolerated in England. In this kind of room-painting they are very clever, the execution, particularly in the houses of the rich, being masterly and exquisite.

In most of the large houses, the entrance-hall, the staircases, and some of the rooms are wainscoted about breast-high, with what we call Dutch tiles; but instead of each tile having a different subject, the whole of them, when united, form but one picture, (generally drawn from some subject in the Old or New Testament;) the tiles are very large, about 18 inches square, and if one should get broken the whole set of course becomes spoiled, as it leaves a hole in the ballad. They certainly have a very neat and cool appearance. The ground of them is white, and the figures, landscape, &c. blue.

With the exception of the houses of a few English families, none are to be met with that have a single fire-place, except in the kitchen. This is very well in summer, but during their rainy season, (or winter,) it is miserably uncomfortable, being damp, cold, and shivering.

It is impossible to conceive a more ludicrous picture than might be sketched by suddenly transporting an English cook into a Portuguese kitchen. No range or grate of any kind, no coals, no other cooking utensils than a few stew-pans, and a frying-pan; the fire, a few pieces of wood on the hearth, (which, to avoid stooping, is built in a large chimney, over an arch, and about waist high; under the arch the wood and charcoal is generally kept,) or else charcoal lighted in little circular grated holes, built up with brick-work for the purpose. With such means it would be no easy task to cook an English dinner; but as the Portuguese scarcely ever dress their meat in any other manner than by stewing, these answer the purpose better than any other; as every stew-pan can have its little separate charcoal fire, at a very small expense.

A friend of mine, an English merchant, who

* They are very particular that the *Fiador* should be what they call *capaz*, that is, capable, or what is called in the city of London a good man.

* I saw in Lisbon (in 1815) an old lady who was in one of the churches at the time. While attempting to escape, two falling columns coming in contact by their tops, caught her hair, and detained her safe, beneath the pointed arch thus formed, till she was the next day extricated. She told me every other person in that church perished.

* Instead of having bells or knockers to each floor, there is one general knocker at the gate door, at which you give as many distinct knocks as the number of the floor the person resides on you intend to visit; that is, one for the first floor, five for the fifth, six for the sixth, and so on.

has resided above thirty years in Lisbon, sent to England for a large kitchen range, with boiler, oven, &c., which accordingly was sent out to him; he, however, now has it to dispose of, but is likely to keep it, as he will not easily find a purchaser; his reason for wishing to part with it, being exactly the very one why no person will buy it, namely, *because in all Lisbon he cannot find a workman to put it up.*

If a house is to be let, and you apply to the landlord to hire it of him, and, from any cause whatever, he may not choose to let it to you, you have only to go to an office, established for that and other purposes equally *just*, and state that such a house is empty, and that you wish to occupy it, and are willing to pay the rent in advance into the public treasury; your object is now accomplished; you pay in six months' rent, and these official and officious gentlemen send one of their underlings, who writes upon the door of the house in question the words, *Principe regente*, (in the same manner as we place the broad arrow on custom-house seizures.) This lets everybody know that the Prince Regent has graciously condescended to take the trouble of letting the house into his own hands. The landlord dares not oppose this instance of royal favour, but lets you take possession. At the end of the six months, or perhaps *twelve*, he may receive his rent from the treasury; or it may happen that he never receives it all. The expense of this procedure is ten dollars.

A person who has resided any length of time in Lisbon, may form a tolerably correct idea of the circumstances of those he meets in the streets, for they being the constant receptacles of filth of every description from every house, to which may be added dead dog, cats, rats, (by thousands,) stinking fish, rotten vegetables, &c.; so those who live on what we call in England the ground-floor, and who are the petty shop-keepers and mechanics, are, from the putrid air which they constantly inhale, squalid and wretched looking in the extreme: the inhabitants of the first floor improve a little; the second-story inmate may be endured; but, from the third to the seventh, up to the tenth, the complexion, if not white and red, is however clear, and bespeaks health.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

ON no occasion during the year—neither on the devotion of a 'valuable' column in a daily journal to an *exposé* of the secrets of the prison-house, from the pen of an artist certainly less favoured by fortune than by genius—nor on the proclamation of a hostile manifesto, in an autumnal number of 'The Fashionable Magazine'—not even when the open portals of the Royal Academy saloons invite the thronging population from the east and west to an exhibition of the universal range of national art—does the state of the highest and most interesting branch of painting in England, of that branch which, it may be almost said, deserves exclusively the name of 'fine art,' present itself so forcibly to the reflection, as on the annual opening of the establishment dedicated expressly to its use, its promotion, and encouragement.

Many are those who lament the dearth of productions, really deserving, by their qualities, without regard to their pretensions, to be called historical: all admit the fact of the scarcity of such works; and most are ready to assign a cause to which the low ebb at which that branch of the art at present stands, may be ascribed. Does the evil arise from a fatal predilection for specimens of Dutch excellence in the first patron in the realm? Is it to be attributed to the taste for the low and the little in a *ton-setting* courtier and peer? Is the cause of the mischief to be traced to the indolence and pusillanimity of patrons submitting their own better judgments to the guidance of common-minded counsellors, to whom the works

of art are objects of traffic and profit, rather than of intellectual gratification? Are the professors of history the victims of the envious and interested wiles, and undue advantages, used by the painters of portraits? Is the pursuit of the highest branch of art condemned to beggary by the growth, among men of power and influence, of the extraordinary and absurd notion that portrait-painting itself is a high branch of art, because Titian and Raphael, Rubens and Vandyke, elevated the character of all they touched, even while they condescended to paint resemblances; or because, under the Promethean pencil of the actual President of the British Academy, a Pygmalion in modern painting, the canvas itself may become animated; or because, with a skill not less admired, but with a taste far more questionable, the same President succeeds so happily in portraying the meretricious characteristics of the day, that, on regarding his representations of 'patrician elegance,' it would be difficult to assign the share in the composition, either of the original or the picture, due respectively to the arts of a Victorine and a D'Egville, to the atmosphere of Almack's, to the effects of a season of languor-working dissipation, or to the sacrifice of all expression of sentiment and individuality of character to the acquisition of the air and manners of the ton? Or does the state of depression in which historical painting has sunken proceed from a deficiency of taste in the public? Or, finally, is it to be charged to the want of merit in artists?

Each of the causes enumerated may have, and doubtless has, its influence. Most of them, however, can have but a partial operation,—an operation nearly insignificant, and such as might be neglected altogether, without danger of their working any important mischief, were matters but right with regard to the two last items of the account. Were the taste of the public refined and cultivated, the caprices of court and fashion might be set at defiance; but, in such a case, would the historical productions of the day satisfy the people?

The artists reply in the affirmative; the advocates of the people, in the negative. We will not undertake to decide between the two parties: we prefer taking for granted—and the position can scarcely be denied us—that some little amendment is required on both sides. The wants of the people of England are ultimately, if not directly, omnipotent. Did there exist a general desire for the contemplation of exalted works of art, a universal conviction of the beneficial effects resulting from a familiarity with them, the Government would ere long be under the necessity of providing the means of gratifying the wish. To inspire the public, therefore, with a desire so laudable, should be the first and grand object of all who love at once the arts and their country, who desire to see the former cherished by their nation, and the latter improved by the grace-imparting influence of the former. For this end, the surest and most obvious means are to familiarise the people with the productions of supreme excellence, by exhibitions of the masterpieces of ancient art, and of modern works which, if not equalling the best that former ages have left us, will not quite shrink from the comparison. We have been led to make this observation, almost too obvious to require stating, by the outcry which is too generally raised by artists themselves, and those who engage in the advocacy of modern art, with a spirit savouring somewhat of party-feeling, against the acquisition and exhibition of the works of the masters of past times,—an outcry which, as far as regards the grand interests of the arts, and not the mere employment of individual professors, is perfectly senseless.

It is misrepresenting the subject altogether to make the mere benevolent desire to favour the followers of an art the motive for patronage: the funds spent on that principle would better come under the denomination of charity. The only

sound and real incentive to the patronage of art, the only one which can benefit the arts, is—the love of art for its own sake, independent of its professors,—the gratification of contemplating those noble efforts of genius, to whatever age, country, or school they may belong, which cannot be regarded without exciting wonder at the powers of mind of man, and an exalted feeling towards the source whence he derives his endowments. The possessor of a collection of paintings who discards his old masters, if he have any real and valuable specimens, for the purpose, as it is called, of patronising art, and to make a modern gallery, gives a proof, it may be conceded, of a benevolent disposition, but by no means of a love of art. He does as the scholar who parts with his Hesiod, Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, but preserves, perhaps, the *Waverley* novels, the works of Byron, Southey, Coleridge, and Moore, fills the rest of his shelves with the ephemeral productions of the modern ten thousand.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we are adverse to the encouragement of modern artists. We protest merely against the adopting, in this case, the vile English principle of making a party and a job of every thing: but, while we encourage and applaud what aspires to excellence and approaches the eminence, we must still admire that which has long since attained the summit, and served as a beacon to guide others in their course. Would to God, indeed, that we had our English Luxembourg! and would to God we had something truer and loftier than the works of West to fill it with! Would to God that our men of talent, in whom education and habits presuppose a refined taste, and who have had opportunities of cultivating their judgment, would shake off the trammels of fashion-mongers, and reflect, and judge, and act for themselves; or at any rate that they would use their common sense, and be persuaded that it would be as reasonable to ask the opinion of a publisher as to the merits of a new 'Paradise Lost,' as to defer to the judgment of a picture-dealer, merely because he is such, (for we do not see why such a person may not withstand the influence of his calling, and unite the advantage of his experience with a taste for the elevated,) in deciding on the sentiment, expression, and composition of an historical work of art.

Would to God, finally, that the ennobled, the powerful, the opulent of the land would disdain the slightest odour of jobbing, that they would encourage art for the love of art and in sympathy for the artist, and not for the sake of opportunities of benefiting a servant, a dependant, a family-retainer, or a political partisan, or of the opportunity of mutual interchanges of obligations, civilities, and patronage, with persons of equal station and power with themselves. Then may our artists work with confidence, not to propitiate a particular taste, but to produce what is excellent, in the assurance that excellence will be appreciated and meet its reward. Then may we look for works of art worthy of our works of utility. Then, instead of the mass of our people being simultaneously the best informed and the coarsest in Europe, may we expect to see them vie with the most urbane in all that gives charm to the outward man, as they excel them already in the most solid acquisitions. May we live to see the day when we shall have a Luxembourg under such circumstances! With this vow turn we to the productions of those who, had we such an establishment, would be candidates for the honour of hanging its walls with their works.

The exhibition at the British Gallery is composed much as usual, as regards the style and class of the works it contains. All appetites seem to have been consulted: there is wherewithal to set the imaginations of the poetical wandering; there is much to satisfy the connoisseur in the niceties of the art; there is abundance of sport for the schoolboy; both consolation and monition for

lovers; the sensualist also may have his feast; and there is matter, moreover, for the man of piety, and a theme of congratulation for the republican; nor are kitchen-folk or Quakers entirely neglected.

No. 1, Mr. Northcote's *Adoration of the Shepherds*, by its place in the collection, by the venerable age of the artist, and by the nature of the subject, first claims attention. There is a want of energy in the design, and of force in the colouring, for both are tame; but these are felt to be deficiencies rather than positive faults, while the picture has nothing that can offend the most fastidious. The chasteness and simplicity of the composition and treatment have a certain charm, which excites respect for the work and the artists.

No. 32, *St. George and the Dragon*, Mr. G. Hayter, is a small spirited picture, in every way legendary, in subject, landscape, composition, and colouring.

No. 50, *Love at Naples*, T. Uwins, a silly title, but a well-treated subject. The figures are graceful and handsome, and the colouring, both of the costume and of the landscape, warm and rich. There are several other very agreeable pieces by Mr. Uwins, which we shall take occasion to notice hereafter.

No. 56, *The Moon rising over a wild mountainous country*, F. Danby. The art offers no greater difficulty than the attempt to represent the effect of moonlight. We have never yet seen an effort of the kind at all satisfactory. This is more successful than usual, partly, perhaps, because too much is not attempted. The character of wildness and mystery thrown over the rugged summits of the mountain range, speaks powerfully to the imagination; and the volcano in the distance sending forth its flames, but calmly and without agitation, has a wonderful effect. We far prefer another production of Mr. Danby's, viz.

No. 67, *Sunset*. This is a painting replete with poetry: the effect is glorious; the gorgeous sunset, the illumination of the prow of the solitary galley, the ensign drooping in the calm, the reflection of the rays on the dark waters, the broad lights and shadows on the golden sand, the pair seated on the beach in richest apparel regarding the glorious spectacle and sharing the repose the spirit and love of all around them, the arm of the one reclining gently on the shoulders of the other, all so full of sentiment and of harmonious feeling—the composition is altogether very happy.

No. 78, *The Hookah Bearer*, H. W. Pickersgill, is a very clever picture of a black slave: natural, animated, and spirited in design, and effectively painted.

No. 77, *Cattle-boat crossing a River*, J. Dearman, although a small picture, is a delightful and brilliant effort in the manner of Cuypp.

The two Naval Pieces, ordered by the Institution for Greenwich Hospital, we fear, must be pronounced to be failures.

No. 62, *Battle of St. Vincent*, G. Jones, is one of these, and represents Nelson and Captain Berry boarding the *San Joseph* from the *San Nicholas*, another enemy's ship just captured. A more heroic exploit is not recorded in ancient or modern history; yet there is nothing elevating or grand in the picture of Mr. Jones. The difficulties of the subject, however, are said to be great; and it seems agreed to make allowances on that account. We will not prove an exception to the general practice: still less will we do so with regard to.

No. 150, *His late Majesty, after the Victory of the 1st of June, 1791, presenting Earl Howe with a Sword*. Mr. Briggs, we think, would have done better had he declined undertaking a subject so little to his taste.

No. 155, *A Native of Missolonghi, painted at Rome*. Holins is a delightful single figure of a Greek girl reclining on a couch. The head is superbly beautiful, and realises the general idea of the style of a Greek head: the expression is powerful, it speaks of

The land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime.

In more sober reality, it is the habitual physiognomy which would be looked for in a female not devoid of all the softer feelings of her sex, but inured to scenes of horror and ferocity. The costume is gorgeous, and richly and powerfully coloured, while the background harmonises delightfully with the ease and repose of the figure.

No. 166, *The Disconsolate*, G. S. Newton, is one of the most delightful productions of that popular artist. It is full of feeling and sentiment. A picture without a face, however, is scarcely orthodox, and certainly not a subject for imitation.

The middle, and south rooms, and many pro-

ductions of merit in that we have noticed, we must reserve for a future occasion. We shall content ourselves with showing that we have not overlooked Mr. Etty's *Hermaphrodite*, which is a beautiful work and in a style a little more refined as to form than some of that artist's previous works. In the south room, the most striking picture is,

No. 472, *Satan*, J. Partridge, a conspicuous work, although, in assigning it a place in the gallery, the character of the subject, rather than the display of the picture, has manifestly influenced the hanging. It was natural to put in the dark room, as that at the south end of the gallery, is denominated, one, whose deeds, being evil, would love darkness rather than light. Not so the picture, we suspect. This we shall notice hereafter: the obscurity of the situation and the approaching dusk prevented our seeing it properly.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Consanguinity of European Monarchs.—Köningswärd, the author of 'Harald Härfägers Aftkomlingar på Europas Throner; Stockholm, 1828,' has demonstrated by a set of tables, drawn up with very great care and accuracy, that the various thrones of Europe are occupied by sovereigns descended from one single family, whose common ancestor was Harald Härfäger (the beautiful-haired). This monarch was born in 883, and died in 934, after a reign of 49 years, during which he had five successive wives. From this intelligent work it appears, that, independently of the direct descent of the Swedish dynasty, the shades of descent are as follows:—The King of Bavaria in the 29th degree; Sweden, 31st; Naples, 31st; Wurtemberg, 30th; Denmark, 29th; Great Britain, 28th; Netherlands, 29th; Sardinia, 28th; Prussia, 28th; Saxony, 28th; the Emperor Don Pedro, 30th; Austria, 30th; Russia, 29th; King of France, 31st. During an interval of 350 years, the sceptres of Bavaria and Prussia, (or Brandenburg,) have changed hands more rarely than others; they have been held by only 12 sovereigns during that period, whilst Denmark has been ruled by 13; France by 14, (exclusive of the times of the republic and consuls,) Russia and Turkey by 24 each, and the Papal States by 39*. No European throne has been longer possessed by one regular dynasty than that of Denmark, where the son has invariably succeeded the father.

TRADE, REVENUE, &c.—Comparative Statements.—Maritime force of Great Britain, 18,631 vessels, 2,141,000 tons; France, 14,530 vessels, 700,000 tons; United States of Amr. 1,423,000 tons.

Trade.—Great Britain, per ann., 44,100,000l. impts; 58,823,000l. expts.; France, 23,112,970l. imports; 25,419,600l. exports; Amer. 19,418,000l. imports; 19,275,000l. exports.

Revenue.—Great Britain: per head, 2l. 14s. 2d.; France, 1l. 5s. 4.; Netherlands, 1l. 1s. 9.; Prussia, 14s. 3d.; United States, 10s. 1d.; Austria, 8s. 9d.; Russia, 5s. 3d.

Debt.—Great Britain: per head; 36l. 5s.; Netherlands, 26l. 10s.; France, 6l. 2s.; Austria, 1l. 18s.; United States, 1l. 8s. 9d.; Prussia, 1l. 4s. 4d.; Russia, 17s. 8d.

Representation.—France elects 430 members, or 1 for each 74,418 souls; United States 187, or 1 for 60,129 souls; Netherlands, 110, or 1 for 55,846 souls; Great Britain, 658, or 1 for 35,455 souls; Norway, 75, or 1 for 14,000 souls.

COMET OF 1811.—A recent letter from Dorpat mentions that Professor Lambert, of that University, has calculated, that the comet which remained so long visible in the year 1811, was 57½ times less than the sun, but seventeen times larger than Jupiter, twenty-five thousand one hundred and four times larger than the earth, and

* England, during the last 350 years, has seen seventeen legitimate sovereigns ascend the throne: independently of the intruders, Oliver and Richard Cromwell.

one million two hundred and fifty-five thousand two hundred times larger than the moon; whilst its volume exceeded the conjoint dimensions of all the planets of our solar system.

POPULATION OF THE HUNGARIAN TOWNS.—Our statistical readers will thank us for affording them an opportunity of rectifying, by means of the authentic details given by a native work of recent date, the inaccurate information hitherto conveyed on this subject by most geographers.

Free Towns.—Pesth, 46,646 inhabitants; Debreczin, 40,695; Presburg, 35,135; Szegedin, 31,716. *Towns not free and Market Towns*.—Keeskemeth, 31,339; Vesarhely, 25,002; Miskolcz, 21,393.

Transylvanian.—Cronstadt, 30,000; Clausenburgh, 18,210; Hermannstadt, 16,500.

RUSSIA.—The Russian empire presents a superficies of about 360,000 square geographical miles, with a population which may be estimated as little short of 50,000,000; so that there are one hundred and thirty-eight inhabitants to each square mile. It would appear from recent returns, the accuracy of which there seems no reason to impugn, that its effective regular force consists of 622,270 men; this is independent of the irregular corps, as well as the stationary force, such as the veteran regiments, and 76 garrison battalions. From these facts we gather that the regular military strength of Russia, when considered in reference to her gross population, is nearly in the ratio of 1 to 83, and the total amount of her armed force in that of 2 to 50.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The number of students matriculated at this university, during the autumn of 1828, amounted to 195; independently of 116 pupils, who were educating in the 'school of the nobility.' In the year 1825, there were not more than 43 in all.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first general meeting of this Society for the present year, took place on Monday, January 26, for the purpose of a trial of new compositions, and the assemblage of the *dungs* and *flints*, (as they say of the tailors,) that is, the outs and ins, the conforming and non-conforming members of the late Opera band (now alas no more!) was rather interesting. Those whose sense of honour and propriety has led them to refuse to 'take service' under the disgraceful regulations proposed to them, held their heads proudly high, as they circulated their pamphlets upon the subject, while the poor *dungs* seemed to avoid communication, and to feel ashamed of their situations. However, if their feelings and sentiments did not harmonise, they endeavoured that their instruments should; and the performances of the evening commenced with an overture, composed by Henry Griesbach, who placed himself with his score at the piano-forte, and, with the leading of F. Cramer, produced an interesting and clever instrumental composition. It is written in the key of E flat, and consists of two movements; a maestoso as introduction, and an allegro for conclusion. This is Griesbach's second production of the overture species, his first having been performed at the trial night of the 31st of January, last year; and both exhibit good writing, without any striking novelty of modulation or effect.

This was followed by Onslow's very clever overture 'Du Col-porteur,' conducted by Bishop, and led by Mori. A beautiful and highly interesting andante in C common time, leads into an allegro agitato, in the minor of that key, in the 2-4 time, and the conclusion (which returns to the major) is worked up with the highest skill, and produced a delightful effect, appreciated and acknowledged by the whole assemblage, listeners and performers.

Cipriani Potter then produced a long and elaborate sinfonia of his composition, which was carefully led by Spagnoletti, and consisted of a

maestoso in E flat, in common time, an allegro in 3-4 time, a clever andante in A flat, a scherzo vivace, as a minuet, with corresponding trio; and a concluding allegro in common time. Great pains was taken by the orchestra, and great pains had been taken by the composer; the *sinfonia* exhibited excellent writing, but yet, in some measure, failed to excite the interest it deserved; some indescribable charm, that had pervaded the previous performance, was unaccountably wanting.

After this, Weichsell led, and J. Cramer conducted, a truly magnificent and brilliant composition of the great Spohr, whom we now think unequivocally the finest writer (at least of orchestral music) in the world! It was the overture 'De Pietro von Abano,' consisting of a larghetto in 6-8 time, and an allegro in common time, written in the superior key of A flat; and the enthusiasm displayed by performers and auditors, in their marked applause, augurs that the subscribers will hear it at one of the earliest concerts.

The overture written by young Hill, and tried upon the first meeting of the Philharmonics last year, was now again performed; and obtained some deserved encomiums. It has received several judicious alterations and improvements, and went off well. A poor piece of musical writing was then exhibited in the shape of an overture by a foreigner of the name of Perez, with which the trial concluded.

Upon the whole, the pieces were cleverly written, well performed, and received with merited applause; those of our natives, Griesbach, Potter, and Hill, were certainly placed to a decided disadvantage, being in immediate juxtaposition, as it were, with two of the most able writers of the day, Spohr and Onslow; but they stood the trial successfully.

The nights fixed for the eight concerts are as follow: February 23, March 9 and 23, April 6 and 27, May 11 and 25, and June 8; and it is expected that the Directors will be indefatigable in their endeavours to produce novelty, talent, and effect.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

AFTER a great deal of thunder and lightning, and convulsions of nature, and jarring of the elements, Jove—that is, Messrs. Laporte and Bochsa—ceased to nod, and the green curtain was peacefully uplifted. The public has heard enough of the contentions between the manager and his subordinates; but, knowing the fierceness of such fights, more especially when between those *traci celeres*, the popular musicians, they may be astonished to hear that the hisses and groans of the malcontents and their attacks on the first night of performance were not strong enough to check the perseverance of the singers in their dumb play nor disagreeable enough to cause half a dozen of the nuisances to be turned out. Their highnesses in the mountain holds made a simultaneous attack upon the fiddlers when they first twanged catgut; but the warfare was soon of the *guerrilla* kind, and all but two or three seemed to discover at once, that in booting the performers they were journeying against the sails of the mill instead of the miller.

The grievance thus essayed was the substitution of French instrumental players for their predecessors in the orchestra, Lindley, Dragonetti, Willman, &c., who succeeded upon rupture with the manager. The other injurious innovation, that of enclosing and making private certain front rows of the pit, appeared to pass with impunity.

Madame Pisoni, who appeared on Saturday night (for the first time in England) in the character which she sustained more than ten years ago when this opera made its debut before a Neapolitan audience, is neither young nor handsome. In these two respects, we will speak negatively; for it would be against our instinct of gallantry to define what she is. As a singer, she has very long been known to possess the most powerful of contralto voices, methodized and made ductile by great science and a delicate taste. The first notes burst upon the ear like thunder; and, after every little lapse, and throughout the opera, the repetition of the sound had the same effect of making every man turn to

his neighbour, and express audibly the astonishment he felt. This, however, is not the manifestation or the consequence of pure musical enjoyment; and, if there be nothing more than this, no real *fanatico per la musica* will be attracted to the King's Theatre, and certainly no *unmusical* person will find much to please him in Madame Pisoni.

Having perhaps too soon qualified our admiration of this singer, we should add, that the government of her deep and masculine voice is very wonderful, and her general style more varied, and comprehensive, and original than any that may be found elsewhere. She has some pitiful tricks; and amongst these may be particularised, that of *staccatoing* her words in recitative, so that they appear to have a twang of Piedmont about them, and quite lose the delicate and flowing softness of the musical Italian.

Signora Monticelli does very well, but could not be agreeably contrasted with Mademoiselle Sontag, who was her predecessor in her part. But Donzelli is a singer of very different merit. Long, indeed, is it since we have had the fortune to enjoy an exhibition of so many, and so different, and so well-blended accomplishments, in a male vocalist. He has a *portamento di voce*, which appears almost irreconcilable with sweetness,—a vigour and massiveness of tone, which would be supposed refractory to all tune; he gives the broad effects so well, that you would despair of the graces, and wreaths, and harmonising tints; yet it is all, and more than all, displayed in the happiest variety, and to the utmost extent. Upon his first *entrata*, there is scope for a development of his powers, and in a succession more rapid and complete than any thing of the sort we can remember.

But certainly the wonder of the evening was the strange promotion of the ballet to the rank of something worth waiting for. Its title ('*La Somnambule*') will remind our readers of its plot; for every one has seen or read some version of it. Mlle. Leroux is the sleep-walker:—why are there not such in real life? We say this mournfully, for such creatures as herself might be a compensation for many 'whips and scorns of time,' as our time now is. She makes this matter of the many twinkling feet a spectacle of absorbing interest and beauty. Imagine, ye vulgar, a series of love-scenes, whispings, sighs, and all expressed by pirouettes! Fancy the feet being the language employed to tell the quarrels of rival maidens and their restored amity, and the whole stock of adventures necessary to support the catastrophe of such a tale as this! And yet no language could be more explicit. It is the true 'mute eloquence that passeth speech'; and, if Bochsa had sinned before, he should now have absolution for thus making us acquainted, for the first time, with the charms of a species of entertainment which used to seem such inexplicable dumb show to us.

Touching the two questions raised by his revolution in the Opera economy, we have a word of our own that will out. The ex-fiddlers, Lindley and Co., being much prized on the score of their concerto playing, imagined that they were equally valuable in the orchestra. Bochsa thought otherwise, and preferred inferior performers at lower salaries; taking care, we presume, that the sum gained by the difference of these salaries should be more than tantamount to the loss arising from the difference of merit. Now, what have the public to do with this? If they are dissatisfied with their fare, they need not swallow it, and Bochsa will be punished. If the instrumental strength is decreased imperceptibly, and funds are thereby saved for the more expensive engagements in the vocal department, is any offended? Remember that the individual force of a violin here, and a clarinet there, is as dust in the balance, amidst such a crowd of instruments, especially in overtures, and the prevailing music of the day, which is certainly not orchestral, and, when employed in accompaniments, generally full and noisy. However, if the band be a bad one, there will be a proportionate diminution of support to the whole undertaking; if it be good enough to fill the house, Bochsa will be right in having resisted those monopolists who would have held their seats by patent.

As to the other innovation, of locking up two or three more rows of benches, we are disposed to look at it much in the same light. It seems to us that a farmer has a right to alter or improve his lands as he thinks most expedient to himself, unless there be some express prohibition from another, who has a greater interest in those lands. It is against all analogy that the purchaser should assign the price of his goods, or the visitor settle the entrance-money to the entertainment. Indirectly, he does so of course; for, without custom, no sale or entertainment can be carried on;

and the custom may be withheld till the terms are made to suit the purchaser. But it is only by so withholding it, that an exorbitant demand can fairly be corrected. Some exclaim that we British-born cannot submit to the regulations of foreign theatres; the *prece' ence* and distinctions intimated by this partition-line are not grateful to our free-born souls. Fie upon you, Sirs! If you love the entertainment genuinely, such notions will never enter your heads. It is because foreigners are more worshippers of music than yourselves that they are insensible such splenetic feelings. If this be the strong argument against the inclosure; it is a weak and vulgar one. No one, on the other hand, will fail to see many very great advantages gained by the alteration. In the first place, the pit may now be frequented by hundreds who could scarcely dream of it before. It is long since the decent habits of this part of the theatre rendered it a very comfortable resort for ladies: on some nights particularly—such as the benefits—no female could, by possibility, have ventured there. The confusion, and medley, and discomfort, at all times, have excluded from the performance a large class of music-lovers, composed of invalids and infirm persons, and families not resident in town, or unwilling to incur the expense of a box-subscription. We see many other advantages which, at our leisure, we may instance. At present, we are tempted to say but little more. It is by way of illustration of our view of the matter. We believe that, according to our law, any part of a common, previously enjoyed to a certain degree by the neighbours, may be inclosed and cut off from them at the pleasure of the lord of the soil, so he leave enough for their use as commoners. Now, if this be a parallel to the case before us, it will be seen that M. Laporte's right to appropriate a new portion of the pit, is only so far conditional, as that it is measured by the sufficiency of the residue for the use of the pitees. Hence, as long as there are thin h uses, he will be defended in what he has thus done; but, if the theatre becomes ever gorged and swollen with extra numbers, then let them break down the barriers if they will, and justify their violence by the necessity.

In common with the rest of the world, we are personally sorry for both the changes to which we have referred. The loss of the orchestral performers, however magnified, is sure to be painful. And, as for the stalls, we cannot help feeling, despite ourselves, that our tickets are now deteriorated in value by so many feet and inches in a direct line from the prompter's box, according to the increased distance at which we are compelled to seat ourselves.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'—*Comus*.

I.—ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—*Genesis*.

1.—ANIMAL ANTIQUITIES.

Insects in a Mummy.—M. Figeac of Grenoble, while examining an Egyptian mummy, found amongst its fingers several dead coleopterous insects of a fine rose colour, in all its brilliancy. M. Jurine of Geneva ascertained that they belonged to a nondescript species of corynetes, (*Fabricius*), which he is disposed to call *C. Glaber*. Circumstances indicate that the eggs of those insects were laid on the mummy during the embalming process, and subsequently became perfect insects. The Arabs, indeed, had opened the mummy; but the envelope of the hands, where the insects were found, was untouched.

2.—ANIMAL ARCHITECTURE.

Coral Reefs.—It has been generally believed that the deep perpendicular reefs, very near to which the sounding line finds no bottom, consist wholly of coral; but MM. Quoy and Gaimard have adduced very satisfactory reasons to prove that the Zoöphytes, far from raising from the depths of the ocean perpendicular walls, form only layers or crusts of a few fathoms' thickness. They remark that the species, which always construct the most considerable banks, require the influence of light to perfect them; and it is well known that all those steep walls, common in the equatorial seas, are intersected with narrow and deep openings, through which the sea enters, and retires with violence; whereas, if they were entirely composed of madrepores, they would have no such openings between them, since it is the property of zoöphytes to build in masses that have no interruption. It is, besides, difficult to suppose that these animals can support such different degrees of

pressure and temperature, as they necessarily must, if they exist at such different depths in the ocean. It is, therefore, most reasonable to conclude, that the summits of submarine hills and mountains are the bases upon which the zoophytes form layers and raise up their fabrics,—a supposition which perfectly accounts for the great depths of the sea close to the reefs and islands which they have elevated to the surface of the water.

3.—ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

North-West Passage proved by Whales.—Whales which have been harpooned in the Greenland seas, have been found in the Pacific Ocean; and whales, with some lances sticking in their feet, (a kind of weapon used by no nation now known,) have been caught both in the sea of Spitzbergen and in Davis' Strait. The following is one of the authorities for this fact, which, of all other arguments yet offered in favour of a trans-polar passage, seems to be the most satisfactory:

A Dutch East India captain, of the name of Jacob Cool, of Sardinia, who had been several times at Greenland, and was, of course, well acquainted with the nature of the apparatus used in the whale-fishery, was informed by the Fischal Zeeman, of India, that in the sea of Tartary, there was a whale taken, in the back of which was sticking a Dutch harpoon, marked with the letters W. B. This curious circumstance was communicated to Peter Jansz Vischer, probably a Greenland whaler, who discovered that the harpoon in question had belonged to William Bastiaanz, Admiral of the Dutch Greenland fleet, and had been struck into the whale in the Spitzbergen sea.—*Beschryving der Walvisvangst*, vol. ii., p. 38.

4.—ZOOPLANTOLOGY.

Structure of the Sponge.—If a common sponge be carefully examined in a microscope, it will appear to be furnished with galleries and compartments, which rival in intricacy and number, those of the celebrated labyrinths of Crete; the ramified entrances of a marine pavilion, gradually extending upwards, and sending forth branches in different directions, till they at length unite, and form a compound reticulation throughout the sponge. The extremities of the upper shoots are furnished with small openings at the ends of their fibres; and, as we trace these fibres downwards from the openings, a soft whitish substance may be discovered filling the internal hollow part of the ramifications throughout the whole sponge; which ramifications resemble catgut, are of an amber-colour, and are undoubtedly the habitations of a particular kind of zoophytes. For, although we cannot distinguish either vesicles or cells, nor discover any other kind of organization than that of a variety of hollow tubes inflected and wrought together into a multitude of agreeable forms, some branching like corals, or expanding like a fungus, many rising like a column, others resembling a hollow inverted pyramid with irregular cavities, entrances, or apertures; yet, from many obvious resemblances to different other kinds of marine productions, as well as from the chemical analysis of sponges in general, we are amply justified in referring them to the class of animal productions.

5.—ENTOMOLOGY.

Winter Insects.—Several species of gnats (Culices and Tipulidæ) are almost the only winged insects which venture to sport in the winter's sun. A few moths, also, make their appearance, such as the early and winter moths. (*Geometra primaria*, and *G. brumaria*;) and the bay-shouldered button moth, (*Tortrix spadiceana*.) One of the most remarkable circumstances, however, regarding insects, is the subsistence of the autumnal brood of caterpillars upon a very scanty supply of food, and sometimes without any. In gardens, for example, the speckled and spotted caterpillar of the magpie moth (*Geometra grossularia*) may be found upon currant and gooseberry bushes, of which the more expanded buds only can afford them food; and yet they usually survive the hardest winters, though not advanced beyond their first or second skin, and not so thick as a crow-quill.

Like the seeds of plants, just mentioned, the eggs of many species of insects are deposited in the autumn, survive the winter, and are hatched in the spring,—the living principle, though not in a state of activity, being capable, as it would appear, of withstanding severe cold. As an example of this, we may mention the eggs of the lacquey moth, (*Lasiocampa neustria*), which are laid in a sort of spiral round the twig of a tree, and fastened with a strong cement.

The chrysalides, or pupæ of various sorts of moths and butterflies, also remain through the winter, but are usually shielded by a web, or crust, some above and some under ground.—*Companion to the Almanack.*

6.—SAURIOLOGY.

English Crocodiles.—The remains of several distinct species of animals, belonging to this genus, occur in those strata which are placed above the independent coal formation. Of these the following may be noticed:

1. In the year 1791, M. G. A. Deluc communicated to Cuvier the calcaneum of a crocodile from Brentford. It was found associated with the remains of the extinct elephant, rhinoceros, &c., in the Lacustrine silt of that district, one of the members of the modern or superficial strata. Baron Cuvier seems to consider it as having belonged to a species distinct from the recent kinds. If it be also distinct from the other fossil species, and have not been washed out of its original repository in some older bed, it must be considered as the most recent of the extinct species.—*Cuv. Rech.*, vol. ii. p. 269.

2. In the clay of the Sheppey, the jaw of a crocodile has been found. *Webster's Geol. Trans.*, ii. 194. *Cuv. Rech.*, vol. ii. p. 165. In the tabular view of the fossils of the London clay, in 'The Geology of England and Wales,' it is stated, 'That the remains of a crocodile, very nearly approaching to the characters of existing species, and especially to the crocodile *à massieu dignus*, have recently been discovered in the London clay at Islington.

3. In 'The Geology of England and Wales,' p. 172, it is said, Mr. Johnstone, of Bristol, possesses a very perfect head of a crocodile, found in Purbeck; but the character of the matrix is not quite decisive, as to whether it belongs to these or to the Portland beds.

4. Baron Cuvier, (*Rech.*, vol. ii. 161,) notices the occurrence of a crocodile in the iron sand of Filgate Forest, Sussex, and refers to Mr. Mantell's fossils of the South Downs.—P. 47.

5. In 'The Geology of England and Wales,' it is stated, that a 'well-characterised crocodile, but of a species distinct both from those now known to exist, from those found in a fossil state in Germany, and from one, at least, of the French fossil species, has been dug up at Gibraltar, near Oxford, and is now in the collection of that University; it is from a bed towards the upper part of this volutic system, perhaps the Cornbrash.' P. 208.

6. The alum-shale of Whitby, so fertile in organic remains, has furnished the skeleton of a crocodile, a figure of which has been published by the Rev. George Young, in the *Edin. Phil. Journ.*, No. XXV. p. 76, tab. iii. In the length of the snout, it approaches the Gavia. Mr. Young is disposed to consider the skeleton found at Whitby in 1758, a drawing and description of which by Mr. Wooller appeared in the *Phil. Trans.*, l. p. 786, tab. xxx., as probably belonging to the same species.

7.—ICHTHYOLOGY.

Fishes in the London Clay.—The remains of fishes are frequently found in the London clay, in various degrees of preservation; not only are the numerous teeth of cartilaginous fishes found here in their figures, triangular, conical, single pointed, tricuspidated, tridentated, lanceolated, &c., and from more than an inch in length to very small sizes; but others belonging to spinous fishes, varying considerably in their forms and sizes, are found still affixed in their bony sockets. The skeletons of some of these fishes still remain, but so fixed in their hardened matrix as to be very difficultly separable.

The teeth are most referable to different species of the genus *squalus*, and are spoken of, by former writers, under the different appellations, *Plectronites*, *Rostrago*, &c. The bony tongue and palates of different species of the genus *Raia*, particularly of *Raia pastinacea*, are also found completely mineralized in this formation.

Fishes of New South Wales.—These, it would appear, are all different from those in England. There are scarcely any shell fish on the coast, with the exception of oysters, which are only found on such rocks as are left uncovered by the water at low tide. And muscles, also, adhere to the stones that are always under water; and in some places cockles are plentiful.

8.—ORNITHOLOGY.

Remarkable Migrations of Birds.—By wonderful instinct birds will follow cultivation, and make themselves denizens of new regions. The cross-bill has followed the apple into England. Glenco, in the Highlands of Scotland, never knew the partridge till its farmers, of late years, introduced corn into their lands; nor did sparrows ever appear in Siberia until after the Russians had made arable the vast wastes of those parts of their dominions. Finally, the rice buntings, natives of Cuba, after the planting of rice in the Caro-

linas, annually quit the island in myriads, and fly over sea and land to partake of a harvest introduced there from the distant India. It is, however, only the female rice-bird which migrates. Of the myriads which visit Carolina, a single cock is never found.

Australian Birds.—The birds of New South Wales vary in size, from the emu which stands about six feet high, to birds little larger than the humming-bird, in the West Indies. Black swans, cranes of various colours, white hawks, black and white cockatoos, and thousands of parrots of the most splendid plumage, ducks and quails, are also common. Birds resembling our pigeon, pheasant, and turkey, are also got in numbers. Among the birds peculiar to the country, may be mentioned, one called the laughing-bird; another the coachman, from its whistle ending in a smack like a whip; another the bell-bird, from its voice being like the sound of a bell; and so on. There are swallows all the season, exactly resembling those in England.

9.—MAMMOLOGY.

Apes not rational.—Around Gibraltar is found a sort of ape in great numbers. These animals seem fond of warming themselves at the fires where the soldiers have boiled their kettles; but, although chips of wood are in abundance, the apes never think of adding them as fuel.

10.—ANTHROPOLOGY.

Colour of the Eyes.—In a scarce treatise, 'De Coloribus Oculorum,' by Portius, it is remarked, that in blue eyes the interior membranes are less abundantly provided with black mucus, and are thence more sensible to the action of light. That sort of eyes suits the inhabitants of the north during their long twilights; while the deep black of the negroes serves to support the vivacity of the light. The blue of the Laplander's eyes, however, but ill supports the light reflected from the snow, and renders them subject to cataract.

A singular Glutton.—Charles Domery, aged 21, when a prisoner of war at Liverpool, consumed, in one day, sixteen pounds of meat; namely, four pounds of raw cows' udder, ten pounds of raw beef, two pounds of tallow candles, besides drinking five bottles of porter; and, although he was allowed the daily rations of ten men, he was not satisfied. In one year he ate 174 cats dead and alive.

II.—NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

'The meaneft flow'et of the vale,
'The simplest sound that swells the gale,
'The common sun—the air—the skies—
To him are opening Paradise.'

GRAY.

1.—VEGETABLE MECHANICS.

Perception in Plants.—There are marks of perception in plants, at least they have been so accounted; perhaps, however, these are more apparent than real. If a cucumber be planted, and after the branches shoot there is placed a stone in the way of either of them, the branch will turn off and avoid it, without touching the stone, describing a circle around it. After having passed it, it will go on in a straight line. This, which is considered as a mark of perception, is only an instance of the law by which plants always turn to the light; for the plant turns round to get out of the shadow of the stone.

2.—VEGETABLE GEOGRAPHY.

Forests.—In warm climates the heat is so favourable to the decomposition of vegetable matter, and the number of mosses, and dwarf woody and fibrous plants, is so small, that moss is not formed, and forests look as if, in as far as nature regards them, they were to be permitted to live till the destruction of the world. The existence of forests, indeed, in tropical climates seems so much a part of the economy of nature, that they could not be destroyed, without involving in the catastrophe half the plants, and almost all the animals, of those regions. In cold climates, where we maintain that there are natural processes for the destruction of forests, there are very few parasitic plants, or others necessarily depending on trees for their existence, and as few animals that can live only in the woods. The few bats we possess can hang on the ruins and rocks, which seem more natural to them than the forest. The squirrels would, indeed, be poorly off without wood, and, perhaps, pass into the class of extinct quadrupeds. But the different species of the mouse kind, the hare, the weasel, the fox, the cat, the horse, the goat, the ox, the deer, the hog, the otter, and the other species of quadrupeds in these climates, might exist among the remaining woods and coppices of the uplands, or on the open plains, as well as in a universal forest. If, on the other hand, nature destroyed the tropical forests, the splendid epiphytous, and other plants depending on the existence of trees, would perish; and, as to the animals, what would become of

the poor monkeys, especially those with long prehensile tails, formed for twisting round the branches? unless we suppose, as, perhaps, some naturalists, who believe in the transmutation of species, might be disposed to do, that they could eat off their tails, thus at once accommodating themselves to their new circumstances, and supplying with animal, the want of vegetable food. The vampire bats, too, the sloths, and many other tropical quadrupeds, would instantly die out with the destruction of the forests. The birds would be no better off. The parrots, with their toes so curiously arranged for climbing, and a host of other species in those climates, depend for the continuance of their race on a perennial state of wood; and we have now attempted to suggest the law by which nature, always provident of every part and the whole, preserves them.

3.—MINERALOGY.

American Coal.—The Anthracite of Pennsylvania is similar to the Kilkenny coal of Ireland, burning without smoke. In some places it is dry, and is nearly pure carbon, the earthy part being only five per cent. In others it leaves much ashes passing into the adjacent carboniferous shale. In others, it is saturated with water, and assumes a fine pavyonine hue burning with a bright flame—no doubt from the decomposition of the water.

The shale that overlies the Anthracite being 110 miles by four to eight miles and twenty to thirty feet thick, contains much carbon, but no bitumen, as in England. Many vegetables are seen in it, and perfect specimens of fossil charcoal are found in the Anthracite mines. The ligneous structure is as well marked as in recent charcoal.

4.—GEOLOGY.

Fuel of Volcanoes.—Water seems to be a necessary agent in the production of volcanic fire; for only extinct volcanoes are found inland. The most active are in the immediate vicinity of the sea, and some are actually submarine. The matter that feeds them does not seem to be universally diffused, but rather collected in different spots. Hence, they always exist in groups; yet the action of one of the volcanoes of the same group is found to be completely independent of that of the others, Stromboli being asleep while Ætna is raging. The fire is probably seated at some considerable distance under the surface; but the erupted matter does not appear to come from a very great depth. The source of this fire remains unknown, notwithstanding many plausible conjectures. Beds of coal and pyrites do not account for it, neither does the pure metallic basis of potash and soda.

5.—OROLOGY.

Mount Illemani.—The Nevados de Illemani, the second American mountain in point of altitude, which we mentioned in a recent number of 'The Athenæum,' is situated in the province of Paz in Bolivia or Upper Peru, and is twenty marine leagues south-east of the city of Paz. It is farther south than any of the other peaks of the eastern Cordillera, and according to the astronomical observations taken near its northern base Mr. Pentland, it is situated between 15° 35' and 16° 10' S. Lat., and between 67° and 68° W. Long. Its summit forms a ridge, traversed by four peaks in a line parallel to the axis of the chain, and lying N. and S. The most northern of these peaks is 24,200ft., and the most southern appeared to Mr. Pentland still higher up; but he has not yet determined the exact differences.

The mountain is composed of grauwacke, or transition slate, the beds of which are often separated by strata of quartz rock, and flinty slate. These are associated with porphyritic syenite and true granite veins, beds, or stratified masses. The transition slate is traversed by numerous veins of vitreous quartz, containing particles of native gold or auriferous pyrites. Some of these veins, at the height of 16,000 feet, appear to have been explored by the ancient Peruvians.

Captain Basil Hall, it appears, has objected to the statements of Mr. Pentland, that Illemani cannot be seen from the sea, forgetting that it is 310 geographical miles from the coast, and could not therefore be seen.

6.—POTAMOLGY.

Colour of Rivers in Floods.—The reddish brown colour so common in freshes of rivers in Europe, and every where else, is almost entirely the effect of cultivation; and the natural colour of rivers even in the highest and longest continued floods, where all the country is still in woods or pastures, is ever that of a dark brown or blackish, but more diluted than that coming from peat bogs. It is comparatively very clear, and deposits but a trifling sediment.

7.—BOTANY.

Alpine Flowers.—A little above the point where timber disappears, a region of extraordinary beauty commences—intervals of soil of some extent covered with low creeping matted Alpine plants of astonishing brilliancy of colouring. Deep blue prevails; and the pentstemon erianthera, the agnægin cerulea, and other plants, were more intensely coloured than in lower situations. May it not be that the deep blue sky, the atmosphere being for the most part clear and unclouded, influences the colours of this Alpine Flora?

III.—USEFUL ARTS.

'Every new discovery may be considered as a new species of manufacture, awakening moral industry and sagacity, and employing, as it were, a new capital of mind.'

Edinburgh Review.

I.—AGRIQUETURE.

Scots Farmer's Weed-Fine.—By an old Act of Parliament proper persons were appointed to ride round the farms in Scotland to see whether they were clear of gule-gowans, (chrysanthemum segetum.) For each of these plants found, the farmer paid 3s. 4d., or a wedder sheep; it is still kept up at Cargill, Perthshire; (see Sir John Sinclair's 'Statistical Account of Cargill;') but, the fine being there only a penny a plant, the riders can hardly make a dinner of it.

VARIETIES.

Finden's Engraving of the King.—It is said that his Majesty is delighted with this engraving, and has ordered two hundred proof-impressions to be sent down to Windsor, which are intended as presents to the friends and favourites at court.

Managerial Liberty.—Mr. Price has presented Mrs. Planché, the wife of Mr. Planché, author of that successful little drama, 'Charles the Twelfth,' with a superb service of tea equipage, in silver. He is also reported to have given Mr. Planché a larger sum for his farce than has been paid for any similar production since the appearance of Morton's 'Invincibles.'

Concession to Literature.—It is said that the Lords of the Treasury will shortly issue an order to the Postmaster-General, permitting the free transmission, through the post-office, to authors residing in the country, of the proof-sheets of any work in the press. The proofs, it is said, are to be sent to Sir F. Freeling, who will enclose them in a post-office cover, according to the address; and they may be returned in the same manner.

Medico-Botanical Society.—On Tuesday evening, the King of the Netherlands, the King of Denmark, the Spanish Minister, (the Chevalier de Zea Bermudez,) Viscount Mahon, and Earl Powis, were elected Members of this Society. The Earl Stanhope, President, was in the chair, and was invested with the gold-chain of office, which his Majesty has commanded shall be worn by the President for the time being.

Latin and Loyalty.—Bolívar has exhibited an incontestible, though, perhaps, not very disinterested, proof of his attachment to learning. He has ordered the study of Latin to be restored to its former footing, requiring it to be pursued every year in the course; and no one is to be admitted to the higher degrees who is not master of that language. He attributes, in part, the late conspiracy to the neglect of Latin!

Gray.—Good scholars and elegant writers may sometimes lapse. Grays both: yet he says, 'Their name, their years spelt by the unlettered Muse,' &c. There were nine, mythologists tell us; but they have forgotten to inform us which was the unlettered one. We might as well talk of the powerless Jupiter, the lame Mercury, and the squinting Venus. In another poem, 'the court was sat,' is not English; nor is the note in 'The Ode to Music' on Mary de Valence, 'of whom tradition says, that her husband's tradition does not speak here of her, but of the husband. Gray was a very learned man, and no mean poet. I wish he had not written 'Ah, happy hills! Ah, pleasing shades! Ah, fields beloved in vain!' for, in the next breath, he tells us that they were not beloved in vain; quite the contrary, that 'they soothed his weary soul, and breathed a second spring.'—Landor.

Taste and Utility.—A garden is made at Buckingham Palace, as if the genial climate of the southern parts of Europe had existed here: lakes, orangeries, and flower-gardens appear where no flowers ever can flourish, and where orange-trees, like the common laurel, and many other hardy shrubs, cannot endure the atmosphere, impregnated with the smoke of London. The Prime Minister, Lord North, called the shrubs of London the 'never greens;' so may Mr. Nash, while at the same time he laughs at a country which allows him

thus to squander its money upon gigantic but ridiculous alterations. The triumphal arch at the entrance of the garden, which has already cost 30,000*l.*, one would suppose was intended as a suitable, though private, approach for his Majesty to arrive, through the garden, at his palace. It, however, appears that the reservoir intervenes: therefore no approach can be made this way. The public will be puzzled to know to what use this arch, under such circumstances, can be converted.—Hints and Observations respecting the Parks and Palaces, &c.

Mixture of Woods.—It is supposed that the mixture of woods from all parts of the world, as in the hull of a ship, generates diseases of various kinds, from the chemical influences of their several juices or saps; and that they thus destroy each other. In proof of this, it was observed lately, when the *Shannon* was examined, that the oak treenails had destroyed the fir planking for two or three inches round each treenail hole; and in another instance, where oak combings were used in a teak ship, both woods were destroyed for several inches where they were connected. This, it is justly observed, is matter for a scientific and philosophical inquiry.

Water.—Professor Brande estimates the total number of gallons daily supplied by the several water companies at 29,000,000; in raising which, twenty-one steam engines are used, equal to the power of 1,346 horses. The Professor considers filtration the best means of purifying water; and, at a recent lecture, exhibited the model of an invention, now in use by one of the water companies, which filters 500,000 cubic feet of water per day. He had the day before seen the apparatus at work; and though the surface of the water was frozen, the process of filtration was going on below as usual.

Beet-Root Sugar in France.—There are about a hundred refineries of sugar in France, and they produced the last year, 5,000,000 kilogrammes of raw sugar. In four or five years the produce will be sufficient to supply the whole consumption. Before that time the improvement in the manufacture will considerably lower the price. At present, sugar from beet-root ought, by theoretical calculations, to be obtained at twelve or thirteen sols the kilogramme; but, in fact, it costs more than this. The price must, in a short time, be reduced at least one half. On the necessity of favouring the production of this native sugar, the present duties on sugar imported into France are defended.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Lingard's History of England, vol. 7, 4to., 1*l.* 18s.
Tales, Characteristic, Descriptive, and Allegorical. By the Author of 'Antislavery in the Miserie,' &c., 12mo., 6s.
Liber Scholasticus: an Account of Fellowships, &c., at Oxford, Cambridge, &c., royal 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Prophecies of Christ and Christian Times, 8vo., 6s. 6d.
Dr. Stegall's Manual for Apothecaries-Hall, 18mo., 5s.
M'Kernan on Silk Dyeing, &c., 8vo.
Horne's Manual of Parochial Psalmody, 18mo., 1s. 6d.
Henshaw's Psalm and Hymn Tunes for Horne's Manual, 6s.
Laennec on Diseases of the Chest, translated by Dr. Forbes, third edition, 8vo., 2*l.*
Dr. Gibney on the Vapour Bath, 8vo., second edition, 7s.
A Second Judgment of Babylon the Great, 2 vols. post 8vo., 2*l.*
Mémoires du Maréchal Suchet, Duc d'Albufera, vol. 1., 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Encyclopedia Metropolitana, First Division, (Pure Sciences,) vol. 1., 2*l.* 2s.
Allen's History of London, 4 vols. 8vo., 2*l.* 2s.
George on the Dry Rot, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Clarke on the Teeth, 8vo., 8s.
Cooper, (Sir A.), on Diseases of the Breast, Part I., imperial 4to., 1*l.* 11s. 6d.
Plumbe on Diseases of the Skin, third edition, 8vo., 15s.
Whewell's Mechanics, 8vo., third edition, 15s.
Morrison's Book-keeping, 8vo., fourth edition, 3s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 5 A.M. and 5 P.M.	Jan.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
Mon.	26 34	40	28. 68	S.E.	Moist.	Cirrostratus
Tues.	27 38	38	28. 69	Ditto	Fair.	Cumulus.
Wed.	28 37	36	29. 04	N.W.	Ditto.	Cum.-stra.
Thurs.	29 37	34	29. 25	N.E.	Ditto.	Cum.-cirro.
Frid.	30 38	36	29. 31	Ditto	Ditto.	Cirrostratus
Sat.	31 36	33	29. 30	Ditto	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun.	1 31	36	30. 30	S.E. to E.	Ditto.	Ditto.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week: a partial thaw from Monday morning to Saturday night.
Highest temperature at noon, 41°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Saturn in conjunction on Friday, at 4 h. P.M.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 15° 36' in Capricorn.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 10° 19' in Sagittarius.
Sun's ditto ditto 12° 27' in Aquarius.
Length of day on Sunday, 9 h. 6 min. Increased, 1 h. 23 m. Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 3" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99378.

In foolscap, with a beautiful Frontispiece, price 6s.,
TALES, Characteristic, Descriptive, and Allegorical. By the Author of 'An Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life,' &c.
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A VINDICATION of certain Passages in the Third and Fourth Volumes, with a Postscript, in answer to Dr. Allen's Reply.

This Day is Published,

THE LONDON MAGAZINE, No. XI.—NEW SERIES.

CONTENTS:

1. On the approaching Session of Parliament.—2. Fine Arts; The Colosseum.—3. Imprisonment for Debt.—4. The best Bat in the School.—5. On the Armour in the Tower. Dr. Meyrick's Letter.—6. Supply of Anatomical Subjects.—7. Youth come to our Ball.—8. Paris in 1868.—9. Moral Tendencies of Knowledge.—10. A Looking-glass for the Country. No. 1. Windsor as it was.—11. Skanzas.—12. Diary for the Month of January.—13. Hobbiesboys.—14. The Editor's Room; No. XI.—15. The Journal of Facts.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, and Published by their Agent, Henry Hooper, at the Office of 'The London Magazine,' 12, Pall Mall East.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, FOR

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No. 67.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

REFORMATION AND REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.

Life of Archbishop Laud, &c. Lingard's Hist. vii. &c. &c.

It is a just remark of one of those writers whose works have done the most, and the most unalloyed service, towards clearing up the records of the past, for the enlightenment and guidance of the present, that the separation of the spiritual from the temporal authority, in its origin, instead of being a device of priestly tyranny, 'instilling barren hearts with conscientious slavery,' was, in intention as well as in effect, a vindication of the spiritual liberty of man, a last enclosure of what yet survived of mental cultivation in the midst of utter waste and barbarity—a sole asylum of oppressed and homeless intellect, where it might flourish and aspire, unchecked by feudal and hereditary bondage. It is true that its collective independence on all secular authority, proclaimed by the Church, was hardly, at the earliest period, founded on the rights of individual conscience. It is also true that, so soon as individual opinion could make itself heard in the relenting din of outrage and violence, that which had been the sanctuary of mind became its prison—the dark and fir-like forestry of monachism, which, with its formal lines, had sheltered fairer foliage from the tempest, was only fit to be lopped down as an obstruction to the mature and spreading honours of intelligence. And yet it would be cynical and wretched philosophy, unworthy of historians, unworthy of men, to judge an institution altogether by the vices, of which the germs seemed inoffensive in its origin, and of which the fruits have withered with its decay; or to heap with indiscriminating ignorant abuse the aids and appliances of national childhood, because they are dispensed with, or speedily to be so, in the manhood of civilisation.

Nor less absurd are the comments on a later period of history, when the principle of which the rude and general recognition belongs to the first ages of the Church, came to receive a more consistent and particular application, at the era of religious reforms. Setting down, with the habitual logic of half-instructed minds, the superficial forms and features of the epoch before them, as if these expressed its real and entire character, some have mistaken the half views and abortive struggles of the combatants as involving the whole meaning and results of the conflict. The Reformation, in their narrative, is nothing but a tissue of the motley freaks and follies of sects, with, of course, a salvo in favour of that pure and scriptural communion to which they themselves happen to belong. More especially, when they get to that momentous crisis, when the spirit of free inquiry, which had been roused by the Reformation, and which the narrow ecclesiastical policy of Elizabeth and James had been unable to lay, came at length into direct and hostile collision with those monstrous politico-religious jurisdictions, the deformed and hybrid progeny of Church and State, 'a mighty maze without a plan' is all they can discover in the quick successive incidents of that memorable revolution.

* We have already taken some notice of the works of which the titles stand at the head of our present article; but the importance of their subject-matter appears to ask for more than we had hitherto leisure to know, either in the shape of direct criticism, or of general historical speculation.

They can neither conceive nor describe (except in the flash language of party) the mixed opinions and characters, necessarily produced by mixed religious and political influences, operating on, and modified by, immensely various individual natures. The evanescent shades of difference from others—the hidden fund of inconsistency with self—are alike undescried and unsuspected by them. The Loyalist, avowing to his comrade an invincible contempt for the bishops,* the Presbyterian swearing from the bigotry of his sect, and the Independent mingling with obscure flights of enthusiasm the wisest maxims of policy and the largest views of tolerance, are characters as utterly unknown to them as the heroes of New Zealand tradition. Nor less unknown the impulses of popular commotion, although its violence be viewed with unreflecting disgust. For the outrages of established power are seldom undisguised with some exterior show of gravity and decency; unsustained by some authoritative precedent, unhallowed by some sacred name. But the justice of the people, how provoked soever, to heedless eyes must ever wear the aspect of aggression. With such, fanaticism must bear the blame of one revolution, as jacobinism that of another.

But, although the times of which we are speaking might be fertile of anomalies in speculative matters, of opinions ill-grounded and incongruous, originating in confused and inadequate perceptions of the nature and demands of the crisis; yet, on the other hand, the conduct of statesmen was, comparatively, exempt from that sort of vacillation, infirmity, or duplicity of purpose, which has been, it must be owned, the growth of later days; requiring for its nurture and encouragement a fiercer soil and more benign influences than were granted at that rough and honest era. The social interests which joined in that struggle were marked out with a degree of distinctness, and defended with a singleness of purpose, scarce conceivable in these days of moderation and of compromise. The old established principles of sovereignty stood committed in hostility with a power which, if not of recent origin, had put forth too recently effective claims to partnership in government, either to be received without resistance within the pale of recognised authority, or divided into manageable corps and factions. On the one side, prerogative, supported by the enervated and spiritless wreck of feudal nobility, by the maxims of the English law, and by the sermons of the state-clergy; on the other, the aspiring independent Commons, professing to restrict their claims within the legal limits of undoubted and repeatedly confirmed franchises, yet intent upon securities for freedom more ample than their charters could pretend to bestow, and, in effect, relying less upon prescription and parchments than on that formidable and growing strength of property and intelligence which were sufficient to secure their political preponderance, and to constitute the natural aristocracy of the land. However otherwise aristocratic in connexion might be many of the members of this body, the popular interest prevailed amongst them; nor was the struggle which arose for purely popular institutions definitively closed but by the return of Charles the Second.

And then took place a very different order of things. It seemed as if the Puritan severity of principle were to be followed and contrasted by

* Sir R. Varney.—See Clarendon's Life,

its utter abandonment,—as if the lofty wish of saving, in its own despite, a people yet unripe for working out its own welfare, had subsided in the base desire of making that people a tool to aid the low pursuits of selfish ambition. There might have been amusement in contemplating that scene of solemn hypocrisy unmasked and ridiculed,—of mock patriotism and sportive apostasy. But the moral of the play was too tremendous. Those figures dressed as royalists, and churchmen, and patriots, were not mere mummers licensed to amuse a vacant hour; but men in authority, to whom was entrusted the government and instruction of a whole people. Great God! what governors—what instructors! And how fearful the event of their ministry! Yet, happily for England, the access of popular frenzy, of which the fruitful source may be found in popular ignorance, produced by the suppression of free discussion and inquiry,—after the brief and shameful paroxysm of the Popish Plot, still left enough surviving of a better mind to prepare its wearied people for the asher acceptance of a mixed constitution and a modest enfranchisement.

Dr. Lingard's present volume is in no way remarkably distinguished from those which preceded it, except by the importance of the events which it records. It exhibits the same acuteness of research and general accuracy of statement, combined with philosophically calm deduction, which the public was prepared to expect from his pages; although these qualities are here and there obscured for a moment by the pardonable influence of that class of feelings which those who most exclaim against them in others, most unconsciously indulge themselves. Of this a notable example is afforded by the biography which now lies before us, and which is just such a production as at this day an apology for Laud might be expected to be. Not that we have the smallest wish to depreciate the really curious facts which may be found in these volumes; or to intercept whatever good impression may be made by the still more curious accompanying sentiments, in the quarters for which they are intended. Of the latter (the sentiments) some idea may be formed from the extracts which we made in a former article; of the former (the facts) we find it gratifying to record a single instance of the amiable pliancy, by which they are induced—not to distort or contradict themselves—but only to appear with such reserve and discretion as may best befit the author's conclusions:

'To assert that Laud persecuted men who were united with him in every point of Christian faith, is, to say the least, an evidence of very superficial knowledge, as no opinions can be more opposite than those of the liberal man, who believes that salvation is within the reach of every human being to whom it is preached, if he choose to accept it; and those of the gloomy Calvinist, who plunges into the secret things of God, presumptuously brings forward his dogma of predestination, and sets limits to the grace of God, which God himself never set. In this instance, Dr. Symonds' bigotry and blindness are farther evident. Nor is his assertion, that "the Prelate noted in his Diary the execution of the butchering sentences of the Star-Chamber and High Commission with the cool malignity of a fiend," in any respect more veracious. From this a reader would infer, that there are many such sentences recorded, whereas Leighton's is the solitary instance: even the sentence of Burton, Pryme, and Bastwick, in 1637, in many respects merited, which the frenzied authors of the "History of the Dissenters" designate "a most infamous tragedy," is not recorded

by Laud, though he delivered a speech on the occasion. And I greatly fear that Dr. Symonds' bigotry and inveterate prejudice precluded him from perusing the Diary, or the account of those transactions in which Laud was concerned. Ignorance is indeed in some measure an excuse; but, if the above sentiments were written after such a perusal, the writer is unpardonable.—Vol. i. pp. 529, 530.

Ignorance of Laud's Diary may perhaps be an excuse for Dr. Symonds, who was not writing his life; but ignorance of every writing of Laud, except his Diary, will hardly be an excuse for Mr. Lawson, in suppressing the invectives against sympathy with the sufferers which occur continually in the *Letters* of that prelate. Take an instance—

'A little more quickness in the Government would cure this itch of libelling. But what can you think of Thorough, when there shall be such slips in business of consequence? What say you to it, that Prynne and his fellows should be suffered to talk what they pleased while they stood in the pillory, and win exclamations from the people.'

Or the following:

'A prince that loseth the force and example of his punishment, loseth withal the greatest part of his dominion. If the eyes of the Triumviri be not sealed so close as they ought, they may perchance spy us out a shrewd turn, when we least expect it. I fear we are hugely mistaken, and misapplying our charity, thus pitying of them, where we should indeed much rather pity ourselves.'

Or the following:

'It is strange to see the frenzy which possesseth the vulgar now-a-days, and that the just displeasure and chastisement of a state should produce greater estimation, nay, reverence to persons of no consideration, either for life or learning, than the greatest and highest trusts and employments shall be able to procure for others for unspotted conversation, of most eminent virtues, and deepest knowledge; a grievous and over-spreading leprosy; but where you mention a remedy, sure it is not fitted for the hand of every physician; the cure, under God, must be wrought by one Esculapius alone, and this, in my weak judgment, to be effected by corrosives rather than lenitives: less than Thorough will not overcome it; there is a cancerous malignity in it, which long since rejected all other means, and therefore to God and him I leave it.'

We think it fair to quote the following account of Dr. Bastwick, as a favourable specimen of our author's zeal in collecting the matters of fact which form his premises, however oddly they may now and then be linked to his conclusions:

'Let us, however, turn to the "Letany," in which there is "An Universall Challenge to the whole world, to prove the parity of ministers not to be *jure divino*," and which Bastwick says, is "a booke very usefull and profitable for all good Christians to read, for the stirring up of devotion in them likewise, Prov. chap. xxv. ver. 2. Printed by the speciall procurement, and for the especial use of our English prelates, in the yeare of Remembrance, 1637." There is a libel in the very title-page; but he fulminates most lustily in the opening epistle, which he entitles, "John the Phisitian to the virtuous and elect Lady, the Lady Walgrave, at her house in Worminford, in Essex." "I dare boldly maintaine," saith this Medico-Mastyx, "they (the Bishops) are more disobedient and worse than the devils themselves, to say nothing in passion and perturbation. Of all creatures, bishops, priests, and deacons, are most wicked, ungratefull, disobedient, and rebellious. The Lord Jesus saith, Bring those mine enemies to mee hither, that I may slay them that would not that I should rule over them. If slaughter to a kingdom be the preservation of it, then the prelates are the maintainers of it, for of all creatures they are the most rebellious and impious. Nay, I peremptorily affirm, that the prelates are worse than the devil." They are "rook-catchers, soule-murdering hirelings, atheists, a commonwealth of rats." "The truth is," says he, "they are God's rebels, and enemies, both by the law of God and the land, to God and the King, and, like the giants of old, warre against the clouds, and, if to say so be a scandall, I will live and die in it." "To say nothing of the Bishop of London, who was put into his office with such supreme dignity and incomparable majesty, as he seemed a great king or mighty emperor, to be inaugurated and installed in some superlative monarchy; see the prelate of Canterbury, in his

ordinary garb riding from Croydon to Beeshot, with forty or fifty retainers well mounted attending upon him, two or three coaches, with four and six horses," &c., and in this style he proceeds in his railing, till he signs himself the virtuous and elect lady's "poore orator." But the other parts are, if possible, still worse. He talks of "Father William of Canterbury, his Holiness, and William London, Magnificent Rector of the Treasury,"—the "Prior of Canterbury there, William the Dragon, and your Abbey lubber of York, the oracle of the north." "I will stand to," says he; "I am resolved never to leave the field by flying, but to join battle, and fight against the great dragon, Father Antichrist, and against Gog and Magog, as long as I can stand upon my legs. For, had I as many lives as I have haire on my head, I would be prodigal of them all in this cause; and, had I as much blood in my veins as would swell the Thames, I would spill it every drop in the quarrel I am now embarked in. If Father William of Canterbury think that I am afraid of him, he is metropolitically mistaken; for I neither fear nor love him, neither is there any affection or passion in me so contemptible, that I deem him or any prelate in England, worthy to be an object of it." The Archbishop is styled his "Reverend Highness of Croydon;" and, "had not the prelates lived under a gracious prince, they would have been hanged for their doings." The Attorney-General is termed "Doctor Satan, the accuser of the brethren." Bishop Wren, "Saint Wren, now Pope of Norwich," and the office of a Bishop is, "the office of Satan, and Judas that Archbishop and Primate of traitors." In short, so hardened was his medical fanatic in his wickedness, that he ends his Litany in these words: "Heare is the end of the First Part of the Letany of Doctor Bastwick, there are seven parts more of it yet to come."—Vol. ii. pp. 148—151.

CASWALLON.

Caswallon; or, the Briton Chief. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By C. E. Walker, B.A., Author of "Wallace," a Tragedy. 8vo., pp. 83. Miller, London, 1828.

THE newspapers, we perceive, observe respecting 'Caswallon,' that it is a very excellent tragedy, exceedingly legitimate, poetical, and in short every thing that a drama should be, only that by some accident the author omitted to enliven it by the introduction of any character. This omission, of course, the newspapers explain away as exceedingly unimportant; but, at the same time, we cannot help thinking there was something ungenerous in alluding to the circumstance at all. If Mr. Walker had advertised in the papers, or in his title-page, that his was a tragedy with characters, he might with some shadow of reason be rallied at for not fulfilling the engagement. But we can find no such pledge any where. It is a tragedy, simply a tragedy. If Mr. Price want characters, 'an uncommon want' among theatrical managers,—and we must add a most imaginary want,—they should be contracted for separately. There is one individual on the establishment who undertakes to provide scenery and decorations; and why, we would humbly ask, if there is a need of such articles, should not that individual have an increase of salary, upon condition of his furnishing them likewise? To insist upon the playwrights providing them, is one of those exactions which we are sure the liberal mind of Mr. Price would never think of enforcing; and, should he do so, we, for one, were we a playwright, should follow the spirited example set us by Mr. Lindley and his co-signers at the King's Theatre, in the full assurance that the managers would find it absolutely impossible to replace us by any German or French importations whatever. As the question is one important to a large and respectable body of the public, we wished to meet the critics of the daily press upon their own grounds. But we should have been more right to dispute the use of the word character, in this sense, altogether. It originates from an entire misconception of the principles of play-making. The introduction of characters is not so much an act of supererogation on the part of a playwright, as a positive offence against the duties of his calling; and for this plain reason—Every theatre has a company

of actors and actresses, who have been hired at a considerable expence, who are the characters, and whose characters it is important should be exhibited to the greatest possible advantage. Various classes contribute their assistance to promote this important object. Of these we consider the following as the best known and most important: the inventor of the dresses; the tailor or milliner, who makes them up; the posture master, who teaches the expression, feeling, and passion; the perfumer, who supplies the rouge; and lastly, the playwright, who supplies the names and the dialogue. Without attention to the distribution of parts,—and they might be still more minutely subdivided,—it is impossible to determine the limits of the province which we are now considering; but, this being premised, we may now proceed to Mr. Walker's tragedy.

In finding NAMES for the actors, we think Mr. Walker has been very successful, and is deserving of the highest praise. The great art in this department is to preserve a gradation of emphasis according to the rank of the performers in public estimation,—the best actor having the best name; the second-rate actor, the next best; and so on: the prima, secunda, and *terza donna* being, of course, fitted on the same principle.* At the same time, it is well, where it can be helped, not to offend the inferior herd by any very ill-sounding or offensive designations. Mr. Walker has arranged this very cleverly. Mr. Young's name for the night is Caswallon, with which we are sure he has every reason to be satisfied. The inferiority of Mr. Cooper is very evident; and yet there is nothing to wound his feelings in the name of Arnyrn Fitz-Edward. Again, the rising talents of Miss Phillips are admirably flattered by the pretty appellation of Eva, while we really think, considering Miss Curtis is at present very little known, she cannot consider herself ill-treated in being called Goervyl. So far all is well; and, if the other half of the business be as well executed, we shall have no hesitation in saying, that Mr. Walker is a master in his craft. But, as the lady who wrote the prologue to the tragedy remarks,

'But to the test—the expected scenes appear:
Caswallon speaks, and generous Britons hear.'

We will first try the 'generous Britons' with a passage upon which we are sure Mr. Walker piqued himself; and with reason, for it is admirably appropriate to call forth the voice of the actor for whom it was written, and what greater merit can there be than this?

(Enter Carador and Hoel.)

'Cara. 'Tis this way, then, he must have pass'd.
Hoel. And lo!

Where the broad arms of yon outspreading oak
Embrace a secret dwelling.—We will enter.—

'Tis haply there that—
Mad. (advancing.) Hold, rude man—nor tempt
Mine order's curse.—What would'st thou?

Cara. Sire revered,
We bend before thee.

Mad. Wherefore have ye sought,
From the far world, these desert shades?—a spot
Sacred to holiest solitude; and e'en
From the first birth of nature, unprofaned
By sound of steel, or sight of armed men.

Cara. Thy pardon, that we rudely dare to break
Upon its privacy.—If known the cause,
It surely might absolve us.

Mad. Briefly tell it.

Hoel. As briefly answer.—Shrouds not yon lone
hut

The chief, Caswallon?

Mad. Whence hadst thou the thought
To find him here?

Cara. He cross'd us even now.—
Nay, think not, holy Bard, we trace his steps
With traitorous aim.—Too well we know the price
That barbarous England sets on his brave head;—
And oh! too well, what harlot charms bath gold,
E'en in the eyes of our own countrymen.

* The late Mr. Dibdin, we believe, never allowed more than two syllables to the name of an actress receiving less than ten guineas a night.

But with far other hopes we seek Carwallon.
We follow him, to place within his grasp
The avenger's sword.—It now awaits his wielding.
Let him but lead the way in freedom's path—
And know, there are not wanting, through the land,
Hearts prompt to dare, and hands to execute.
(Carwallon here re-appears at the door of the hut.)
Mad. I hear thee, and am lost in strange amaze.—
Mean'st thou, that Cambria, our poor bleeding country,
Hath dared again—?

Cara. To shake the tyrant's foot
From her down-trodden neck!—I tell thee, Father,
That, did I blow but one blast of this bugle,
The sound should summon forth from their retreat
Two thousand armed Britons.—Hear'st thou that?
A band, that, were Carwallon but to head them,—
Were he, who now is absent—

Car. (unable to restrain his emotion, and rushing forward.) No—he's here!

Hear at thy side.—Thou heavenly messenger
Of life and light, where all around was darkness!
Oh, instant sound the trumpet—or take me hence
To yon bright spot, irradiate with the shine
Of spirits like thee, and the last drop of blood
In these fall veins shall fall for them, and freedom!

Mad. Thou honour'd warrior, who for sixteen years
Invincible to every eye hast been—
Do we again behold thee?

Car. And thou risest
Beautiful in thy strength, my native country!
And thou hast girded on thy sword of valour,
And with the iron heel of indignation
Hast spurn'd the spurner from thee!—The loud sum-
mons

To liberty and vengeance has gone forth
Amid thy mountains!—Snowden, the great king,
Hath issued it—and Idris echoed back
The inspiring sound!—Aye, shout, ye hills!—high lift
Your everlasting heads, and shout for joy!—
Ye shall be free!—ye shall again be free!

Now, conceive this roared forth at the highest
pitch of his melodious voice by Mr. Young, and
then deny that Mr. Walker is an admirable play-
wright. The deafening three times three and
'one cheer more,' which must have followed the
words, ring in our ears.

The galleries, the great gods,
Have issued it, and the pit echoed back
The inspiring sound. Shout ye boxes, lift high
Your bonnet-buried heads, and shout for Young!

But our praise must be confined to the last
paragraph. We object to the early part of the
passage, because it does not seem consistent
with the general order of nature and the har-
mony of the green-room, that all the inferior
actors should be allowed to talk in heroics. We
do not, of course, complain of this arrange-
ment upon any mystical or metaphysical grounds
—we do not, for an instant, mean to assert that
there should be any difference between the lan-
guage of the same men at different times—and
when they have different wants to express. We
know that tragical persons should get upon stilts,
both when they are running for their lives, and
when they are taking an ordinary evening's walk.
We know perfectly well, that, when Shakspeare
would have said, 'unbutton my waistcoat,' a mo-
dern playwright ought to say,

'Loosen the foldings of my second garment
That with its heavy weight confines my chest,
Presses my heart down, chokes my utterance,
And will not let me speak a single word.'

(though he has just spoken four lines :) we know,
in short, that the poetical diction in which no one
actually speaks at any time, is that in which the
persons in these tragedies ought to speak at all
times. But this is not the question. It is, whe-
ther an actor who only earns, say 4*l.* a week, has
a right to say as fine things as another actor who
earns 20*l.* a night.

We think not, and we think there is great rea-
son to fear a very serious disturbance, equal to
the OP. rows, but proceeding from behind the
scenes instead of before them, if men are thus
taken out of the station which Providence has
assigned them.

The following is a scene between Mr. Cooper
and Miss Phillips who have fallen in love with
each other, and are never likely to meet again.

The coolness which they display under these
distracting circumstances is truly exemplary, and
raises those eminent performers very much in our
estimation.

Fitz-Ed. My prayers are vain!—I've warn'd them
and they scorn me!

As though my father, from his banning lips,
Breathed a contagious spirit—all—all—reject me.
(Observing Eva.) Ah! but thou still art here.—Angelic
sweetness!

That did'st with tender and compassionate aim
Lift up thy pleading voice: yet, what avails it?
Thou art thy country's Princess—and even thou
Must with the rest despise me.—

Eva. Heaven forefend—
Despise thee!—

Fitz-Ed. And thou dost not?—And at least—
All blessings light upon thee!—there is one
Who doth not quite abhor me—who reveres
The claims of gratitude, and owns their force:—
Heaven, for this sweetening in my cup of gall,
I thank thee!—

Eva. Hear me, thou exalted youth.—
Ere yet we part never to meet again,
Hear, while I speak one last and hurried word.—
There was a time thy providential arm
Wrought me a signal service.—Out upon
A most unworthy girl, who scarcely since
Hath proffer'd thee the bare return of thanks.—

Fitz-Ed. Unworthy!—Princess—

Eva. Nay, reply not now.—
The minutes speed, and we must haste our parting.—
Take, then, the only recompense, save thanks,
A grateful heart can make thee, this small chain;
And let it be to thee, in after times,
'Mid happier scenes, a slight remembrancer
Of one—who would not have thee—quite forget her.—
(throwing it over his neck.)
Now—now—farewell—(turning away.)

Fitz-Ed. Stay yet—thou heavenly maid!
Trust me there needed not a link like this
To bind thee to my bosom.—Since the day
When, as some sweet presentment in a dream,
Thy transient form first shot athwart my view,
Here hath it lived—down—down, tumultuous heart.—
What is it I have said? Forgive me, Princess—
And yet, an hour ago—and I had deem'd
This might have been—

Eva. I must not hear thee.—

Fitz-Ed. No.
'Twere madness now to think it.—Then—oh! then
It was no sin—no wild extravagant hope—
But I have held thee, Eva, to my bosom—
Have felt thy throbbing heart to mine—have pressed,
Forgive the free avowal—(taking her hand)—on thy
lips

Have pressed—
Eva. Release me.—At a time like this,
Such thoughts are sinful.

Fitz-Ed. The rebuke is just.—
Go.—Go.—But we may meet again.—But leave me
That blessed hope.

Eva. It must not be.—Nay, deem me not, I pray
thee,

Thankless, or cold, or cruel; but the slave
Of hard imperious duty.—We must part.—
But oh! think kindly of me!—do not hate
My memory—mid the gay and glittering scenes
That now demand my presence, give at times
A thought to the lone wanderer of the hills;
Who in her constant orisons to Heaven
Will not forget Fitz-Edward.—Fare thee well—
Would that I were not forced to add—for ever! Exit.

Fitz-Ed. She's gone:—and now I may defy thee,
Fate.

The latest arrow of thy wrath is sped!
Hark! 'twas the tramp of martial men.—They haste
Headlong, with outspread arms, to clasp perdition.
My father! is there not a voice will warn—
A hand will snatch thee from the perilous verge
Whereon thou stand'st? And thou, oh Eva, thou—
A tender maid, mid clashing hosts exposed—
But no—all guardianless thou shalt not be.
Still, though unseen, I'll hover near thee, still
Be as a shield of fire—far—far to scare
Each ravaging hound of war that would molest thee!
Exit.

We have not room for any further extracts.

We shall probably be accused of not having
written this article in that kindly spirit of criti-
cism which we cultivate as much from taste as
upon principle, and from which, we trust, the

paltry vanity of exciting our readers to laugh, or
the more malevolent gratification of wounding the
feelings of an author, will never induce us to
swerve. But, be it ever remembered, these
writers of five act dramas in rattling heroic
verses, who never degenerate into vulgarisms, or de-
part, as they would express it, for a single instant
from the gravity which befits the Tragic Muse, are
the very persons who indulge in the most con-
ceited taunts at the expense of all genius of a
higher order than their own. It is these men and
their admirers who have driven about the
coarseness of our old dramatists: it is they who
have proclaimed Shakspeare an irregular genius,
who wrote, without law or method, in the
worst in the world: it is they who date the com-
mencement of polish and perfection from the ap-
pearance of 'Cato,' and who conceive that
common sense and refinement can only exist
in the utter dearth and vacuity of thought and
meaning. They are the hawkers who retail all the
petty jokes which circulate in society against the
men who in our own day have dared to be origi-
nal—theirs is the supercilious sneer against the
childishness of Peter Ball—theirs the silly simper
about those who call the 'Lyrical Ballads' poetry
—theirs the conceited affectation of ignorance
which sets down 'Christabel' as a very fine poem
to those who know what it means. It is idle to
say that such persons are not worth the trouble of
an exposure, or that they are too weak to exert
any influence. The influence which they used to
possess through the press is undoubtedly at an
end: they dare not vent their impertinencies in
great reviews, as they once did; or, if they did,
they would be laughed at. But in society they
are not weak—they do exert an influence, and
exert it there where it is most pernicious. If
their conversation were confined to our sex, we
should dread it as little as their writings; for on
those men who could be induced by it to laugh
at a great poet, that poet would never produce
any valuable effect. But with women the case is
different: all women, without a single exception,
in the present day, read poetry: it produces greatly
more impression upon them than upon us; and
yet from the imperfect cultivation of their under-
standings, they are constantly liable to be led astray
by empirics who talk about it. It is of immense im-
portance that they should not be led astray: it is of
immense importance that the love of the beau-
tiful which nature has planted in their hearts,
should be nursed and cultivated, as a counter-
action to the evil influences which they receive
from education and society: it is of immense im-
portance they should not be permitted to admire
what is feeble and debasing. For their sakes, we
are determined to expose the mawkishness of
our modern drama. They have been told to laugh
at men of genius; we will teach them to laugh at
men without it: they have heard that there are
persons who rely upon the gifts of nature, and
despise the laws of art; we will prove to them
that the men who have none of the gifts of na-
ture, are palpably ignorant of the laws of art:
they have heard that there are spirits who soar
into the skies far above the comprehensions
of vulgar mortals; we will convince them
that there are people who are equally hid-
den from view by the dust under which they
crawl. All this we propose to do—and that we
may do it, we are compelled, in a certain degree,
to adopt a language very different from our
vernacular one. We cannot judge men by those
high laws, which they do not comprehend, and
the validity of which they deny. We cannot
measure them by standards which they scoff at.
We must talk with them in a manner which they
can understand, however bad that manner may
be: just as, in case we were thrown into the com-
pany of a person who could speak and could learn
no other, we should strive to acquire even the
poorest of the world's dialects, though it were
Kamschatkan, or even French. The language
of banter and ridicule is that in which they are

in the habit of conversing: we will try, in concession to their weakness, whether it is not possible for us, also, to learn such a stock of the words and phrases of this tongue as will enable us, if not to talk in their own fluent style, at least to make ourselves sufficiently understood for all ordinary purposes.

AMERICAN ANNUAL REGISTER.

American Annual Register, for the Year 1826-7.

THE last good thing that we look for at the hands of our transatlantic brethren, is a history. They may write political treatises, *ad infinitum*, though most of them are too weighty (with truths or something else) to cross the Atlantic; there is no reason why they should not now and then indite a decent sermon; they have produced novels not a few; but it will be long, very long indeed, before they will produce a history. A nation which has no past life, whose inhabitants have no recollections beyond the generation immediately preceding them, are ignorant in general of the classics, and have never cultivated those habits of reflection upon the history of their own minds, which (if that habit ever existed without national feelings) might supply the want of them:—such a nation must be content to dispense with this important branch of literature.

It is well, however, for the Americans to practise composition of this kind, though they cannot hope to arrive at any great success in it; and it is still better if they can contrive to turn their practice to some account, besides the indirect one of giving a more historical direction to their minds. This end they can accomplish in no better way than by writing annals of the occurrences which are passing each year under their eyes. Such writings must want all the principal and highest characteristics of a history; but, as 'The English Annual Register,' while it was under the direction of Burke, proved most clearly, it may embody much of the spirit of history, and may lay up a store of immense advantage to generations of future writers. Of this kind is the work before us, which, we are happy to say, displays a much more practical, as well as a more Catholic spirit, than we are wont to observe in American publications. The writers, as will be perceived from the following extracts, have a bias in favour of the Adams party; but they are moderate and liberal in their advocacy.

'During the long and peaceful administration of Mr. Monroe, the public mind had been unusually tranquil. The bitterness of party spirit had subsided, and the leaders of the conflicting parties into which the nation had been divided, forgetting their past differences, were often seen harmoniously co-operating to advance the general interests. The citizens, who had in former times been stimulated by an active political zeal, now remembered they were politicians, only when they were called upon to act as electors, and amalgamated almost into one mass the American people, with an unparalleled unanimity, approved of the policy of the federal government. This satisfaction with the conduct of their rulers, unfortunately manifested itself in too great an indifference towards public concerns, and the electors did not scrupulously examine the conduct of their representatives, nor nicely canvass their pretensions to popular favour, so long as the measures of the Government did not come into collision with their private pursuits. In consequence of this indifference, a class of mere politicians appeared in public life, who were indebted for their success to the absence of all powerful excitement, and of those strong motives which call into the service of the nation men of commanding talents.

'The machinery and organization of parties, which, in the heat of the political conflict, have the effect of concentrating the suffrages of the electors upon candidates selected when there exists no indifference as to success, now promoted the views of men, who owed their advancement solely to a pliancy of principle and a ready subservience to the will of others.

'In this state of things, it was easy to produce a factitious political sentiment in legislative bodies, very different from the deliberate opinion of the community. The yeomanry of the country, and the industrious in-

habitants of the towns and cities, reluctantly yield their attention to intricate political questions, and are slow to form an independent judgment as to conflicting opinions, especially when parties are in an embryonic state. It is not, however, so difficult to gain the attention of those who are jealous of power, and who drink with a thirsty ear all reports derogatory to those who administer the Government. This jealousy, although praiseworthy in itself, may be carried to excess; and, when it loses its power of discrimination, it is ready to confound liberal expenditure for what is necessary with extravagance, and to charge the accidents and misadventures, to which all human affairs are subject, and from which the complicated concerns of Government are not exempt, upon the incapacity or negligence of those who administer it.

'With the view of enlisting the prejudices of this class against the administration, charges of extravagance were freely made against those now at the head of the Government; resolutions were introduced into Congress, insinuating rather than asserting, that the patronage of the executive was too great; and it was proposed to vest such checks upon it in the legislative branch of the Government, as in effect to confer the appointing power upon that department. The ordinary and established expenditures of the Government were examined with new and unexampled rigour, for the purpose of producing the belief that they originated with the present administration; and an assertion on the part of the President of his constitutional right to appoint, in the vacation of Congress, diplomatic agents to transact the foreign business of the country, was construed into a usurpation of a new and unconstitutional power. Exceptions were also taken to certain of his recommendations to Congress, as indicating a wish for a magnificent and expensive scheme of government, and a tendency towards consolidation on the part of the federal authorities. These objections, which at first were confined to that class of politicians who contended for a strict and narrow construction of the constitution, were not at once adopted by the friends of the Vice-president. They professed to found their opposition on the corrupt origin of the administration, and asserted that it was the clear and manifest will of the people, that General Jackson should be elected President.

'This portion of the opposition, (for it was obvious that there was no cordial agreement between the two sections of the party, either as to the powers of the Government or the mode of administering it,) at once declared open hostility against the administration, and proceeded to nominate a candidate for the presidency. In conformity with one of the grounds of opposition, they fixed upon General Jackson, who, in the month of October, 1825, was nominated by the Legislature of Tennessee as a candidate in opposition to Mr. Adams. This nomination was formally accepted by him, in an address delivered before both branches of the Legislature, in which he resigned his seat in the senate of the United States. After stating that he was originally induced to accept the station he then held, because he understood that he would not be required to serve longer than for the term of one Congress, he says, that he still would continue if any important service could be performed; but that he was not aware of any important business likely to be brought before Congress, except an amendment of the constitution in relation to the choice of a chief Magistrate.

'He then alluded to the nomination of himself as a candidate, and proceeded as follows:

'Thus situated,—my name presented to the free-men of the United States for the first office known to the constitution,—I could not, with any thing of approbation on my part, consent either to urge or encourage an alteration, which might wear the appearance of being induced by selfish considerations—by a desire to advance my own views. I feel a thorough and safe conviction, that the imputation would be ill founded, and that nothing could prompt me to any active course, on that subject, which my judgment did not approve; yet, as from the late events it might be inferred that the prospects of your recommendation could be rendered probable only by the people having the choice given to them direct, abundant room would be afforded to ascribe any exertions of mine to causes appertaining exclusively to myself. Imputations thus made, would be extremely irksome to any person of virtuous and independent feeling; they would certainly prove so to me; and hence the determination to retire from a situation where strong suspicions might at least attach, and with great seeming propriety. I hasten, therefore, to tender this my resignation into the hands of those who conferred it, that, in the exercise of their constitutional rights,

they may confide it to some one deserving their confidence and approbation."

'After commenting upon the amendments proposed, and approving of them, on account of their removing the election entirely from Congress, he recommended an additional provision, making all Members of Congress ineligible to any office under the general Government, excepting judicial offices, during their term of service, and for two years thereafter. He concluded in the following manner:

'“We know human nature to be prone to evil: we are early taught to pray, that we may not be led into temptation; and hence the opinion, that by constitutional provision, all avenues to temptation, on the part of our political servants, should be closed.

'“My name having been before the nation for the office of chief Magistrate during the time I served as your senator, placed me in a situation truly delicate; but delicate as it was, my friends do not, and my enemies cannot, charge me with descending from the independent ground then occupied, with degrading the trust reposed on me, by intruding for the presidential chair. As, by a resolution of your body, you have thought proper again to present my name to the American people, I must entreat to be excused from any further service in the senate; and to suggest, in conclusion, that it is due to myself to practise upon the maxims recommended to others; and hence, feel constrained to retire from a situation where temptations may exist, and suspicions arise of the exercise of an influence tending to my own aggrandisement."

'The strong insinuations in this address against the propriety of the last election by Congress, plainly indicated his dissatisfaction at the result, and manifested a willingness to sanction an opposition to the administration, on the ground of its corrupt origin. This same ground was taken by the adherents of the Vice-president, in the discussion on the amendment proposed to the constitution by Mr. M'Duffie, in the first session of the nineteenth Congress. These insinuations were at that time warmly repelled, and none seemed disposed to rely upon this ground of opposition, except that class of politicians, who in all questions of the constructive power of the federal Government, and the mode of administering it, agreed rather with the friends, than the opponents of the administration.

'This discordance in the materials of the opposition, prevented any harmonious concert of action and purpose at the first session of Congress; but during the vacation and the succeeding session, great progress was made towards a stricter union between its different divisions, and before the adjournment the party had assumed a consistent shape. At what time this more intimate union took place, it is difficult to ascertain; but, shortly before the termination of the second session of the nineteenth Congress, a leading opposition member from Virginia announced to the public, that the combinations for effecting the elevation of General Jackson were nearly complete, and, in fact, greater concert was manifested in their party movements after that time. During the session several topics were introduced, developing the principles of the opposition, and arraying the parties more distinctly against each other. Among these may be enumerated, the bankrupt act, the bills for the gradual improvement of the navy, authorizing dry docks and a naval school, the appropriations for surveys and internal improvement, the controversy between Georgia and the general government respecting the Greek treaty, the bills augmenting the duty on imported woollens, and closing the ports of the United States against British vessels from the colonies, after a limited period. On all these subjects the opposition party took ground, either from a real difference in sentiment from the friends of the administration, or from an unwillingness to permit it any measure to succeed, which could reflect credit upon them. So great was this opposition to the business before Congress, during the last session, that it was generally believed that the minority had concerted to stop the passage of all important bills, for the purpose of rendering those administering the government unpopular. The ordinary business of each day was opposed, with almost the same vehemence, as that which had a political bearing. In this manner much of both sessions was consumed, and as the adjournment of congress approached, many important bills were lost for want of time to mature their details, and to reconcile the two Houses upon points which a little reflection would have placed in a clear point of view.' Pp. 18—23.

The following extract is instructive—to whom, we leave the writer on the American Constitution

in the last Number of 'The Westminster Review' to answer:

'The temporary interests of certain portions of the mercantile community, are often brought into collision with the permanent interests of the country; and any suspension of their gains, even for their general benefit, is submitted to with an ill grace. They are too apt to believe that their own government has been unreasonable, and that greater sacrifices might have been made for the purpose of preserving a trade, which in their estimation was vitally important. This disposition creates among a portion of the trading community, materials, of which the opposition in this government has always been prompt to avail itself; and the opposition to the present administration eagerly sought, to render the discontent on account of the loss of the colonial trade, subservient to their political designs.

'The interested feelings of all concerned in the colonial trade, would naturally enlist them against an administration; which, they might be easily led to believe, had deprived them of a lucrative traffic; and every effort was made to throw the blame of its loss on the American Government. It was accused of having neglected to improve the favourable moment of terminating the negotiation; and its wish of arranging the terms of the intercourse with the islands by a mutual agreement, was imputed to an undue fondness for diplomacy.'—P. 62.

Our readers will be interested in an American character of Mr. Canning.

'His life, and the particulars of his political career, belong to the department of biography. His character as a politician, in order to be fairly estimated, should be viewed with reference to the fact, that he was emphatically a British minister, purely and exclusively British; in his education, feelings, principles, temper, in every thing, indeed, which goes to constitute the peculiarities of a consummate statesman. In condemning some of Mr. Canning's official writings, in which the language of the rhetorician and man of wit occasionally broke in, to relieve the formal staidness of diplomatic composition, Americans should be careful not to exhibit too much sensitiveness of feeling, lest the censure bestowed upon him should be charged to national prejudice. We freely admit, that all departures from the established style of diplomacy are extremely hazardous and unsafe, and seldom produce a salutary effect; and we think Mr. Canning erred, in permitting himself to indulge a tone of ill-timed sarcasm, upon more than one occasion, in his correspondence with ministers of the United States. But this was a blemish in his character which ought not to blind us to his many and pre-eminent merits. Americans should be slow to depreciate the reputation of a statesman, who, in the maturity of his understanding and the zenith of his power, was most assailed for his attachment to liberal institutions, and for acts in which that attachment was displayed. Mr. Canning was the first living orator of Great Britain. He was devotedly attached to literature; and by means of his literary excellence was originally introduced into public notice. His uniform and consistent support of the claims of the Catholics, and the manly and independent principles of his foreign policy, sufficiently show that he had caught the spirit of the age, and dared to act in conformity with its dictates.'—Pp. 333, 334.

OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL.

The Opening of the Sixth Seal. A Sacred Poem. 12mo., pp. 190. Longman. London, 1829.

Our monthly and quarterly contemporaries are in the habit of sneering at the judgments of us, the hebdomadal critics, because, say they, it is impossible that, in the space of two or three days, a book of ordinary size can be more than half read; and quite impossible by any half-reading process to arrive at a notion of its general merit. Now, this, with deference to our censors, is sheer absurdity, and, what is worse than absurdity, hypocrisy.

We assert, that of nine-tenths of the books that are forwarded to us from the respective stalls whence they have issued, the most full, important, and complete judgment may be formed in the space not of three days, but of three hours; and we assert, moreover, that there is not an editor of any periodical in London, who does not practically act upon this great principle, and who would not think it a culpable waste of time to bestow

any longer reading upon these books than we, by the showing of our opponents, are able to yield them.

We will add yet further, that a man who fancies that, when an ordinary book comes before him, he must have one month or three months to digest it in, before he can give a conscientious verdict respecting it, will never give a conscientious verdict at the end of that time. He who has not a standard in his mind, obtained from previous thinking and reading, which enables him to say of a drivelling book, 'This is drivelling,' after reading it once over in a cursory manner, may despair of ever making the discovery, if he pores over it for a twelvemonth or a millenium. And what is the great additional difficulty of being able, at the same time, to refer the book in question to its appropriate head of drivelling—of saying, 'This is sentimental drivelling—this is egotistical drivelling—this man knows that he is drivelling, and is proud of it—this man exists in blissful ignorance of the melancholy fact:—what, we say, is the great difficulty of all this? To a well-arranged mind, none whatever; and, if our minds are ill-arranged, we shall succeed as little in a quarterly as in a weekly review.

With a decided work of genius, the same is true on exactly the opposite ground. A weekly critic cannot get to the bottom of the work—cannot discover all its hidden meanings—cannot bring up to the surface all the rich ore which lies embedded there; but so neither can a monthly, nor a quarterly, nor an annual, nor a lustral, nor a centenarian reviewer. And he can say with a full and deeply grounded confidence: 'This is a work of genius. I feel, I know it to be one: it speaks to me; it has entered into my feelings in a way which no work not having that character, could have done; and, though I cannot tell you one millionth part of the good which it contains,—though it has much, infinitely much, which no line of mine will ever fathom,—yet I do from my heart recommend it to you, as a work in which you will each find treasures suitable to your estate and condition.'

There are, however, and we do not wish to dissemble it, some works, bearing, indeed, a very small proportion to the whole multitude which issue from the English press,—but still enough to constitute a class, on which a weekly critic, unless his mind is more thoroughly matured than we profess to consider our own, has no right to express a sudden judgment. To this class especially belong a great many poems published in this age, where the *mécanique* of poetry has been carried into such perfection, that a critic may, on the one hand, well tremble to pronounce an opinion in its favour, when it does not possess any of the certain footmarks of genius; though, at the same time, he ought even more carefully to beware of discouraging an author, merely because he does not at once discover those clear indications, which have often not appeared in the early writings of the greatest men. To praise a man as a poet, merely because he was a successful verse-writer, would betray a gross want of experience; to deny him that claim, because he had this merit, would show an equal want of candour and sense.

The Opening of The Sixth Seal has thrown us into a difficulty of this kind; and, as we know not how to untie the knot, we shall cut it. The poem has pleased us; but we dare not pronounce decisively on its merit. We will, therefore, quote a passage by which our readers may judge for themselves, at the same time assuring the writer, that he has so far entertained us, that we shall return with great pleasure to the consideration of the poem, when we can speak of it more to our own satisfaction.

'But though all love, and nature's fondest ties,
And doubt, and unbelief, and joy, and hope,
And all the soft affections of the heart,
In horror and despair had passed away,—
Yet faith failed not, nor shrunk the Christian then
From coming judgment;—he looked on the sky,

And at the terrible crashings, and the jar
Of shocking systems, and the lurid flames
Of fire-star distant gleaming, and the roar
Of rushing planets trembled and was pale,
For none could dreadless such a scene behold;—
But he, believing, for the coming God
Waited, and fearless of the Judgment throne,
And the Redeemer's glory pondered much,
Upon the heaven path, for his angel train,
Anxiously gazing. So the burning worlds
And perishing Creation were to him
Most awful things, but he beheld in them
Celestial beings beckoning to the realms
Of bliss eternal, and to him the flames
Were as the pathway to a ceaseless heaven.

'The multitudes that on the desolate vault
Were gazing, and the fear-struck faces raised,
Quivering and quailing, to the lurid sky,
Oh! how can fancy frame?—If, on the stars
That, in their fearful flight, sped over them,
Was aught of being, and, upon their eyes,
Fear had not flung his mantle as they fled,
Swifter than flies the heaven flash from the cloud,
How sad a sight it must have been to look,
Though but a moment, upon this near earth;—
For there were myriad eyes upturned, of youth,
Once brightly beaming, and of haggard age,—
Love-glancing orbs of azure hue upraised,
And the dark-flashing glare of warrior stern.
Many a fair hand, to the heavenly way
Extended then, waved forth imploringly:—
And sightless eye-balls sought the place of woe,
As they would trace the horrors gathering there.
Soft, silken ringlets, by the sportive hand
Of nature woven, and dark flowing curls,
And silvery locks, time-hallowed, in the sweep
Of rushing flames, waved tremulous, as wave
The restless grass blades in the North wind's breath.
Thousands on thousands thronging stood, where once
Some far-famed city raised its mighty domes,
And its illimitable walls, and towers,
And monstrous temples, and huge palaces,
Mocking the mountains, that, in humbled pride,
Raised their cloud-covered summits, nodding high!
All forms of beauty, and all forms abhorred,
Together thronged in undistinguished groups:—
And the rich heeded not the poor who grasped
His trembling arm, and on the tyrant hung
The fearless slaves, by mutual horror stayed,
That sigh with sigh, and prayer with prayer, upsent,
Together sought the place of the Most High.
The shrieking infant, and the shuddering youth,
And helpless age, and beautiful maid, and wife,
And son, and sire, and child, and mother, thronged
In one vast group, nor heeded of the forms,
Once loved like life, that walling stood by them;—
But each sent up a sigh, and a deep groan,
And a low-muttered prayer for himself,
But none implored for others. So they stood,
Staring upon the heaven vault, and so sad
Must they have seemed to those who fitted by,
Borne on the bosom of some bounding star.
And yet more fearful, for, upon the cheeks,
Pale and woe-sunken, and the straining eyes
That were upturned, the dim, red, rayless glow
Of the on-speeding world reflected fell,
And the eyes sent the horror back again.

'Oh! have ye never, in the mid-watch hour,
When leaden sleep lies heavy on the brow,
And the blood, fevered, through the throbbing pulse
Rushes convulsively, some dreary dream
Pictured in the night glooms, all dim and dull,
Yet seeming terrible,—when thought hath glanced,
While the frame slumbereth, to another sphere,
But not of bliss, and wandereth up and down
A dark and desolate void, where never light
Speedeth, and where the wanderings never end:
Then the sleep-woven spectre of the soul,
After long struggling, wingeth from the void:
To seek new horrors, and far off ye see
Strange, visionary forms, that not of earth:
Nor of heaven be, and they all noiseless sit
Before, behind, above, beneath ye there;
A host, innumerable as the ocean sands;
Their spectral hues, flame painted, and the glare
Of their fire-flashing eyes, most fearfully
Rack the hag-haunted breast, till from her sleep
Nature upstarteth with the agony,
And, shuddering, ye recall the unearthly forms,
And ponder on their hues, sickening the soul,
Till ye look on them as the things that were.

'And so, if on the wild stars that fled by
Was aught of being, seemed the distant groups

That gazed upon their swift flight, and the cheek,
Pale as the purest snow-sheet, and the eye
Caught the red hues of what it looked upon,
And, like the spectre shadows of the dream,
Dim and unearthly were.

'Such, when the trump,
Loud pealing, stayed the systems in the path
Which they had traced in harmony and love,
Was the sad scene;—all that was beautiful
Faded, and all things that were bright grew dark,
Love died in the commotion, and Hope died;
But Faith failed not, nor did the Christian fear,
Though trembled he to view the desolate scene.'

ANTIQUITIES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Nachrichten über die frühern Einwohner, &c.—Account of the earlier Inhabitants of North America; and of the Memorials of them now extant. Collected by F. W. Asall, and published, with an Introductory Notice, by F. I. Mone. 8vo. Heidelberg, 1828.

This interesting publication is the production of a minor, who served as a common soldier under the orders of San Martin, the South American leader, in 1818, and subsequently settled in the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania. On his return to Germany, the editor induced him to commit to paper an account of such North American antiquities as had attracted his attention and inquiries; and he was thus enabled to present the public with a series of notices respecting the earliest periods of American civilization, which possess far more of interest and value than many a ponderous quarto of the 'passing hour.'

Much has been said and written respecting the antiquities of the North American Continent, and especially those of the State of Ohio. The endeavour to reconcile them with a European origin has given rise to the most absurd blunders, conjectures, and exaggerations. Sensible of the detriment which has resulted from this mode of treating the subject, our present inquirer has striven to shake off the trammels which previous writers have imposed upon their inferences; and, though he has not omitted to peruse whatever has been hitherto published on the point at issue, he has sought to dismiss all bias or prejudice from his mind, in accounting for the origin of the singular memorials which have undergone his personal investigation.

He is of opinion that a rigid line of demarcation must be drawn between the remains of the Aborigines, and the scanty and unimportant vestiges which occur of the earlier Europeans and Indian tribes. The former of these, the origin of which is involved in mystery, are spread over extensive districts, and afford evident proofs that their authors must have been acquainted with many of the useful arts. The superficies they occupy, and the regularity of their structure, no less than the frequency of their occurrence, are well calculated to strike the beholder with astonishment; and it is the more incumbent, therefore, upon the present age, seeing that every successive year records their gradual spoliation by the rude hands of encroaching settlers, that their present state should be faithfully chronicled.

Among the *aboriginal* vestiges we find walls, ditches, wells, and other remains of buildings, many of them of considerable extent, which, when in a perfect state, were evidently constituent parts of human habitations, burial places, enclosures for pastimes, temples, camps, forts, places of arms, and even towns and villages. The northernmost of these antique memorials are situated on the southern shore of Lake Ontario; and the more extensive are found at Circleville and Chillicothe, to the south of the Scioto River; but the most remarkable of all of them is that which has been discovered on the Paintbach. Their size and numbers increase as they approximate to the Gulf of Mexico; and our author has given us ten lithographical outlines on a small folio scale, drawn from the most interesting of these ruins, which bear a great resemblance to those of ancient Syracuse, as depicted by modern tourists.

One of these memorials existing at Newark, in the Province of Licking, consists of several parts. The first is formed by a circular wall of earth, thirty feet high, inclosing an area of twenty-six acres. An open passage leads through this outwork to a second inclosure, the walls of which are ten feet high, and encircle a space of twenty acres. Long walls, running parallel with each other, range from thence until they meet an octagonal inclosure, containing forty acres, which is furnished with eight entrances, one of which leads to a fourth and circular inclosure. There are several other areas besides those now described. From this spot, two parallel walls extend a distance of thirty miles. No probable object, but some military one, can be ascribed to this extensive structure.

There is more of art discernible in the remains found near Marietta, and they are in a state of far better preservation, than any others which the traveller visited. On an elevated plain on the banks of the river Muskingum, and near the efflux of that stream into the Ohio, is seen a large quadrangle of forty acres, styled 'The City'; it is surrounded by walls ten feet in height, and from thirty to six-and-thirty feet in breadth at their base. This structure has twelve entrances, three on each side; and there are smaller works within its precincts. Near this immense quadrangle is a smaller one, in equally perfect preservation, besides other remains of buildings. There were discovered, outside of the principal edifice, a vast number of earthenware vessels, the exterior of which was striped, and the interior covered with a glaze. They appear to be household gear, which were intentionally thrown over the walls. No further discoveries have been made in this direction.

But none of these remains possess so much regularity in their construction as the two forts at Circleville, in the county of Pickaway, which lies six-and-twenty miles to the south-east of Columbus. These are situated upon high ground, on the eastern bank of the Scioto; one of them is a perfect circle, and the other a square. The former is encompassed by two high walls, separated by a ditch, and is now intersected by the road which runs between Columbus and Chillicothe. Its centre was formerly occupied by a hill, which has been razed, and the vacuum supplied by the new town of Circleville. The quadrangular fort, which is connected with the former by a passage, measures fifty-five square rods, and has entrances placed in the middle of each side, and at each corner. These entrances are defended by an equal number of mounds erected in front of them. The walls of these forts respectively face the four quarters of the heavens, and vary neither more nor less than is consistent with the known variations of the compass. From this circumstance it has been inferred that their builders were acquainted with the magnetic power of the needle; at all events, they must have been familiar with geometry, otherwise they could never have given those correct and faultless proportions to their work which no scientific eye can contemplate without mingled surprise and admiration. It is impossible to ascribe them to the ancestors of the present race of Indians; for they are utter strangers to any such attainments as this fact must imply. Besides this ground of inference, all the aboriginal skeletons which have been discovered differ widely from the conformation of the Indian of our days; they bespeak a race of men whose bones were short and thick, and their stature diminutive.

Though we could not attempt to describe it without the accompaniments of a graphical outline, we must not leave unnoticed the remarkable structure delineated in the eighth plate, and situated in the Miami, in the county of Warren. In reference to this ruin, we will only add, that no one can contemplate its form and arrangement without being impressed with a feeling nearly akin to conviction, that the builders, whoever they were, designed it as a model of the configuration of the whole American continent. It portrayed

it with all the freshness and distinctness of one of Arrowsmith's charts.

There can be no doubt, from the nature of the articles found on the spots where these antiquities exist, that they are not of European origin; for among those articles are plates of copper, ornaments, a quantity of talck for looking-glasses, and furniture of rich and elegant workmanship, much of which is of shapes that are strange to the eye of the most experienced connoisseur. One traveller particularly noticed a beautiful pipe-head, with a handsome female countenance, formed out of a substance resembling Chinese talck, and thrown up in excavating a ditch. Mummies are of frequent occurrence; and the description Mr. Assall gives of them corresponds with those given by former travellers.

In the observations he makes, in other parts of the work, on the supposed origin of a race, which is entirely extinct at the present hour, we have not met with any arguments of striking novelty; though he agrees with some preceding writers in assigning to them an Asiatic source, probably from China or Tartary. In alluding to what have been denominated 'written rocks,' on the score of which so much discussion has been raised in France and America, he is disposed to treat the subject very slightly. Those which fell under his own personal observation, so far from being hieroglyphics, appeared to him to be figures, cut into the rock by the point of some roving hunter's arrow, and furnished with fanciful addenda by European hands.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

The Living and the Dead. Second Series. 12mo. pp. 328. Colburn. London, 1828.

We should be rather sorry to encounter the author of 'The Living and the Dead' in society. Not that the habit which he appears to have contracted of setting down on paper the most insignificant sayings and doings of the most insignificant persons he meets with, in order to introduce them at some future time into a book, would particularly alarm us, (for, unless when he writes the names at full length, we do not imagine it would be very easy for even intimate friends to identify the subjects of his sketches,) nor yet that we have any dislike in the abstract to country curates, among whom are to be found some of the most amiable and wisest of men. But this writer has no pretension to the name of a country curate. He is simply that most terrific of all beings, a man who bears about with him the one recollection of having spent four years at a university. This is the one glory of his life; this idea is the bright presence which accompanies him everywhere. He has lived in a country village, that spot in which a wise and benevolent man who will mix with his fellow-creatures, may find so much food for sweet and bitter fancies; and his only enduring recollection is, that he was a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge: he has been administering the heavenly manna for six years; but his only thoughts are on the fleshpots of the University: he has been conversing with old and young, men and women, each of whom had an individual character more worthy of study than all the books in the Bodleian, and he talks only of preceptors and bull-dogs. A more damning proof of intellectual feebleness and moral perversity it is barely possible to produce. For a resident member of the University, (and it is not the resident members of the University who are in general most guilty of the enormity,) an occasional mixture of college subjects and college pedantry is pardonable and even becoming; for it is a greater affectation wholly to lay aside the costume which you are in the habit of wearing, than to retain it. But that a man who has left college several years, should find nothing in life so well worth thinking of as, not the progress his character made during the time he spent there—not the happy hours he has passed

there—but simply its vulgar, local peculiarities; would, we confess, surprise us—if any new proof of human imbecility could surprise us. We trust, the heads of the Church will take into their serious consideration, whether it will not be well to insist that every candidate for orders should bring certificates of having been at least one twelve month absent from the University, before he is permitted to enter upon his clerical duties. In that time he might acquire at least enough of that experience which is so abundantly necessary in a clergyman, to teach him that the University, though a type of the universe, is not the universe itself.

We could pardon this author more easily if he had exhibited this propensity only in his own person. But in a miserable attempt at a sketch of the greatest man whom the English Church has produced for many a long year, we are insulted by the following passage, which seems written with no other purpose than to degrade him in our estimation. Speaking of the 'Palestine,' he says,

"Yet the event which, to the happy few who could boast the poet's acquaintance, was matter of such just exultation—and from those who could claim the dearer tie of kindred, drew even tears of joy—appeared to make no kind of impression upon Heber himself. There was nothing of elation, far less of assumption, visible in his manner or conversation. The same mild, gentle demeanour—the same equable flow of spirits—the same kind and considerate disposition—the same cordial sincerity of manner, and the same subdued gravity of address, characterised the MEDALIST as they had formerly done the MAN. He was proof against the intoxication of success. Him fortune might exalt, but was unable to inebriate."—P. 317.

If there were an ecclesiastical attorney-general, the writer of this paragraph ought to be prosecuted for a wilful, deliberate intention to degrade the Church Establishment, by traducing the character of one of its noblest members.

The only occasion on which the author fairly forgets the university, is in telling a story of one Lord Llanberis. We extract it as the best thing in the book, though by no means remarkably good. We need not remark that Mr. Satterthwaite's character is the invention of an exceedingly ignorant and vulgar fancy:

"They tell me that I am better," said he, "but my own feelings assure me I shall be gone before midnight. I cannot bring myself to leave the world without disclosing what has long hung insupportably heavy on my conscience. Consent then to be the depositary of my secret; and, if after hearing the sad recital, you do not disdain such an office, my friend, my comforter!"

"You have heard, perhaps, my mother's history: the degradation to which, after her husband's death, his family would fain have reduced her; their efforts to blast her character, and leave her to beggary; how she met their machinations, and baffled them.

"My mother! oh, my mother! thou shouldst have survived thy son! The guilt and wretchedness which now overwhelm me would then, perhaps, have been averted! I should then have had no cause but to reverence and love thy memory; for how faulty soever thy conduct to others, to me thou wast ever the kindest, the tenderest, the most affectionate of parents!"

"It was not perhaps extraordinary, under the circumstances, that from my earliest youth the deepest and most undying hatred was instilled into my bosom towards all the Llanberis family. 'Thou art not my son, boy,' was my mother's oft-repeated exclamation, 'if thou hast not an implacable aversion to all who bear the name Des Vismes.' I well remember, (it was the only instance of anger towards me exhibited in her whole life,) when I ventured to urge in reply that they were all, without exception, in misfortune, had suffered, and were still suffering, deeply from their unprincipled line of conduct; she exclaimed—"Leave me, boy, or thy mother will curse the pangs which brought thee into the world!"

"By none was this unchristian feeling more carefully cherished than by him who, from my earliest years, was entrusted with the care of my education—the Rev. Silas Satterthwaite. He professed what are termed high principles. They appeared to me to be the maximum of religious profession with the minimum

of religious conduct. He styled himself an INDEPENDENT; others called him an ANTINOMIAN; but, be his creed what it might, his practice inspired me with the most unqualified abhorrence.

"It was often matter to me of the most painful surprise to observe the ascendancy he had acquired over my mother. She, whose impetuous spirit would from others brook no opposition, quailed under the glance of his eye. Nor can words do justice to my amazement when, on completing my education, she requested I would offer him a home at Ashbrook for the remainder of his days. I hesitated, and told her frankly there were parts of his conduct I could neither approve nor sanction.

"The late Lord Llanberis, Horace, died in his arms."

"True, mother, but I dislike the man—his maxims—his conduct altogether."

"I ask it of you, Horace, I ask it. Am I to receive a refusal to my first request?"

"I acquiesced. The proposition was reluctantly made; but, as I foresaw, instantly accepted.

"Years rolled on unmarked by any unusual event, till, after a long and severe struggle for existence, my mother was told that the resources of art were exhausted, and that a few hours would terminate her sufferings.

"I was with her when this announcement was made. She received it without the slightest change of feature. 'How many hours of intellect may I safely calculate on?'"

"Barely twenty."

"Leave me, then, for I have much to do."

"In about an hour and a half, she sent for me. I shall never forget the pang I felt at observing the rapid alteration which that short interval had produced. There was something unearthly in her appearance. Her eyes were fearfully bright. Her cheek was flushed with the deepest crimson. Beauty, it is true, still lingered; but it was the beauty of the grave.

"Horace, you see me on my death-bed; and in these awful circumstances I have one request to make to you. Promise me that you will be faithful to your mother's memory; that you will never ally yourself with, admit to your confidence, nor succour any of that detested race; that you will avoid, as you would the wiles of the arch enemy himself, any overtures which Des Vismes may make to you after the grave has closed upon me; and that but one feeling will actuate you through life towards the whole of his designing family—deep and implacable hatred."

"My heart recoiled from this horrible request, and my countenance expressed it.

"Horace," she continued in a voice hollow from approaching dissolution, "you hesitate! Refuse, and my dying curse shall track your footsteps;—refuse, and the blessings an expiring mother would invoke on her only child, shall be turned into maledictions which shall blast—"

"Mother, mother, I promise!"—was the assent her frenzy and her circumstances wrung from me.

"Swear it!" she added, with increasing vehemence.

"I do."

"And now, Horace, one word more—Mr Satterthwaite. I am unable, as you are aware, to make any provision for him. Promise me that you will do so—liberally—speedily. Pledge your word to me on this point; assure me, likewise, that his claim on Ashbrook as a home shall at all times be recognised, and I die content."

"My horror at the idea of having this man for a companion overcame every other consideration, and dictated a gentle but firm refusal. Again did my mother repeat her request, and again did I entreat her to abandon it.

"Don't exasperate me, Horace, don't exasperate me. From you I merit nothing but tenderness. You little know through what an ocean of guilt I have waded to place you where you are."

"I scarcely knew whether I heard aright. I fixed my eyes steadfastly on her flushed and agitated countenance, and endeavoured to persuade myself these were the ravings of delirium. My purpose, however, remained unchanged. I told my mother she herself should name the sum she wished to be settled on Mr. Satterthwaite, but entreated her to dispense with my consent to have him as my companion.

"Hear me, then, boy. YOU ARE NOT LORD LLANBERIS. Your obstinacy has wrung from me this horrid secret, which I intended should have gone

with me to the grave. I have loved you but too fondly. I have provided for your interests at the hazard of my soul. I repeat it, as a dying woman, you are not—raise me—raise me."

"She became convulsed; and, before I could ring for assistance, expired.

"I do not attempt to portray the misery this closing interview occasioned me. It is indescribable. It embittered every moment of my life. I was then an impostor. Those whom my mother had always pictured as the offending, were in reality the injured, party. Or was her declaration altogether the effect of delirium? I endeavoured to think so, but was wretched.

"Meanwhile, other sources of uneasiness were opened to me. Since the death of his patroness, Mr. Satterthwaite's conduct had been profligate in the extreme. He had always had a taste for low company, and a tendency towards intemperance. These my mother's presence and censures had repressed. Now he indulged both without restraint. I remonstrated. His refuge and support were his Antinomian principles.

"A little sin won't hurt me," he began. "I'm secure. I'm in a 'covenant state'; and the fluctuation of frames and feelings, of sins and frailties, however great, cannot counteract decrees which were settled from all eternity! 'It is impossible for those who were once enlightened and have tasted of the heavenly gift, if they shall fall away, to renew themselves unto repentance.' You have no insight into these matters at present. I much doubt whether you ever will. The doctrine of election is my comfort. 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.' Sins! I rather rejoice in them. The best men of old were distinguished for their sins. The sinner is a *deared character*! These are the right sentiments. Those who do not hold them belong to the children of Esau, against whom the Almighty hath said, 'I will have indignation for ever!'"

"I turned away from the blasphemer with disgust.

"Meanwhile, complaints of him poured in from all quarters. To the servants he was at one time a tyrant, at another a spy. There was no end to the disagreeable interviews which his immoral and unregulated conduct entailed upon me. I was ruminating one evening upon the melancholy depravation of his principles, and the proper methods to be pursued for getting rid of him, when he was brought home from the village in a state of the most disgusting intoxication.

"I could not forbear expressing my distress at seeing a man of his religious professions so situated; and my surprise that he, who avowed he maintained principles far stricter and more scriptural than those held by the Establishment, should thus shame them by his private life.

"We cannot fall from grace!"—it was extraordinary that he always spoke on religious topics with the greatest fluency, and quoted scripture with the most singular perversion when thus unhappily situated:—"cataracts of sin cannot wash away my certainty of heaven. I will mention a text which shall tingle in your ears—'In thy book are all my members written.' This clearly proves the choice which God has made of his church from all eternity. You still cling to the rubbish of ordinances. Listen to the truths of Calvinism."

"I will not discuss with you now, or at any future time, Calvinism. I have long been persuaded that its tenets are hostile to morality; and I have a melancholy proof before me, how completely the highest professions can be reconciled with a most depraved course of life. But to-morrow, when you are able to talk rationally, I shall lay before you reasons which will require an entire reformation in your conduct, or an immediate change of residence."

"When they persecute you in one city," I heard him mutter as I left the room, "flee to another."

"Before, however, I had an opportunity of seeing him the next morning—for he generally rose late, and after one of these excesses always after twelve—Bradley, my land-steward, desired an audience; at which he told me that Mr. Satterthwaite, under pretence of converting his wife (to 'better principles,' had been endeavouring to corrupt his daughter; that her lover had heard of it, and vowed vengeance against him; that he felt it his duty to apprise me of all the circumstances, and to beg I would recommend Mr. Satterthwaite—for the present at all events—to quit Ashbrook. My resolution was taken. He was walking, I understood, in the park. I sought him; repeated the facts alleged against him, and inquired if they were true.

"Even so. Satan had the advantage of me. But what of that? David, you know—"

"I interrupted him at once. "Under these circumstances, the Hall can no longer be an asylum for you. I beg you will quit it without delay."

"Never. I have as great a right as you have to reside here; and I leave it not. Lord Llanberris, beware: you are at my mercy. I have nothing to fear from your resentment: you have every thing to dread from mine. Think you my paltry annuity of five hundred a year will impose on me perpetual silence? By no means. The moment I choose to open my mouth, I can prove your mother to have been an adulteress—yourself to be a—"

"I could contain myself no longer. Passion obtained the mastery. I struck him fiercely. He fell. These were his dying words—"Monster, you have murdered your FATHER!"

"I rushed from the spot in an agony of feeling which defies description. Hours I wandered I know not whither. All was true, then? My very worst fears were confirmed. My mother was an adulteress—myself an impostor: nay more, a parricide. O what would I have given to recall that one short hour! Labour—poverty—privation—all would have been warmly welcomed, could I have freed myself from that load of guilt and wretchedness which seemed to weigh down my soul. I prayed earnestly, fervently, that the boon of life might be at once withdrawn; or that I might have help and strength given me to face the future.

"It was nearly sunset when I heard my name called. My faithful Bradley accosted me. He came up calmly and slowly—his very manner seemed to inspire me with self-possession—and said, "My Lord, I beg to prepare you for a very painful occurrence: Mr. Satterthwaite has been found dead in the park of apoplexy." My conscience suggested to me he laid peculiar emphasis on the last two words; and I have often thought he rightly guessed how the deceased had met his end. But his manner then and always was that of an attached and affectionate servant towards a master whom he had nursed in infancy; and I owe him much. He continued, "I have undertaken, my Lord, the whole management of the matter. The coroner has been sent for, and an inquest will be held to-morrow. Your Lordship looks much shocked and distressed. I supposed you would. Perhaps, you will prefer returning to the house by the private path, and retiring to your own room."

"I followed his directions mechanically. His word had roused me to a sense of my danger. Yet I thought, but the reflection brought me no comfort, Satterthwaite and myself were alone. No one had witnessed the encounter, or seen the blow. But the agony, the wretchedness, the duration of that night, I thought it would never end!

"Morning came—bright sunny morning—the birds carolled sweetly; every breeze seemed fraught with perfume. I looked to heaven, it was calm and unclouded; on the sea it lay still as the repose of infancy before me; all seemed at peace without; 'twas only the tempest of remorse that raged impetuously within. I fell into an uneasy and feverish slumber; was awakened by the preparations for the inquest.

"Bradley was as good as his word. The coroner came, and the jury sat. Their deliberations were short: for dinner awaited their decision. The habits of the deceased were detailed; his state on the preceding evening was minutely described: a surgeon was present, who gave it as his opinion that the deceased's death was caused by apoplexy; and the jury returned a verdict, *Died by the visitation of God.*

"Bradley communicated the result to me in the fewest words: "I will not intrude farther on your lordship's privacy. You do not yet seem to have recovered the shock, and will do well to retire early to rest."

"Rest! I never knew it from that moment. Rest! it seemed to have fled my couch for ever. Rest! none ever came either to body or mind. The consciousness of secret guilt crushed me to the dust; and in the perpetual goadings of remorse, from which no effort could free me, I seemed to feel the first gnawings of that worm that never dies.

"I have envied the meanest hind on my estate. As I watched the villager in my walks, returning worn and weary after his hard day's toil to his rugged pallet and scanty fare, and witnessed the welcome which affection gave him, and saw the glow of honest satisfaction lighting up his sun-burnt face, I would have given worlds to exchange my lot for his. And at times,

when the recollections of my childhood rose before me—when I thought of those bygone days when mirth bubbled up free and joyous from the heart, and melody flowed unbidden from the voice—when the one was was never fevered, and the other never sad—the contrast would almost deprive me of intellect. With a cry I would rush into the woods, endeavour to escape from myself.

"Nor was this my only punishment. My—my father, the word will choke me, I cannot utter it, incessantly followed me. At home or abroad, go where I would, my victim stood beside me! That leaden eye, that lowering visage, that discoloured temple, I could never divest myself of his presence. My every action was marked by a witness from the grave. HE, into whose presence another hour will bring me, knows with what bitter contrition I have bewailed the past! HE knows what days of inexpressible agony and heartfelt humiliation that single act of my life has cost me! Again and again have I meditated to avow the infamy of my birth to Des Vismes, and then to resign myself to punishment. But my mother's fame, the disgrace, the dishonour that such a proceeding would entail upon our name, deterred me. The suffering it would occasion influenced me not. I have again and again endured in one hour torture, to which the mere agony of dying would be transport! Oh! "there is no killing like that which kills the heart!"

"One resolution I made and kept—I would never marry. My inheritance would then revert to its proper owner; and my feelings plainly and cheerfully told me I should not long usurp it. This was the only act of justice I could with security perform: It is true, I endeavoured to render my wretched existence beneficial to others, and to diffuse promptly and liberally among the needy and oppressed that wealth which was a curse to myself. But after all—

"The spirit of a man can sustain his infirmities, but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

"I do not ask you to comfort me, to console, or reassure me. Talk to me not of that place where the very air is music, and the universal accent praise; or of HIM whose name and whose nature is holy.

"For me, alas! what hope remains, whether I look backward on the past, or forward to the future? The past, a time of falsehood. The future, endless punishment. YET PRAY FOR ME. Pray—for my life is ebbing rapidly away. Pray—while this ear, already dulled by approaching death, can listen to your supplications. Pray—if at the eleventh hour there may be hopes of mercy. Pray—and his tone of entreaty changed into a shriek of woe which chilled my very heart's blood,—"Pray—for HE IS HERE."

"I turned: but no, no, it was the excitement of the moment—it was the horrid story I had been hearing—it was the stillness of the hour, and the peculiarity of my situation—it was the sight of the dying man's despair, and the responsibility which I felt attached to the interview—it was not, it could not, be real; but I saw, or seemed to see, a figure standing close to the bed, and gazing intently upon its writhing occupant. Over its features brooded that deep, mysterious, awful calm, which marks the aspect of the dead; a small, but discoloured spot appeared on the left temple, while from the lip there seemed to trickle a few drops of blood.

"I passed my hands hurriedly over my eyes, as if to exclude this horrid vision. A faint cry escaped the parricide's lips. I glanced for one instant at his countenance—the seal of death was upon it."—Pp. 41—58.

NEALE'S VIEWS.

Views of the Seats of Noblemen and Gentlemen, in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. By J. P. Neale. Second Series, Vol. IV. 8vo.

THIS work does not need much recommendation from us, as it has been in progress for several years, and long ago obtained very extensive patronage. We may, nevertheless, be permitted briefly to point out some of its merits to such of our readers as are not already acquainted with it. Of late years, topography has been both abundantly and ably illustrated by the pencil, thereby acquiring additional interest; for without the aid of the graphic art we can no more form a tolerable idea of the aspect of either places or buildings, than we can of the situation and extent of countries without the assistance of maps. Although, therefore, this is but a subordinate

branch of art, we are so far from regretting that we rejoice to perceive it thus encouraged among us. We are not insensible to the charms of fictitious composition, whether the painter's imagination fills his canvas with ideal but well-conceived scenes drawn from history or mythology; or whether, selecting from the various beauties of inanimate nature, he re-combines them more happily, and presents us with landscapes of Arcadian loveliness, Alpine grandeur, or sequestered rusticity. In order to please, however, such productions must possess superior merit; for mediocrity is here quite as intolerable as in poetry. Portraiture, on the contrary, has, like history, a positive value; it is a record of something that either has existed, or does actually exist; nor is local portraiture the least interesting and instructive of this branch of pictorial description. It is not all who possess the opportunities of travelling, and of visiting spots celebrated for their beauty, or interesting on account of the historical associations connected with them.

The mansions of the nobility and opulent families of this and our sister island have long been acknowledged to constitute no small portion of their beauties. Although bearing less ostentatious titles, many of them are far superior to continental palaces, combining, with every charm of exterior prospect, the highest degree of splendour, luxury, and refinement within; while many of those which can lay no claim to such attractions, are, nevertheless, highly interesting, either as specimens of our ancient domestic architecture, or as having been the residences of personages whose names are more or less distinguished in our annals.

With regard to the present work, we consider it decidedly more valuable than any preceding collection of this kind; not only as comprising a far greater number of subjects, but as furnishing a great many very interesting particulars relative to the families to whom the respective residences belong. The insertion of the catalogues of the various collections of paintings, likewise renders the work both an appropriate guide to the tourist, and a useful manual for reference to the amateur; particularly to those who want to ascertain where the portrait of any particular individual is to be found. To all collectors of works on English topography, we consider this publication indispensable, since, independently of the views themselves, the letter-press contains much information not to be met with elsewhere. Being executed by different engravers, the plates do not possess uniform merit; yet all are very creditably done, and there are many of superior delicacy of finish and great brilliancy. Among the subjects in the present volume are two views of Kinfauns Castle; the first exhibiting the building and the truly magnificent scenery by which it is surrounded, the other a view of the gallery;—Penshott Place, the celebrated residence of the Sidneys; Battle Abbey, Charlton House, Holland House, and Arundel Castle, and the elegant modern structure, Hurlwood, which was erected in 1825, by Mr. Decimus Burton.

The King has been graciously pleased to nominate and appoint Samuel Prout, Esq., to be painter in water colours in ordinary to his Majesty.

He who is imbued with superstition can neither have a pleasing remembrance of the past, enjoy the present in peace, nor look forward with pleasure to the future.—*Cicero de Finibus.*

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

No. III.—MY FIRST GROUSE.

(Concluded from page 28.)

FAIR reader, or rather readers,—for so engaging an old fellow as I have described myself must doubtless have many,—what a pity it is for thee that my day of poetry and romance has long since set in the night of sober reality.

Forty years ago, my brain was as full of

Cobwebs fit for scull
That's empty when the moon is full,
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished,

as I make no doubt thine is now—but alas! 'ces beaux jours sont passés!' My heart is now dead to passion, and mine eye to the picturesque. I prefer firesides to fountains—muffins to moonbeams—and would rather (proh pudor!) see one supper than ten sunsets; nay, still worse, 'change (in thine opinion) has come o'er the spirit of my dream'; for I have learned to like cards and loathe quadrilles.

Such is my state! and being, besides, as I have already (with the usual conceit and impertinence of contrite philosophers) hinted to thee, sour and crabbed, I feel the virtuous indignation of an old coquette against those follies in others which I have myself outlived.

Nought now pleases me but truth, plain and unvarnished—'naked and austere.'

To me no principle like practice
No poetry like matter of fact is.

This is to inform thee of what—if thou hast sufficient experience to know that whosoever talks about truth, is plotting deceit—thou hast already guessed—that I mean to disappoint, not to say cheat, thee of a certain glowing description, which I half premised in my last, and which I dare say thou hast been impatiently looking forward to ever since.

All that I choose to say is, that, on arriving at the top of the mountain, we found that the landscape on the other side was clear and sunshiny, whilst that we were leaving was cloudy and rainy; though, had I been able to embody my recollections of that scene in fitting language, thou shouldst have been treated to a description, at the sight of which all the poets in the universe would have burnt their pens and cut their throats: 'Thou shouldst have heard,' as Grunio says, (vide 'Taming the Shrew,') 'how that' the contrast of light and shade, which I have just mentioned, was 'as the brightness of a gas-light, on the one side, to the blackness of a wolf's mouth on the other,'—'how that,' the vale of Clyde, which lay beneath us, was 'stretched in the sunshine, sleeping in its loveliness, whilst the river itself (then dwindled to an insignificant streamlet, which, as it was perfectly unfit for either fly or minnow, deserved nought save silent contempt,) meandered through the verdant mead like a spangled silver thread through a green velvet garment.'

Thou shouldst have heard, I say, 'how that' the celebrated mountain —, which formed the foreground of the landscape, 'rose before us in all his sublimity of sweeping outline, standing apart in sullen majesty, and disdaining communion with the lesser hills,' by which the distance (which was, in fact, no way remarkable) should have been forthwith filled up, under the title of 'interminable ranges of mountains whose purple heads (not noses), high up-reared, vied with each other in offering a couch to the thunder-cloud.'

Then for the moral.—Thou shouldst have heard 'how that' the hereinbefore-twice-already-mentioned contrast of the vivid light before, with the murky darkness behind us, 'formed a sad yet apt illustration of the prospect and retrospect of human hopes and happiness; or, if I did not chance to be morally inclined, (as, indeed, seldom that I am,) I might rather have likened it to the flight of a demon from the face of a spirit of light, in furtherance of which a running bass

accompaniment of distant thunder which I should have composed expressly for the occasion, (appropriate sounds, such as distant bells, cattle lowing, shepherds' pipes, and the like, being, as I am told, indispensably requisite in the manufacture of improved landscapes,) might have been called either the swearing of the sulky fiend, or the snoring of the sleepy valley aforesaid, whichever might seem the more improbable.

All this thou shouldst have heard with many more things of worthy memory which (for the before-mentioned reasons, shall now die in oblivion, and thou return inexperienced to thy grave.'

I am sorry for thy disappointment, reader; which, nevertheless, I assure thee, is no way owing to my laziness, or indisposition to please thee on my part; for I protest unto thee, that, had I the pen of a Coleridge, or the pencil of a Martin, thou shouldst have the whole portrayed in a way none the less sublime, because perfectly unintelligible in the one case, and perfectly unnatural in both.

In the latter case, I should make short work, by spilling a bottle of red ink over the one half of my page, and a bottle of black ink over the other; having previously secured some one to write a poem (simultaneous, though not suggested*) explanatory of the painting, and illustrative of the wonderful effects to be produced by such purely natural causes.

In the former,† I cannot promise thee so easy an infliction. It is, indeed, possible that, as no expletives would be made use of to fill up [sense or show meaning, the whole description might be comprised in

'Fourteen short lines not over good,'

in the shape of a sonnet; but, unfortunately, the gentleman in question is not much in the habit of writing sonnets; so it is more likely that thou wouldst be visited with a long, straggling, unfinished batch of verses, of which the plot and the poetry, the beginning, middle, and end, would be all equally and utterly incomprehensible, and in which thou shouldst hear—mind, I do not say *understand*, for, as thine information would be conveyed in

'Mystical meanings that puzzle still,
Read as often as you will,'

I should be sorry to pledge myself so far,—but thou shouldst hear the heads of my tale, (then, alas! neither head nor tail,) so mixed, mauled, and chopped up, into a heterogeneous mass, with odds and ends of meaning sticking out here and there, like stepping-stones in a bog, or leaks in a Welchman's pottage, (leaving thee to guess at the component parts of the remainder,) that I warrant thee thy regret would be less that the poem was never finished, than that it was ever begun; and that thou wouldst learn by comparison to regret the loss of the simple and unaffected, though, perhaps, somewhat dry style, of thine old friend Christopher. But enough of episode; which, as it has become rather tiresome to me, may also, I begin to suspect, be both tiresome and impertinent from me.

I asked the gamekeeper, who was gazing earnestly at the huge mountain ‡ I have hypothetically mentioned above, whether he was admiring the prospect.

'Na, na,' said he, 'I'm no minding ony sic

* Vide Catalogue to 'Destruction of Nineveh.'

† It is a weakness in our venerable friend that he holds all poetry in contempt, except Pope's 'Homer' and Somerville's 'Chace.'—Ed.

‡ I use the word 'mountain' as being more consonant with southern ears and associations. In Scotland, as an unlimited number of little children is called a 'small family,' so every eminence, from five feet to five thousand, is called a 'hill,' or rather, as it is pronounced, 'hell' (perhaps, in allusion to the torment of climbing it.) I have forborne, however, to spell it in this way, as, however correct it might be, it could not fail to have an ugly look.

havers; I'm looking to see whether the tap o' yon hill is gaun to clear itself o' the mist, for the auld wives hereabouts have a saying, that amais aye comes true, that

"When the cairn * on auld — doth put on his cowl,
Ye may ken that the weather that day will be foul;"
and, praise be blest! yonder is the cairn; sae I think we may get to work without fear. Here, Port,' added he, calling to the dog so designated; 'hie awa', my bonny man.'

'What the devil is that bird, whistling away like a boatswain's pipe?' asked my uncle.

'Eh!' answered Will, 'it's ane o' they d——d whaups.† Now, Sir, ye maun try and shute it if possible, or it'll fash the dugs, may be, for the next hour or twa; sae get your gun ready while I whistle them in, and may be it'll come near aneuch to let ye get a shot at it.'

My uncle followed his advice, and fired at the bird, which had the good effect of driving it away, though too far to kill.

'Now,' said he, while reloading his piece, 'let's hold a council of war. Where should this wild covey of ours be, Will? Is it worth while following them?'

'Deed, Sir,' answered Will, 'I aye think it best to follow up the game ye ken o', till ye fa' in wi' mair: they canna be far off; they just gied a swirl round the tap o' the knaw, and I'm thinking we sall find them in yon bit o' benty heather.'

'Well then,' said my uncle, 'we'll let the dogs "run before the wind" till they're past the place, and then whistle them up, and so get the birds between them and us.'

This counsel being approved by all parties, was forthwith carried into effect. The dogs had hardly turned their noses towards us, before they began first to snuff in the air, then to draw on, and finally stopped dead. My uncle called to me to make haste up, as the birds might probably get up wild. I followed, panting and palpitating, not with fatigue but with fright. At last we got within a few yards of the dogs' heads, and were certain that the birds must be between us and them. 'Look out!' cried my uncle; and he had no sooner uttered the words than—whirr! up got her old ladyship and family with a noise that so startled me, as to put all offensive measures quite out of the question. The only way I can at all describe my feelings is by comparing them to those of a hapless and unsuspecting little innocent suddenly and treacherously 'unhoused, disappointed, unaneld,' (i. e. with eyes, mouth, and nose open,) submersed, (*backwards*), for the first time, by the barbarous hands of a blue-coated bathing woman.

On recovering somewhat, I found that my uncle had killed a brace, and I was obliged to undergo his derision for what he termed my 'lubberly' conduct: 'he supposed,' he said, 'that I had been accustomed to put salt on the birds' tails in England; but that in Scotland it was necessary to fire at them in order to stop them.'

The gamekeeper was more compassionate: he told my uncle that he was very wrong in putting me out of conceit with myself, and then, turning to me, he added, 'Never you mind, air, what your uncle says: a' young shots that try at birds on the wing, (and it's no mony o' them that do,) begin either by letting them flee awa' a' thegither without firing as you ha'e dune, or else by bleezing at them amais before they're aff the grund; and they that begin like you, aye turn out the best shots at last—tak my word for't.'

* On the top of almost every Scotch mountain of any note, there is a heap of stones, called a 'cairn,' some of them of an enormous size: their origin and use is unknown; some supposing them to mark the graves of ancient warriors, whilst others believe them to be the nett proceeds of a few centuries of monkish penance.

† Curlews,—which sometimes follow dogs for a length of time, to the great detriment of their travel and their master's temper.

'What the devil are you "spinning a yarn" about there, Will?' interrupted my uncle, 'instead of minding your business: there's Starboard's been busy challenging these ten minutes.' 'It'll just be the auld scunt,' answered Will, 'there'll be naething there.'

'Nothing!' exclaimed my uncle, 'you never saw the dog behave that way for nothing; why his tail's a regular dogvane: you may tell the strength of the scent by the degree of its stiffness, and look at it now.' 'Faith!' replied Will, 'I shouldna muckle wonder if it's the auld cock that got up first, as we were coming up the hill yonder. Noo, sir,' addressing me, 'haud your gun ready, and let's see ye wun back your character. I see warrant he'll ha'e rin down the side of the brae, into yon bit moss hay.' I cocked my gun accordingly, and kept up with the dog, who was now 'roading' steadily down the side of the hill, as well as my footing and feelings would allow, and, as Will had predicted, had no sooner shown my face over the top of the little gully, or 'ha'e' as he called it; than up banged the old cock right under my nose, and away he flew cackling across the glen to the opposite hill, and 'wabbling,' as my uncle afterwards expressed it, 'like a jolly-boat in a stiff breeze.'

Away he flew; but he flew not far. I raised my gun, scarce knowing what I was about, and fired, when I found, to my astonishment and delight, that I had actually—killed. The force with which the bird was going had sufficed to carry him clear off the side of the hill, which was nearly precipitous, and down he fell, twisting and twirling, a height of about twelve hundred feet, till at last he lighted plump in the bed of a little burn or streamlet in the glen below.

I threw down my gun, and, regardless of the remonstrances of the gamekeeper who called after me that we should pass by the place when we crossed to the opposite hill, I commenced the descent at a rate not much slower than that of the bird. However, between running, rolling and scrambling, (in the course of which I raised three coveys,) I at last reached the bottom in safety, and commenced a search after the object of my pursuit, which I soon found lying on his back in the water, from whence I as soon snatched him, and, all dripping as he was, gazed on him with an ecstasy of which that of a mother at the sight of her first-born would be but a feeble type; and immediately, like that mother, I decided that he was by far the largest, fattest, handsomest, and in every way finest grouse that ever was seen.

I once heard a gentleman state that, on seeing a bird fall which he had fired at, so far from participating in the feelings of exultation which I have just described, he felt nothing but grief and remorse for what he had done. This might be true, though, as he was a German philosopher, and was talking to a lady, it is by no means likely; and, if it was so, I can only pity the man for such mawkish sensibility. As for myself, I have no hesitation in saying that I can look back to few such moments of exquisite enjoyment in a long life as that which I experienced on killing my first grouse.

PROFESSOR MUHLENFELS' LECTURES.

Of all the introductory lectures which were read at the opening of the first session of the London University, there was none which appeared to us to hold out a better promise for the future than that of Professor Mühlentfels. It was characterised by extensive and original views, learning, and, the most important of all in a lecture, an earnest and vivacious style. Professor Mühlentfels has hitherto been employed in lecturing on the language of his country to two classes,—the junior class, consisting of those commencing the study, and the senior, of those who have made some proficiency in it; and last week he commenced a third course of lectures on German Literature. If we may form any judgment of the interest which this course is likely to possess, from the merit

of the two preliminary lectures, (and it is the lecturer who would have most right to complain of the unfairness of such a criterion,) we should make no scruple of assuring our readers that there are few places which they could frequent with greater certainty of instruction and entertainment than the German class-room of the London University. We do not say this, because there is any striking coincidence between the views of Professor Mühlentfels and ourselves—on the contrary, from many of the opinions broached in his opening lecture, we dissent widely—but because we discover in him great acuteness of mind, a high appreciation of the importance of the subject he has undertaken to discuss, accompanied with an anxiety to illustrate it from every collateral source, which destroys the danger of his making the one study too exclusively a favourite with his audience, and a disposition the reverse of what we fear is the prevalent one in our day—to regard the width of the foundation as of more importance than the height of the edifice. As we think the labours of Professor Mühlentfels—besides that they may be the means of counteracting some of the worst tendencies of the institution to which he belongs—are, in themselves, exceedingly valuable, we shall make no apology for presenting our readers with a sketch of his first lecture.

After a very modest preface respecting his own qualifications, Professor Mühlentfels proceeded to define the objects which he proposed to himself in the present course. Literature, he observed, in its most general acceptation, comprehends all the productions of the human intellect, imagination, fancy, and reason: in a more restricted sense, it embraces all these productions except the sciences. He did not propose, in his present course, to take a complete view of German literature even in this narrower sense. He proposed simply to trace the growth of German poetry.

Literature is the repository of the ideas of people. A history of the growth of a literature is, therefore, in some sort, the history of the people to which it belongs. In tracing its infancy, youth, manhood, maturity, and decay, you are tracing the most perfect outline that can be drawn of the same stages in the national mind.

But the history of any one people, especially where the word is used in this high sense, as conversant, not merely with outward events, but with the development of mind and character, is part of a much larger history; and we cannot understand the fragment aright without understanding its relation to the whole. We must see what is the position of any nation in the general history of mankind, before we can satisfactorily determine the position of the different parts of its own history with respect to one another. We must find its age in the world's register, before we look into its own register for the age of the different individuals whose names are inscribed there. To find the principle of any literature, we must see which part the people whose mind it expounds, fulfil in the great social harmony; and we must then safely trace the development of this principle through the different periods of that people's existence. For this reason, Professor Mühlentfels has thought it necessary to introduce his course with five preliminary lectures, in which he will give a rapid view of the different periods of history as they rise out of each other, and of the literature of the different nations which expressed the character of their periods respectively.

Professor Mühlentfels thinks with Müller, that the use of the phrases, childhood, boyhood, manhood, old age, in application to society, is not merely metaphorical, but, indicates real analogy between the life of individual man and the life of the organic whole we call mankind. A forest, he remarked, or a mass of trees, is subjected to the same influences as the single tree, and in like manner, it is no wild hypothesis, but rather, would be a departure from the general law, if it were not true—that each man may be taken as a summary and representative of the race—that there is

a strict correspondence between the different periods of their history—and that, as the end of the individual and of the society is the same—viz. perfection, so the processes by which divine Providence acts upon them to bring about the accomplishment of that end are strictly and literally analogous. Even the resistance of various nations to this benevolent agency—their neglect of the mild and correctional discipline by which God has vouchsafed to tutor them, and their consequent failure of the great purpose of their existence, is paralleled, he observes, and the argument which has been drawn from it against the tendency of mankind to perfection got rid of, by instances of similar perversity in individuals living in the midst of the obviously progressive communities.*

Acting upon this analogy, Professor Mühlentfels proceeded to distinguish the eastern nations as exhibiting the marks of the world's childhood. These marks he discovers especially among the Hindoos, who, he finely remarks, have existed for centuries in a sort of petrified infancy. 'As a child loves most to play with flowers,' he remarked, 'the poetry of the Hindoos is entirely the poetry of outward nature; the life of nature being the centre to which all their thoughts are turned.' In the images of this poetry, remarkable, as Mr. Southey has observed, for confounding bigness with sublimity, he traces the rudiments of an infantine fancy which strains after what is gigantic, but has no perception of harmony and proportion. The mild gentle character of these people is, also, he thinks a part of the analogy. Still in infancy, but at a more advanced stage of it, he ranks the Egyptian. The change which has taken place is in the greater definiteness of his contemplations, which in some degree approaches to reflection, and in the practical tendencies of his social life. The first difference is indicated by the need he feels of allegories as a medium of studying the Deity, whom the Hindoo had been content merely to fancy, without striving after any conception of his nature. The second difference is seen in the more formal as well as more useful style of their buildings, in the adaptation of castes to practical purposes, and in the application of stars to astrology. In their emblematic representations, he discovers a likeness to that delight which the rude fancy of a growing child takes in animal forms.

The boyhood of the human race is to be discovered, according to Professor Mühlentfels, in the history of the Children of Israel. The first development of conscience, or the law of right and wrong,—the struggles of this law with the growing sensuality of the boy,—his consequent waywardness and obstinacy:—all this is shadowed forth in the history of this ancient people; and to this state of being was the provision adapted of a written law revealed by the voice of God, and audible through the thunders of Sinai. The Hebrew poetry, grand, lyrical and passionate, expresses, Professor Mühlentfels thinks, another part of the analogy.

* We have omitted a very beautiful passage at this part of Professor Mühlentfels' lecture, which, even in our humble capacities of reporters, we are afraid to put upon paper. He spoke of those mythological fables which constitute an antehistorical fund in the life of nations as being analogous to the glimpses of an earlier world which hover over the awakening spirit in childhood. Professor Mühlentfels will not understand our tenor, for he does not yet understand England. He does not know that it is here thought a piece of horrible arrogance to acknowledge the existence of a feeling which every beef-eater is not conscious of possessing in an equal degree—he does not know that, if a man affirms that, by long course of reflection in his own mind, he has discovered something which those who boast of not having reflected for a single moment affirm they never found in their minds, he is forthwith branded as a fool and a knave, or what comprises both classes, a mystic—he does not know that, merely because it tended to a belief in the doctrine which he has so boldly preferred, the finest ode in our language was denounced by the Editor of the London University Journal, as a mass of senseless drivelling.

The age of dawning youth our professor discovers in Greece. Sensuality, but sensuality inspired and animated by a deep perception and love of the beautiful, and therefore not inconsistent with delicacy and modesty, a disposition to invest all those perceptions in forms, an intellect of extraordinary liveliness, but a spendthrift of its powers,—pure patriotism, patriotism for its own sake, not dictated by a love of power or a sense of duty, but the real unfeigned love of country,—a mind unfavourable to religion and its inward exercises, because tending to shrines and idols:—these were the characteristics of the Grecian mind, by these was its literature informed (though in poetry many of the coarse qualities of the mind which it represents, are exalted and purified,) and these are also the characteristics of that period in a richly cultivated mind which takes place between the rude shapeless ardency and perverseness of the boy and the systematic hardness of the man.

In Rome we observe the fifth period, the commencement of definite MANHOOD:—the imagination and fancy becoming less vivid and brilliant; the intellect growing into proud and exulting consciousness of its own powers; vanity, under the form of a love of rule, becoming the prevailing passion of the soul; love of one's country, as one's country, changed into a vain delight in the one country, (so that the word *Quirites* availed in Cæsar's mouth to repress a military insurrection, when *Cives* would have been insufficient,)—a clear perception of the ends of government, the principles of social organisation, the meaning of law,—these great characteristics which are shown forth in the events recorded in the Roman annals, in the cold formality of their poetry, in the wonderful excellence of their histories, in the strength and durability of their monuments: all betoken, likewise, that time of life in which the just-formed man estimates mere manliness of character at a price which lowers, in the comparison, all the other virtues.

Is it then the overthrow of this great empire, which typifies that new crisis in our lives, when our education ceases—when the power of habit ceases, and when habits become principles; in short, when we may be said to have finished girding on the armour with which we are to fight during the rest of our lives? Professor Muhlenfels thinks not. He dates it rather from the introduction of CHRISTIANITY. For he remarks that in individual life, and in its parallel the life of the species, the passage of one period into another does not take place suddenly or at once. It is gradual and imperceptible. There is a process of declension, the length of which is marked by the length of the process of perfectionment. Alexander and Napoleon rose to greatness at once, and fell at once. The Roman Empire was seven hundred years in attaining to its highest greatness: it was meet that its fall should be gradual likewise. And thus, therefore, it seems more natural, more rational, according to the order of analogy, to take the turning-point—the moment of passage from one age to another—at the moment when the principal characteristics of that age begin to grow dim and fade away; that is, in the present instance, to fix that grand crisis in the world's history which corresponds to the most remarkable crisis in the history of each of us,—at that point at which our moral feelings, our sense of the all-importance of the events to nations and individuals, would incline us to fix it—the introduction of Christianity. This was the end of the first lecture.

British Tyrants.—It was a current proverb in ancient times that Britain was the very hot-bed of tyranny:—“*Britannia fertilis provincia tyrannorum.*” (*Jerome.*) We have a notion, that a similar proverb either is or ought to be currently whispered about in Hindoostan; so low and cautiously, however, that not even one of the Company's crickets should hear it, so long at least as their power continues, ‘prankt in a little brief authority.’

GOVERNESSES

(From an Unpublished Novel.)

As the ingenuity of mankind has invented an immense variety of schemes for effecting the great end of education, the destruction of the character, and the perversion of the intellect, there are numerous diversities in the dispositions and qualifications of the persons who are consecrated to this honourable ministry. Of Governesses we may reckon up three classes, all distinguished by separate merits, but by no means resembling each other in their nature, or equaling each other in the extent of their endowments. The first class consists of those governesses who are described in the letters of recommendation they bring with them into the families to which they are destined as a visitation, as ladies possessing ‘great decision of character,’ ‘extraordinary authority over the minds of the children committed to their charge,’ and ‘a wonderful power of moulding their disposition and habits.’ Of all hand-writings on the wall to forewarn a parent of the future destiny of his child, these phrases are the most decisive and luminous. A governess thus described will, in very deed, mould the disposition and habits of a child. All the force of her own character will be thrown into the task of counteracting *tastes* planted in it for its happiness—of eradicating dispositions which were meant to grow and flourish for the good of its fellow-creatures—of turning awry all the currents of its feelings—of making it into something as nearly as possible the reverse of what its Creator in his wisdom designed it to be. Miraculous must be the interposition which saves a child from the consequences of such a resolute, consistent, indefatigable discipline as this. To come out of such a pressing-machine, with all its original life and energy, has never been the lot of any human creature. The happiest are those who, from being fortunately ungifted by nature with any extraordinary vigour and susceptibility of mind, succumb easily and tranquilly to this system, and are reduced by it into a state of quiet faultery; thereby escaping the more dreadful judgment appointed for those whose strength of spirit enables them to struggle long against the grinding tyranny, and at last crushed by a power to which they would not yield, end, not in unconscious idiocy, but in derangement and despair.

Far less able and vigilant, and therefore far less mischievous, are the second class of guardians who are appointed to see that the female mind takes no good. These are those ladies who, equally convinced with the one we have just described that it is their duty to force a certain quantity of tasks upon the memory, to make the understanding conversant with words, and to prevent the feelings from exerting themselves at all, nevertheless, either from indolence, or from feebleness, or from kind-heartedness, leave their pupil's mind in a very great degree to its own government. All that they impart is bad, of course; but then, they are not constantly imparting, or are providentially very unskilful in their mode of imparting; and consequently the human mind, in some instances, has elasticity enough to throw off all weights that have been cast upon it, and to recover in a great many a large portion of its native liberty. And, considering the incalculably small portion of the female community who are well educated, in any reasonable sense of that word, it is a totally safe presumption whenever we meet in society with a young lady capable of genuine not artificial liveliness of feeling, thinking, and acting, that she has been blessed with a weak-minded and inefficient governess.

But there is yet a third class of these ladies, which is generically distinguishable from both the former. To make up the child according to some notion which they had formed of what a child should be, was the object of both those whom we have been describing; and their slight success in this endeavour, as we have seen, is different, in

consequence of the difference of their powers; yet, in the circumstance of being absolutely indifferent to the circumstances of the child itself, they are precisely similar. In this point they are entirely different from that class of which Miss Corrie was a member. Her method of dealing with the faculties of her pupil did not proceed upon the principle that the indications of character and taste in the child were matters of no importance. On the contrary, she piqued herself upon being a very attentive and discriminating observer of all that was remarkable in the minds of her pupils. She was accustomed to boast, that she had no unvarying rules to which she compelled all the tendencies of the infant mind to bend,—that she did not endeavour to make the tree take a different direction from the sapling, (except when the growth of the latter was obviously tortuous and unnatural,)—that she, in short, founded all she did upon her knowledge of human nature. Was it wonderful that Mr. Mackinnon should imagine a governess so rational in her ideas was specially commissioned, by Ellen's good genius, to preside over the most dangerous and important years of her life? And yet, if there ever was a time when, to speak according to human ignorance, that good genius was sleeping, it was when this same Miss Corrie first set foot in the Melcove Parsonage. What might have been the effect upon Ellen's character, if it had been subjected to the control of either of the other sets of disciplinarians whom we have spoken of, it is impossible to say. But how nicely and delicately the system of her actual governess was adapted to produce the corruption of a mind of which it could not destroy the subtlety and the force, it will be no difficult matter to show.

Miss Corrie made it a rule, as we have said, to adapt her rules according to the character of her pupil; and a very admirable rule it was. But to the right application of this rule, there was one little qualification necessary: that small qualification is a power of understanding character. Now, Miss Corrie was, as our readers may have gathered from the last chapter, a very shrewd woman,—unusually shrewd. No one made livelier or more pointed observations; no one guessed more cleverly, or, as some people would express it, more happily. Is any thing more requisite in order to judge of character? A little more. It is necessary that, in addition to being able to guess, we should have thought; in addition to drawing clever inferences, we should be able to grasp facts—those most important facts, the facts of our own being: that, in addition to fancy, we should have knowledge. Now, unfortunately, Miss Corrie *knew* nothing. She observed upon the things around her, but she did not observe the things themselves: she talked about the mind within, but what that mind was, what her own thoughts were, what she herself was, she knew not. When, therefore, she attempted to judge of other people, she judged without rule or compass: she could not tell the indications of their feelings, for she had never felt. In this respect, she did not differ from nine-tenths of her sex and of ours. And, if she had only undertaken to teach with a view to learn, she might, by the study of her pupil's mind, have found out many secrets in her own. But, alas! she had no such humble views. She had been always complimented upon her knowledge of human nature: it was just the one part in her character she had always been most proud of; and the idea that she had not sounded the depths of a study when her present notions of it were sufficient foundation for aphorisms and systems, never entered her head. The consequence was, that in dealing with her pupils she had but two methods. She either fancied a character for them, worked herself into a belief that it was their actual character, and then proceeded to adopt the plan she thought most suitable for directing it; or else, she observed what motives, in a few moments' conversation, seemed

to produce most effect upon a child's mind, and drew her conclusions accordingly. The former course she generally adopted when she met with young ladies, who, by good previous discipline in the nursery and drawing-room, had been rendered perfectly artificial; and, when they had no character of their own, she fitted them out of the wardrobe of her own imaginations. With Ellen Mackinnon, who was as unaffected a little creature as ever had lived a few years in an affected world, she adopted the other scheme.

[May we request our fair friend, Mrs. L—, when she next sends us an extract from her novel, to select a passage somewhat more intelligible to male readers. We do not understand a single word of the foregoing article.—Ed.]

HUM CHI BUNG.

'Hum Chi Bung quæ ich-cr-ee co-enn pi quat-si ching dol. Gil Loll-le-pop, old-bags, &c. &c. &c. Pekin, Ton pi, 872. 344. 697.'

Practical Considerations on the Road Question; with a brief examination of the impolicy of endangering the vested interests of the numerous classes dependent on the maintenance of the ancient system, and an appeal to the wisdom of the Chinese people against the delusive speculations of rash and unprincipled Speculators. By Loll-le-pop, Mandarin of Three Tails, and Grandee of Five Rows of Buttons. Pekin; in the year of the world 872. 344. 697. (Chinese date)—i. e. A. D. 1828.

We take shame to ourselves for having allowed the press of other business, of far less importance, to prevent our laying before our readers an account of the great question, which has long agitated the Empire of China. To the discussion of the political disputes, which for the day agitate our own country, the columns of 'The Athenæum' have always been closed: the insertion would induce party-feelings and the payment of stamps; and they contribute less to the instruction than to the excitement of our readers. But the evils of political discussions diminish with the distance of the country in which they arise. Our sympathies are not liable to be violently excited by the remote pulsations of Chinese faction. Their politics are, in our eyes, merely a part of their literature and philosophy, and indeed a very important manifestation of the national mind of that people. Nor is it an uninteresting task for the psychologist to mark the resemblances and differences of mind in the Celestial and the British Empires; to observe, that against the same fatal love of innovation is the battle to be fought on the banks of the Hoan-ho and of the Thames and Seine: and that with the same weapons is that battle fought by the supporters of all that is holy and established. Nor might little instruction be derived by us all, nor little encouragement be communicated to the European opponents of change, by observing that they have caught so exactly the tone of a people famed beyond all others for a reverential adherence to the wisdom of their ancestors; and who bring to the regulation of their everyday business, the feelings, the information, and the logic of antediluvian philosophy.

The roads of the Chinese Empire have long been left in that state which the wisdom of past ages had established. Contented with the facilities of communication which they afforded them, the Chinese people waded with delight through sand and mud; and while they travelled at the rate of twelve hours a mile, they consoled the inevitable wearisomeness of the journey, by contemplating the glory, commerce, and civilisation of their native land. They left unimpaired the venerable structure which recorded the manners and thoughts of distant ages—they shrunk from polluting with the flints of the nineteenth century, the ruts and slush which had been handed down as an heir-loom from the past.

Unfortunately the Portuguese Constitution, the mysterious movements of which appear to have exercised an influence as extensive and as dangerous as that of the awful earthquake which,

while it buried their capital, shook the remotest Scotch,—found an inlet into China by means of the settlement at Macao. But the spirit of liberalism very easily perceived that the Portuguese authorities by no means approved of any change in the institutions of Macao, and that the Chinese were not at all ripe for the reception of the British Constitution; so it set to work on the roads, and prompted the Europeans to mend about a mile of the highway into the interior of the island. No sooner, however, was the first cart-load of stones flung over the worst part, than the Chinese mind took alarm. The people, headed by the bonzes, rose; county meetings were called from the Gulf of Tonquin to the Sea of Ochotsk; the men of Petch-e-lee leading the way with their usual heroism—the press teemed with pamphlets; in fact, there could be no doubt that the sense of the country was very decidedly against the proposed innovation. His Celestial Majesty's government, we think unwisely, adopted a neutral policy, and steered a middle course between the contending parties. The Premier marched 500,000 dragoons into Macao, and wrote a letter to the Portuguese Governor's cook, calculated to conciliate both sides.

Unfortunately, however, the present Chinese ministry was formed too much on the principle of conciliation: and the department of roads and justice had been entrusted to a gentleman who was deeply imbued with the falsely called liberal system. He actually maintained in the very cabinet that the roads really ought to be mended: in fact we need only add, that he supported his proposition, with the usual sophistical adage which passes current among the disciples of Free Trade in Europe. Too many of his colleagues were deceived by his bold assertions, but an equal number declared their determination to quit office rather than sacrifice the roads of their native land. The Premier, however, healed their dissensions; both parties conceded a little; and it was determined that, as the Macao roads were usually wide enough for only one carriage, one side of them should be Macadamised, and the other left as it had been for the last eight hundred millions of years.

The Chinese public, with an unaccountable infatuation, acquiesced for a while in this fatal decision: but the excellent pamphlet of Loll-le-pop first dispelled the delusion of security, and aroused them to a sense of their danger. Loll-le-pop is a Chinese gentleman, the head of a very old and powerful Manchoo family, which has long occupied the first station in the province of Yong-tee. The natural influence of his birth and fortune have been increased by the amenity of his manners; the varied acquirements of his mind; and the energy with which he has constantly devoted time to the promotion of his country's interest. A large portion of his property being vested in the inns, of which of course the Chinese rate of travelling demands a great number, and in the waggons calculated for the old system of roads, he may be considered as a good practical authority, worth a bushel of theorists; while at the same time his high rank and large fortune relieve him from any suspicion of being biassed by selfish motives.

After an explanation of the reasons which have compelled him to dilation with his pen, Loll-le-pop offers some forcible strictures on the indifference with which the gentlemen of China have looked on this question.

'As if this were the mere question of roads, important as that is. No. Our roads are but the first of our institutions which the enemy attacks. If the roads were made, for what would they be used? Could not people travel on them for bad purposes as well as for good? Who make the roads? Christians. And what do they want to convey along the roads? Of course Christianity. It is our Church then that is attacked. Our national religion is in danger. Our established atheism will be profaned, our laws and customs will be invaded. Our infanticide will be next subverted;

our commerce thrown open; our wives' feet left in a state of nature. The Europeans will take our tea, our silk, our porcelain. The laws of property will be dishonoured and violated: and our pure despotism itself will be buried in the ruins of our roads.'—p. 2.

Loll-le-pop shows, also, the extent to which road-making may, and probably will, be carried, if once permitted.

'I may be told that I am extravagant in my estimate of the probable mischief of road-making, that no such results can follow from making a mile or two of good road at Macao. To these short-sighted reasoners I would answer, How do they know where road-making will stop? If roads are made at Macao, why may they not be made at Pekin? What is there to prevent a road from beginning at Macao or Canton, and being continued to the Great Wall? Ay, or why should it stop there? Why not pass the Wall, (which, I suppose, will then be sacrificed, as a relic of the cowardice and stupidity of our ancestors,) and traverse our Tartarian Empire? Why should it rest there? Why not enter Asiatic Russia, and from thence pervade Russia in Europe; till, having passed through England and America, it shall return to us, *vid* Japan; and thus leave us every way exposed to the crafty barbarians of Europe? Nay, in ten years all China might be turned into roads, until there should be no room left for our harvests, and a strong people might awake from their delusion to perceive themselves a sacrifice to their mania for travelling. Let us resist the first step. Let us say, "No innovation—let well alone."—p. 76.

Loll-le-pop has evidently made himself thoroughly acquainted with the practical results of roads in Europe. We have derived some valuable information on the subject of road-making from the facts which he has collected:

'The Chinese road-maker could enter into no competition with the European. I know from good authority, that the roads in England are kept up by the receipts of turnpikes. I know that there is a turnpike on an average to about every five miles at the utmost. I know that the average payment at a turnpike is one shilling. Five miles of road made and kept up for one shilling; a hundred miles for one pound! This needs no comment.'—p. 138.

We should think that there must be some error, though we cannot exactly point it out, in Loll-le-pop's facts or reasoning on this point. There follows a most valuable list of the accidents that have happened, during the last century, on the roads in Europe; and the next ten chapters contain a clear demonstration that the Chinese can make roads much more cheaply than any other nation in the world.

We regret that want of room prevents us from entering more fully into the merits of this excellent pamphlet. We shall now make a last and copious extract from the close of the work:—

'It is under the much vilified system of our forefathers that China has become the greatest nation of the world. It is while our roads have been in the state which our modern sages affect to consider disgraceful, that our population has increased to 333 millions, and our cities of the first class to 1,000. The Ambassadors of England and Holland have travelled over these very roads to knock their heads on the floor of the Celestial presence. Was it not under the old roads that we invented gun-powder? Was it not under them that we gave to our new European teachers the art of printing? And if we show our base ingratitude for the many and great mercies which have been vouchsafed to us, can we hope for their continuance?

'I need not however trust to predictions. The miseries which have quickly followed the very first deviation from the wisdom of our ancestors, are but too sure a sign and sample of the woe which a perseverance in our folly will entail upon us. Is not the gold leaving the country? Have not the Hong merchants quarrelled with the Americans? Has not the rebel Tse-quong defeated the royal general Pe? Where is the busy industry that used to crowd our markets? Where our national greatness? Have not four houses fallen down in Nankin? Is there not a crack in the porcelain tower? Has not his Celestial Majesty been afflicted with chill-blains? They tell me too, that there is a blight over the tea-grounds of Twankey, and that our merchants already anticipate a deficient supply of souchong.

'From these miseries, and those that I even now see crowding on their heels in the dim distance of the

future, we might yet be saved by wisdom and firmness. But it is not to the accursed spirit of conciliation that we must trust for relief. The gentlemen of China must wake from their present apathy and rally round their ancient roads, round institutions that are expressible of the feelings of our country, that have grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. There is the breach in which the foe innovation must be conquered or must triumph. For me, my part is taken. I have been the first to sound the trumpet: I can expect no quarter. I am a plain Chinese gentleman, and I am proud of the order to which I belong. With that order will I stand or fall. It is the wish nearest my heart to see China,

Great, glorious, and free,

First flower of the Earth, and first gem of the Sea. But never will this be, unless the gentlemen of China stand forth in firm array against the cruel, wolfish, crafty, villainous barbarians of Christendom. In this, her hour of peril, China expects every man to do his duty, and to join in the patriotic cry,—‘Nolumus vias Chinæ mutari.’—P. 382 to end.

The same order of eloquence and reasoning abounds in other parts of the work: and the author by liberal quotations from the Latin poets, shows a thorough acquaintance with the writings of Mr. Macculloch. We take leave of him with unfeigned respect for his talents and patriotism. We hope, ere long, to see his work in an English garb. A translation of it would surely answer. At present it rests in the hands of the few students of Chinese literature, who thus possess a kind of manorial monopoly over these rich and rare waifs of the treasures of an unknown land.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We have been well pleased on returning to resume our observations in the British Gallery, to find our first impressions more than confirmed; and to feel satisfied that the humble tribute of applause paid by us to some of the most attractive productions in the Exhibition, had not proceeded from any momentary exaltation of feeling,—on the contrary, that the abhorrence of every appearance of affectation or false applause, had perhaps confined the expression of our commendation within limits too narrow. This more especially proved to be the case with two or three of the works in the North Room to which our animadversions were principally directed on our first visit, as much by the superior character of the subjects they treated, as by the situation they occupied in the gallery.

Strong as was the impression which the merit of Mr. Danby's two beautiful pictures had left on us, we felt bound to confess, on again visiting the Institution, that, considering either the poetry and sentiment of the design, or the power and skill with which the delightful imaginings of the poet's mind had been executed by the hand of the artist, our recollections had done but bare and scanty justice to the ‘Moonlight’ and ‘Sunset.’ The ease and elegance of position, the beauty of feature, the powerful expression of the ‘Native of Missolonghi,’ by Hollins, lost none of their effect by increased familiarity; while the harmony, brilliancy, and tone of the colouring presented themselves more forcibly than ever.

With Mr. Etty's ‘Subject from Ovid's Metamorphoses,’ our satisfaction, on a second visit, was not quite so perfect. The artist-like skill displayed in the general treatment, the chiaro-scuro, the rotundity and corporeal effect of the figures, are beyond all praise; but, on a second inspection, the absence of that refinement which alone reconciles a pure taste to the representation of subjects of this nature, however classical their source, is felt more forcibly than at first, when the mind is perhaps imposed on by the other merits of the picture. Mr. Etty does not appear sufficiently aware, that vulgarity renders voluptuousness loathsome; that subjects which depend on the latter character for their claims to admiration, require to be treated with the utmost delicacy; that the least tincture of coarseness renders

them revolting; and that they lose the charm which, when properly touched, they are capable of exercising over the most elevated tastes, in the degree in which regard to refinement is neglected. We do not object to the painter, that in the original fable he may not find an authority for even a greater degree of coarseness than he has thought proper to embody in the form of Salmacis; but we are quite sure that he would have had ample warrant in the mythological character of the Naiad, for employing, had he been so disposed, a much more delicate pencil. We are by no means equally certain, that the nudo of the same figure would not have been improved by a tone of colouring somewhat richer.

The *Satan* of Mr. Partridge, No. 472, to which we alluded in our last notice, represents the arch rebel at the period when, alighting on Mount Niphates, in the form of a beautiful angel, he betrays his true character on regarding the sun, and bursts out into the celebrated address to the glorious luminary.

The passage of the ‘Paradise Lost,’ inserted in the catalogue, as that which has inspired the pencil of Mr. Partridge, is the following—

‘Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore
Of many a coloured plume, sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed * * *

Thus while he spake each passion dimm'd his face;
Thrice changed with pale ire, envy and despair,
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeitt.’

The form of *Satan* is beautiful in the extreme, grandly simple, of elegant proportions, and in elevated taste: the tone of colour is rich and mellow. In the head, the assumed beauty, of which the first four lines of the quotation form a part of the description, has not yet entirely disappeared: the evil passions depicted in the forcible lines of the sequel have only commenced their deforming effect.

Mr. Hayter's *Banditti of Kurdistan assisting Georgians in carrying off Circassian Women*, No. 507, is an unequal production. In parts it is grand and spirited, both in design and colour; while in others it is cold and tame. The ensemble is inharmonious, and wanting in general effect. Similar inequality is observable in the productions, taken separately, which Mr. Hayter has contributed to the present collection. We have before noticed *St. George and the Dragon* as a spirited performance, evincing considerable poetical feeling: the *St. John in the Island of Patmos*, No. 141, is dull, and at the same time harsh in colour and poor in expression: the *Kurdistan Chief*, No. 172, is deserving of more praise, as a fine and spirited figure.

We have now, we believe, disposed of the principal performances which aspire to be marked in the class of works of the highest walk of art. We turn, then, to the many clever productions which, albeit inferior in grade, in the degree of perfection in their kind are by no means secondary.

Foremost among them in merit as in situation, are the animal pieces of Mr. Edwin Landseer, of whose works it will be sufficient to say that they are his, and to mention the subjects they treat. It may be left, we know, to our readers to imagine the manner and perfection of their execution, in which are displayed all the powerful and skilful effects, the life and natural fidelity, the free handling and exquisite finish, for which the most extolled of his former works have been admired. Mr. Landseer's pictures are the following:—

No. 10, *Highlanders returning from Deer Stalking*. Two Highland figures, with their dogs and nags; the latter, the one an aged grey; the other a black and vigorous colt, laden with the game. *The Conversation*, No. 68, a group of terriers of various ages and colours in repose. No. 256, *The Poor Dog*, the faithful friend, over the grave of his master, as rich in interest as in animation and truth. No. 231, *Deer just shot*, is also by Mr. Landseer.

No. 2, *Beatrice in the Arbour*, H. Howard, R.A., is a very agreeable, but somewhat fantastical, illustration of a scene in ‘Much Ado about Nothing.’ The figures of Ursula and her companion are elegant; there is less extra refinement in that of Beatrice, who, besides being more natural, is quite as beautiful as either of her fair friends, and, with her greater simplicity, has more real character. The shadow in which her

figure is enveloped, produces a very happy effect. The flowering of the arbour is pretty and extremely gay.

The landscapes of Mr. P. Nasmyth are numerous; they are, as usual, pleasing, distinguished by their truth, and the absence of all attempt at effect, by minuteness in treatment, and close imitation of atmospheric coldness, more excusable by its truth, than agreeable as a quality in a picture, and certainly more constantly exhibited by our artist than is required. We could select one or two pictures by Mr. Nasmyth in this collection less liable than the rest to the objection we have stated. Such, if our memory betray us not, is No. 364, *A View of Sydenham, Surrey*.

No. 3, *The Prisoner*, and No. 4, *A Foraging Party Routed*, both by Mr. Thomas Webster, which are humorous representations of the pranks and disasters of village school-boys, as well as several other small pieces of the like kind and style by the same artist, are amusing and clever productions in their way. They seem to obtain purchasers readily. It is satisfactory, indeed, to observe the constant occupation of the zealous and active Secretary in affixing the welcome label ‘sold’ to the corners of the pictures consigned to his care. Sir T. Lawrence lost no time in making the acquisition of a very clever production of the lamented R. P. Bonington, No. 58, *A Turk*, a small picture treated with most artist-like effect, and replete with feeling.

No. 22, *Scene on the Coast of Kent*, W. Collins, R.A., is a very masterly coast scene, in the usual skilful manner of that much-admired artist.

The contributions made to this collection by Mr. D. Roberts, by no means derogate from his reputation. No. 30, *The Town-hall of Louvain*, and No. 355, *The Chapel of the Virgin, Church of St. Pierre, at Caen*, are both very clever productions. In the former, the chasteness, and abstinence from all false effect, too common in the treatment of subjects of this nature, while there is by no means a want of spirit and force, might serve as a wholesome lesson to many of our searchers after the picturesque. The chapel is a grander work, more varied in its effects, more brilliant in its colour, and powerful in light and shade.

Several of our painters of familiar scenes have simultaneously caught at a new subject in the burdy-gurdy boys and girls, whom, but for their Italian aspect, well-bred monkeys, and good-natured looks, we should wish abated as a nuisance. The representations of these are of course of various degrees of merit. Above the rest [we prefer No. 32, *Italian Boy and Monkey*, A. Morton, a very spirited, and animated, and clever painting.

No. 63, *A View of Paris from Montmartre*, G. Arnald, A.R.A., is a large and elaborate picture, and conveys an accurate idea of the details of that splendid prospect. A much more brilliant effect would have been compatible with the strictest adherence to truth.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT MILAN.—This noble undertaking, which, as regards extent and splendour, will bear a comparison with the finest remains of antiquity, is fast advancing towards its completion. The first idea of it arose from a temporary arch of wood and linen, erected in the year 1806, to celebrate the entry of Eugene, the then Italian Viceroy, and his youthful consort, the Princess of Bavaria, into the capital of Lombardy. The elegance and masterly proportions which the Marquess Luigi Cagnola had bestowed on this frail structure, so completely riveted the admiration of the municipal council, that they determined to adopt it as the model of a more enduring memorial, in which there should be no other deviation than as regarded the decorative parts. The work was commenced in the autumn of 1807, and intended to immortalize the victories of the French armies; but it had not proceeded beyond the two minor side-arches in April 1814; though the preparations for completing the whole were at that time so far advanced, as to attract the approbation of the present Emperor of Austria, by whose orders the works were continued from the year 1816. It has, therefore, been converted into a triumphal arch, in commemoration of the general peace, as well as of one of its instruments, Francis I., the first sovereign of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. When it is recollected that it possesses

columns 49½ inches in diameter and 41½ feet in height, inclusive of the bases and capitals, and that these columns are worked out of single blocks of Crevola marble, whilst every the minutest, as well as the most considerable, features of this structure are distinguished by consummate delicacy and elegance of workmanship, the Lombardese may well pride themselves upon the creation of one of the most splendid efforts of modern art. Its breadth, in which it is exceeded by no other arch excepting that of Constantine, is 98 feet 2 inches, and its height is of the same dimension. A car, bearing the goddess of Peace, and drawn by six horses all of molten bronze, is intended to crown its summit, whilst its four corners will be adorned by as many equestrian statues of Victory, presenting her with wreaths of triumph.

DANTE.—After an interregnum of five years, M. Viviani has completed his valuable edition of 'La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri, giusta la lezione del Codice Bartoliniano.' (Udine. 3 vols. 1827, 1828.) The 'Parnasso Italiano' has already drawn the attention of literary men to the importance of the Bartolinian MS. as an invaluable guide towards correcting the text of former editions of this divine poet; and the present edition is rendered peculiarly interesting and valuable, not only by a comprehensive glossary and elaborate indexes, but by a 'Ragionamento sopra Dante' from the pen of Torti, and an historical commentary, entitled 'Il Secolo di Dante,' by Fred. Arrivabene.

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.—Copernicus published his immortal work, 'De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium,' in the year 1543, and expired on the 24th of May of that year. Celio Calcagnini, whose death is generally held to have occurred in 1541, is said to have published, at an earlier date, the celebrated treatise in which he maintains that 'the heavens stand still, but the earth is in motion.' Out of this last circumstance has sprung an impression, that the Italian, and not the Prussian, was the actual reformer of the solar system. It is very possible that many of the contemporaries of Copernicus, equally with Pythagoras and other ancients, may have entertained correct but very undigested notions in regard to the planetary world. Even if this be admitted, the claims of Calcagnini must be at once set aside, if we show that his rival had fixed the positive bases of his theory long before the Ferrarese had brought his speculations before the public. For this purpose, it is only necessary to turn to that page of Copernicus's manly dedication of his work to the Roman Pontiff, Paul III., in which he says that he had entertained an intention of suppressing it entirely, but that several of his friends had conjured him earnestly to publish it. His own words are, 'Tidemannus Gisius, episcopus Culmiensis, sæpenumero me adhortatus est et convitiis interdum additis efflagitavit, ut librum hunc ederem, et in lucem tandem prodire sinnerem, qui apud me pressus, non in nonum annum solum, sed jam in quartum novennium latitasset.' If, therefore, we confine ourselves to the multiplying of three by nine, and reckon backwards seven-and-twenty years only, it is quite clear that Copernicus must have ascertained and established his reformed system as early as the year 1516—a date ten years antecedent to any which has been assigned to it by the most accurate of his biographers.

We do not pretend to deny Calcagnini's merits as an ingenious or erudite scholar; but we are anxious to show how unjustly they have been allowed to derogate from the claims of the great Northern astronomer.

DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP.—The freedom of the pen and press undergoes occasional amputations at the bidding of the dramatic licenser in France, as well as in Great Britain; and the heroes of the sock and buskin may well add to their 'vagabond glories,' the privilege of 'strutting in fetters.' Among the expurgations inflicted upon the popular vaudeville: 'L'Auberge du grand Frédéric,'

the censorial judges of the Parisian boards recently made an absconding exception to the following lines. The burgomaster, arresting Voltaire, exclaims in song,

'Au nom du Roi,
Mon cher Monsieur, je vous arrête!'

And Voltaire rejoins,

'Au nom du Roi,
Ce nom déjà sacré pour moi;
Mais en vérité je regrette,
Qu'il soit permis, d'être si bête
Au nom du Roi!'

GREECE.—In conformity with a decree issued by the President, Capo d'Istria, the United States of Independent Greece have been divided into Thirteen Departments; seven of which are continental, and six insular.

The Continental Departments are,

1. *Argolida*. Nauplia, (chief town,) Corinth, Argos, and Damala.

2. *Achaia*, consisting of the former districts of Voistitza, Dotschitché, Kalavrita, and Patras.—Kalavrita, (chief town,) Patras, Visiliko, Perinitza, Violitza, and Triti.

3. *Elida*, comprehending the districts of Lala, Pyrga, and Hulomidji.—Gastorini, (chief town,) Pyrgos, Lana, and Leena.

4. *Upper Messenia* includes the districts of Arcadia, Avarino or Navarino, Modon, and Coron.—Its towns are Navarino, Coron, and Modon.

5. *Lower Messenia*, comprising the districts of Androussa, Leonardi, Kalamatta, Boronia, and part of Caritena.—Kalamatta, (chief town,) Mavromathi, Maina, Androussa, and Boronia.

6. *Laconia* consists of the districts of Mistra, Monembasia, and Maina.—Its chief town, Mistra. It is thought, however, that the seat of provisional government will be hereafter transferred to the fortress of Monembasia, or Napoli di Malvasia. The other principal places are Kolokythia, Kolochina, Vordonia, Geronthra, Ericho, and Varoasi.

7. *Arcadia* includes the former districts of Tripolitza, Ajapetri or St. Peter's, Fivina, Fanari, and the greater part of Caritena.—Tripolitza, which was formerly the seat of the pashalik of the Morea, is its chief town: other towns are Caritena and Fanari.

These seven continental departments are 64,439 geographical square miles in superficial extent; but their present population does not exceed 300,000 souls: there can be little doubt, however, that, if the country be blessed with a settled Government and domestic tranquillity, its natural resources and immigration will raise these numbers, in two or three years, to more than double their actual amount. In the flourishing times of old, this tract of country was studded with 205 cities and towns, and its then population has been estimated at 2,200,000.

The Maritime Departments are six in number, and comprise such islands of the Archipelago as constitute the remaining portion of this little republican state.

1. The *Northern Sporades* include the isles of Skiato, Skopelo, Dromi, and Pelagnesi, Skiro, and Ipsara or Psyra; extent 72 square miles: population 6,600.

2. The *Eastern Sporades* contain Samos, Ikafia, Patmos, Kalymna, and Zero. Extent, 245 square miles; and population, 54,000.

3. The *Western Sporades* comprehend Hydra, Spezzia, Poro, Egina, and Salamis. Extent, 126 square miles; and population, 40,000; of which Hydra alone constitutes one half.

4. The *Northern Cyclades*, formed of the isles of Andros, Tine, Mycone, Syra, Thermia, Zea, and Serfo. Extent, 308 square miles; and population, 46,400.

5. The *Central Cyclades* consist of Naxos, Paros, Ios, Sikina, Polikandro, Milo, Kimdi, and Siphnos. Extent, 376 square miles; and population, 25,200.

6. The *Southern Cyclades* include Amorgo, Stampalie, Anaphi, Santerino, Karpatos, and Kasa. Extent, 212 square miles; and population, 19,900.

The present superficial extent of the Greek Republic is, therefore, confined to an area of 7,778 square geographical miles; whilst its population, 496,000 souls, is not much greater than that of the petty Grand Duchy of Parma.

LEGION OF HONOUR.—It appears from an accurate computation, made in the chancery of this institution, that it actually musters 33,400 members of all classes. Of this number, 4,200 are officers, 700 are commanders, 224 are great officers, and 52 are grand crosses. A number of foreigners figure on the list of great officers.

CLERICAL INCOME.—From Balb's 'Monarchie Française comparée aux principaux Etats du Globe,' recently published at Paris, we are enabled to lay before our readers the comparative statement he has brought under review of 'the Average Income of each Parochial Minister or Incumbent,' in the principal States of Europe:

	£.		£.
Ireland (Ang. Church)	790	Hungary	61
England (ditto)	420	Prussia (Cath. & Prot.)	60
Scotland (Presb.)	225	Spain (Catholic)	59
Portugal (Catholic)	120	Austria (Catholic)	52
Ireland (Dissenters)	120	France (ditto)	31
Scotland (Dissenters)	85	Russia in Eu. (Greek)	10
England (ditto)	65		

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.

ON Monday evening, 'Cymbeline' was revived at this theatre, for the purpose of presenting Miss Phillips to the public in the character of Imogen. The play thus revived is unquestionably as exquisite in its kind as any thing of Shakspeare's that remains to us, and, what probably weighed more with the mind of the manager, requires nothing but a few curtailments to be admirably adapted for the stage, as it is full of striking incident and various character. It has also this advantage, that, as regards mere stage-effect, it may be very tolerably represented by second-rate actors,—and *pace tanti viri*, Mr. Price has none but such on his tragic establishment. Actors we said, be it remembered; for of actresses, that is, of Miss Phillips, we must speak anon, and more at large. Mr. Cooper's Iachimo was very fair, and, to our taste, much better than Mr. Young's Posthumus; and for this plain reason, that Mr. Cooper throughout pretended to be nothing but Mr. Cooper. Mr. Young, on the other hand, evidently acted as if he thought himself—what a large part of the public think him—a great tragic performer. Now, he really seems to us, in any but the most ordinary characters, a mere trickster mountebank, dealing in a pre-established succession of inflections and gestures, which he uses in the like order in all his parts,—unable to be familiar without affectation, or emphatic without extravagance. Alas! how unlike, in every way, is such a loud, monotonous, ostentatious braggart, from the deep-hearted, impassioned, meditative Posthumus, who, as Imogen says of him—

'did incline to sadness; and oftentimes,

Not knowing why,—

who burst so fiercely from his shyness, when the Italian flung a doubt upon the purity of his mistress, and who could only satiate his abused and disappointed affection by a revenge so dreadful, and so secretly and cautiously devised. Mr. Young, however, fully appreciated the advantage of wearing a sword in one act, and a chain in another; and atoned for his neglect of Shakspeare, and his many meanings, by doing full justice to all the dramatic knowledge and poetic power conveyed in the wigs, mantles, and weapons of the property-man. We have no more leisure to bestow on him, and must turn to Imogen.

No one, as we are aware, has ever taken the trouble to point out what is required from the actress who shall attempt to personify Shakspeare's women. What a universe of passion, beauty, and variety is there in that simple phrase; and how seldom does it seem to be perceived that there is as much difference between Juliet, Miranda, Viola, Desdemona, and Imogen, (we do not mention others, because there is a common suspicion that Lady Macbeth is unlike Beatrice,) as between Hamlet, Macbeth, Shylock, and Brutus. Now, it is clear that, in general, these differences are not in any degree represented on the stage, because the

great mass of the public take their notions of Shakspeare entirely from what they see between the stage-lamps and the back-scene; and it is rare to meet with any one who has the slightest conception that Desdemona and Viola are not the same women in different stomachs and circumstances, but two individual women who are more similar to each other in their circumstances, (diverse as they are,) than in any thing else whatsoever. We want no other proof that Shakspeare's ladies never have been represented in theatres, and that the heroines who generally appear upon the boards, are rather resemblances of the common ball-room misses, among a thousand of whom there is less diversity of mind than between any two women in the infinite world of his creation.

We suspect that, if these considerations had occurred to Miss Phillips, her portraiture of Imogen would have been in some respects different from what it was. That we think it possible she ever could have thought about the essential distinctions of character,—that we speak for a moment of her portraiture of Imogen as resembling in the least that divine being, is an evidence of the respect and admiration which we really have for the talent and feeling displayed in her performance. But, though much more than a shadow of Imogen, she yet was not altogether the *substantial ideal* of that delicious lady.

The wife of Posthumus represents, perhaps, more completely than any one in Shakspeare, the beauty, and holiness, and strength of wedded love. Imogen, be it remembered, was born to be encircled with the hollow ceremonies and false courtesies of a palace, and had turned away to find a resting-place for her affections in Posthumus. Her's was not the eager and flashy passion of Juliet, bursting out when the maiden had scarcely become conscious of her own being; nor the strange fearful tenderness of Desdemona for the wild soldier, whom she caught and clung to in a moment's pause of his precipitous career; nor the delighted worship of Miranda, for the youth who first brought, amid that lone island, those grotesque monsters, and that dream-like existence,—the living realisation of all the beauty which had floated and glanced unprofitably through her mind, until the hour when she saw a 'spirit'—not, like Ariel, all a spirit, but also 'carrying a brave form.' The love of Imogen was the love of a princess, destined by her situation to look on marriage as an expediency, for one whom society and custom told her it was a crime to love, and her affection for whom could only be justified in her own eyes by a boldness, and a depth, and a permanency of faith, passing that of ordinary women. But it was, also, a love which had begun to grow and mould itself into shape, when she and Posthumus were playmates together, before she had time to learn that she was by station immeasurably above him; and her attachment had evidently afterwards prevented her from ever dreaming that she was honouring him in condescending to his lowliness. It is clear, that amid all the falsehoods and mockeries of a court in which she could find nothing real, stable, or satisfying, she had learned to repose upon her belief in the honour and fidelity of Posthumus as upon that which alone of all around her was genuine and trustworthy. Every thing that connects itself in her mind with him, acquires in some degree the same character of sincerity and faithfulness; and the sudden change in the scene where her virtue is assailed by Iachimo, from horror and disgust, to regard and confidence, when he has spoken of that excellence in her husband which to her was more real and certain than the sun, thus illustrates her tendency to confer upon all that reminded her of him a portion of the respect and faith which she habitually entertained for him who was her 'jewel,' and her 'supreme crown.' We might say much more on this matter; for when has Shakspeare written a page, much less delineated a character, the meanings of which are not inexhaustible. But we have neither time nor space, (which the Gods, with a paltry jealousy, are far less willing to annihilate for editors than for lovers,) to continue this ineffectual examination of the character of Imogen.

We doubt whether Miss Phillips has in her mind either this or any other very distinctive theory of the character she represented on Monday last. In her performance, there were, of course, abundant grace, delicacy, feeling, and spirit. These excellent qualities Miss Phillips could scarcely divest herself of if she would. But her performance was far too uniformly tearful, and of too sustained a melancholy; such as would better have become Helena, in 'All's well that ends well,' than the noble and energetic, though unhappy daughter of Cymbeline. In the great scene with Iachimo, indeed, she was compelled to strike another measure from the strings; and she did it in some re-

spects grandly. But we doubt whether she trusts so completely to her own fine impulses when she would be scornful and indignant at the overshadowing approach of dishonour, as when she would exhibit fear, love, sorrow, or despair. She seems to us to be thinking rather of the gods in the gallery, the men of the pit, the columns of the side-scenes, (very good gods, men, and columns in their way, but not much to the purpose,) of any thing rather than of the degradation urged upon her, the slander that accompanied it, and the honesty and love that broke from Imogen at the proposal. When she throws off the touch of Iachimo, which she does, indeed, as she should, with a thrilling and a lion-like decision, she remains for several seconds with uplifted hand and poised foot, a spectacle of fixed magnificence, (as if the merit of a tragic actress were like that of Harlequin, to stand as long as possible in a difficult position,) instead of exhibiting the agitated, bewildered, hurrying scorn and terror, natural to a young and virtuous lady in such a moment, and splendidly manifested in the speech assigned to her by Shakspeare. Yet we doubt not her performance of this difficult part will be (as it ought to be) very popular. Nor will it be the less liked on account of her appearance, as Fidele, in a page's garb, which, like all the dresses we have seen her in, shows (though by no means indecorously) a very elegant and striking person.

Mr. Buckingham's Lectures.—During the present week Mr. Buckingham (with whose name and character our readers are doubtless well acquainted) has been delivering a course of lectures on those countries of the East which he visited in the course of his extended travels; the object of which lectures was not merely to give a succinct and popular view of the geography, antiquities, climate, productions, population, government, and manners of each, but also to exhibit their immense commercial capabilities, and the prospect they offer of furnishing an extensive market for English manufactures, when a free and uninterrupted communication between this country and the Eastern parts of the world shall be attained by the removal of the absurd restrictions arising out of the monopoly of the East India Company.—*Manchester Guardian.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We understand, that into the new Edition of his 'Medical Guide,' Dr. Reece has introduced all the late discoveries in medicine, and several chapters on diet, different temperaments and peculiarities of constitution and sympathies, and about two hundred prescriptions of the most eminent physicians of Europe and America.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Matthias Domestic Instruction, 2 vols., 18mo., 5s.
Reverend T. Huntingford's Testimonies, 1 vol., 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Duffin, on Deformity of the Spine in Females, 7s.
Fielding's Practical Perspective Plates, 18s.
London Pharmacopoeia, with Interlinear Translations, 6s. 8vo.
Morning and Evening Sacrifice, Sixth Edition, 12mo., 5s. 6d.
Gibbs's Defence of the Baptists, Second Edition, 8vo., 9s.
Greek Extracts used at Edinburgh Academy, 3s. 6d.
Carwithan's History of the English Church, 2 vols. 8vo., 1l. 6s.
Chitty's Collection of Statutes, 4to., 1l. 16s. 6d.
Spanheim's Ecclesiastical Annals, 8vo., with notes, 16s.
Parry's Voyages, pocket size, 4s.
Horae Phrenologicae, by John Epps, M.D., 12mo., 3s.
The Grammatical Reading Class Book, by Helen Hood, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
The Juvenile Speaker, Two Parts, 12mo.
The Opening of the Sixth Seal, Second Edition, 12mo., 5s. 6d.
Tooke's Letter to Lord Grenville, 8vo.
The Arcana of Science and Art, 1839, 5s.
Liefchild's Guide to Reading the Scriptures, 2s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	Feb.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon.	2	19 24	30.45	S.W.	Clear.	Cirrostratus
Tues.	3	23 25½	30.45	N.E.-S.W.	Serene.	Cirrus.-Cir.
Wed.	4	33 38	30.41	SW to W	Rain & S.W.	Ditto.
Thur.	5	43 38	30.11	S.E.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.
Frid.	6	37½ 42	30.18	S.W.-N.W.	Mist-Fog	Ditto.
Sat.	7	43 43	30.16	N.W.	Rain & S.W.	Ditto.
Sun.	8	40 34	30.20	N.E. to N.	Fair Cl.	Cum.-Stra.

Nights and mornings generally moist and foggy.
Highest temperature at noon, 45°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Perigee on Wednesday.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 14° 7' in Capri.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 11° 21' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 29° 36' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 19° 33' in Aquari.
Length of day on Sunday, 9 h. 34 min. Increased, 1 h. 50 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 31" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9,99439.

COLOSSEUM.—Tickets for Parties, or Single Tickets at 5s., for admission to the Colosseum, prior to its final completion, to view the Interior of the Building—the Rooms preparing for the Annual Subscribers—and the Conservatories, may be had at the North Lodge of the Colosseum; Sams' Library, St. James's-street; Moon, Boys, and Graves, 6, Pall Mall; Ackerman's, Regent-street, and Strand; Taylor's Architectural Library, and Carpenter's Library, Hildborn; Harris's Juvenile Library, St. Paul's Church-yard; Pusey's bookseller, 17, Fleet-street; Richardson's, Royal Exchange; and at the Minerva Library, Leadenhall-street.
The Building will continue open Daily, from 10 to 4, during the next week.

COLONIAL COFFEE MART, WEST BRANCH,
15, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street.

NICOL and Co., in compliance with numerous solicitation from families of distinction in the western districts of London, have opened a Branch Establishment at 15, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, where Coffees only of the finest qualities are kept, roasted on the premises every day, and sold at the same low scale of prices, which has gained such an extensive share of public patronage and support to the Original Warehouse, established by the West India Planters and Merchants, at 18, Fenchurch-street, City.

The Coffee I procure from Nicol and Co., possesses more of the real pungency and aromatic flavour of this valuable exotic in perfection, than I from experimental trial have got elsewhere.—*Vide Dr. Thornton's Botanical Lecture.*

REMOVED TO 43, NEW BOND-STREET.

MR. A. JONES, SURGEON-DENTIST, begs to acquaint the Nobility and Gentry, that from many years intense application, he has invented and brought to perfection a new system of Fixing Natural, Terro-Metallic, and Artificial Teeth, from one to a complete Set, which are so accurately fitted as not to be distinguished from the original, and answer all the purposes of mastication, articulation, &c.

Mr. A. JONES continues stopping Decayed Teeth with his unrivalled Anodyne Cement, which in one minute allays the most excruciating pain; and by this means Carious Teeth are wholly preserved and rendered useful, even if broken close to the gums. This being a metallic composition, it becomes hard as enamel in a few minutes, will not decompose with the heat of the stomach, and resists the effects of acids, atmospheric air, &c. Cleaning, and every operation incidental to Dental Surgery.

Just published, a New Edition, being the 15th, 12s. 6ds.

THE MEDICAL GUIDE, for the Use of the Heads of Families, Junior Practitioners, &c.—Independent of a Complete Modern Family Dispensary, and Practical Instructions for the prevention and Cure of the Diseases incident to the Human Race, this edition contains explicit directions for the management of all cases of emergency, and children, for diet, exercise, &c., remarks on peculiarities of constitutions, habits, clothing, &c.—By **RICHARD REECE**, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. &c.

Dr. Reece's Medical Guide, whether considered as a practical or scientific performance, is by far the best work of the kind extant. Instead of the common-place and gratuitous observations usually abounding in popular productions, the Medical Guide does not falsify its nominal designation, but is truly a valuable director; containing a vast store of important facts and judicious remarks, serving as an able and useful Guide to Medical practice, whether domestic or professional. Its intrinsic worth is too evident not to be readily perceived, and its practical advantages cannot fail to be appreciated.—*Dr. Kinglake on Domestic Medicine*, 1828.

"The Medical Guide," by Dr. Reece, is, in fact, the only work that has appeared for domestic reference from a Physician of experience; and we boldly assert that, to the Profession as well as the general readers, it will prove a more useful and scientific practical guide than any system of medicine that has been published in Europe. We have thus candidly and freely expressed our opinion of this work, because attempts have lately been made to palm some miserable compilations on the public by friendly criticisms, clearly written by men ignorant of medicine.—*John Bull*, Dec. 21, 1838.

Printed for Longman and Co., Paternoster-row.

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AT A PUBLIC MEETING of the MERCHANTS and other INHABITANTS of the TOWN of LIVERPOOL, held in the Court-Room, in the New Sessions-House, Chapel-street, on Wednesday, the 28th day of January, 1829, 'For the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of removing the Restrictions imposed upon Commerce by the present Charter of the East India Company, and of prevailing on the Legislature to secure to the Public all those benefits which a free commercial intercourse with India and China is capable of affording.'

The Worshipful the MAYOR, in the Chair;
On the motion of John Gladstone, Esq., seconded by William Rathbone, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 1st.—That the opening of a Free Trade to China, and the removal of the restrictions which impede the commerce between this country and India, would be productive of incalculable benefits, both to this Kingdom and to the British Territories in the East Indies. That the extent of these benefits may in some degree be estimated, though very imperfectly, from the fact that since 1814, the period when the present limited and partial intercourse with India was permitted, notwithstanding the vexatious restrictions by which the British Merchant has found himself impeded at every step, the commerce in many staple commodities has increased beyond the most sanguine expectation, while new sources of profitable interchange still offer themselves to British skill and enterprise.

On the motion of James Cropper, Esq., seconded by Henry Booth, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 2d.—That it appears from official returns, that, in the year 1814, there were exported to India 664,900 yards of printed calicoes, and 213,408 yards of plain calicoes; while, in 1827, the export of printed calicoes was 14,362,551 yards, and of plain, 19,933,500; the increase in the export of plain calicoes, the description commonly worn by the natives, being ninety-three-fold. That of cotton twist, so late as 1823, the export to India was only 121,600 lbs. weight; while, in 1827, the export was 8,663,096 lbs. weight, and has since been progressively increasing. That in metals, hardware, earthenware, and many other goods, an immense increase of our export has also taken place. That in the year 1819, the settlement of Singapore, at that time resorted to chiefly by pirates, was taken possession of by the British Government, and made a Free Port; and, in 1827, its import trade amounted to 13,877,186 Rioss rupees, with a corresponding export: thus showing the extensive benefits to be derived from a free commercial intercourse, and altogether affording a greatly increased and increasing field of employment for British shipping.

On the motion of John Ewart, Esq., seconded by William Wallace Currie, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 3d.—That, notwithstanding this great increase in the demand for British manufactures, the present circumstances of the trade show clearly, that a morbid and defective system of commercial policy alone prevents the further and rapid growth of the trade between this country and India; for, while gold and silver were formerly exported to purchase the products of the East, the demand for British manufactures, notwithstanding the gloomy predictions of the East India Company of the want of markets, has increased to such an extent as to be limited only by the insufficiency of the products of the country for the purpose of return; and an insufficiency which is caused by the levying of heavy transit duties on the intercourse with the interior, and by arbitrary restrictions on the settlement and residence of Englishmen, as well as on the employment of British capital on the fertile but neglected soils of Hindostan.

On the motion of J. T. Alston, Esq., seconded by O. Heyworth, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 4th.—That the cultivation of Indigo indirectly by Europeans (at present permitted on sufferance by the East India Company) has rapidly increased, till the produce now amounts in value to about two millions sterling per annum, affording the principal supply of every market of consumption in the world, and satisfactorily proving the vast capabilities of the soil, if allowed to be called forth by adequate capital, skill, and enterprise.

On the motion of Thomas Littledale, Esq., seconded by David Hodgson, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 5th.—That, while the exclusive privileges and arbitrary rule of the East India Company are thus injurious, as regards the commerce with India, the absolute prohibition enforced by the charter against British subjects trading with China—a trade at once varied, extensive, and lucrative, and which the inhabitants of all nations (Englishmen only excepted) are permitted to enjoy—is still more oppressive and unjust. That, although the opening of trade to China and the East may seem more immediately important to the mercantile and manufacturing interests, it would, nevertheless, be of extreme value to the agriculturist, the fundholder, and peasant; from the great amount of wealth it would bring into the country, and from the consequent increase of commercial revenue which would be available for the reduction of internal taxation.

On the motion of Robert Benson, Esq., seconded by Thomas Brocklebank, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 6th.—That the article of tea affords a prominent instance of the injurious effects of monopoly; the present price in London, free of duty, being more than 100 per cent. above the price in the neighbouring ports of Europe; thus imposing upon the people of this country a burthen of upwards of two millions and a half sterling per annum for the sole benefit of the East India Company, whilst the Legislature has declared its intention that Great Britain should be supplied with tea as cheaply as Continental Europe. That by the 18th Geo. II., cap. 36, sec. 11, a power was reserved to the Lords of the Treasury to grant permission to individuals to import tea from the Continent of Europe, in case the East India Company should neglect to supply the market with a sufficient quantity of that article, in order, as is expressly declared by the Legislature, to keep the price in this country upon an equality with the price in the neighbouring countries of Europe; and that so late as the year 1823, by 2d Geo. IV., cap. 43, sec. 21, this law of George II. is expressly recognized as existing unreppealed and unaltered. That in the year 1824, being the 6th George IV., an act, cap. 104, was passed for the purpose of repealing a great number of Acts of Parliament relative to the commerce of this country, in order to simplify the laws of the Customs, with the avowed declaration, as is stated in the preamble, that the purposes for which these acts had been from time to time made should be secured by new enactments, exhibiting their provisions

more perspicuously. That by the Act of the sixth of the present reign, the power for securing to the public a supply of tea, as cheap as it might be had in other neighbouring countries, was, it is presumed, unintentionally swept away from the statute book. That in the same Session of Parliament, and simultaneously therewith, another Act was passed, cap. 107; which, whilst it professes to secure, by re-enactment, the purposes for which the acts so repealed were made, not only omits to secure to the Lords of the Treasury the power which had been previously so wisely given, in respect to the supply of tea, but absolutely restricts the importation thereof from any place but that of its growth, and by the East India Company, and into the port of London. That thus that salutary and equitable provision, devised by the wisdom and justice of previous Parliaments, has been wholly abrogated; and, as no equivalent advantage was given to the public, it is considered clear that this provision has been inadvertently withdrawn, and that, consequently, it is not only competent to the Legislature, but incumbent upon it, to pass such enactments as will restore to the Lords of the Treasury the power so unaccountably revoked.

On the motion of Samuel Hope, Esq., seconded by Charles Tayleur, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 7th.—That independently of commercial considerations, this meeting contemplates with deep concern the state of mental debasement in which the mighty population of Hindostan has been hitherto doomed to remain; while it is evident, that a free and enlarged intercourse with the country, aided by a liberal and humane legislation, seems alone wanting to extend the benefit of civilization, to put an end (if the intervention of the Legislature should not sooner effect it) to the horrible custom of the burning of widows, together with other revolting superstitions, and to confer intelligence and happiness on millions of our fellow beings, possessing the strongest claims on our sympathy and protection.

On the motion of Adam Hodgson, Esq., seconded by George Grant, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 8th.—That this meeting, strongly impressed with the importance of a well-organised effort on the part of the British people to oppose and endeavour to prevent the renewal of the East India Company's monopoly, and destructive powers, earnestly exhorts the inhabitants of other towns to the calm but determined expression of the public sentiment against the further continuance of a system so partial and oppressive in its immediate operation, as well as so inimical to the best interests of this country and of mankind.

On the motion of John Bourne, Esq., seconded by Thomas Leatham, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 9th.—That in furtherance of the special objects stated in the 6th Resolution, with reference to the importation of Tea from the Continent, petitions, as now read, be presented to both Houses of Parliament in the ensuing session; and that the Earl of Derby and Lord Skelmersdale be requested to present and support the same in the House of Lords, and the Members for this borough in the House of Commons; and that the support of all Peers and Members of Parliament connected with the country be respectfully solicited.

On the motion of Thomas Thorneley, Esq., seconded by T. H. Barclay, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 10th.—That as the East India Company's Charter will expire by law in 1834, provided the Company shall have received three years' notice from the Legislature to that effect; and as the discussion of this great question before Parliament must consequently take place early in the year 1831; if not before, this Meeting is of opinion no time should be lost in awaking the country to a just sense of the merits and importance of the whole subject.—That a Committee, therefore, be now appointed, to aid in carrying into effect the purport of the foregoing resolutions, by requesting the co-operation and support of the Mayor and Common Council of Liverpool; by the collecting of evidences; by corresponding with similar committees in other towns; by being prepared, when the proper time shall arrive, with petitions to the Legislature; and, generally, by adopting such measures as they may deem advisable to forward the great object which this meeting has in view; and that the following Gentlemen be the Committee, with power to add to their numbers, and seven shall be competent to act:

The Mayor of Liverpool for the time being.

J. T. Alston	John Gladstone	Nicholas Robinson
John Bolton	George Grant	W. Rathbone
Robert Benson	John Garnett	Richard Radcliffe
John Bourne	Samuel Hope	W. Rotherham
James Bourne	Ormerod Heyworth	Edward Rushton
E. Baiges, jun.	Adam Hodgson	Edward Roscoe
Henry Booth	Charles Horsfall	John Smith
T. Brocklebank	Joseph Hornby	Charles Tayleur
T. B. Barclay	Thomas Littledale	Thomas Thorneley
James Cropper	Thomas Leatham	W. Ward
W. Wallace Currie	Joseph Leigh	Daniel Willink
John Ewart	W. Myers	Daniel Willis
W. Earle, jun.	A. Melly	Joseph E. Yates
Hardman Earle	Alexander Maxwell	John A. Yates.
Willis Earle, jun.	W. Potter	

Moved by John Gladstone, Esq., and seconded by James Cropper, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 11th.—That a Subscription be opened, and placed at the disposal of the Committee now appointed, for the purposes before stated; and that the Mayor be requested to transmit copies of the foregoing Resolutions and Petition to the Sheriffs of Counties and Chief Magistrates of the principal trading and manufacturing Towns in the United Kingdom, with a request that the important objects therein set forth may be brought under the consideration of the inhabitants—especially the question of the importation of Tea from the Continent, as explained in the Petition and 6th Resolution, which calls for the prompt and active interference of every town and village in the kingdom.

NICHOLAS ROBINSON, Mayor.

The Mayor having left the Chair, on the motion of William Myers, Esq., seconded by William Rathbone, Esq., the Thanks of the Meeting were unanimously voted to his Worship for calling the Meeting, and for his able conduct in the Chair.

London: Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning, by WILLIAM LAWES (at the Office, No. 4, Wellington-street, Strand.

THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 70.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1829.

Price 8d.

THE NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.*

THE Proprietors of Sir Walter Scott's Novels have issued a short prospectus of a new edition of these celebrated works. These pages contain a 'Notice by the Publisher' and an 'Author's Advertisement,' taking which together, the object of the proposed publication may with tolerable certainty be collected:

1. The booksellers say that they intend to make an edition, the price of which will put it within reach of persons who could not afford to purchase copies of the previous editions. 2. The book will be elegantly printed, &c. 3. It will be ornamented with engravings. 4. The text of the novels will be throughout corrected. 5. There will be comments of various kinds, containing accounts of circumstances connected with the first publication of these fictions, and of the sources from which the author derived his incidents and descriptions.

1. The superior cheapness we take to be a bibliopolical fiction, though much less brilliant than the romantic fictions to which it relates. We believe the Waverley novels may now be obtained for at least as small a sum as that which they will cost in this edition.

2. To the elegance of the printing we have, of course, no objection. The hot-pressing we hold to be out of character. A rich rough aspect, with quaint wood-cuts and grotesque initials, would, to our taste, best become these pleasant books.

3. The whole series is to be ornamented with engravings from the designs of several very celebrated (and very justly celebrated) artists. Here we must take leave to pause, and say our critical say.

The abstract idea of a book-engraving is an invention of the devil; who, by the way, in all the illustrated copies we have seen of the Bible and 'Paradise Lost,' is amply punished for the device. The business of a book-engraving, in general, we take to be this: it is meant to serve the purpose of introducing a salutary fretfulness and disagreement into the intercourse of author and reader. If the reader of an 'illustrated' volume is so imprudent as to frame for himself, from the hints of the writer, a vivid picture of a man or an occurrence, let him but look to the frontispiece, and we will bet all Mr. Westall's designs† to the dulcet of Crutchbanks' scratchings, that he will cry to sleep again, he will find a London school-miss instead of Miranda, or a Prospero evidently imitated from that great conjuror, Mr. Cobbest. A book-engraving, above all other engines, is powerful to stuff out the insignificant, and degrade the lofty, to change what is universal, as containing more life than any thing else, into that which is common-place, as containing less. It renders the individual and peculiar, general and indiscriminate. It has the true art of mutations to change peasants into stage-players; and gentlemen into clowns. It makes Don Quixote what all his madness could not make him, vulgar and contemptible; it gives us, for the Duke and

Duchess, the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, and plunders Sancho's face of all its proverb-honoured wisdom. How many a gay creature of the element has a book-engraving changed into a Caliban! How many a band of heroes hath it, like Comus, converted into swine! How many a fair lady of song hath it smitten, in the turning of a page, with leprosy, and deformed with affectation. The burin is the true Ithuriel's spear to give us fends for angels; it is the real sword of war, which desolates fair landscapes into wildernesses. At its touch the butterflies of poetry grow back to grubs. Egyptian-like, it seats its skeletons beside its gay and revelling thoughts, and mocks us with the contrast. It takes us from the pleasant gardens and the stately chambers of the fancy to a region of shadows and monsters; and a bookseller stands warder at the gate, and tells us, forsooth, that we must pay for admittance. Thank Heaven! there are cheap and unillustrated editions of Shakespeare. We are not always compelled to put up with a coal-heaver instead of Orlando, and be content to think Beatrice a hoyden; or, rather, those resplendent beings are not deemed to be all always followed by the grimaces and screamings of the apes and peacocks from the engraver's Tarskish. We are sometimes allowed to read Homer without being told that a facsimile of Thersites is a portrait of Achilles; and to see Nausicaa at the river in another likeness than that of a modern washer-woman. Praise be to the Bible Society, praise to the folks of our fathers, that there are Bibles without engravings; that we still think of Moses pointing to the brazen serpent, as somewhat different in look and bearing from a showman at the Tower; and that we yet conceive the form of Christ as rather that of a carpenter than a Saviour.

There are many persons, no doubt, who would derive no image whatever of an author's meaning from his writings; and for these we suppose it is that book-engravings are peculiarly intended. And in these cases, undoubtedly, they are generally such as exhibit a wise adaptation of means to ends. Minds that can make to themselves, by the aid of books, no notion of any thing that is in nature, are very fit to be entertained by sketches of what is completely unnatural. We would suggest, that even for such people it is needless to connect the picture with the book, as a volume is rather a clumsy frame for a copper-plate. But for this class of readers the greatest possible difference between the author's mind and the artist's is of no importance whatever. If, indeed, they could suspect for a moment that there is a similarity of intention between the author's mind and the artist's, the consequence would be a troublesome and futile attempt to trace out the connection, and a great deal of time would be vainly wasted in an enterprise which from the first would, for the greater part of the 'reading public,' be absolutely desperate. But there is in truth no such danger. And in this point of view we have always particularly admired 'Bogdell's Shakespeare Gallery,' which exhibits on a large scale the forms and gestures of certain fantastic beings as amusing as the fantoccini, or the dancing dogs, or learned cats; and whose identity with the 'fine spirits' of the poet will never for an instant be questioned by our unsuspicious public.

There are, undoubtedly, artists of powers equal to those of any writers whom they might think fit to illustrate. When Wilkie is in question, it may seem strange to say that we object to all

designs from passages in well-known books; yet we do dislike such attempts, even when made by men of genius, as we should dislike to see in a poem a stanza by a different hand from that of the author; and still more if the stanza were a paraphrase of something gone before, with all the diversity of conception and expression which it would necessarily derive from the genius of its maker. A man of genius cannot, by possibility reproduce, with a mere difference of form, the thoughts of another man, and will always either introduce some evidences of original thought, which will prevent the illustration from being what a book-illustration ought to be, or (if he be guided by some temporary and external consideration, instead of the inherent laws of his own genius) he will attend to nothing but the details, which he will very probably represent even more ineffectually than a meaner man, who could never look beyond them; and, when we are dealing in one page with a living being, we shall find in the next, as an 'illustration' to assist us in our conception of it, a ghastly and lifeless mummy.

This reasoning will probably be met with examples of cases in which books have been successfully illustrated by engravings. The most celebrated of our day are those of the designs by Retsch, Flaxman, and, perhaps, Pinelli. The works of the last, which are less known in this country than those of the two former, supply a good instance for our purpose. Let any one compare Pinelli's larger designs from some of the Italian poets with the very smallest and most careless of his drawings of peasants and handi-d, and he must at once see the difference in spirit, ease, expression, composition, even accuracy of drawing, between the scratchy span of paper on which a man of high talent has created for himself, and the more elaborate exhibitions of ill-made heroes and awkward heroines, into whom a copyist has attempted to transmute that spirit which cannot be imbibed from its living original by a dead imitation. It is useless to collect with so much care the bones and ashes. They are a poor consolation to the mourner for the life he loved. But how much vainer and more foolish is it, when we are walking in amaranthine gardens, among the disembodied essences of poetry, to mock us with the funeral urn, which is of the earth earthy, and contains only dust and relics.

Retsch and Flaxman are perhaps somewhat more difficult to dispose of than Pinelli. And here we must remark that, condemning, as we do, the practice of binding up engravings, and poems or novels, together; asserting, as we do, that the practice will almost always lead to the junction of the living with the dead body, or of the real man and his *wraith*, or of dissimilar men in a case in which no difference is endurable, and that the being of the poet will scarcely ever have a satisfactory double in the being of the artist, we are yet not called upon to show that subjects taken from fictitious compositions are not very proper for painting. It is the juxta-position which we chiefly complain of. When we read a fine poem, and afterwards see a fine painting of the same subject, each is to us a separate creation. Tie them together, and attempt to persuade us that they relate not only to people of the same names and in the same circumstances, but to the same individual men and women, and you are forced to abstract whatever is substantial and characteristic in the one work of art or the other, to consider it as a mere shadow of its prototype;

* Prospectus of a New Edition of the Waverley Novels, with the Author's Notes, and new Introduction.

† We have long wanted to get rid of them—they were given to us by our cousin, who has since married and produced these little 'illustrations' of wedlock.

the inhabitants of Syria and Egypt, and retain something of the good-natured disposition of the Bedouins, from whom they derive their origin. When they accost each other in the streets for the first time in the course of the day, the young man kisses the elder's hand, or the inferior that of his superior in rank, while the latter returns the salute by a kiss upon the forehead. Individuals of equal rank and age, not of the first class, mutually kiss each other's hands. They say to a stranger, "O faithful," or "brother;" and the saying of the prophet, "that all the faithful are brethren," is constantly upon their lips. "Welcome, a thousand welcome," says a shopkeeper to his foreign customer; "you are the stranger of God, the guest of the holy city; my whole property is at your disposal." When the service of any one is wanted, the applicant says, "Our whole subsistence, after God, is owing to you pilgrims; can we do less than be grateful?" If in the mosque a foreigner is exposed to the sun, the Mekki will make room for him in a shady place; if he passes a coffee-shop, he will hear voices calling him to enter and take a cup of coffee; if a Mekki takes a jar of drink from any public water-seller, he will offer it, before he sets it to his mouth, to any passenger; and upon the slightest acquaintance, he will say to his new friend, "When will you honour me at home, and take your supper with me?" When they quarrel among themselves, none of those scurrilous names of vile language is heard, so frequently used in Egypt and Syria; blows are only given on very extraordinary occasions, and the arrival of a respectable person puts an immediate stop to any dispute, on his recommending peace: "God has made us great sinners," they will then say, "but he has bestowed upon us, likewise, the virtue of easy repentance."

To these amiable qualities the Mekki adds another, for which they must also be commended: they are a proud race; and, though their pride is not founded upon innate worth, it is infinitely preferable to the cringing servility of the other Levantines, who redeem their slavish deference to superiors by the most overbearing haughtiness towards those below them. The Mekkis are proud of being natives of the holy city, of being the countrymen of their prophet; of having preserved, in some degree, his manners; of speaking his pure language; of enjoying, in expectation, all the honours in the next world, which are promised to the neighbours of the Kaaba; and of being much freer men than any of the foreigners whom they see crowding to their city. They exhibit this pride to their own superiors, whom they have taught to treat them with great forbearance and circumspection; and they look upon all other Mohammedan nations as people of an inferior order, to whom their kindness and politeness are the effect of their condescension. Many good consequences might result from this pride, without which a people cannot expect to sustain its rank among nations. It has prevented the people of Mekka from sinking so deep into slavery as some of their neighbours; but it excites them to nothing laudable, while its more immediate effects are seen in the contempt which they entertain for foreigners. This contempt, as I have already remarked, in speaking of Djidda, is chiefly displayed towards the Turks, whose ignorance of the Arabic language, whose dress and manners, the meanness of their conduct whenever they cannot talk as masters; their cowardice, exhibited whenever the Hadj has been assailed in its route across the Desert, and the little respect that was shown to them by the Governors of Mekka, as long as the Sherif's power was unbroken,—have lowered them so much in the estimation of the Arabians, that they are held in the Hedjaz as little better than infidels; and, although many of the Mekkis are of Turkish origin, they heartily join the rest of their townsmen in vilifying the stock from which they sprang. The word *Turky* has become a term of insult towards each other among the children. *Nasrani* (Christians), or *Yahoudy* (Jews), are often applied to the Turks by the people of Mekka; and their manners and language afford a perpetual source of ridicule or reproach. The Syrians and Egyptians experience similar effects from the pride of the people of the Hedjaz, but especially the former, as the Egyptians, of all foreigners, approach nearest to the people of Arabia in customs and language, and keep up the most intimate intercourse with them. But the haughty Syrian Muslim, who calls Aleppo or Damascus "Om el Donia," (the mother of the world,) and believes no race of men equal to his own, nor any language so pure as the Syrian, though it is undoubtedly the worst dialect of the Arabic next to the Moghrebyn,—is obliged to behave here with great modesty and circumspection,

he is reproached with dressing and living like a Turk; and to the epithet Shamy (Syrian) the idea is attached of a heavy, untattooed clown. If the Arabians were to see the Turks in the countries where they are masters, their dislike towards them would be still greater; for it must be said, that their behaviour in the holy city is, in general, much more decent and conformable to the precepts of their religion, than in the countries from which they come.

The Mekkis believe that their city, with all the inhabitants, is under the especial care of Providence, and that they are so far favoured above all other nations. "This is Mekka! this is the city of God!" they exclaim, when any surprise is expressed at the greater part of them having remained in town during the stagnation of trade and the absence of pilgrims: "None ever wants his daily bread here; none fears here the incursion of enemies. That Saoud saved the town from pillage; that no plundering took place when the Turkish cavalry, under Mostafa Bey, recaptured it from the Wahabys; that the capture of Sherif Ghaleb led to no massacres within the precincts of Mekka, are to them so many visible miracles of the Almighty, to prove the truth of that passage of the Koran, (chap. 106,) in which it is said, "Let them adore the God of the house, (the Kaaba,) who feeds them in hunger, and secures them from all fear." But they forgot to look back to their own history, which mentions many terrible famines and sanguinary battles that have happened in this sacred asylum. Indeed, the Hedjaz has suffered more from famine than, perhaps, any other Eastern country. The historians abound with descriptions of such lamentable events: I shall only mention one that happened in 1664, when, as Assamy relates, many people sold their own children at Mekka for a single measure of corn; and when, at Djidda, the populace fed publicly on human flesh.

A Mekki related to me, that, having once resolved to abandon the city, in consequence of the non-arrival of Turkish hadjys, who supplied his means of subsistence, an angel appeared to him in his sleep, on the night previous to his intended departure. The angel had a flaming sword in his hand, and stood upon the gate of Mekka, through which the dreamer was about to leave the town, and exclaimed, "Unbeliever, remain! the Mekkis shall eat honey, while all the other people of the earth shall be content with barley bread!" In consequence of this vision, he abandoned his project, and continued to live in the town.—Pp. 200—204.

Much has been said and unsaid about Mohammedan toleration. 'The Westminster Review,' which once published an article in defence of that religion, left the question in doubt; and where these doctors are silent, it does not become us, the unlearned, to offer an opinion. We may venture, however, to hint that Mohammedanism may possibly be different in intensity in different parts of the world, and that, when any religion is perfectly neglected, its votaries are not, generally, persecutors. Mr. Burckhardt's statements respecting the toleration of the Mekkites are as follows:

'In a place where there is no variety of creeds, persecution cannot show itself; but it is probable that the Mekkis might easily be incited to excesses against those whom they call infidels: for I have always remarked in the East, that the Muslims most negligent in performing the duties of their religion are the most violent in urging its precepts against unbelievers; and that the grossest superstition is generally found among those who trifle with their duties, or who, like many Osmanlys, even deride them, and lay claim to free-thinking. There is no class of Turks more inveterate in their hatred against Christians than those who, coming frequently into intercourse with them, find it convenient to throw off for a while the appearance of their prejudices. In all the European harbours of the Mediterranean, the Moghrebyns live like unbelievers: but, when at home, nothing but fear can induce them to set bounds to their fanaticism. It is the same with the Turks in the Archipelago, and I might adduce many examples from Syria and Egypt in corroboration of this assertion. If fanaticism has somewhat decreased within the last twenty years throughout the Turkish empire, the circumstance, I think, may be ascribed solely to the decreasing energy of the inhabitants, and the growing indifference for their own religion, and certainly not to a diffusion of more philanthropic or charitable principles. The text of the Mohammedan law is precise in inciting its followers to unceasing hatred and contempt of all those who profess a

animosity gives way to an exterior politeness, whenever the interest of the Mohammedan is concerned. The degree of toleration enjoyed by the Christians, depends upon the interest of the provisional Government under which they live; and, if they happen to be favoured by it, the Turkish subject bows to the Christian. In all the eastern countries which I have visited, more privileges are allowed to Christians in general than the Muslim code prescribes; but their condition depends upon the fiat of the governor of the town or district; as they experienced about seven years since at Damascus, under Youssef Pasha, when they were suddenly reduced to their former abject state. Twenty years ago, a Copt of Egypt was much in the same situation as Jew is now in Barbary; but at present, when the free-thinking, though certainly not liberal, Mohammed Aly finds it his interest to conciliate the Christians, a Greek beats a Turk without much fear of consequences from the mob; and I know an instance of an Armenian having murdered his own Muslim servant, and escaped punishment, on paying a fine to Government, although the fact was publicly known. Convinced as the Turks must now be, in many parts of the East, of the superiority of these Europeans, whom they cannot but consider as the brethren of their Christian subjects, their behaviour towards the latter will, nevertheless, be strictly regulated by the avowed sentiments of their governors; and it would be as easy for Mohammed Aly by a single word to degrade the Christians in Egypt, as he found it to raise them to their present consideration, superior, I believe, to what they enjoy in any other part of Turkey.

The hatred against Christians is nearly equal in every part of the Ottoman empire; and, if the Muslims sacrifice that feeling, it is not to the principles of charity or humanity, but to the frown of those who happen to be in power; and their baseness is such, that they will kiss to-day the hands of him whom they have trodden under foot yesterday. In examining into the fanatical riots, many of which are recorded in the chanceries of the European consuls in the Levant, it will generally be found that Government had a share in the affrays, and easily succeeded in quelling them. The late Sultan Selim, in his regenerating system, which led him to favour the Christians, found no opposition from the mass of his people, but from the jealous Janissaries; and, when the latter had prevailed, the demi-Gallicized grandees of Constantinople easily sunk again into *Sewazy*. Sometimes, indeed, a rash devotee, or mad Sheikh or Dervish, at the head of a few partisans, affords an exception to these general statements; and will insult a Christian placed in the highest favour with the public authorities, as happened at Damascus, in 1811, to the Greek Patriarch, after Youssef Pasha had been repulsed: but his countrymen, although cherishing the same principles, and full of the same uncharitableness, seldom have the courage to give vent to their feelings, and to follow the example of the Saint. None of those genuine popular commotions, which were once so frequent in Europe, when the members of the reigning church saw individuals of a rival persuasion extending their influence, are now witnessed in the East. Whatever may be thought of it in a moral point of view, we must respect the energy of a man who enters headlong into a contention, of at least uncertain issue, and generally detrimental to his own worldly interests, merely because he fancies or believes that his religious duty commands his exertions. The Muslim of the Turkish empire, as far as I have had an opportunity of remarking, easily suppresses his feelings, his passions, the dictates of his conscience, and what he supposes agreeable to the will of the Almighty, at the dictates of his interest, or according to the wish or example of the ruling power.—Pp. 205—207.

The learning of the Mekkites is thus spoken of: 'Whatever may be the indifference of the Mekkis for learning, the language of their city is still more pure and elegant, both in phraseology and pronunciation, than that of any other town where Arabic is spoken. It approaches more nearly than any other dialect to the old written Arabic, and is free from those affectations and perversions of the original sense, which abound in the other provinces. I do not consider the Arabic language as on the decline: it is true, there are no longer any poets who write like Motanabbi, Abol' Ola, or Ibn el Faredh; and a fine flowing prose the Arabs never possessed. The modern poets content themselves with imitating their ancient masters, humbly borrowing the sublime metaphors and exalted sentiments produced from nobler and sweeter breasts than those of the olemas of the present day. But even now, the language is deeply studied by all

he learned men; it is the only science with which the orthodox Moslem can beguile his leisure hours, after he has explored the labyrinth of the law; and every where in the East it is thought an indispensable requisite of a good education, not only to write the language with purity, but to have read and studied the classic poets, and to know their finest passages by heart. The admiration with which Arabic scholars regard their best writers, is the same as that esteem in which Europeans hold their own classics. The far greater part of the Eastern population, it is true, neither write nor read; but of those who have been instructed in letters, a much larger proportion write elegantly, and are well read in the native authors, than among the same class in Europe.—Pp. 214, 215.

The next passage contains an interesting account of the government of the Desert:

'To those who are unacquainted with the politics of the Desert, the government of Mekka will present some singularities; but every thing is easily explained, if the Sherif be considered as a Bedouin chief, whom wealth and power have led to assume arbitrary sway; who has adopted the exterior form of an Osmanly governor, but who strictly adheres to all the ancient usages of his nation. In former times, the heads of the Sherif families at Mekka exercised the same influence as the fathers of families in the Bedouin encampments; the authority of the great chief afterwards prevailed, and the others were obliged to submit; but they still retain, in many cases, the rights of their forefathers. The rest of the Mekkawys were considered by the contending parties, not as their equals, but as settlers under their domination; in the same way as Bedouin tribes fight for villages which pay to them certain assessments, and whose inhabitants are considered to be on a much lower level than themselves. The Mekkawys, however, were not to be dealt with like inhabitants of the towns in the northern provinces of Turkey; they took a part in the feuds of the Sherifs, and shared in the influence and power obtained by their respective patrons. When Serour and Ghaleb successively possessed themselves of a more uncontrolled authority than any of their predecessors had enjoyed, the remaining Sherifs united more closely with the Mekkawys, and, till the most recent period, formed with them a body respectable for its warlike character, as was evinced in frequent quarrels among themselves; and a resistance against the Government, when its measures affected their lives, although they were so far reduced as never to revolt when their purses only were assailed.

'The Sherifs, or descendants of Mohammed, resident at Mekka and in the neighbourhood, who delight in arms, and are so often engaged in civil broils, have a practice of sending every male child, eight days after its birth, to some tent of the neighbouring Bedouins, where it is brought up with the children of the tent, and educated like a true Bedouin for eight or ten years, or till the boy is able to mount a mare, when his father takes him back to his home. During the whole of the above period, the boy never visits his parents, nor enters the town, except when in his sixth month; his foster-mother then carries him on a short visit to his family, and immediately returns with him to her tribe. The child is, in no instance, left longer than thirty days after his birth in the hands of his mother; and his stay among the Bedouins is sometimes protracted till his thirteenth or fifteenth year. By this means, he becomes familiar with all the perils and vicissitudes of a Bedouin life; his body is inured to fatigue and privation; and he acquires a knowledge of the pure language of the Bedouins, and an influence among them that becomes afterwards of much importance to him. There is no sherif, from the chief down to the poorest among them, who has not been brought up among the Bedouins; and many of them are also married to Bedouin girls. The sons of the reigning Sherif family were usually educated among the tribe of Adouan, celebrated for the prowess and hospitality of its members; but it has been so much reduced by the intestine wars of the Sherifs, in which they always took part, and by the late invasion of Mohammed Aly, that they found it expedient to abandon the territory of the Hedjaz, and seek refuge in the encampments of the tribes of the Eastern plain. Othman el Medhayfe, the famous Wahaby chief, a principal instrument employed by Saoud in the subjugation of the Hedjaz, was himself a Sheikh of Adouan; and Sherif Ghaleb had married his sister. The other Sherifs sent their children to the encampments of Hodheyl, Thekyf, Beni Sad, and others; some few to the Koreyah, or Harb.

'The Bedouins in whose tent a Sherif has been educated, were ever after treated by him with the same

respect as his own parents and brethren; he called them respectively, father, mother, brother; and received from them corresponding appellations. Whenever they came to Mekka, they lodged at the house of their pupil, and never left it without receiving presents. During his pupillage, the Sherif gave the name of Erham to the more distant relatives of the Bedouin family, who were also entitled to his friendship and attention; and he considered himself, during his life, as belonging to the encampment in which he had passed his early years: he termed its inhabitants "our people," or, "our family;" took the liveliest interest in their various fortunes; and, when at leisure, often paid them a visit during the spring months, and sometimes accompanied them in their wanderings and their wars.—Pp. 228—230.

Our last extract shall be from the most interesting and striking chapter in the volume, which gives an account of the Hadj. The various groups of pilgrims in their various costumes, and with the insignia and characteristics of their several nations, are beautifully described; that is to say, they are described by a simple-minded man, who did not attempt to spoil the poetry of the scene by mixing any poetry of his own in the description of it.

'The preacher, or Khatyb, who is usually the Kadhys of Mekka, was mounted upon a finely-caparisoned camel, which had been led up the steps; it being traditionally said that Mohammed was always seated when he here addressed his followers, a practice in which he was imitated by all the Khalifes who came to the Hadj, and who from hence addressed their subjects in person. The Turkish gentleman of Constantinople, however, unused to camel-riding, could not keep his seat so well as the hardy Bedouin prophet; and, the camel becoming unruly, he was soon obliged to alight from it. He read his sermon from a book in Arabic, which he held in his hands. At intervals of every four or five minutes he paused, and stretched forth his arms to implore blessings from above; while the assembled multitudes around and before him, waved the skirts of their ihrams over their heads, and rent the air with shouts of "Lebeyk, Allahuma Lebeyk," (i. e. Here we are, at thy commands, O God!) During the wavings of the ihrams, the side of the mountain, thickly crowded as it was by the people in their white garments, had the appearance of a cataract of water; while the green umbrellas, with which several thousand hadjys, sitting on their camels below, were provided, bore some resemblance to a verdant plain.

'During his sermon, which lasted almost three hours, the Kadhys was seen constantly to wipe his eyes with a handkerchief; for the law enjoins the Khatyb or preacher to be moved with feeling and compunction; and adds that, whenever tears appear on his face, it is a sign that the Almighty enlightens him, and is ready to listen to his prayers. The pilgrims who stood near me, upon the large blocks of granite which cover the sides of Ararat, appeared under various aspects. Some of them, mostly foreigners, were crying loudly and weeping, beating their breasts, and denouncing themselves to be great sinners before the Lord; others (but by far the smallest number) stood in silent reflection and adoration, with tears in their eyes. Many natives of the Hedjaz, and many soldiers of the Turkish army, were meanwhile conversing and joking; and, whenever the others were waving the ihram, made violent gesticulations, as if to ridicule that ceremony. Behind, on the hill, I observed several parties of Arabs and soldiers, who were quietly smoking their nargyles; and in a cavern just by sat a common woman, who sold coffee, and whose visitors, by their loud laughter and riotous conduct, often interrupted the fervent devotions of the hadjys near them. Numbers of people were present in their ordinary clothes. Towards the conclusion of the sermon, the far greater part of the assembly seemed to be wearied, and many descended the mountain before the preacher had finished his discourse. It must be observed, however, that the crowds assembled on the mountain were, for the greater part, of the lower classes; the pilgrims of respectability being mounted upon their camels or horses in the plain.

'At length the sun began to descend behind the western mountains; upon which the Kadhys, having shut his book, received a last greeting of "Lebeyk;" and the crowds rushed down the mountain, in order to quit Ararat. It is thought meritorious to accelerate the pace on this occasion; and many persons make it a complete race, called by the Arabs, *Ad dafa min Ararat*.—Pp. 271—273.

THE LONDON REVIEW.

The London Review, No. I. Saunders and Otley. London, 1829.

It is probable that most of our readers have met with more or fewer individuals of a class which exerts, by its character and numbers, some inconsiderable influence on the public opinion, and of which the more remarkable characteristics are in a great degree peculiar to this country. Elevated above the vulgar level of society, though neither pointed out by their rank to the homage of servility nor by the renown of vast learning to that of ignorance, in station as in mind they offer nearly the best specimens of what the social state of England can achieve for its favourites, and may, perhaps, be selected as the fittest representatives of that middle class which here as elsewhere may be safely enough fixed upon as a standard whence to estimate a nation's intellectual and moral culture. In all that concerns the habits of society, or a general acquaintance with literature—nay, in almost all that concerns the practical means of social improvement, the furtherance of public spirited projects—the promotion of popular enlightenment—our countrymen will probably be found unsurpassed in any other nation of Europe. But in habits of thought, in the formation of opinions, in reflection and discussion, and those grand and leading principles by which our sentiments and much of our practice is supported, there is a certain timid indolence, a certain impatience of all sustained argument or explicit avowal, which is, at first sight, irreconcilable with the manliness and energy apparent in the rest of the character; and which, however it may be explained by the operation of several powerful influences in English society, is assuredly inconsistent with the perfect development of either individual or social capacities. Not that the dispositions, or indispositions, to which we have alluded, exhibit themselves in the exclusion of those all-important topics of which they lame and enervate the discussion. England has long been the classic land of moral and political debate; and the only marvel is, that where there seems so sensitive a dread in every Christian man conversing on such subjects of deviating one hair's-breadth to the right or to the left of the received and fashionable doctrine, it should be thought at all convenient to admit such serious questions into the precincts of polite conversation, or to give one-self any further trouble about them than that of merely ascertaining what is held by the authorities.

We have been thrown into this morose reflective mood upon the foibles of our educated countrymen, by some passages in the first article of the able journal before us. When we venture a prediction that 'The London Review' will owe some share of its immediate popularity to the patronage of that class on whom remembrance of good dinners must prevent us breathing aught of disrespect or harshness, we are far from meaning blame to either readers or writers; for, while we think the good graces of the former will be secured by the tone of anxious impartiality and moderation in the latter, we feel assured, from the promise of the pages before us, that the favour thus acquired will be employed for the noblest and most useful ends. With a few exceptions hereafter to be noticed, we applaud the following critical confession of faith:

'Having borne our testimony against the abuse of the facilities afforded by modern periodicals, which, we conceive, is not fairly chargeable on those who cater for them, we would only briefly remark, as touching ourselves, that our object will be to stimulate instead of palling curiosity,—instead of manufacturing thoughts for the reader, to induce him to think for himself; in a word, to lend him a helping hand up the tree of knowledge, not gather the fruit for him, express its juices, and concentrate them into an extract.

'Thus much as to the minor subjects which are shared in common with a large class of luminous and amusing periodicals of annual, quarterly, monthly, or weekly circulation. But as the peculiar province of a review con-

passionately lies in those graver subjects of discussion, which, coming home as they do to the business and bosoms of all thinking men, naturally engender party-spirit, we conclude, some avowal must be made of our intended line of conduct on this head also. Now, professions of impartiality, we are aware, are the cheap and decent salvo which it becomes a reviewer to make to his own conscience and that of the public. But feeling seriously, as we ought to do, that the only merit which can give permanent weight to a review, and entitle it to a parallel with the schools of ancient philosophy, is the encouragement of such sound and dispassionate judgments as men may not blush to have formed when age has moderated their passions, we trust our practice may be found consonant with our principles. In spite, indeed, of the excitement produced by one or two unfortunate questions, we conceive, that the temper of the general mass of society is becoming more moderate on political subjects, and more sceptical as to the motives of contending parties. Like the heavy ground swell which continues long after the storm has ceased to rage, the excitement produced by times of war and trouble is slowly but surely subsiding: and the pugnacious habits wearing out, which our gazettes communicated by sympathy to men of sedentary occupations. Inspired by the animated details of second editions, a reviewer formerly launched forth to "burn, sink, and destroy," as by the tenor of his self-created letter of marque, such vessels as did not answer his signal: but in the present day, an author may, in Sir Walter Scott's language,

"Strike his flag, and bind his skiff to land,"

in the assurance that such buccannering practices will be proscribed by the late merchants of civilised ports of literature. Thus, also, with regard to politics. In the present times, it is possible, that the language of Fox, Burke, or Chatham, would expose them to be called to order in the House, and injure their cause in the eyes of the moderate. A strong bias is necessary on either side to compel and control the great and decisive movements which are in agitation on the eve of a public crisis; but, when such occasions no longer exist, the *vis inertia* which consists in the calm sense of society, naturally predominates towards the centre: private individuals are shy of pledging themselves to any more specific party than their country and their common interests, and adopt no other rule of judgment than the merits of each individual case. The time is now come when the mass of men of sense and substance, who have little to gain and much to lose by party squabbles, may, like the stout Burgher of the Wynd, sturdily walk the crown of the causeway on their lawful business, neither heeding the war-cries of different aristocratic retainers, nor interposing in the broils of the mob more than is necessary to preserve public order. Of this independent class of men, any journal which, in a different state of things, should have committed itself to certain persons, cannot well profess to be the organ, without incurring the charge of tergiversation among its former supporters. But, feeling ourselves fettered by no such engagements, our highest ambition would be to stand well in the opinion of the important body whom we have described.

'We would not be understood as meaning to decry the legitimate uses of party spirit. A principle so interwoven with the nature of man, and so extensively pervading both public and private society, is obviously intended by nature to answer an important end, and, when tolerably honest and disinterested, becomes deservedly respectable. But its office is limited in the development of truth on those subjects of vital importance with which it is particularly conversant, and on which a Review, professing to speak at all, ought to be free from its influence. The peculiar duty of the latter, which, we conceive, has not as yet been accurately laid down, may be traced by a glance at the component parts of an English court of law. Here the rival advocates, we will not say influenced by the *argumentum ad hominem* of their retainers, but bound in honour to deserve the confidence reposed in them, and favourably disposed to the *esperte* statements of their clients, are sure to thresh out the facts which it is the business of the judge dispassionately to sift and submit to the jury. The parallel, we think, will hold. The jury, who are to decide on political matters, are the enlightened and moderate portion of society; the advocates, pamphleteers, and party men; while the office of a reviewer, if he be good for any thing, precisely corresponds with that of the judge. Unless he can resolve to consider the case in question strictly on the basis of its own merits, to expose fallacies however humorously couched, and however gratifying to his private partialities, to afford a clear and ungarbled

detail of the arguments on both sides, and especially to maintain the dignity of his court, and the purity of the memorable ninth injunction in the decalogue, by severely checking personal rancour or wilful misconstruction of motives, the sooner the common consent of the public deposes him from his self-constituted office, the better. The same feeling which improves the efficacy of an advocate, destroys that of a judge, and the wit and sarcasm which are the fair weapons of an opening speech, would be misplaced in summing up evidence. His private opinions are still his own, and not compromised by the exercise of his public duty; nor on lighter subjects is he more precluded from the indulgence of humour and fancy, than his legal prototype from laughing over a good story among a party of friends.

'This, it may be said by some, is ever to halt between two opinions, and hold none in good earnest. Nor, in fact, do we choose to acknowledge any more specific than a sincere attachment to Christianity, and a sincere desire for social improvement, with the least possible disturbance of established order. Those who feel not these motives are as much out of the pale of that society to which we would address ourselves, as the unfortunate persons whom the ancients were wont to drown in a sack with obscene animals; and those who do feel them, might, one would suppose, differ from each other without rancour, and alter their opinion without discredit. There are, however, several motives, distinct from self-interest or party-engagements, which tend to perpetuate a party-bias whence once acquired. In the first place, it is gratifying to the natural indolence of man, once for all, to construct or adopt a political creed, which may, like a house, serve him comfortably and permanently, without costing any future trouble: and, in obtaining this desired end, it is an easier process to discover arguments on one side, than to weigh both. Pride, too, is always ready to father the offspring of indolence; and, in stifling all misgivings as to a person's own opinion, precludes all indulgence to that of others: nor is it likely that the grown individual who can find hundreds to second him, should resign the virile privilege of obstinacy which he maintained at the risk of his skin when an urchin. The love of passive excitement, also, to which we have alluded, operates strongly in clenching a political creed. Without a good, undoubting belief, the longer loses much of the zest afforded by party wit and satire, and by the exercise of that excursive genius which produces the blue boars and red lions on sign-posts, and political likenesses in print. There is, also, a sort of interest allied to the pure spirit of gambling, which attaches to one or other of the parties whom a spectator sees contending, and which extends from a royal bull-fight down to a maggot race. Two dogs cannot worry one another in the streets without instantly forming each his party among the crowd; much more then does the principle apply to the contests of distinguished statesmen, even on subjects unconnected with the prosperity of the country.

'Notwithstanding the influence of these several motives in producing party spirit, it is obvious enough that they have no share in the decisions of men in matters more nearly affecting their own interest. In choosing and purchasing an estate, a survey of the soil and localities is rather more trusted to than an eloquent eulogium from Mr. Robins; and past opinions are considered as neither binding nor infallible, when compared with new facts. We conceive that the portion of society who choose to be equally free in the exercise of their political judgment, is increasing both in number and consideration: and that in compliment to their decency and good sense, party virulence is gradually retreating to the shelter of parish vestries. It is on our belief in the existence of this class that we found our hopes of that which has been considered as doubtful, that a Review can exist without espousing any ready-made political creed; and it is from such that we look for a fair trial.'

ITALIAN PRONUNCIATION.

Della Lingua Italiana in Inghilterra; vagliamento contenente la spiegazione de' Dialetti e la chiave della vera pronunzia, da F. C. Albites di Roma; Accademico Georgico, &c. Rolandi. Londra, 1829.

THE author of this pamphlet, not seeking in any remote and abstruse causes an excuse for the very partial knowledge of his mother-tongue in this country, has preferred to exercise his national courtesy by attributing the defect rather to the instructors than to the pupils,—to the Italians themselves, and not to the 'generous English'

amongst whom they are housed. However kind and flattering this may be, some traces of a motive not the most disinterested in the world will be seen throughout his Essay; and, having made this discovery, it is necessary to follow him with much circumspection. Yet the theme is neither hackneyed nor unamusing, and may afford good scope for a few passing comments.

In the compass of three-and-twenty short pages, Signor Albites professes to eulogise Great Britain, to explain the English love of travels, to analyze the dialects of his own language, to prove that these dialects are commonly taught in England, instead of the true *scelta Italiana*, to lay down a remedy, with much more of an incidental and collateral kind; 'which is impossible,' as say the geometricians. Now as to Britain, we all know that she is very great—as to the travelling mania, it does not require explanation—as to the dialects of Italian, the passage referring to them is the first that deserves translation.

'I say that they reckon six principal dialects in Italy, which should all be avoided. They are the Piedmontese, the Lombard, the Genoese, the Romagnole, the Venetian, and the Neapolitan.

'The Piedmontese is very nearly French spoken as it is written; and Turin is considered its headquarters.

'In Lombardy, the words almost always end in consonants, as also in Milan.

'In the Genoese, the syllable *ott* is predominant, and the *g* with a French pronunciation.

'The Romagnole is chiefly made up of words cut short, open and nasal as at Bologna.

'The Venetian is slow, and frequently agreeable; the *s* is very common, and nearly all the words seem to terminate with a grave accent.

'The Neapolitan is extremely broad and varying, and full of diminutive endings in *illo* and *ullo*. These dialects may be distinguished into the Northern and Southern, calling by the former title the Piedmontese, the Lombard, and the Genoese.

'It will do for a rule to any one who is in search of a good and genuine Italian pronunciation, that in our Northern provincialisms, (if for no other reason than the neighbourhood of the Alps,) there is prevalent the thin *u* of the French; the double consonants are never considered; and, besides this, the Piedmontese, Milanese, and Genoese say, *torcaneggiando*, such words as *signora*, *enure*, *padruna*, *cuginal*, instead of *signora*, *onore*, &c.; *belleza* instead of *bellezza* *altesza*: and, at Venice, *siabolo*, *sioco*, are used for *sciabola*, *sciocco*; *elgi*, *figlio*, for *egli*, *figlio*, and so on. On the other hand, the Neapolitan and most Southern districts have the vowels as broad as possible, &c.

From this he proceeds to illustrate the old maxim, '*Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*,' by analogies upon the phrases of the one and the accent of the other; which naturally lead him to an explanation of the peculiarities of true pronunciation, an examination of the vowel sounds, the effect of the double consonants, &c. If what he says be correct, it is, nevertheless, far from being enough for his purpose. A great deal would be required to cure the lazy English habit of slurring over the vowels of other languages nearly as they would those of their own, and still more to instruct them in the rhythm of Italian words—that syllabic cadence which chiefly characterises the language, and invests it with a musical propriety, which is, perhaps, a bar to other and higher uses. It is in this respect that our pronunciation is generally defective. We amble over a sentence, pausing neither here nor there, but getting to the end of it with one measured, uniform step. The surface of the real language is all broken into inequalities, soft and easy; or the speakers are like certain animals with feet of different lengths, so that they fall heavily on one part, and lightly and trippingly on the next. In most of the Italian words, one syllable only is accented; and not merely accented, but marked with the whole stress of the voice. Take care of that syllable, the rest will take care of themselves; finding shelter under its breadth of tone, or hurrying along after it, like loiterers trying to overtake it. If any number of words is examined, this will be found almost

versally the case; but it must be confessed, that we fail to nearly an equal degree in the mere naked sounds of the vowels in their different positions. The *e* is generally thought an exact representation of the premier of our alphabet. The *o* has none of the roundness and fullness like the tones of musical glasses, which belong so exclusively to the Italian language. The exceptions to the open sound of these vowels are very few. In the long penultima of the infinitive in *ere*, and the imperfect tenses of verbs in *ere*, the penultima of words ending in *one*, *oso*, *ore*, *orno*, or when followed by a double consonant, these vowels are pronounced with the *chinois* tone. Half-a-dozen other cases of single syllables may be mentioned; and, besides these, we shall find no variation from the open, drawing tone, which the English do not acquire very readily. Signor Albini attributes this defect to their habit of speaking with a contracted mouth, and recommends keeping it unclosed by some artificial means, to facilitate the free articulation of these sounds.

Thinking that he has not urged sufficiently the importance of his own rules, and the extent of our countrymen's transgressions of them, it seems also to us, that he has insisted too much on the subsequent portion of his treatise in which the tribe of Italian teachers is attacked without mercy, as being incapable of infusing the true principles of pronunciation. If the charge had been against their systems of instruction—the irrational and awkward processes employed to give a smattering knowledge of the language, our acquiescence in it might have been most cordial. But as to pronunciation, all men of any education would be free from the provincialisms to which he has referred; and, though they might retain something of the district to which they happened to belong, yet we cannot think this small aberration from the true standard an evil in any degree comparable to their other unfitness for their vocation.

As to the notion of *licensing* Italian teachers, and excluding from the worshipful brotherhood of pedagogues all such as could not obtain a certificate of qualification from a Board of Superintendants, to be appointed for the purpose, we cannot imagine any thing more impracticable or foolish. And, having said this, we will quote from the pamphlet two or three lines of advice to our excellent friends the tyros in pronunciation, hoping sincerely that they may set to work many a sweet lip in the successful practice of Italian euphony:

'Open your mouth to the vowel sounds, except in those few cases which have been mentioned; articulate with a leisurely and soft precision, even to affectation, the final syllables of every word—with no fear of its appearing unnatural; throw a strong emphasis on the double consonants, lengthen the accented syllable to the utmost, and your pronunciation will soon be good.'

BRITISH PHYSIOGNOMY.

An Essay on the Physiognomy and Physiology of the present Inhabitants of Britain; with References to their Origin as Goths and Celts. Together with Remarks upon the Physiognomical Characteristics of Ireland and of some of the neighbouring Continental Nations. By the Rev. T. Price. 8vo. pp. 121. Rodwell. London, 1829.

THIS is a very well-meant book, on a very important subject. It is Mr. Price's object to prove that all the differences between the races of mankind are produced by variation of climate and circumstances, and are original distinctions. Mr. Price thinks that the contrary doctrine to his is opposed to the statements in the Mosaic history. But, though he is unquestionably altogether in the right in attempting to maintain by argument the authority of the Scriptures, we confess that we do not think that authority at all so explicit on the matter as Mr. Price seems to suppose; for many of the wisest and many of the best men, who have thought about religion, have been con-

tent to see in Adam only a type of the human race.

The writer proves very clearly (what no one ever doubted) that climate can work very striking changes in the physical characteristics of a nation; but he has totally failed in showing that there are not some characteristics which no circumstances can affect. Besides the instances to the former effect, mentioned by this writer, there was, if we remember, a tribe of Huns, called the White Huns, in consequence of their change of complexion. Of examples of the other kind of change, we recollect none at all decisive; and the nearest approach to the required proof is little more than a vague account, by Dr. Dwight, (see his 'Travels in New England,') of certain negroes growing white. We quote the following from a chapter which is remarkable for its amusing extravagance:

'Having seen how the physiognomy of nations is affected by change of climate, it may next be asked how we are to account for the difference, which exists in the same climate; in the island of Britain, for instance, between the xanthous and melanic temperaments, or between the blue-eyed and dark-eyed races, which has been the subject of so much discussion and unfounded statement, and which has given rise to the system of Gothic and Celtic distinctions. Here, then, we come to the principal object of this Essay; which is to show that, even within our own island, there exists a cause sufficient to produce this variety; and whose existence has hitherto not been even suspected by Physiologists.

'And while these learned men have gone roving about through Germany and Scandinavia (in imagination, at least; for some of them appear to have seen but little of the nations they describe), in search of the grand features of the blue-eyed Goths; and amidst Hyperborean twilight for the dark-eyed Celts; the actual cause of this physiological distinction was lying, all the while, close to them,—nay, even under their very feet. For it is a remarkable fact, and no less so, as having remained so long unnoticed, that in Britain the dark-coloured eye is always found to prevail in the neighbourhood of COAL MINES; and where COAL is used as the general fuel; while, on the other hand, the light or blue eye belongs to those districts, in which that mineral is not used; and notwithstanding the numbers of persons continually pouring into the coal districts, from other parts of the country, in consequence of the demand for labour, yet the prevalence, in the former, of the dark eye, especially among the children, is so evident, that whoever will take the trouble to make the observation will most assuredly acknowledge the accuracy of this statement. In what way the sulphurated hydrogen, &c., occasioned by the coal fires, affects the pigment of the iris, it is not now my intention to inquire. I consider it sufficient, for my present purpose, to establish the connection between the use of coal, and the dark colour of the eye: though, from repeated observations, I feel assured, that there are more curious facts connected with the subject than have yet come under the notice of physiologists; and which, when properly developed, will considerably alter the bearing of many opinions, hitherto entertained.

'But, as a system so new and unlooked for cannot be expected to be received without proof, I shall state such facts as, I trust, will be sufficient to place the matter beyond all reasonable doubt. And as the Principality of Wales affords a great variety of the different characters alluded to, I shall, therefore, commence with that portion of the island. And, though writers upon this subject have generally referred to the colour of the hair, yet I must state my opinion, that it is by no means so steady and decided a characteristic as that of the eye. The hair is continually changing its hue, even in individuals; for what in the child is yellow, becomes in a few years brown, and, at maturity, not unfrequently black; but the colour of the eye is much more fixed, and unchangeable; usually assuming its character of hue, at a very early period of infancy, and retaining it, without any great variation, to advanced age. Besides, the light eye is accompanied by every shade of hair, whether red, yellow, or black. And the colour of the eye is apparently less influenced by those external causes, which sooner or later must succeed in changing the general physiological character. And, while I am describing the several districts upon which I have made observation, I must state, that in grown-up persons I have generally found the hair to have more or less a shade of brown; and, though black is

not uncommon, and is sometimes seen, yet the people of Britain are, in the aggregate, a brown-haired race.

'But, to proceed with this physiognomical survey:—Almost the whole of North Wales, and a considerable portion of South Wales, is occupied by a light or blue-eyed people. This feature is so obvious, that Dr. Macculloch attributes it decidedly to a Belgic extraction, and says: "No other supposition will explain the Gothic race, or blue eye of North Wales." This temperament is observable in Anglesea, Caernarvonshire, Merionethshire, and the adjoining districts, in which the people generally use peat or wood fires, until we come to the south of Breconshire, and approach the great coal basin of South Wales, and then an almost sudden change is observed. The light eye ceases to be general, and the dark prevails, and continues to do so, through a great portion of the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth; so much so that, in the vale of Neath, the coal-black eye is very generally seen; and, even in Merthyr Tydvil, notwithstanding the continued influx of strangers, this feature is very distinguishable, especially among the children of those who have been some time settled there. On coming from the districts of the peat and wood fires into this part of the Principality, this change in the colour of the eye is singularly striking and observable. And it is a remarkable coincidence that this is the very country of the ancient Silurians whom Tacitus describes as possessing characteristics which might have attended this feature and temperament, and which induced him to suppose they might be a colony from Spain. The ancient castle of Dineorwen in Glamorganshire is said to have been one of the strong holds of Caractacus.

'But, though the black eye still remains, I have not been able to ascertain that the hair of the present Silurians has a greater tendency to curl than that of their neighbours; nor is their complexion darker than that which in Britain naturally accompanies the melanic temperament.

'Whether the ancient Silurians derived their dark complexion from the use of coal, or whether they were really a colony from Spain, as Tacitus is inclined to suppose, I cannot undertake to say; but it appears certain, that they were acquainted with the use of coal, which is found in such abundance in their country; as Pennant informs us, that an ancient flint axe was actually discovered in one of the coal veins of Monmouthshire.

'As we return from South Wales, the change becomes visible, in the course of a few miles; for, as we quit the vicinity of the coal fires, the light eye resumes its prevalence, until we approach the coal of North Wales, in the neighbourhood of Rhosabon and Oswestry, where the dark eye again appears; notwithstanding the smallness of the coal basin, and the number of strangers employed in working it.

'But, though the people of North Wales are generally a blue-eyed race, as Dr. Macculloch has justly observed, yet that colour assumes various shades; and from Conway to Holywell the iris has an extraordinary uniform leaden hue, the dark shade, as I apprehend, being thrown in, by the small supply of coal along that coast.'—Pp. 35—40.

HISTORICAL CARDS.

Historical Game of England. J. Betts. London, 1829.

WE do not commonly approve of the modern fashion of chopping up knowledge into games and catechisms, as we are of opinion that the ordinary effect that such contrivances have upon history, is the same as that proposed by Sner in his plan for dramatising the Penal Code; namely, the sending it into disuse. We must, however, in justice to the game under our notice, allow that, if it may not perhaps be altogether free from the objections which usually apply to such productions, it is at least by far the best thing of the kind we have ever yet seen; and, if judiciously used, we have no doubt it may be made an aid, instead of being, as such things usually are, a hindrance to education. The game consists of one hundred and forty-four small cards; on each of which is printed some question in history: these are to be divided equally among the players, each of whom, in turn, is to play his or her card, and give the answer to it, which, if correct, entitles the player to the receipt of a counter from the bank; if wrong, subjects him to a fine to the same

extent. There is, of course, a key, containing the answers, and which sets forth that one of the children may read them for the benefit of the rest: this we object to, because the children, if allowed to study the key, will immediately turn the game into a mere catechism of question and answer, and will thus be led to consider that as *knowledge* which should *only* be the *test* of it; or, in other words, will be satisfied with the meagre account of historical facts contained in such answers, rather than take the trouble to seek for them in the more orthodox channels of history, and will thus reduce the game to nearly the same worthless state as that of other games of the kind, where the only historical lesson to be learnt consists in the payment of a certain number of counters at such events as the execution of Charles I., and the receipt of a certain number at such as the Restoration, and frequently spoiling even the lesson to be so learnt by inverting the order of payments and receipts.

We do not criticise the game in an historical point of view, because the author states in the key that he lays claim to no historical merit, having compiled it principally from Goldsmith; but we must observe that, in calling Dryden, the poet, *par excellence*, of Charles II.'s reign, the name of Milton should not have been wholly omitted.

There is a chronological table or stream of time, given in the key, which, as it is far past the comprehension of children, can be no excuse for showing them the key itself; and, while we are on the subject of chronology, we must say that we think the questions concerning the dates of kings' reigns, with the births, deaths, and successions of their lines, had better have been left out, as they are of no possible use, and only tend to give the game that character which we so strongly object to.

SOUTH AMERICAN POETS.

Poetas de J. Fernandez Madrid. 12mo. London, 1828.

M. MADRID, the present Ambassador of the Colombian Republic at this Court, belongs to the small number of American writers who, though formed after the same taste and principles, and by the same influences, as the modern Spanish school, are at the head of the founders and supporters of the infant literature of the Transatlantic States. The talents of these writers, mingled with the maxims, and lighted at the torch of liberalism and of the love of that independence which they have in a great measure acquired by their own efforts as public functionaries, very naturally adapt themselves to the new class of ideas and sentiments among their compatriots; and, while they address them in the same language and the same forms used by the Muses who present their offerings either to the despotism or the prejudices of Old Spain, they at the same time let them hear the voice of liberty, and continually communicate fresh principles which are common to the liberalism of both hemispheres,—thus forming of themselves alone the literary corps of the rising states of South America, until the development of their own elements shall occasion the formation of a national and characteristic literature. It is remarkable that among American writers poets are almost the only class who have made themselves known during this early period; not that there are wanting individuals—themselves, by the bye, for the most part poets—who have successfully cultivated, and published works of considerable merit on, the most important departments of science and subjects of more immediate utility; but, if we run over the names of those most distinguished by their intellectual eminence, we shall find them all crowned with the laurel of Apollo, more or less verdant, and more or less deserved. M. Olmedo, late Ambassador from Peru to London, has already merited applause among the judges of Spanish literature: in this

metropolis for his excellent poem 'The Victory of Junin,' and for a translation into Castilian verse of Pope's 'Essay on Man.' M. Bello, also, Secretary to the Colombian Embassy, has enriched the 'Repertorio Americano,' published quarterly in London, with his beautiful compositions; and his superior, M. Madrid, who holds a high situation on the American Parnassus, has just published a collection of poems under the title at the head of this article. These compositions are various: the patriotic ode and song, the philosophical dithyramb, the playful or simple terzillo, love verses, satire, epigram, and sonnet. M. Madrid celebrates liberty and the glory of high deeds wherever he meets with them. With equal enthusiasm he exalts Bolivar, praises Riego, sheds bitter but noble and manly tears over Europe as she was fettered, in 1824, after the invasion of the two peninsulas, evokes the shades of Lacy and Portier in behalf of Spanish liberties, and rejoices in the triumph of the Cortes in 1820. In such poems, as indeed in every part of the volume, he shows himself to be a ready versifier, an experienced master of the fine language in which he writes, and not unfrequently he displays fire, strength, and irresistibility; but these are not his forte. His philosophical reveries when contemplating the moon on a fine night, or fathoming mysteries and forming high thoughts on the soul's immortality, attach the mind and induce reflection rather than move the heart or warm the imagination, without often participating either of that stiffness which is the effect of research, or of that poetic jargon which springs from an overweening love of harmony, which are the two reigning vices of the Coryphæi of modern Spanish poetry. But neither does the peculiar talent of M. Madrid show itself in compositions of this class. It is in the tender and delicate affections of the friend, the husband, and the father, that he is at home; and there he expresses himself with all the felicity belonging to the sentiments which he conceives. It is in his descriptive love-poems, as, for instance, the small collection he has given us under the title of 'The Roses,' and in those especially in which he abandons himself to the simple sportiveness of the domestic affections, and to the unstudied transports of conjugal and paternal love,—it is here that M. Madrid amuses, interests, pleases, and even melts. In short, all his compositions prove him to be a poet exempt from the defects of false pretensions; and, if any of them betray signs of feebleness, it is because he sins on the side of simplicity rather than on that of bombast, and restricts himself to the natural and true, instead of resorting to the borrowed enthusiasm and weak conventionalities which we find used in the composition of a great number of the poetical productions of Spain in every age.

NEW MUSIC.

Fantaisie Brillante pour le Piano-Forte, sur des Thèmes de l'Opera Semiramide de Rossini, composée et dédiée à Mademoiselle M. E. Williams, par François Hüntén, op 29. Cocks and Co.

THIS publication presents a brilliant, clever, and well imagined fantasia, upon a few of the most admired airs in 'Semiramide,' particularly the andantino of the overture, part of the beautiful duet, 'Il madre rea,' and the very pleasing air, 'Ese ancor libero.' The ingenious author (who seems to be rising into general notice) has evinced considerable fancy, taste, and judgment, in his selection and general arrangement.

Overture to the popular drama, Monsieur Mallet, or my Daughter's Letter, as performed at the Adelphi Theatre, composed and selected by John Barnett. Barnett, Moncrieff, and Co.

THEATRICAL overtures (at least in this country) must be always written under such peculiar limitations, to catch the ear of the multitude, that a composer has but little scope afforded him for either indulging his fancy or exhibiting his science. Barnett has done as much as could be expected under these circumstances,

and the overture to 'Monsieur Mallet,' may be rendered a very acceptable and pleasing lesson for the piano-forte. The *Marabillas Hymn*, and the very popular air from 'Le Petit Chaperon Rouge,' 'Dis moi pourquoi,' are ingeniously introduced, and the whole is presented in rather an easy and familiar manner.

'Oh come with me, I'll row thee o'er,' sung by Mr. Sinclair, in the opera of 'The Earthquake, or Phantom of the Nile,' and composed by himself. Dale.

A SIMPLE, pleasing, allegretto Grazioso in A, 6-8 time, quite in Sinclair's style, and well adapted as a ballad for general performance; thus, we presume, it is likely to be favoured with an extensive circulation.

Echoes of the Alps. A Fantaisie for the Piano-Forte, in which are introduced the popular Swiss airs, 'The Pastor of the Alps,' 'The Goatherd's Boy,' and 'The Swiss Drover Boy of Appenzell,' with the most admired embellishments, as sung by Madame Stockhausen, composed and inscribed to Mrs. N. M. de Rothschild, by Moscheles. Mori and Lavenu.

THE above explanatory and rather lengthy title, perhaps, sufficiently describes all that may be necessary: we can therefore only add, that the piece is in Moscheles' best manner, and will form an excellent companion to his two former productions, 'Gems à la Sontag,' and 'Gems à la Pasta,' which have met with extraordinary and deserved success, and are to be found in the musical library of every person of good taste and abilities. The melodies chosen are those most admired in Madame Stockhausen's performances, and which she sings with excellent characteristic purity and pleasing effect, particularly 'The Swiss Drover Boy.'

Historical Painting.—Ministers who have spent so much money, some well, and some very ill, in the collection which forms the National Gallery, might annually devote 4,000*l.* or 5,000*l.* to be given as premiums for two or three historical pictures, celebrating at once the progress of the arts, and the memorable events of the country. This reward to be open to all English artists, whose works should be submitted to certain competent persons of independent character, to be judged of by their merits, and the palm to be awarded accordingly. It would be consistent, and good policy, not to withhold an inferior stake from the second in the race.—*Morning Chronicle.*

On and Upon.—We have two words which we use indifferently; on and upon. It appears to me that those who study elegance, by which I always mean precision and correctness, may show it here. I would say upon a tower; on the same principle, I would say on a marsh. There would, indeed, be no harm in saying on a tower; but there would be an impropriety in saying upon a marsh: for up, whether we are attentive or inattentive, whether we have been a thousand times wrong, or never, means somewhat high, somewhat to which we ascend. I should speak correctly if I said 'Dr. Johnson flew upon me,' incorrectly, if I said 'he fell upon me.' Custom is a rule for every thing but contradiction.

Learning raises up against us many enemies among the low, and more among the powerful, yet does it invest us with grand and glorious privileges, and confers on us largeness of beatitude. We venture on our studies, and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another: we give no offence to the most illustrious by questioning him as long as we will, and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence: each interlocutor stands before us, speaks, or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure. Nothing is past which we desire to be present; and we enjoy by anticipation somewhat like the power which I imagine we shall possess hereafter, of sailing on a wish from world to world.—*Lander.*

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

CHAP. I.—THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

I SHALL not trouble my readers with a minute description of the village of Melcove. Those of them who have never visited the south coast of Devon, on which they will learn from the map that it is situated, may consult the fashionable novels for village scenery, which will suit mine or any other in the United Kingdom. Those who have enjoyed that singular advantage, will easily construct it for themselves. They will immediately picture to themselves a shingly beach terminated on each side by rocks, consequentially protruding themselves into the sea, and forming it at that point into a semicircular bay. They will conclude that the entire village is enclosed by hills, which render it inaccessible to the carriage of any gentleman who has not instructed his horses in the practice, familiar to the Bucephalus of the country, of approaching it on their knees. Further, that the *soi-disant* village is divided into three parts, the first, the old fishing street, newly embellished with brick houses, the upper apartments appropriated to lodgings for genteel families, the lower to the shops of butter-merchants and tallow-chandlers,—the second consisting of rows of houses which have been built close to the sea by enterprising individuals, who have generously ruined themselves that they might afford invalids the convenience of being broiled by a burning sun in summer and washed out of their cabins in winter—and the last, which, receding further from the sea than either of these former and forming a variegated back-ground to the prospect from the water, consists of the villas of resident gentlemen: that these are formed upon the classical models of the towns round the metropolis, that they are generally embosomed in a shrubbery of green treellings, one of which, in shape and stature proudly eminent, eclipses all its brethren by attaining the gigantic height of six feet, and that the interior of them is sacred to Tory politics, short whisk, and ennui.

The only additional requisites which they will probably deem quite indispensable, will be an old broken-backed individual, whose memory has failed in every other point, but who remembers perfectly the time when not a single house was to be seen for three miles round—a church, and a parsonage-house. The last of these buildings was occupied, when I knew Melcove, by the Rev. Mr. M'Kinnon. By an accident very uncommon in Devonshire, the tithes of the living of Melcove were not in the hands of a lay impropriator, and the right of presentation belonged to the College of —, Oxford. Mr. M'Kinnon was a fellow of that ancient and religious foundation, and his history very much resembled that of all members of all ancient and religious foundations.

In early life, he had probably the same feelings—the same passions—the same anxieties, and the same hopes as belong to the rest of his species. But extravagance made it convenient, and his interest (it was many years before the Coplestonian dynasty began) made it easy to acquire a fellowship. When he gained it, he had no thought of residing at the University. He had even taken a curacy—preached his first sermon—was commencing a life of activity—and very nearly escaped turning out a useful member of society. But the curacy was one of that dangerous kind which are advertised in Mr. Parker's shop, as being within a convenient ride of Oxford. He felt the attraction of the Combination-room more and more powerful. He fancied that the people of the village were not sufficiently literary in their tastes, though he had very patiently endured, for three years, the company of men whose love of letters had never carried them beyond the University Calendar on one side, and the Racing Calendar on the other. Every day he was becoming more anxious for the literary ease, as it is facetiously called, of a college life, when

an event occurred which would have roused the energies of most men, but which only fixed the determination of M'Kinnon to bury himself in his quadrangle at Oriel. On a visit to a friend, he fell in love with a pretty girl of nineteen, who had not the slightest objection to his addresses, nor a single sou in the world to make them reasonable. As they were sufficiently persuaded that under these circumstances the union must be deferred, M'Kinnon found no difficulty in persuading himself that he should be constantly at Oxford, in order to watch the devolution of college livings. Once established there, the usual consequences followed. Except the distinguishing circumstance of his writing a letter once a week to his mistress, a practice which he commenced the first year from love, and continued throughout the rest from habit—his pursuits in a very short time were exactly like those of all other fellows in all other universities. He took the regular rides, looked regularly at the paper, walked regularly in the Christ Church Gardens, went regularly into the Combination-room, sported regularly one joke a day, slept regularly three hours in an evening. His love had no other effect than to relieve the natural heavy inactivity of the college countenance, with a look of maudlin sentimentalism. Time rolled on, and every year he became more intensely a monk, and every year his innamorata sighed more deeply over the longevity of incumbents. At length, when twelve years had elapsed since their engagement, the vicarage of Melcove became vacant, and the parties with the susceptibility of their feelings quenched, their affection worn down into a custom, plighted their melancholy vows to each other. It would have been difficult for any person except one who had changed as much himself in the interval, to believe that the sorrowful, wasted-looking creature on whose cheeks hope deferred and sickness had left such deep traces, was the same identical being with her whom he had first met in the animation and loveliness of nineteen. But M'Kinnon had proofs within, how entirely a being may be transformed by time and circumstances. His own life was gone into the sear and yellow leaf; and it was far better that his partner should exhibit a corresponding decline, than that she should increase, by the pre-eminence of her charms, the consciousness of his own decay. In some respects, M'Kinnon's new situation was well adapted to him. In leaving the regulated Madeira temperature of a college life, he had not been thrown, as is sometimes the case, with persons in his situation, into the roughest airs, and most trying vicissitudes of the world's climate. There were still about him many things which reminded him of old times. It was true that the horses which did duty upon the Devonshire hills did not very forcibly remind him of those which he had been used to mount in his solitary rides to Woodstock. The circulating library recently established on the beach did not associate itself very strongly with his recollections of the Bodleian, nor had he very often occasion to inflict upon the squires around him the salt and water penalty for Latin quotations. Still there was much that was very classical and Oxonian in the village of Melcove. There were the evening parties of Dowagers—a little less affected perhaps, but quite as fat, and quite as foolish, as those who used to smirk and bridle at the Isiac coteries. Then again, if the entire enjoyment of the dinner-table was something disturbed by female presences, there were the consolatory three hours after their departure, when he shone forth in all his lustre, convinced every unflinching Tory while he yet saw single, that the Constitution was in imminent danger from the saints and the Jacobins, established the connection between the principles of John Wesley and Mirabeau before the two-bottle men began to stagger, and pledged his auditors to stand and fall with the Church and Constitution, as they one by one sank under the table. And then, best of all,

there was the pleasing excitement of the evening rubber, which was not at all less pleasing to M'Kinnon, because his company were not quite so well read in Hoyle as the veteran players at the University.

In due time, however, the establishment of a Methodist meeting and a gaming-table in his parish convinced the Rev. Mr. M'Kinnon that it was necessary to attend rather more diligently, than was consistent with all these agreeable occupations, to some of the more active duties of his station. He had always preserved a strict and dignified manner; but from this time the clergyman began to appear much more prominently in his department. He preached on alternate Sundays against the sin of schism and that of gambling; and, though I cannot take upon me to say that he entirely eradicated either of these crimes out of his neighbourhood, yet I have been informed upon good authority, that his sermons against the latter were duly attended by many who had been suspected of a leaning to nonconformity, and that from that time forth, not one of these persons was ever seen at the Rouge and Noir table, whilst not a few young rakes acknowledged themselves so deeply impressed by the preacher's arguments against Dissent, that they fully abstained ever after from frequenting a Methodist Chapel.

In addition to these labours, it having been suggested to him that one way to keep the poor from revolution was to give them food, Mr. M'Kinnon administered soups, made after a receipt similar to that in the 'Rejected Addresses,' every day to a host of old women, whose husbands, I am grieved to say, exhibited so much ingratitude for his kindness that they even declined walking to Exeter in order to vote for their minister's favourite candidate. Mr. M'Kinnon thought it his duty, in consequence of this obstinacy, to preach several sermons on the duty of the poor to the rich, which were attended with his usual success, and which brought over all the rich people in the parish to his way of thinking.

But M'Kinnon had better qualities than these, which secured him the admiration of the worthy inhabitants of Melcove. He was a man of singularly kind dispositions, though in no part of his life had he enjoyed the opportunity of indulging them. He had no strength of character, none of the power which a great mind possesses of controlling circumstances. Yet circumstances had not entirely destroyed his original self. The awkwardness of a recluse which he brought with him from College, made him unfit for easy conversation with the rich, the haughtiness of a scholar for any communion with the poor. Still there were relations of life which were destined to call forth the kinder and happier affections of his nature. Conscious of his own deficiencies, he had earnestly hoped that matrimony would open all those sluices of feeling which in his convent had been closed but not dried up.

This hope had not been fully realised. His affection for his wife, though real and even deep, had been so worked upon during their long courtship, that scarcely enough remained to be the foundation for a very strong sympathy between them. M'Kinnon knew this; and, as he secretly wished that it was otherwise, though he felt that every effort on either side to renew the warmth of their early love would be unsuccessful, he looked forward with anxiety to the time when she should present him with some pledge of affection, which would, he thought, by furnishing them with a new and common object of attachment, recreate all their former feelings towards each other. For many years the gratification of this wish was delayed; at length the consummation of it approached, and M'Kinnon's heart palpitated with expectation and delight. He felt himself another man. Old monastic habits began to lose their hold upon him: pleasures in which he had till then taken delight, seemed

stale, flat, and unprofitable: the feelings of his youth returned to him, with a host of others which he had never known before: he became animated, enthusiastic, hopeful: all his past life, since the day he first became engaged to Ellen Mortimer, seemed a blank—a catalepsy, from which he was now awaking with recruited strength and energy. His very sermons lost something of their scholastic rigidity. The anticipated feelings of a father seemed to have inspired him with a new notion of his pastoral vocation,—to have made him regard his employments less as a duty, and more as a pleasure. These changes came over him so unawares that he merely felt an increased lightness and joy, without being conscious that the change was visible to others.

At length the moment arrived when his expectation was to be realised. He had laid a thousand plans for the future welfare of the infant; but he had not yet made up his mind to which sex it should belong. It would be delightful certainly to have a boy, a resemblance of himself, in whom he could live over again all the best of his days, the only days in which he had been really happy till then. Ah, there was the rub! That little being would have to pass through all the scenes which he had passed through: he must suffer the cruel insolence of school-boys and school-masters; he must be turned into a beast by college intemperance, or into a vegetable by college reading; he must have his passions unnaturally excited, only to be more unnaturally depressed; he must meet with friends who will teach him to scoff, and friends who will scoff at him; he will learn to despise himself: no, it must be a daughter—she need not suffer the horrors of school—she may be well educated at home—and, if she have miseries to undergo, at least her father will not have the misery of knowing what they are, without being able to remedy them. The—a messenger interrupted these reflections, to inform him that he was the father of a girl, and that its mother had died in giving it birth.

THE MODE OF INSTRUCTION IN ITALY.

In the beginning of this year I was at Salmons, famous for having given birth to Ovid, and for the best sweetmeats in Italy. As I am accustomed to tarry several successive days in the places I visit, that I may have time to see and examine every thing, I remained for a whole week in this town. I shall not say a word about the aqueduct, which, though built while Italy was the world's mistress, is in good preservation, nor about several other ancient monuments—for these have already been sufficiently discussed; but I shall confine my observations to a very interesting subject—public instruction. Among other establishments for this purpose, I visited one where the Director, throwing off the trammels of antiquated rules and prejudices, had the courage to teach according to reason, and pursue the method pointed out by experience as the best. I was surprised to hear the pupils speaking with an ease very rare even in the first colleges, the languages of Cicero and Demosthenes,—albeit the study of those languages was but a secondary thing. The professors being fundamentally acquainted with them, and accustomed both to speak and write in them, teach them absolutely as living languages. They use no other medium in conducting the business of their classes, conversing in Italian only with beginners; and even then they uniformly repeat in Latin or Greek, the phrases which they may have used in Italian. I had the curiosity to attend the classes. After having pronounced the customary prayer in Latin, the Professor read over the corrected copy of one of the themes, and one of the versions, which had been given out the day before, and had all been handed in to him two hours previous to the lesson, that he might have time to correct them before meeting the class. Those which he reads are usually

such as contain the greatest number of errors, that he may have a wider field for making observations and putting questions: for he does not say what corrections it is necessary to make, till he has asked some of the pupils; and I remarked with astonishment, that he seldom had any thing to add to their replies. The scholars were exceedingly attentive, and consequently understood and remembered what was said; for that which is acquired by attention is generally retained with ease. This practice gives rise to quotation and repetition, and to the application of most of the principal rules of grammar, which are not learned by heart,—the Professors being persuaded that the time spent in acquiring a mere rote knowledge of the grammar is almost entirely lost, and the labour a useless fatigue. The lecture on the themes and versions being terminated, the Professor reads a passage in Latin from an Italian book, followed by the pupils. When he changes the construction, he assigns a reason for it, and cites in his justification one or two ancient authors; and when any word occurs allusive to a peculiar custom or fact, he makes an observation to that effect: all which furnishes him with frequent opportunities of saying, and making others say, many things which are necessary to the complete study of languages. Two or three pupils then perform the same office. When they get wrong, the Professor sets their fellow-pupils to put them right, and never does it himself till he has seen that no one else is able. Afterwards, he makes the most proficient pupils translate an Italian author into Latin. The class concludes with the reading of a Latin author, translated by three or four pupils into Italian from the open book. The Professor then gives out the theme and version for the next day, and pronounces the usual prayer. The lessons learned by heart are repeated previous to the meeting of the class to a person appointed to hear them, and consist of a verb, a dialogue, and a passage in prose or in verse, which the pupils are expected to deliver in both languages. The facility with which the Professors spoke the languages they were teaching, was a very great advantage to the pupils; for we may safely place the inability of most masters to converse freely in the learned languages, among the other causes which make the English almost exclusively consume eight or nine years in obtaining, after all, but an imperfect knowledge of the Greek and Latin.

I have said that the study of the ancient languages is but secondary in the establishment of which I speak: the principal studies are Italian, mathematics, and the natural sciences. All the pupils study Italian grammar and rhetoric. They have a book entitled 'Italian Rhetoric,' perfectly well written, and full of examples, selected with much taste and judgment from the numerous works that enrich Italian literature. Arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, the application of algebra to geometry, the infinite series, and mechanics, are taught in so many different classes. In the arithmetic class, two lessons a-week are devoted to the theory, and three to the practice, (Friday being the Italian holiday.) In the algebra, geometry, and trigonometry classes, three lessons are devoted to the theory, and two to the practice; and on holidays, when time permits, the pupils are exercised in the art of drawing plans, which they consider as a diversion, and do voluntarily, and consequently well. The Director has all the instruments necessary for this purpose. In the mechanics class, the Professor makes continual references to the arts, so that this study is not one of mere curiosity, but is rendered of very great utility,—an end which the Directors propose in every branch of their establishment. The courses of physics and chemistry are attended by all the pupils. Those who are advanced in mathematics, form a distinct class for the study of the theory of physics. For experimental physics there is but one class. Chemistry is particularly applied to the arts;

the laboratory is a very fine one and well furnished. All the students also practise the art of design, the Director being of opinion that it should be taught to all children, like the art of writing: some, he observes, are better writers than others; but the art is useful to all, and the same may be said of drawing. The drawing-master likewise gives lessons in perspective and descriptive geometry. I observed that they did not follow the method usually adopted, of first making copies of the different parts of the figure, and then of the head; but that they began by drawing geometrical figures, then the components of landscape, and last of all the individual human or other form. Experience is in favour of this method, though there be masters who do not approve of it. Nor is architectural drawing neglected; two days a week are especially devoted to it, when the principles of architecture and the cutting of stones are explained to the pupils.

The site of this institution is remarkably adapted to its object. There is a spacious court surrounded by a double row of trees, which afford in summer an agreeable shade from the hot sun of Italy.

The Director of this establishment is a man of extensive knowledge in almost all the arts and sciences that are taught, joined with a degree of urbanity, which, at first sight, might make you take him for a man of the world. He treats his coadjutors with all the respect and courtesy due to learned men; and the Professors are not, as in most private establishments for education, the slaves of their head and the servants of the scholars, to the great detriment of all. Morals, and religion its proper basis, so far from being neglected, form a principal object of attention to the Director, who is well persuaded that to make a man accomplished, it is not merely necessary that he should be learned, but, above all, that he should be good.

POETRY.

A MAN of blanched and fearful old
As human eye hath e'er beheld,
Amid the August sunset's light
Stood upon a pastoral height.

Sheep beside in still disorder
Cropped the grass and eyed their warder,
Who, within the unfinished fold,
Paused to look on one so old.

That aged traveller was bent
Like a yew-stump bare and rent,
Dreary as a fragment lone
Of a monumental stone.

And a look was in his face
That showed he was intent to trace
With a dim but earnest thought,
Deeds in perished ages wrought.

The traveller sat upon the turf,
And propped his bowed frame with his hands,
Like sailor flung from out the surf,
And laid, a wreck, on desert sands.

And each glance of falling vision
Appeared to have an eager mission,
As if in veins so cold and arid,
Life with all its keenness tarried.

Across the yellow-lighted dell
The old man's bridge-like shadow fell,
A vague and unsubstantial road,
And by a thousand fathoms trod,—

So lengthened out, so greyly drawn
O'er hedge and crag, o'er stream and lawn,—
A type before his feet 'twas cast
Of all his change-enwoven past,—

For his existence 'tangled skein
A thread to gird the world had been;
And he was now, that faded thing,
The last worn knot of all the string.

Forth the unnumbered shape was stretched
Like a thought from dream-land fetched,
Till its glimmer reached a hollow,—
Farther than his eye could follow.

A little nook amid the valley,
Bounded by scattered stones and trees,
Where twilight fancies well might rally,
Chased from those bright and airy leas.

The old man rose, and stood upright,
As if from out a funeral urn
The ashes should disclose their sprite,
And standing forth to scare the light,
Death 'mid the living should return.

To reach that nook amid the dale
Slowly he bent his way;
A lovelier evening never fell
Round one more worn and gray.

So wasted, tremulous, and slow,
He crept towards that nook below;
He seemed a patch of darker air
Amid the kindred shadows there.

Before the sun's last gem was gone
He found the broken boundary stone,
The weed, and ruin, thorn, and fern,
That made the grave-yard sad and stern;

He stopped, and lifted to his brow
That hand, so like a winter-bough;
And from his torpid heart a gasp,
To cheeks as hard and many-lined
As is the hollow oak-tree's rind,
Sent up a momentary flush.

But soon he turned his head to hear
The laughing notes of childhood's cheer,
That seemed, with a triumphant shock,
Him and those lonely graves to mock.

To him, that merry cowering child
Was not less marvellous and wild
Than if a night-cloud caught from far,
The singing of the morning star.

The children twain, who scared his ears,
He found amid a bushy power;
It was as if, with all its years,
The past beheld the present stour.

A four-year's life one shout had been
For that delighted boy;
The other was a fairy queen,
A wild-rose blossom of thirteen,
Who watched and impeded his joy.

With wonder he, and she with awe,
That ancient wanderer's presence saw,
And heedful, e'en in her alarms,
Around the boy she threw her arms.

'Twas thus the nymph, to whom was given
The infant Jove, the child of heaven,
Her cave when eldest Saturn sought,
The baby to her bosom caught.

'Say whose were these, the slab and mound?'
That old man said, each word a groan,
'This grave, with fern and hemlock round,
So green, and unapproached, and lone?'

The maiden closer clasped her brother,
And said, 'there lies my grandam's mother,'
They say that she was loved, and left,
And from that hour her soul was cleft;

She wedded in her wretchedness
With one who loved her not the less;
But after her betrothed departed,
Her days were few and broken-hearted.

She whispered, on her death-bed lying,
'Tell him I thought of him in dying,'
And say, no peace his soul shall have
'Till he hath prayed upon my grave;
And though a hundred years go by,
'Till there he kneels he cannot die.'

No dry leaf trembles more than he,
When on the bare bough shaking;
His limbs might well more steady be,
If the fixed world were quaking.

And have ye seen in ancient hall
A rusty armour on the wall,
Gush out with sudden gouties of blood?
So in his eye the tear-drop stood.

And for those children twain to see,
It was a fearful sight,
That old man sinking silently
As silence o'er earth's night.

There was a darkness on his brow,
The shadow of the coming blow,
When down upon his knees he sank
And that small world of feelings quaked.

The boy and she, the lovely, gazed,
Stricken, affrighted, and amazed:
That look was strange to her and him
As lava to the fountain's brim.

It seemed not that old age had laid
A kindly burthen on his head,
Or that his many years had been
Soft as the shower that wets the green;

Or as the weight of leaves that strews
The earth with rich decaying hues;
Or as the veils a mother lays
O'er her nursed babe in wistful days.

Not gently thus to him had come
The influence of time;
Remorse and shame had learnt to roam
With him from clime to clime.

Around him still their presence wrought,
And gnawed the kernel of his frame;
Till he, the withered wretch, was taught
To start at his own name.

And now with words subdued, yet wild,
Before the maiden and the child
He spoke; ye might have seemed to hear
The accents of an elder sphere.

O! God, thou heard'st a voice that cried
Against my soul from out the dust;
A fearful voice that never died,
Vengeance on me was in its trust.

It gathered serpents o'er my way,
And rent with scathing gulphs the flood;
And never, never let decay
The tingling torture in my blood.

I heard it in the night, its jars
Shattered the morning's time to pain;
And from amid thy quiet stars,
It echoed through my brain.

Now from the grave whose cry has given
My madness and despair;
O! God, let thrill to thee through heaven
My broken spirit's prayer!

More lowly still he sank and bowed,
Upon that lettered stone;
And from the spot there burst aloud
A single stifling groan.

A moment shook that aged form,
'Twas the last whirl-gust of the storm;
And senseless now that weary head,
More than the weeds around it dead.

POPE LEO XII.

THE interest excited in our days by the death of a Pope, is much of the same kind as that with which we regard an event connected with the antiquities of the venerable city over which his Holiness presides. The head of the Catholic Church occupies the Vatican Palace, and performs the lofty functions of the papal office, rather as a show than as a real part—as the representative of by-gone times rather than as a participator in actual affairs. In this light, whether near or at a distance, we have ever regarded the occupier, for the time being, of the chair of St. Peter in the nineteenth century. We have looked upon him as the actor of a part in an historical drama, and in that view we find, in our reflections, the materials of the following sketch. Leo XII. was made a Cardinal by Pius VI., and affected much more the lofty hierarchical demeanor of his patron and benefactor, than the simple and humble bearing of his immediate predecessor. Della Genga, however, had more sincerity than Braschi; the consequence partly of his natural temperament, partly of the times in which he had lived, and of the disasters which the Church to which he was attached had endured, and which gave a more than ordinary degree of seriousness to his religious feelings.

No Pope had ever performed with more brilliant success the outward and ostentatious functions of the viceregent of Christ than Braschi. He was fully conscious of the advantages with which nature had endowed him, and of the aptitude of his fine and portly person for the performance of the important character with which he was invested. His vanity, therefore, con-

curred with his ideas of the dignity of his sacred office to prompt him to make the most of the gorgeous ceremonies in which he was required to act the principal part, to do grace and honour to the one, and to display the other. Accordingly, the air of pomp and dignity with which from the grand balcony* he dispensed the benediction of the Holy Church on the assembled throngs below, is described as most imposing. How different the manner of his benevolent successor! In figure bent double with age, the traces of suffering and anxiety still marking his handsome features, the paleness of his placid countenance contrasting with the black though spare locks that, preserving their hue to the last, were scattered over his venerable forehead, he seemed to be giving the blessing, not of an ostentatious Church, but of one of the beloved of Heaven, the best and kindest of mortals. Braschi imposed on the senses; Chiamonti touched the heart. Della Genga affected to follow Braschi; but he acted his part better than his model, because he felt it more, and more completely sunk the ambitious individual in the devout Pope. Braschi was the Kemble of the Papal stage, Della Genga the Kean. In dispensing the benediction, he surrounded himself as Leo XII., with all the imposing formalities and circumstance which could add to the situation and uphold the splendour and dignity of the Church; he spread his arms abroad with an effect equally pompous but with fourfold fervour. He was a high churchman, and had exalted ideas of the office of the holder of the keys of Heaven; but he was moreover a devotee, and crowned with the tiara, backed by the most glorious temple of Christendom, with St. Peter's Place thronged with 50,000 of the devout awaiting the holy dispensation at his feet, when the clamour of the assembled multitude was hushed, when the bands ceased their music, and all was dead and solemn silence for a moment, ere the air again resounded with discharges of artillery and the shouts of the collected thousands, he gathered himself and rose, and with a religious sentiment, more effective than his pomp, spread his arms over the people, as if he felt that he was actually dispensing the blessing of the Almighty Creator. But to have viewed Leo in the full glory of his character, he should have been beheld during the ceremonies of the feast of the *corpus domini*, when, robed in white, but bare-headed, on his knees, and bearing the Eucharist in his bosom, he is carried on a platform up the nave of St. Peter's Church. A more complete spectacle of abstraction and absorption, whether real or feigned, than he presented on those occasions, is inconceivable. It may be, that the weakness of his health, and the lassitude of his frame, evident in his countenance, increased the effect. However produced, it was perfect. For the rest, the countenance of Leo did not favour exhibitions of this kind, it was mean and sour; but in other respects his person was well adapted for them: he was tall, or at least appeared so when robed, and was dignified in his carriage. He entered on his government with a disposition to enforce the ancient usages of the Church; but he had evidently mistaken the character of the times in which he lived. No clearer proof of this will be required than his conduct towards the Brigands, who, as soon as they found the vigour of Government relaxed after Consalvi had ceased to direct it, broke out into the most frightful excesses. Leo XII. removed the only restraints left to repress their enormities, by withdrawing the military quartered in the neighbourhood of the districts which fostered the lawless bands. He issued a proclamation, asserting the dignity of the Church, and breathing ill-tempered confidence, that the sacred word of the Viceregent of Christ, and the authority of the Virgin, were more efficacious than soldiers to reclaim the most obdurate. The presence of a Cardinal, it was deemed, would add weight and reality to the words of the proclamation, and

one was accordingly sent to publish it; but, instead of submission and respect, he met with nothing but insult; the mayor of a town was massacred under his very nose, and he returned to the capital after a few months spent among the mountains, leaving the disturbed district in a more disobedient and wretched state than ever, and with a purse emptied of the 200,000 crowns with which it had been furnished. The foreign political acts of Leo have been of the same character: he has shown a desire to assert the high dignity and office of the Holy See; but, even among those most willing to acknowledge his supremacy, has he found none credulous enough to give practical proofs of their concurrence in his views or of their devotion to the Church. In the Irish alone, perhaps, as his predecessor once observed, did he find hearts thoroughly imbued with proper ideas of the sanctity of his character and functions; but with the Irish thus to regard him, it has hitherto been a point of honour rather than of superstition. We shall see how the successor of Della Genga will find them.

ROYAL ACADEMY LECTURES.

Mr. Phillips on Painting.

IN heading the following article with this title we do not profess to be the reporters of a brilliant lecture which occupied upwards of an hour in delivery. But the pleasure we experienced on hearing Mr. Phillips, suggested the idea that such a summary of the history of the revival of the interesting art, the subject of his discourse, as could be comprised in a few columns of our journal, might be agreeable to many of our readers; and this we have endeavoured to furnish in the best manner in which an imperfect memory, and the want of the habit of reporting, and of time and opportunity for personal research, have permitted. We regret that so much should be lost by the absence of the warm and artistlike feeling, and of the often eloquent language, the natural offspring of that feeling, which were conspicuous both in the matter and enunciation of Mr. Phillips' address. Our article, we are aware, moreover, may contain some propositions for which the lecturer is not and would not desire to be responsible. Whatever there may be of erroneous, therefore, either in fact or style, we beg may be placed to our account. Had we enjoyed the power of reporting, with any degree of accuracy, the lecture as it was delivered, we should have abstained from the liberties, into the taking of which we have been, perhaps, unfortunately betrayed.

Intimately as the arts of painting and sculpture are allied, the sources whence the history of the excellence to which each has attained is to be drawn, are widely separated. While, as regards sculpture, the materials for such a history are to be sought in the works of the Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries before the birth of Christ, we must look to the fifteenth and sixteenth of our own era, and to the productions of the great masters of that age, for the memoirs of the sister art. As no specimens of painting of the epoch when the arts of design were at their highest point of prosperity among the heathens have survived the Paganism which they graced, and to which they were probably indebted for their flourishing condition; so, although from a different cause, as it may be safely averred, the existing works of merit in sculpture, executed since the revival of the arts, are almost equally rare. On the other hand, the models of ancient Greek sculpture which have escaped the ravages of time, the violence of fanaticism, and the wantonness and ignorance of barbarism, are of a degree of excellence to which the imagination is incapable of conceiving any thing superior; while the productions in painting of the great masters of the modern schools, in their approach to perfection, are but little, if at all, behind the sculpture of the ancients, by the study of which they had so largely profited.

Whether the scarcity of ancient examples of an excellence in painting correspondent with the success with which, as we know from actual proof, the art of sculpture was practised, be the consequence of the more perishable nature of the productions themselves, or of an absolute deficiency in the number or quality of such productions, is a question, the discussion of which would require far more time and space than the present occasion would admit of our allotting to it. In justice, however, to the painters of antiquity, it must be borne in mind, that, if the few observations respecting their works which are to be found in extant authors, to whom we are indebted for all that is known concerning them, tend but little to convey an exalted idea of their merit, we must take into consideration the ignorance in matters of this description of the writers themselves, and their self-convicted incompetency to give an account at all to be confided in even of the objects of their admiration and applause. It is quite clear, from the terms in which remarkable monuments of art are extolled in the pages which often constitute the only record we possess of their existence, that the authors by whom their memory has been preserved, were too insufficiently versed in art to portray, with fidelity, their true lineaments and character, and that their real excellence has passed unappreciated. Were our notions of the sculpture or architecture of the ancients dependent, as are our ideas of their painting, on the imperfect descriptions contained in the Greek and Latin classics, how far, very far indeed, should we be from picturing to ourselves the state of perfection at which, from actual observation of existing monuments, we know that they had arrived! Is a group of sculpture formed from a single block of material?—does the bronze statue of a ram, when fanned by Notus or by Auster, emit a sound, which, however accidental the effect, the imagination of a credulous vulgar has interpreted into bleating and attributed to intention?—has a sacred edifice some remarkable peculiarity distinguishing it from other erections of the same kind, a peculiarity which would have been acknowledged by the very artist who designed it as a defect adopted by him with reluctance, and only under some local disadvantage and necessity?—are there extant tales of birds being deluded by painted fruit, of painters themselves being deceived by the execution of a curtain, taking the representation for reality?—prodigies and miracles such as these, the objects of the gaping wonderment of the vulgar, are sure to be the points on which we find the greatest stress laid in ancient writings, whenever celebrated works of art are noticed; while the true grounds on which their claims to admiration rest, if they be not entirely overlooked, are mentioned but casually, and in a manner that shows them to have been unfelt and inadequately estimated.

We should pause then before we form a conclusive opinion on the state of painting among the ancients from the accounts transmitted to us by their writers. If these, in their incapacity to discover the real beauties of a work, and in a spirit truly un-artistlike, have enlarged on effects only calculated to captivate vulgar minds, and have lent themselves to the propagation of idle traditions and improbable fables instead of attempting to understand for themselves, and to record for the benefit of posterity, the true excellencies of a performance, by no means must it be inferred that such excellence was wanting.

Of the state of painting at other periods of antiquity, far less eminent however than the Pærican age, we have the good fortune to possess actual specimens which form a more fair criterion. Even these, however, furnish the materials for a partial judgment only, since they are affected by circumstances which disqualify them for serving as standards by which the progress which the art has made can be satisfactorily measured. It would be superfluous to enumerate reasons for passing by the remains of painting which the soil

of Egypt has contributed, in confirmation of the preconceived opinions of the limited progress of the arts of design in general among that singular people, or with which it is still capable of rewarding the researches of the curious. Obvious considerations forbid our looking for excellence from that quarter. We proceed, therefore, to the notice of other productions miraculously preserved through a long lapse of ages, and not less miraculously recovered. These belong, unfortunately, we should say, could we, in our thankfulness for a boon so precious, find heart to complain at all, to a nation which affected rather than possessed a taste for the fine arts; and the epoch in which their execution is to be dated was one, moreover, in which civilisation itself had reached, if it had not passed, its climax, and in which literature and the arts were already on the decline. The specimens we allude to, we need scarcely add, are those furnished by the Baths of Titus, and other subterranean constructions at Rome of the time of that Emperor or of a subsequent date, and, in a greater abundance and of higher interest, by the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. On a comparison of the examples of ancient painting thus happily restored to the light of day with the works of the great Italian masters of the 16th century, there cannot be a moment's hesitation in pronouncing the advantage to be immensely on the side of the latter. These are in themselves performances altogether of a higher class and order, they are on a grander scale, more elevated style, and are generally superior both in science and execution. On the other hand, if we would do justice to the progress of the art among the ancients, let us take the specimens still existing as a foundation for an imaginary superstructure, in the erection of which let us be mindful of the age of decline in which those examples were produced. Let us reflect that these were not, could not, have been the most important works, even of their own day of corruption already commenced; let us give credit for the probability,—the certainty we had well nigh said, nor could we have greatly erred,—that the painters of antiquity were not less masters of the pencil than were the sculptors of the chisel; and we cannot be very far wrong in supposing that, in the famous representation of the exploits of the Trojan War, by Polygnotus, the porticos of Athens might boast of a work capable of competing with, eclipsing we dare not say, the 'Last Judgment' in the Sistine Chapel, or the Papal exploits, the school of Athens itself, which adorn the Vatican Chambers. Be it remembered, moreover, that, if truth and equal justice prevent our placing the painted stuccoes, and the elegant, though grotesque, vagaries of the Roman vaults, or of the halls buried by Vesuvius, in comparison with the works of the great masters of modern times,—they likewise forbid our treating those ancient examples with contempt. These are, indeed, by no means to be despised. They all possess merit, in various degrees, and of different kinds; and they have, moreover, qualities in common, which would honour any age or country. Some are remarkable for a purity of composition worthy of the applause of observers of the most refined taste; and others are distinguished by a display of grace and fancy in which they have not been surpassed by the master of grace, Raphael himself. He indeed, captivated by their effect, has been induced to imitate them, and led into a transgression,—if any thing so delightful, as the *Loggie* of the Vatican can be considered a transgression,—which is pardoned or applauded, in consideration (it is the privilege of genius only to be so considered!) of the splendour and grace of his sinning, and of the gratification derived from his errors. The quality most in common with the ancient specimens is simplicity of form and drapery.

Still, however, as has already been stated, it is not in the ancient specimens of the art of painting that the history of its excellence is to be

sought. For this we must look to the Christian era, as we seek that of sculpture in the ages of Paganism.

We will not discuss the question whether painting ever ceased to be followed as an art. It will be sufficient to state, that, if its practice cannot be traced *seriatim*, and century by century, through the dark ages which followed the fall of the Roman Empire, a very small interval is left between the specimens known to belong to a late period of the ancient era and a very early epoch of the era of revival. The probability, moreover, almost amounts to a certainty that it never was entirely discontinued, rude as may have been the productions of the artists of the barbarous ages. The very Catacombs in which the Christians are said to have taken refuge from the persecutions of their enemies, and to have exercised the functions of their prohibited religion clandestinely, contain vestiges of painting, which may be considered as the latest efforts of the ancient era, and as the connecting link between that era and its successor.

The proofs still extant of the practice of the art of painting during the ages of obscurity which followed the removal of the seat of Government of the Roman Empire, consist in works in Mosaic, in illustrations of missals, and in Greek paintings, to individual specimens of which last it is vain to attempt to assign a date. The ground of gold which characterises the first and third of these classes of works suggests the idea that an intimate connection existed between them, and seems to form another thread by which the Gothic specimens of the early periods of the revival are united to the floors of the Baths of Caracalla and other Mosaic works of the decaying empire. The design, however, of these two classes, the Christian Mosaics and the Greek tablets, presents a wide difference. In the former, though there is a certain degree of rudeness and stiffness, there is a grandeur which sometimes approaches the sublime. The figures of the Greek specimens, with a greater apparent affectation of art, are poor, meagre, and awkward in the extreme, and generally entirely devoid of expression. Both are confined to religious subjects: in the latter, the Madonna and Child, and single figures of saints, are the most frequent. The former are more varied in composition, covering the vaults and walls of temples with scenes and portions of sacred history, as well from the old as the new dispensation. Sometimes a single half-figure of the Almighty or of the Saviour, of rude but sublime grandeur and of gigantic dimensions, occupies the whole vaulting of the grand niche terminating the nave of the church. The illustrations of the missals are miniature figures and compositions connected with religion or the history of the Church, most of them elaborately executed, frequently abounding in expression, especially in the heads, and very richly coloured. Those most deserving of admiration must be assigned, however, to a comparatively advanced period.

We pass over the works of the painters, and they are numerous, in the van of the revival of the arts. They seem to have abounded, more than in any other part even of Italy, in Sienna, where an extensive and curious collection of their productions has been formed, to the exclusion almost of performances of greater merit; for Sienna by no means preserved her pre-eminence in this respect in after-times; although she may count on one or two names which rank in a superior class. We come then to Cimabue, and his disciple Giotto, to whom the credit of what is called the revival of the arts is generally and justly attributed. These two masters flourished in Florence, in the early part of the fourteenth century. Cimabue was the first to abandon the beaten track until his time trodden by artists, and, instead of servilely following the examples and adopting the manner of those who had preceded him, ventured to resort to natural models. Hence, his works, although disfigured

by the imperfections of the gothic age in which he lived, have a variety in outline and composition, and breathe a life and nature, until then unknown. Giotto, we are told, was a peasant boy, who, by the marvellous natural turn for drawing with which he was endowed, had attracted the attention of Cimabue who accidentally observed the skill, extraordinary in one of such an age and occupation, with which he had represented the goats and sheep he was employed in tending. He became the disciple of Cimabue, and soon surpassed his master. His works are abundant, but many to which his name is given are the productions of inferior hands. The frescoes in the ancient church of Assisi, dedicated to St. Francis, are, however, incontrovertible monuments of his genius. These are distinguished by a remarkable correspondence in principle with good Greek art, by a nice regard to consistency in adapting the disposition of the figures to their character and occupation, and, above all, by a perfect mastery of drapery. In minor points his works are not without their defects; even he had not effectually cast off the gothic trammels by which the art had so long been bound. Giotto practised with success, for his day, a sister art. The beautiful tower adjacent to the church of Santa Maria de' Fiori, the cathedral of Florence, is of his design; and, whatever objections may be made to the use of various-coloured marbles of which it is composed, there cannot be two opinions as to the beauty and elegance of the proportions and general design, respects in which it is one of the most perfect edifices in Europe.

The art had by this time fallen into a train of gradual improvement; it had been launched on the tide which flowed onward to perfection ere it was doomed to ebb; and, among the many names of artists who contributed to its amelioration there is none so conspicuous as that of the Florentine Masaccio. This artist, while he had adopted the improvements which had accrued in the practice of the art in its progress until his day, had retained all the simplicity which characterises the works of Giotto; and, discarding all extraneous matter, he exercises in a wonderful degree the art of keeping the mind of his spectator to the subject represented. Like Giotto, too, he was master of drapery, while in his heads, by means of delineation the most simple, he has invested them with an expression which far more elaborate works would fail to accomplish. In the person of Ghirlandajo, who had the honour of inculcating the rudiments of painting on that giant in art, the suitor of each of the three sisters, Michael Angelo, the revival of the art is united with its state of perfection.

To the reputation of his illustrious scholar more than to his own actual merit as an artist, Ghirlandajo is indebted for the respect paid to his name, and the curiosity with which his works are sought after. His fame would probably be greater were these entirely extinct, since the imagination could scarcely fail to impute to the master of Buonarroti much greater approach to perfection than is displayed in his performances. These, indeed, show how very slight were the obligations which his pupil owed to his tuition, since they are inferior to the works of his predecessors, in the very qualities for which Michael Angelo became especially distinguished. They may display a more studied and varied composition, more fancy and more technical skill than the paintings left by Masaccio; but they have less breadth than these, and are much inferior to them in force and elevated imagination.

The age in which Ghirlandajo lived, was that of the Medici, in which such a memorable impulse was received by civilisation in general, from the patronage and encouragement of that powerful and enlightened family. The arts felt the influence strongly, and advanced by rapid strides; they derived much improvement from the increased attention which was now given to anatomy, but found sources still more rich in

beneficial effects in the study of the antique, and in the discovery, the fruit of that study, of ideal excellence.

Although, as respects mere chronological order, there remain no interval to be filled between Ghirlandajo and Michael Angelo, it would be unjust to pass unnoticed some very worthy contemporaries both of master and pupil, who contributed in a greater or less degree to the progress towards the glorious triumph which modern art was about to achieve. The length to which this article has already run, however, constrains us to be content with the mere enumeration of the names of Signorelli, Fra Bartolomeo di San Marco, and the great Leonardo da Vinci, whose example in the application of chiaro scuro, independent of his other transcendent merits, of his success in composition, his suavity, and his fulness of expression, has conferred on painting a benefit which alone would have entitled him to an immortal name.

The advantages of such contemporaries as these, added to that of possessing, in the great Raphael, a rival every way worthy of exciting his emulation, cannot fail to have had their effect on Michael Angelo. That effect, however, must not be too highly rated; for his genius was original and creative, capable, without aid and under any circumstances, of chalking out a course of its own. However the case may be in this respect, whether profiting in a degree by the example of others, or following solely his own inspirations, the result is the same; and it cannot be denied that to the powerful genius of this great man is the art of design indebted for the perfection to which it attained in the sixteenth century. Not that this perfection is to be found unalloyed in his own works. The genius that inspired him was too mettlesome to arrest its course at the goal which it had been the first to reach; the courage and inward impulse which bore him onward in his career, were not to be controlled; and, although foremost in arriving where competition was to cease, the race had been already lost by his unruly aberrations. On this account, Michael Angelo himself, the greatest of artists, as the founder of a school has proved the most unfortunate of masters. His errors have been mistaken for beauties by followers who, themselves devoid of genius, so far from being capable of accompanying him in his aspiring flights, were unable even to view him distinctly from the distance at which he had left them, or to discern between his upward soaring and the evolutions into which the unspent vigour of his wing had caused him to deviate. Hence, if the arts of design in general be indebted to Michael Angelo for their arrival at the summit of perfection, to him also, through the blindness and incapacity of his disciples in aping instead of following him, in adopting his blemishes while they were unable to see, or to imitate had they seen, his beauties, do they owe the corruption in which they have since languished. His merit, however, should be estimated, not by the blunders of scholars unworthy of the lessons and examples of such a master, but by his own immortal works, those of the Sistine Chapel more especially, in which the sublime conception, the power of mind, the life and sentiment, the boldness, force, and accuracy of the drawing and anatomical science, (and by these all deformities are effectually veiled,) form a whole, exceeding whatever is known of great, and grand, and powerful in art.

The praise, however, of achieving the perfection of painting, appertains, after all, to Raphael rather than to Michael Angelo. The latter, it is true, had stormed the breach; but his impetuosity had misled him, when he was thus far advanced, while his comrade, who, with almost equal daring, had followed close on the heels of his precursor, had seen where to plant his standard, and had kept possession of the fortress. Michael Angelo, in fact, was, it cannot be denied, the mightier genius; he drew more from the resources of his own mind, he had more hardihood, and what he

expected was the work of his own sole unaided power. Raphael drew profit and improvement from others; but, in turning his observations to account, he also displayed the operations of a genius of no ordinary quality. The art is indebted to him, above all its other professors, for the extension of picturesque historical representation, in which he stands altogether alone and unrivalled. He added grace and the purity of the antique to its elevation and grandeur of style; and in truth and feeling he is not surpassed. The partisans of Michael Angelo have studied to depreciate the merit of Raphael by urging the improvement he derived from the example of his rival. That he did profit by the hint derived from an inspection of the 'Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo, while in its progress, as he had before profited by observing the practice of Fra Bartolomeo, may be conceded by his warmest admirers, the character of the two masters, and the history of the advance made by Raphael, as developed in the different style of his productions, taken individually, seem to attest that such was the case. In so doing, however, he did not act as a grovelling imitator, but in the manner in which an artist of real genius should avail himself of every source whence it is possible to draw improvement. He discerned, and, as far as his nature, which was of a different stamp, permitted, adopted what was good: what was faulty, he rejected; and hence, judgment, coming to the aid of his other excellencies, set on his works the seal of perfection, wanting to those of Michael Angelo. Comparing the works of the two masters as they exist at present, those of Michael Angelo have the sublimer character; and they are more calculated to excite astonishment and to elevate the imagination. Those of Raphael are more agreeable, they appeal more sensibly to the heart, and leave the judgment fully satisfied. In the highest, the intellectual, attributes of painting, nothing executed since their day has arrived at the eminence to which either of them attained.

ON THE CONDUCT TO BE ADOPTED BY THE LADIES OF ENGLAND IN THE PRESENT AWFUL CRISIS.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—I was extremely shocked at the levity displayed by Mr. Otway Cave, in the House of Commons, on the evening of Friday last. In the midst of a whole host of petitions from the alarmed Protestants of this now highly nervous country, what could induce the Hon. Gentleman to present one from the inhabitants of Castle Donnell, 'to prevent Hindoo women from burning themselves.' Gracious heavens! Is this a time to think of the burning of a few silly black uneducated women, when we, the wives and mothers of free-born Englishmen, live in trembling dread of the fatal day, when the fires of Smithfield will be again lit, and when, instead of the honour of burning for our husbands, we can only look forward to the melancholy satisfaction of burning with them. I know not where Castle Donnell is, but conclude from the name that it is Irish: if Irish, the petitioners probably are Catholics, and then, the motives for this petition are clear and obvious. Such is the hatred of your true Catholics to freedom of any kind, that the moment burning is discovered to be a treat to any particular set of persons, that moment they set themselves violently against it. It is evident they wish the art of roasting to be confined entirely to their own cooks. However, I have no doubt that the general principle of the meetness of burning our fellow-creatures, will induce the Papists, when in power, to extend the theory and practice of combustion to our Indian possessions. If once the Papists begin their burning tricks, how do we know where they will stop? It is of no use appealing to the good sense of the Hindoos, for unfortunately they have none; but still I think it might be made evident to them, that, if they will only abstain for a short time from burning them-

selves, they may rest assured that it will not be very long before they will have as many opportunities as they can possibly desire of indulging in that agreeable recreation. The progress of Catholic bon-fires will undoubtedly be as rapid as that of the belief in transubstantiation; and, after all the wood is exhausted in England, nothing is more probable than that the illuminati of the day will make an excursion into our Indian possessions, and, then, instead of mere solitary Suttees, the Hindoo ladies might reasonably look forward to *auto-da-fés* on a grand and magnificent scale. Long practice would undoubtedly enable them to display as much fortitude on these occasions as was shown by the most determined martyrs of old; and I should not wonder if many of them experienced a spiteful pleasure in having the company of their living husbands, instead of burning with their dead ones, as has hitherto been the fashion.

De Gustibus non est disputandum. The difference of men's tastes in different countries, and under different circumstances, has always been a matter of curious speculation to the wise and inquisitive. It is very oddly exemplified at the present moment. The Hindoos are furious at any attempt being made to prevent them from burning themselves: the people of England, nearly frantic at the possibility (some hundred years hence) of being burnt by others.

I am not a Hindoo; I have a thorough English dislike to being roasted, and I do hope and trust that on this momentous occasion, the voice of the women of Great Britain will make itself heard. I do really think, Sir, it would be irresistible. If the voice of one single woman is sometimes so overpowering, what would be the effect of all the Protestant women in England, Scotland, and Ireland joined in one simultaneous cry against Emancipation and compulsory burning. But, if you think this would be an unfair way of carrying the point, is there any objection to our petitioning? Have we a right to petition, or are we reckoned as nothing? or when they talk of the voice of the people do they include our voices? Pray, Sir, explain this, and tell us what you would advise us to do (for we cannot bear to be idle) in this awful conjuncture of affairs.

ANY THING BUT A FIRE-WORSHIPPER.

[We are truly happy to inform our Correspondent that the right of the fair population of England to rise, as one woman, in the cause of anti-combustion, is now ascertained beyond a dispute. The question was canvassed in the House of Lords, a few nights ago, on a petition being presented from some elderly ladies; on which occasion, we understand, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Kenyon, and about fifty other noblemen, rose from their seats, and laying their hands upon their hearts, declared, that, so help them God, they believed the right of the petitioners rested upon precisely the same grounds as their own to sit in that House. Further controversy was, of course, useless.—Ed.]

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

THE RUSSIAN GUARDS.—The Imperial Guard alone consists of nearly one hundred thousand men; nor can any spectacle be more imposing than when a review of this superb corps takes place. The Emperor and his brothers have bestowed uncommon pains upon its formation. The infantry is subjected to a more rigid discipline than any other European troops: the recruit is first drilled without any clothes on his back, in order that the regularity of his motions may be perfectly ascertained, and I have seen him exercised with a tumbler of water on his head for the purpose of accustoming him to an erect and firm posture. The soldiers are tall, muscular men. Their clothing has been divested of whatever might prove an incumbrance, and the present Emperor has supplied them with every article that can facilitate their movements in the field, without detracting from their splendid appearance. The mechanical parts of their exercise are performed

like clock-work, and they are perfectly so in general manoeuvres: for this they are indebted to their being daily exercised in military evolutions and sham-fights. The most distinguished regiments of this corps are those of Ismailofsky, Semenovskii, Pawlofski, Finland, and Moscov, the grenadiers, yagers, and marine corps; of one of which regiments, members of the Imperial family, even Princesses, are invariably the Colonels. Many of them date from the time of Peter the Great, and have rendered themselves notorious as hotbeds of political conspiracies.

Those who are personally unacquainted with Russia, cannot form the most distant idea of the splendour of the cavalry of the Guard. The men are generally experienced soldiers, selected for their handsome stature and military endowments, and the horses are picked with so much caution, that the copious studs in the South of Russia are scarcely adequate to supply the mounts. The expense attendant upon the purchase of these horses greatly exceeding the funds supplied by the Government, an indirect means of providing for the re-mounts has been adopted, by throwing this task on none but officers of large property. It is, therefore, become a point of honour with these juvenile aspirants to supply horses, which may enhance the fame of their respective regiments; and with this view, they double or treble the sum which is allowed for the purchase of each animal. The regimental chief considers that he makes them abundant amends by honouring them with a written testimonial of his approbation, upon their return to quarters. The leading corps of the cavalry of the Guard are the cuirassiers, the horse-guards (also armed with cuirasses), hussars, yagers, the Emperor's and Empress's cuirassiers, and the cossacks of the Don and Euxine. Each of them has always been fifteen hundred strong; the whole are commanded by the Archduke Constantine, and constantly maintained at their full war establishment. The horse-artillery is equal, if not superior, to any in Europe, for celerity of movement; and I have frequently known their horses to cost above seventy pounds each, a sum which, in a country where horse-flesh is so common and so cheap, is considered enormous. The various equipments and appendages of their field-pieces are points of equal care and expense. The service of the train is not performed by a distinct corps, but by the artillery-men themselves in regular rotation.

In none of its equipments is the foot-artillery one iota inferior to the horse; in truth, it is the finest corps of the dismounted portion of the Guard: its whole composition and outfit are as admirable as the minute attention which is bestowed upon its interior economy and training. It is commanded by the Grand-duke Michael, who leaves no stone unturned to raise its character and qualities. In a theoretical point of view it may admit of improvement; but in a practical one, few equal it, if incessant exercise can give practical perfection. A squadron of 'pontoniers' are also attached to the Guard; their arms are of a light description, and their horses carry the rider's tools. The pontoons are drawn by six horses, and are almost entirely made of copper; yet, notwithstanding the mechanical skill of the Russians, they are far behind the excellence of the French pontoons. The Engineer corps is still far from being perfectly organized in a general sense; the improvement of its pupils does not correspond with the pains taken to instruct them. It is, in fact, a branch of the general staff rather than the Guard, and its best officers are Frenchmen.—*St. Petersburg, 1828.*

MARCH OF LIBERALISM.—In consequence of the representations made by the last Hungarian Diet, the Emperor of Austria has granted permission to his Hungarian subjects of the *Protestant* persuasion to frequent foreign universities; and a considerable number have, therefore, taken their departure for Jena, Halle, Leipzig, and Göttingen, where they are partly supported by

bursaries which were founded for their benefit in former ages. Permission has also been granted to the children of the Roman Catholic faith to frequent the universities of Italy.

GEORGIAN PERIODICAL.—The Russian Emperor has signified his approval of the specific appointment of a committee for the purpose of publishing a periodical work at Tiflis, in Georgia, to be intitled, 'The Tiflis Journal.' It will be written in the Russian language.

UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.—From a register which has been published of the students frequenting this university during the summer session of 1828, it appears that their number then amounted to 1631, whereas, in the same session of 1827, it was 1594. Of the former, 549 entered as students of Theology, 563 of Jurisprudence, 306 of Medicine, and 213 of Philosophy. Four hundred and thirty of them were foreigners.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

To us there is nothing more disgusting than the general outcry which the musical critics of this musical country have taken it into their heads to raise against the merits of Rossini as a composer.

'Mongrel puppy, whelp and hound,
And our of low degree,'

are all joining in the chorus; and the sound of his own swan-like minstrelsy is likely to be overwhelmed by the barking of these furious little animals. It must be some strange sympathy that unites in a common cause a house so constantly divided against itself, as that of our musicians. But it would not be so difficult to find as to solicit causes for this new wonder. Many, very many of those low and disgraceful motives which should be feeble were they not marked by silliness and prejudice, may be here found lurking; and it would be soiling our page were we to sketch our catalogue of them, without, perhaps, effecting any other end than to heighten and make more discordant their exclamations of spleen. One thing pleases us. The malcontents try to assume a plausible excuse for themselves. Rossini, they say, has no learning, is no musician, titillates the ears, and leaves no impression, &c. The poor subtlety of this might go down anywhere but in our own country. What right have we to be surprised in such a case? What national science can we produce? Why, then, do this faction exalt the learning against the inspiration of the art, and support the German school against the Italian? Simply because the one appears to be more within their grasp and according to the nature of their own exertions, while the other is removed almost from their imitation. The want of learning is a standing charge against every contemporary,

'qui prognavat artes
ligna se poetas.'

It nearly cheated Shakspeare of his immortality; but that was two hundred years ago, and the world should have grown wiser. Poor Rossini! The noise of these worthies from their attics will doubtless extend, fatally for your fame, to all the distant corners which have hitherto rung so loudly with your applause.—Naples, Venice, Milan, Berlin, Petersburg, Madrid, Lisbon, the Greek Isles, the Americans! And it will be no argument in your behalf, that people of such different climates and tempers, each, too, masters of a store of national music differently characterised according to those climates and tempers, should, for the first time in the history of the science, join in one universal consent of admiration and enjoyment of your compositions!

This theme is naturally suggested by the flippant remarks of some of the Journals upon the Opera of 'L'italiana in Algieri,' just produced, and 'Il Conte d'Orl,' about to be produced, at the King's Theatre. Of the former, we will say no more than that it is not fairly represented by the existing *corps dramatique*. In the first place, the successor of Ambrogetti, in the buffo part of Taddeo, is a subordinate bass, of the name of De Angeli. We remember a genuine Neapolitan, twelve years ago, one Vinco, a fellow of exquisite humour, who, on a small, ignoble stage, two thousand miles from the King's Theatre, performed the same part two thousand times better. Madame Castelli, generally ill-treated by the critics, sustains the difficulties of her part with more fortitude than could be expected from a *Donna* so completely *seconda*, though, on Thursday night, her voice was in arrears of the accompaniment, as the opening scene, by six bars at

least. Madame Pisoni may deserve commiseration for the hardship of being placed amongst Mustapha's beauties; but, as the standard of taste in some parts of the Northern African Coast has not yet been ascertained, we must show our nationality by hooting at Mustapha for his present exhibition of *gusto*. We wish it were possible to diagnose the fact, that much of this lady's fine voice is—sound, but not music. We wish most heartily that some half-dozen mountain-bred country cousins of ours were compelled to transfer to her certain portions and qualities of their own voices, now mere lumber; but the dexterity and feeling which are displayed, even with some defects of organ, make her performances, on that account, more remarkable; and we will wish no more than that all the duellists on the subject of Catholic Relief may have their fury assuaged by hearing her sing, 'Caro per te quest' anima,' which might utterly dissolve the faintest of Mr. Peel's foes. As for Donzelli, he is nearly, very nearly, perfect. We long to see him in some of Mozart's characters. The *portamento* of his voice is its grandest quality; but we are almost offending ourselves in saying so, for we consider him all-accomplished; and his 'Languir per una bella' inclines us to set his taste and expression above his other attributes as a singer.

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

THE next best thing to accomplishing the ends of an establishment for instruction or amusement is, that the patentees of any such institution should exert themselves to testify their utter incapacity for such ends; and, though we will not say which side of this alternative is most usually adopted by the despots of our drama, yet we will say, without feeling ourselves culpable of any very singular rashness, that, if the conduct of the few last nights were taken as a specimen of our managers' proficiency in the art of sinking, it might be difficult to award the palm to either worthy candidate. And yet there may be somewhat of ill-humour in our present mood of viewing their achievements; for certainly there cannot be any very good reason why the breadth of grins around us, which spoke plainly that the 'play' was matter of novelty and amusement to many, should have been twitted into similitude with the critical grimace which, exhausted by the emulous repetition of the same pride, pomp, and circumstance of royalty and heroism, we muttered inwardly, 'A plague of both your houses,' and cursed heartily the desolating ambition which has urged the Swedish madman's march at once across the boards of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, and has prompted his great spirit's transmigration successively through the mortal frames of Farren, Cooper, and Kemble.

To give a conqueror his due honour, Peter the Great, as personified by Young at Drury Lane, appeared a prince of more predominant qualities, as well as more enlightened opinions, than his rival at the sister theatre. In the latter, an extremely disproportioned degree of prominence is given to the vanquished Charles XII; and, to humour his ferocious tastes, much din of drums and trumpets is inflicted on the ears of the audience, with importunate explosions of ill-savoured combustibles, which, although at the other house old Swartz, (Farren,) calls it coxcombry *not* to prefer by far to roses and violets, yet Mr. Price has very considerably allowed for the conceivable existence of such coxcombs among the audience, thereby sparing his ammunition and our eyes, ears, and noses; and entitling him to our thanks for his good taste, in not coveting for the temples of our 'national drama' the gunpowder attractions of Astley's. A less furious relaxation of theatrical dignity was apparently well relished by the audience; this was a jolly drinking song by Young, in his disguise of a triller, with a chorus of Swedish soldiers, which was received with a vociferous encore, and which with Liston's state of droll mystification, on being ousted of his mill, his wife, his mother, and his brandy bottle, by the mysterious and successful intruder, formed, undoubtedly, the happiest hit and crisis in the destiny of 'Peter the Great.'

The character of Charles XII., by C. Kemble, was a new manifestation of those versatile talents which establish him at home in so many fields of performance; and little Keeley was to Covent Garden's 'Historical Drama,' what Liston was to its rival's 'Musical Play.'

Great Men.—Dyers and tailors, carvers and gilders, grooms and trumpeters, make greater men than God makes; but God's last longer, throw them where you will.

The Bible.—A book which, to say nothing of its holiness or authority, contains more specimens of genius and taste, than any other volume in existence.

Fortune and Genius.—The measure of fortune are so like those of genius, as to be mistaken by almost all the world.

A myriad of kings and conquerors is not worth the myriadth part of a wise and virtuous man.

Royal Asiatic Society.—A branch of this society has been introduced at Madras. The venerable Archdeacon Robinson has been chosen president, and a son of Mr. Leashington, secretary. This Institution is quite distinct from the Madras Literary Society, though composed of many of its members.

Fine Arts.—Knight has sold 'Auld Robin Gray,' now exhibiting at the British Institution, for seventy guineas; and the Duke of Bedford is understood to have given Lance four hundred guineas for his two fruit pieces in the same exhibition. Mr. Heath has purchased a small painting by Webster, which he calls 'The Favourite,' and which will be engraved in the next volume of 'The Keepsake.'

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Practical Treatise on the superior Efficacy of the Round Leaf Cornel, in cases of primary or secondary debility of the digestive organs, and for general weakness attendant on age, or from the enervating effects of the too free use of vicious or spirituous liquors, savory dishes, or a Tropical climate, with remarks on diet and wines; to which are added, instructions for the use of the Lobelia Inflata in cases of Asthma and chronic cough. By J. H. Robinson, M.D., of St. Croix.

Mr. Mills's Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind, a work which he has had in hand for a number of years, is now ready for the press, and will appear in the course of the present season. Mr. Mills considers his present performance as the ground-work of three practical treatises, intended to succeed: 1. The Book of Logic, or system of rules for conducting the human mind in the investigation of truth; 2. The Book of Ethics, or system of rules for so regulating the actions of the individual as to render them most conducive to the well-being of himself and others; 3. The Book of Education, or system of rules for training the individual to the highest perfection of his nature, that is, the highest state of efficiency as the cause of happiness to himself and to his species.

The Village Patriarch, a Poem, will be published on the 5th of March.

A work of a very unusual nature is about to appear. Its title is 'The Sectarian,' and its design is to unfold the secret practices of more than one class of Dissenters.

In the Press, and speedily will be Published, in 1 volume, 12mo., 'The Protestant's Companion, being a choice collection of Preservatives against Popery.'

We understand that the Rev. Dr. Wait, of Cambridge, is about to commence a Repertorium Theologicum; or, Critical Record of Theological Literature; in which, Dissertations on Theological Antiquities, the state of the Text, and other subjects of necessary Inquiry, will be contained; in which, also, Foreign Works on Divinity will be condensed, so as to form a complete work of reference to the Biblical scholar.

'He is Risen; an Easter Ode, inscribed to the Governors and Masters of Christ's Hospital; is in the press. Also, The Votive Wreath and other Poems. By Samuel Walter Burgess.

The Study of Medicine. Third Edition. By John Mason Good, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.L., containing all the Author's final Corrections and Improvements; together with much additional Information on Physiology, Practice, Pathology, and the Nature of Diseases in General. By Samuel Cooper, Surgeon to the King's Bench and Fleet Prisons; Surgeon to the Forces; Author of the Dictionary of Practical Surgery, &c. is preparing for publication.

EGARTE.—The system of gaming in the French capital, which has occasioned the ruin of so many English gentlemen, is, we understand, about to be unveiled, in a novel announced under the above title. The scenes which the writer intends to disclose are almost incredible; and it will be seen that French ladies of rank and beauty, are prominent agents in the scenes prepared for the English in those brilliant scenes of dissipation, the Parisian Salons.

THE NAVAL OFFICER.—The novel announced under this name, is written, we understand, by a post-captain, who has lately distinguished himself in India, and whose life in the service has been unusually active and successful. Report speaks highly of the power and originality of the writer, and of the extraordinary nature of the scenes and characters depicted by him.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	Feb.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 16	46	42	29. 21	S.W.	Fair Cl.	Cum.-Stra.
Tues. 17	42	39	29. 63	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cirrostratus
Wed. 18	38	35	29. 66	S.E.to E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Thurs. 19	36	38	29. 43	S.S.	Ditto.	Cir.-Cum.
Frid. 20	46	44	29. 37	W.to SW	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Sat. 21	46	40	28. 84	S.	Rain.	Ditto.
Sun. 22	43	40	28. 74	N.W.	Rain AM	Ditto.

Rain on the nights of Friday and Saturday. Rain on the morning of Saturday and Sunday.
Highest temperature at noon, 48°.

Astronomical Observations.

Invisible Eclipse of the Moon on Friday; eclipsed 4° 30' on northern limb.
Sun entered Aries on Friday at 8 h. 27 m. P.M.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 16° 13' in Pisces.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 18° 5' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 29° 37' in Capric.
Sun's ditto ditto 10° 27' in Aries.
Length of day on Sunday, 19 h. 14 min. Increased, 44 h.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 1' 28" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99885.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The Brunswick's Text Book, 8vo., 7s.
 Bought's Letters on the Nephritis, 8vo., 6s.
 Christian Mariner's Journal, 12mo., 6s.
 Jewsbury's Lays of Leisure Hours, 5s.
 Restalrig, or The Forfeiture, by the Author of St. Johnstone, 3 vols., post 8vo., 11. 1s.
 Johnstone's History of Public Charity in France, 8vo., 12s.
 Haysard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. 19, 11. 11s. 6d.
 Petersdorf's Law Reports, 8vo., vol. 9, 11. 11s. 6d.
 Wilbur's Reference Testament, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Tower's Dictionary, 12mo., 7s.
 Knight's Modern and Antique Gems, 11. 11s. 6d., imp. 8vo., 12. 12s. 6d.
 Crosby's Builder's Price Book, 1830, 4s.
 Anderson's Druggist's Price Book, second edit., 2s. 6d.
 Archbold's Common Pleas Practice, 3 vols., 12mo., 21s.
 Bishop Gray's Key to the Old Testament and Apocrypha, 8vo., 14s.
 Howard's Beauties of Literature, parts 30 to 35, 2s. 6d.
 The House Account Book, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
 The House Book, 5s.
 Farr on Scrofula, 8vo., Third Edition, 5s.
 The Last Hours of Eminent Christians, by the Rev. H. Clissold, 8vo., 12s.
 An Official Visit to Guatemala from Mexico, by G. A. Thompson, 8vo., 12s.
 Mirror of Parliamentary Sessions, 1838, 5f. 5s.
 Classical Instructions, containing Ovid's Metamorphoses, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 An Essay on Classical Instruction, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 The Spirit of the Church of Rome, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Dupont's English Exposition, Twelfth Edition, 1s. 6d.
 Cuvier on the Revolutions of the Surface of the Globe, post 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Morrison's Mercantile Precedents, 4to., 10s.
 Shaw's Emmanuel, with an Essay by Gordon, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Graham's Chemical Catechism, 8vo., 16s.
 Illustrations to Heber's Journal in India, 2ss. Proofs, 21s. 4to. 16s.

HYMNS AND SONNETS, Written by the late REGINALD HESLER, Bishop of Calcutta, and set to music by the Rev. W. H. HAYWARD, A. M.—Frodo to Hindoo Female Schools.
 From Greenhead's Icy Mountains! (second edition) 2 6
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 Three Hymns—'Life nor Death shall us discover'—'Lord! whose Love, in Power excelling'—'There was joy in Heaven' 2 0
 Yeoper Hymn—'God, that madest Earth and Heaven' 2 0
 O green was the Corn as I rode on my hill 2 0
 Published by Faine and Hopkins, 49, Cornhill, London.

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 Thermometer and Pyrometer, 2 Parts
 Bacon's Novum Organum, 3 Parts
 Arithmetic and Algebra, 3 Parts
 Geometry, 2 Parts
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 'When doomed to part, I sing, &c.' Miss Gowan.
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MODERN ENGLISH WIT.

No. II.

THE ENGLISH BAR AND PERIODICAL WRITERS.

In a former article we divided modern wits into three classes—the Diners-out, the Gentlemen of the English Bar, and the Writers in Reviews and Magazines. The claims of the first of these orders having been discussed, we proceed to the other two: and first of the English Bar.

The differences between the humourists of the dining-room and of the forum are marked and manifold, and may be all referred to the difference of the objects which they are obliged to keep in view. The Diner-out, as has been already explained, is expected to provide seasoning and sauces to whatever meats may chance to be found at the table for which he is engaged. Now, as the science of cookery is one that has never been stationary since its first establishment, and as the changes which it has undergone of late years, in consequence of the discovery of new phenomena, have been vast beyond calculation, it is obvious that the punster can derive exceedingly little assistance from the labours of his predecessors. Of what avail, in the nineteenth century, could be the sayings with which Rochester or Killigrew were wont

'To point a fillet or adorn a loin,'

in days when cookery was emerging from the night of the dark ages, and when it bore about it all the signs of infancy and barbarism? The notion is absurd. Such sauces must be totally inapplicable in the present stage of gastronomic progress; and the consequence is, that a constant succession of new jokes must be provided to keep pace with it. With the Bar, the case is entirely different. Those circumstances of society which fall under the cognizance of courts and juries, do not materially alter in the course of a few centuries. Libel and sedition were in vogue many ages previous to the birth of Lord Winchelsea and 'The Morning Journal'; Crim. Con. was not absolutely unknown even as far back as the reign of Charles II.; and even in Ireland, where one does meet occasionally with varieties both in civil disputes and also in crime—even in Ireland,

'Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona'

there were forty-shilling freeholders before the time of Daniel O'Connell.

It would be exceedingly ill-accordant with this monotony in the state of legal affairs, that the jokes should possess an air of freshness. In general, there ought to be the same character of permanence stamped upon them which belongs to the subjects upon which they are exercised. Centuries should roll on and exhibit no more change in the fashion of legal jokes than of legal procedure. And this is very certainly the case. The first edition of the digest of Joseph Miller is still the leading authority in the Courts. *Stare super antiquas facietias*, is the lesson which is impressed upon every young barrister before he quits the special pleader's chambers; and the more he adheres to the rule, and the less he ventures out of the track of precedents, the better. Why should he? Has not the experience of older and wiser practitioners than he proved to a demonstration, that, without departing from the most ancient and approved witticisms, it is not only possible but easy to accomplish all the ends of a cross-examination, to frighten honest men into lies, draw tears

from modest girls, convert justice into confusion, truth into falsehood, and every thing into brutality.

But we are doing this enlightened class of the community injustice: we are judging them merely by their public exhibitions; and it is not, we understand, in court that the art on which they pique themselves is developed to most advantage. There are occasions, we have heard, on which, no longer embarrassed by those official restraints which dam up the free current of the soul, the sluices of a rich and variegated humour are let loose; and the English Bar rivals, in at least one of their most conspicuous qualities, the Swifts, Starnes, and Williamases of a former age, and the Colmans of the present. We learn, too, that in these festive moments, these *notes canaque deorum*, the habits which have been acquired in their forensic practice, though not operating directly, exerts, nevertheless, a most desirable secondary influence, enabling them to embody their free conceptions in such brief and convenient formulae, that they are saved from the necessity of tasking their minds for those varieties of expression in which their ill-instructed predecessors were vain enough to think that half the merit of the art consisted.

Well, indeed, may we pardon Sir James Scarlett for husbanding his ample stores of humour in those Courts where they could only be consecrated to the amusement of vulgar juries and the service of vulgar clients, when we know that they are employed in augmenting the entertainment of his own liberal profession, and when we have his own assurance that they are devoted to the high end of improving the morality of the age, and promoting its reverence for the female sex.

There was once a large class of readers who entertained a very high notion of the ordinary wit of our ENGLISH PERIODICALS. Half the youthful population of Edinburgh were wont, in their sober Scotch way, to expire over Mr. Jeffrey's jokes upon the Lakers: Mr. Gifford's articles on America, and Mr. Croker's on Lady Morgan, were, in like manner, positively too much for some weak-livered ladies and gentlemen on this side of the Tweed; and we once heard a person of unquestionable veracity declare that he had suffered greatly from a paper in 'The Westminster,'—an assertion which had all the effect of the most irresistible humour upon ourselves. But these delusions are past away; and he must be a person of uncommon hardihood who would venture, in the present day, to confess that any one of that vulgarest and clumsiest class of writings, called, in slang language, 'a cuttingup review,' had set in motion a single muscle of his face. One exception, however, must be made, and for the sake of that exception, we have noticed the class.

It is impossible to deny that the Rev. Sidney Smith is something more than a merely jocose person, that he has subduced under his authority a large part of that debatable land which separates facetiousness from wit, and that in this territory his lordship is still paramount and undisputed. The question is, Has he ever past the barriers? Has he ever made incursions into the land which is haunted, not by the fidgetty restless sprites that once danced in the bodies of the Critics and the Old bachelors, but by the mighty ghosts of the Gullivers and the Shandys? Does Yorick own him for a brother? Would South

recognise in him one of his own cloth and kind? Or will his good things bear to have that gauge applied to them, by which a greater than Yorick, or than South, tried the excellence of his own? Are they generative as well as living,—wit themselves, and the cause of wit in others? We fear not; and yet we allow, with the greatest willingness, that, for feats of cleverness and ingenuity, there is not, and has scarcely been, an Englishman, even in that profession which has produced some of our very wittiest men, who can bear comparison with the Rev. Sydney Smith. Wherein, then, in our opinion, does he differ from the men with whom we have deigned his right to associate? We will endeavour to explain, and we will do so by an instance.

Reader! have you ever been at Astley's Amphitheatre? We know that you have, and that you have seen the not-to-be-slightly-spoken-of Mr. Ducrow. You well remember, better than we can describe them, the various exhibitions by which that remarkable individual extracted from yourself, from your amiable partner, from your accomplished maiden aunt, from every member of your large, thriving, and healthy family; and last, but certainly not least, from the two chubby, and, we understand, very clever children, whose visit was the principal cause of your abandoning so far your usual quiet habits as to venture to a place of public amusement,—cheers and laughter, as loud as ever convulsed the House of Commons, when Mr. Martin, Sir J. Yorke, or Col. Wilson, have been addressing it, each in the tongue wherein he was born! Now, as you look back upon this scene, to which distance lends enchantment,—as you call to mind the thousand curvettings and starts of the three steeds on which he rode, and his mode of passing from one to the other, just at the time when the gallop was the most vehement, and his start the most alarming,—you will, perhaps, be loth to believe that any thing in the compass of human ability, or, at any rate, of human horsemanship, is impossible to Mr. Ducrow. It is our duty to undeceive you.

It is a fine fresh morning, the east blowing rather keenly, and a misty December sun, new risen, is dallying with the frostwork that has shaped itself into so many quaint and beautiful forms, which half console the old trees they hang upon for the loss of the green children that spring bore to them. Yesterday was Christmas day. It was hoar and frosty as Christmas day should be, else who would care sufficiently for the hearth and the yule log? But the Fates have remembered the Protomartyr; and in the night there was a gentle thaw, and the ground is loose and tender. We are in Leicestershire, and need I tell you that the pack is to be out? I will not describe to you the gallant array of English chivalry which are now mounted, nor will I describe what perhaps is a worthier subject still, the names and characters of the horses. If I remember right, Mr. Lester has dedicated one book of his epic, called 'Herbert Lacy,' to this description; and, though I am not sure that he has equalled the catalogue of the ships in 'The Iliad,' or of the devils in 'Paradise Lost,' I nevertheless have no wish to enter into competition with him. My whole attention is riveted upon an individual in the group: it is Mr. Ducrow; he is mounted upon a splendid old hunter, yet I know not why he scarcely seems comfortable.

The stirrups are decidedly too long; he sits his horse with much less than his usual ease, and we

am afraid that he finds the air too cold for him. However, this may be all fancy. But what is it that interrupts the progress of the illustrious man of the Amphitheatre? Ha! ha! ha! He is troubled with notions about the *meum* and *tuum*; and, though the gate is wide open, he seems inclined to ride round for fear of hurting the ploughed field. That scruple I am glad to see is at last satisfied; for the old farmer himself, out of a delicate respect to whose feelings he is pausing, is at the gate, ready to die with laughter at the poor man's metropolitan conscience. Alas! but there is a gate at the other end of the field, which is not open. Two-thirds of the hunt have already cleared it; one is lying at the foot of it, one is at this moment earning a smother; but where, oh, where, is Mr. Ducrow? I blush for the honour of Astley when I say it—he is sneaking through a hole in the hedge. However, he has grounds for his hope that no one saw him except myself. Ten minutes more have elapsed, and the hounds have reached a mill-dam. The foremost man, and that is Sir Francis Burdett, holds his breath, for a moment, at the sight; but it is only twenty-one feet, and what is that to an English sportsman? So he is over, and close behind him, (for this is no party question, *agitur de cauda et sanguine vulpis*, and all minor considerations are forgotten,)—close behind him, we say, comes his great Tory opponent, and he, too, has crossed the dam. But; oh! which of the goddesses or the caricaturists will describe to us the face of Mr. Ducrow, when he only looks at the horrible gulph which others have passed? And who will tell to us the burning words by which he forswears, then and thereafter, all communion with the race of English Nimrods? And who shall tell us in what language he made intelligible to the manager, that riding three horses in a circus at Astley's is another thing altogether from riding one at a fox-chase in Leicestershire?

Now, what Mr. Ducrow is to an old English fox-hunter, such, it seems to us, is Mr. Sidney Smith to an old English wit. True, he can play all kinds of horsemanship antics, of which they were utterly ignorant; but can he ride right forwards, as they did, over fence, ditch, and brake, conscious of a strength and a bravery which no difficulty can weaken, no terrors appal? Oh no! he is a safe rider; he is conscious at every moment of what he is about; he never stirs a step further than he can see his way. If cleverness and agility constitute a wit, he is one; but, if there is needed besides, strength and power and freedom of soul, we must look, not to Scotch reviews, or Courts, or dining-tables, but to another age,—an age, when, besides wit, we had other good things that have deserted us—thought, and feeling, and genius. From them wit proceeded; it was one of their myriad voices, and it uttered a music fit for the feasts of the Gods. It has since become the monotonous jingling of a cap and bells.

LORD REDESDALE'S PAMPHLETS.

Nine Letters to Lord Colchester on the Catholic Question. Ridgway. London, 1829.

We should be wanting in the respect which is due to the legal and general reputation of Lord Redesdale, if we passed over without notice the series of pamphlets which he has transmitted to us. We shall, however, merely notice them; for it is a conviction which recent events have impressed most deeply upon our minds, that those consult very ill the dignity of literature, who allow it in any wise to take part in the broils of the passing hour. He who divides literature and political science, must be an enemy to one or the other: an enemy to literature, if he would take away from it history, which is one of the brightest jewels in its crown; an enemy to political science, if he would place it upon any other foundation than a study of history. But what fellowship is there between the science of politics and the controversies which are at present agitating this

country? Important they are, doubtless, in their consequences, and interesting in themselves, so far as they supply illustrations of national feelings. The time, however, for describing these feelings, and calculating the influences which affect them, is not yet come, and will not come till the tumults which furnish us with the data are passed away. And, as for the results of this wild warfare, all we can do is 'to hope that the Providence which shapes our ends' will bring some good out of it in spite of the rough hewing of the politicians of all sects and parties. At present, there is but one very evident lesson which has been taught by these occurrences, and that is the need—the absolute need—of safer and firmer principles, not only in the rulers of the land, but in all that write and think upon political questions.

How is it that, within the last few weeks, we have seen the advocates of all the parties in the state—Whigs, Tories, and Radicals—interchanging all their old promises with each other; and yet, because they hold fast by the conclusions of which these premises are the professed foundations, vaunting of their unshaken consistency? How is it, but because names and badges are the things which pass among us for principles; because adherence to these things, which are in their nature transitory, is the compensation with us for the want of that which is in its nature permanent? And why is it, that, when a statesman does shift his colours, he is denounced by three fourths of the country as an apostate, and that even good and wise men are doubtful whether they ought not to ratify the decision? Why is it, but because the country feels, because good and wise men feel, that the statesmen of our day have none of that sound principle within, which can prescribe to them when the opinions which were the outward and temporary expression of it have, by change of circumstances, become inapplicable; because they know that the character of these statesmen has been always pinned to the blue or green cockade which they have been in the habit of wearing, and that it will not come off when expedience demands that they should throw that cockade away. The sad truth, we fear, is, that our politics are all empirical. The great business being to advance in the world, and the short roads to knowledge being, of course, universally preferred, young men prepare themselves for public life, not by general reading, not by studying the relation in which an age stands to past times, not by investigating the diversities of national character, and the peculiarities of our own, as denoted especially by our institutions, not by studying what modification that character has undergone, and from all these data inferring what it is expedient to retain and what to amend, in the state which they are to administer,—no, but getting up by just the three or four leading questions of the day, thus fetching their political knowledge from the very points which should be tried by it. And what is the consequence? The young statesman comes into Parliament, makes a speech, in which, if the conclusions be right, the arguments in most cases are quite untenable, is loudly applauded, (for what signify principles, provided the results suit the taste of his party?) and is numbered among the rising men of his side. In a few sessions, perhaps, he falls into company with a cleverer man than himself, is upset by an argument sufficiently common-place, but which he had never considered, comes down to Parliament, recants in a speech probably containing as many groundless assertions and fallacious reasons as the former, is applauded to the echo by the other side of the House, and becomes one of its rising men; or else, being extremely flattered by his own party, he cleaves to the opinion of his boyhood, binds himself to it for older, for younger, for better, for worse,—becomes an idol and a leading Minister—finds that the opinion does not suit his new circumstances, and abandons it.*

* Unless Sir Robert Inglis's return for Oxford interferes, as we have no reason to suppose it will, with

And is it not an act of duty in a statesman to abandon an opinion which is no longer tenable? Certainly; but the misfortune is that the empiricism of modern politicians, leaving them no principles to fall back upon when their creed is found to be erroneous, gives to what would be virtue in other cases, the effect of crime. Their own image and superscription is stamped upon the most worthless coin in their possession; and, when they fling that coin into the devil's treasury, they are casting in of their penury all that they have.

We trust, for the sake of the morality of the leaders in Parliament, which, from the causes we have mentioned, has suffered most grievously during the long discussion of the Catholic Claims, and still more for the sake of the lower classes, whose morality seems likely to suffer worse from the appeals which have been addressed to their worst passions, that the promised settlement of the Question will not be delayed by any unforeseen accident.

When it has become, as we trust it soon will, a matter of history, and when it will, by consequence, have lost its interest for the scribes of party, it will begin to acquire an interest, which at present it does not possess, for the political student. We shall then think that it falls within the limits of our province to examine its bearings very attentively. We shall then endeavour to show that by far the larger part of the arguments which have been urged on both sides of the question, and which, in the eagerness of controversy, have been laid hold of without the least ceremony, will not bear the slightest examination. We shall discuss the claim of abstract right in the Catholics to be relieved from their disabilities, and, under the same head, shall endeavour to show to what degree a real distinction does exist between persecution and exclusion from political power. We shall then consider whether the principle of the Romish Church is or is not unfriendly to civil government; and on this point we shall probably assign our reason for acquiescing in what is sometimes stigmatised as the vulgar opinion. We shall then consider whether the opinion which some of our contemporaries have expressed, that the controversy was, in any view of the case, a trifling one,—'a mere big-and-little Indian dispute,' be or be not founded in reason, and shall strive to convince our readers that scorn for vulgar opinions has led the advocates of liberal opinions, as scorn always does lead those who indulge it, into an absurdity, seeing that, if the fears of the enemies of Emancipation respecting the consequences to the principle of the Constitution of admitting Catholics into the Legislature are well founded, it would be no less weak an answer to say, that the number likely to be admitted does not exceed ten or fifteen, than it would be to tell a man who believed that the wheel of his carriage would drop off, from the loss of the linch-pin that it did not exceed two inches in diameter. We shall, hence, be led to consider whether these arguments of danger are well founded or not. And, having first removed, as false, mischievous, and blasphemous, the assertion in the Duke of Newcastle's letter, that religion, as such, is endangered by concessions, and endeavoured to show that the clergy, who must, therefore, be acquitted of all interested motives in their opposition to the claims, have never urged that the

success of the promised Bill of Emancipation, we should certainly rejoice in that event. In the first place, we think it would have been scarcely creditable to the University to have exhibited the very sudden change of opinion which the election of Mr. Peel would have indicated; in the second, we think it was due to its character, as a religious body, not to be influenced by the vulgar attempts of the papers to decry Sir Robert Inglis, because he was more religious than his neighbours; and lastly, we think every one who has read any of Sir Robert Inglis's and Mr. Peel's speeches must be convinced that the former, however misapprehending in one point, is a man who has both read and thought more generally than his opponent.

Establishment is the part of the Constitution that will be affected by these concessions; we shall proceed to discuss the more plausible assertion that the principle of the Constitution will be overturned by it. We shall maintain the opinion established by Lord Plunkett, a few nights ago, that the first principle of the Constitution is, that a certain position in property and intelligence shall be the only requisites for admission into the Legislature, and that the principle of excluding the Catholics was a necessary departure from the primary principle. We shall, then, lastly argue that the whole question resolves itself into this, does the danger to the Constitution which must be occasioned by a persevering departure from its fundamental axiom,—a danger increasing every hour, as the departure becomes wider, in consequence of the accumulation of property in the hands of the Catholics—exceed or fall short of the dangers (we admit them to be real,) which must be apprehended from the hostility of the Popish faith to civil government; when, against these dangers, are to be set off the fact, that this hostility is apparently as active as it ever can become, that there is no power of quelling it by any means except concession, and that there is a chance, at least, of its being quelled by that. These arguments have been often urged before, but it is now needful to separate the chaff from the wheat. The performance of this duty we shall esteem, as we have said before, for the time when it shall have ceased to be a practical subject of debate, and when it will be of high consequence to see that the temporary agitation of it has not been left any permanent errors in our minds.

RELIGION AND MORALS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Geiler von Kaisersberg's Leben, &c.—The Life, Doctrines, and Discoveries of Geiler of Kaisersberg. By F. W. P. Von Ammon. 8vo. Erlangen: Palm and Haake. 1828.

WHEN the bones of Wicliffe were taken out of their grave, forty years after his decease, and then burned, and their ashes committed to the waters of the Swift, it was conceived by his enemies that this public desecration of his remains would consign his name and doctrines to contempt and general abhorrence. But a far contrary effect arose out of this act of posthumous vengeance: it roused the minds of many to deeper inquiry, it awakened a more indignant and steadfast feeling of attachment to the memory of the Lollard leader on the part of his immediate followers; and it drew upon his opinions the eyes of the nation at large, at a time when they were beginning to penetrate the mist of guile and error, to which the Roman hierarchy owed its dominion over men's consciences and estates. No exposition of the consequences of this deed can rival the pithy and felicitous comment which it has received from the pen of the amiable Fuller: 'This brook, (the Swift,) says he, conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wicliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over.'

This was the stream from which Cobham and Peacocke imbibed a spirit urging them to an exposure of ecclesiastical abuses and corruptions: but, happier than either in the personal result of their temporal warfare, though akin to both in the bold discernment with which they conducted their spiritual assaults, were their contemporaries, the illustrious Erasmus, and that less known opponent of papal misrule to whose opinions we are indebted for inviting the attention of our readers. If political convulsion be the effect of a series of gradually accumulated causes, it will be acknowledged that the work of the Reformation was not the issue of a sudden, but of a progressive amelioration and enlightenment of the popular mind on the most important questions which could agitate it,—liberty of conscience, purity of faith, and just views of the Gospel Revelation. The theolo-

gical portions of the work before us afford, in this respect, an unequivocal evidence that the Reformation was more than partially preached before its thunders shook the Vatican, whilst they enable us to discern the source whence the lower Rhine became affected in the first hour, with the 'taint of its damnable illuminations.'

Geiler von Kaisersberg was born at Schaffhausen, in the year 1446, and educated by his grandfather in the town, from which his surname of Kaisersberg is derived: he took his degree as Doctor of Theology at Basle, in 1472, and acquired so much celebrity by his eloquence in the pulpit, that the municipal council at Strasburg, (where he died in the year 1510,) made an addition to the number of its preachers, for the special purpose of securing the benefit of his ministry to their fellow-citizens. His mind, indeed, was early convinced of the superior importance of the duty of the preacher, as compared with that of the mere prælector of the mass; and, if we leave out of view those few points in which it was scarcely to be expected that he should not have been influenced by the manners, usages, and prejudices of his times, and content ourselves with contemplating him in the full richness of his own great and independent mind, he will appear before us as one of those master-spirits in whom great depth of intellect is blended with considerable originality and an unwonted power of imagination. And more than this: he felt at all times a fervent sense of the awful responsibility of his calling, and applied himself with a most sincere zeal, to manifest his feeling by activity in well-doing, no less as an individual than as a minister of religion.

The peculiar quality of his eloquence is an exhaustless fund of wit, from which he derived a singular love of allegory and comparison: when, for instance, he is laying down rules for the guidance of a pilgrim, he is not forgetful of the faithful dog who becomes the wayfarer's sentinel and companion. Neither is he blind to the beam in his own eye, where he says,

'We, preachers, doom all mankind to penalty and punishment; but, if a solitary syllable be breathed against our own persons, our stomach refuses to digest it.'

And he styles those ministers 'the preachers of Satan, who, instead of speaking the truth, confine themselves to what tickles the ear, and become toad-eaters to their auditors.'

From other passages, we may gather no imperfect idea of the manners and social order of things towards the close of the fifteenth century. He gives the higher classes to understand, that

'It is foolishness to carry their heads high because of their noble blood: for it is like a nest of wasps that falls from a good tree; there grow many similar nuts on an apple-tree. In our days nothing is left of nobility but the name; nothing but the shell without the kernel, and that kernel is full of worms. There is neither virtue nor discretion, nor sense of honour or gentleness, nor love for inferiors, extant among the nobles. They are all boastful of the name, but unmindful of the deed.'

To the magistrate he says,

'It is the way of the world that men should no longer fear or abhor to do wrong; but those who suffer, and speak the truth, these are they who tremble, and live in fear of punishment for their offence.'

No wonder that our worthy monitor lived and died in the solitudinarity of single-blessedness; when even the fair became the frailer sex beneath his uncompromising integrity.

'It is a great thing,' says he, 'when a woman is honest for aye and always, and rare as great. This is to be accounted for, inasmuch as she is in her nature less perfect than man. He that would have a fair one for his friend, let him but assail her with his praise, and he shall be sure of obtaining whatever he shall desire. In the matter of apparel, all distinction has been banished between a good woman and a naughty one. Go we to a marriage-feast, does the honourable woman enjoy the advantage in any one mentionable particular? Nay, the dishonest one is the object of the greater homage. * * * Among the thousand fashions

of female dress, are trains which gather up the fleas, and throw up great dust. Our women have a custom also of wearing yellow veils, which are washed every week, and dyed of the same hue again. From this arises the dearthness of saffron. Now, yellow is undoubtedly a colour displeasing to the Deity, whether in men, women, or angels. The body of our Saviour was not wrapt in a yellow but a white cloth. From foul meat comes yellow gravy. Old women in yellow veils look like a piece of smoked meat floating in yellow sauce.'

He deals towards his own sex an equally unsparing measure of censure; and there is many a one amongst ourselves to whom the *spirit* of the following comment might point a moral:

'Some wear beards and, forsooth, can give no reason why they wear them. There are those who mount a beard as a mere plaything for their fingers, or to put them in mind that they are men; others there are who wear it out of wanton vanity, that men may point at them with their fingers. Such as these are egregious fools; they abound with as many empty conceits as there are hairs about their muzzles; and, having no merit of their own whereby they may climb into note, they trust to their beards for notoriety, being determined to bear some distinguishing mark or other about their persons.'

The reader must not conclude that our reformer was a social separatist, looking at mundane circumstances with a jaundiced eye, or lashing them with the rod of religious spleen. His was a glad-some, not a morose and gloomy, Christianity. He would take a glass with a friend, and enjoy it, when rational mirth sat upon its brim. Gambling was a monster he abhorred; innocent sport and recreation he recommended as not only lawful, but salutary:

'It is not every one who dances that is a fool; beware only that ye dance with a modest bearing. Howbeit, it is worse than folly, to dance at improper seasons, or intemperately, or from a vicious propensity, in sacred places, or with immodesty. It is a pastime, moreover, unbefitting the sacred character.'

Geiler's '*Discoveries*' are sufficiently remarkable as evidences of an honest and fearless anxiety to correct the vices and follies of his brethren; but they acquire a higher interest when we come to consider them as the depositary of his religious opinions and philosophical views. Let the votaries of 'Reason' learn from his code how little they understand the right use of her gifts, in this vaunted 'age of intellect!'

'I hold reason,' he observes, 'to be the mistress in the soul's mansion; when she is present and upon the watch, all other senses are bridled, and each plays a befitting part. But no sooner does she forget her own dignity, than the human frame becomes a chaos, where every faculty is in its wrong position. Wherefore, it behoves a man to practise the art of keeping his sensual appetites under subjection to his reason, whereby he may maintain a perpetual mastery over them. How happy is he who obeys the counsels of such a mistress, and suffers her to sway the sceptre of his mind, as the ruler and governess of his throng of menials!'

As to the religious perfectibility of human nature, he observes,

'The more ye think of God, and speak of him, and walk with him, the more closely ye draw near to him. Ye partake of the Divine essence through love; and the greater is your love towards God, the nearer do ye approach unto him, and assimilate your being with his. Some have imagined that a man may become so perfect on earth, and imbued with so abundant a measure of the Divine love, as to partake of his nature; precisely as if one were to let a drop of water fall into a cask of wine. The drop is deprived of its nature, and is turned into wine. I hold, however, that a man, who loves God above every other earthly object, does not thereby become of God, but receives God's impress and likeness. In a red-hot bar of iron we see nothing but fire; yet it does not part with its substance and essence, but remains iron still. Thus is it with a man who loves God, and keeps his statutes: he becomes like unto God, just as the other is like unto fire, but remains of human essence still.'

'Thou askest,' says he, in another place, 'why God created man? I reply, out of his great goodness only, and with a view to man's welfare, that he might make him a participator of his great goodness. Man, in the

state of nature, was at unity with himself, like a new cask; for original justice kept him whole and perfect. But, so soon as Adam had offended his Maker, God withdrew this gift from him, and the human nature fell to pieces, like a cask without its bands; one member warred against another, one power against another; the soul against the body, and the body and the senses against the spirit.

Again

'Our heart is like a mill, constantly revolving, never at rest, but unceasingly busy in grinding whatever is cast into it. So is the mill of thy heart perpetually at work in reducing whatever thou castest into it, whether it be good or whether it be evil. Choose thou, which of the twain thou wouldst! It rests with thyself, by the help of God, to choose none but the good, and to cast from thee thy wicked imaginations and evil thoughts.'

At the present day, we do not stand in need of miracles to establish our faith; that faith received abundant witness in the days of Christ. When thou first insertest a bunch of rosemary into the ground, thou art required to water it morning and evening for the ensuing three or four weeks; but, when it is strong and hearty, thy pains are no longer called for. Thus it is with the beginnings of faith; when it was first planted, it required to be strengthened by the aid of miracles: but, now it is grown up, their attestation is no longer needed.

We observed in a preceding page, that 'the Reformation was more than partially preached before its thunders shook the Vatican;' and we will now exhibit Geiler to the reader as one who, having drunk at the pure well-spring of Christian doctrine, was gifted with penetration to detect, and courage to expose, the blasphemous pretensions of 'the triple-crowned Roman.'

'When,' says he, 'St. Paul saw that St. Peter and the rest wandered from the straight path and the truth of the Gospel, he chastened him. (Galat. c. 2.) From this it is assumed, that a subject is not only authorised, but bound, to withstand his superior when he commands unlawful things, and that resistance may be offered even to the Pope when he does violence to the faith. Truly, it becometh neither Emperor nor Pope to lay down laws which are opposed to the divine statutes. When he does this, he does an unjust thing; and it is not only lawful for us, but our bounden duty, to refrain from compliance. The dispensation of the Pope is nothing worth, unless it be derived from reasonable causes; but, if it emanate from a superior, or even the pontiff himself, without legitimate motives and reasonable cause, it is nothing better than a prompt despatch to hell.'

But our limits warn us that we must bid farewell to an interesting companion, though not without gathering one gem more into the garner of metaphorical piety.

'The first vessel of innocence was wrecked in Adam; the second, of regeneration, has been stranded by our corrupted reason; hence, the only alternative that remains to us is to embark our fortunes in the vessel of repentance which the Saviour has constructed with the planks of grief and abhorrence for the sins of commission, and with the timber which has been felled by the axe of the fear of God. Satan seeks to hinder us from embarking, but angels hold the ladders. The helmsman is, well-directed reason; faith, the compass; the sacrament is bread to the crew, and the heart its magazine; the holy commandments are its oars; its mast is the cross of Christ; free-will is its shrouds; fair breezes are wafted by our goodly dispositions, virtuous habits, and the grace of the Spirit; foul winds are the creatures of temptation; hope is our anchor, and sins are sea-monsters; our lusts are the songs of syrens, and the cup of Circe is avarice; pride is the great leviathan, and Mary is the life-boat. As those stepping on shore, after a long voyage, are welcomed by the eager salutations of friends, so shall the spirits of men made perfect hail our coming, and bear us to the mansions of never-ending bliss.'

The interest excited among the public by the single volume to which the preceding remarks have been devoted, has, we find, induced Dr. Weick to undertake a much more detailed biography of this enlightened herald of the Reformation, and to accompany it by copious selections from his writings; the whole will be comprised in three volumes, of which the first only has yet been published.

KINSEY'S PORTUGAL.

Portugal Illustrated in a Series of Letters. By the Rev. W. M. Kinsey, B. D., &c. &c. Second Edition. London, 1829.

As we bestowed a very ample notice upon this work when it first appeared, we should not have referred to the present edition unless it had contained some highly important additions and improvements. The most valuable of them is a letter upon the rise and progress of Portuguese Literature. This rapid sketch certainly will not satisfy any Portuguese scholar, or even any determined student. For, Heaven be thanked! there is no literature in the world of which even a tolerably perfect view can be given in the space of fifty pages. But to many English readers who wish to pick up some general information on the subject, or who, having thoughts of studying the language, want the stimulus of an assurance from a competent authority that it contains something worth studying,—this 'Catalogue Raisonné' of Lusitanian authors will be interesting and useful.

Mr. Kinsey commences by disdaining, on the part of the Portuguese language, the charge of a Castilian derivation, and by maintaining for it an equal antiquity with its neighbour dialect. There can be no doubt, we imagine, that he is right in this opinion; indeed, we were not aware that there were any persons who held the other heresy. Whether he is equally right in assigning the origin of both Spanish and Portuguese to the Roman invaders of the Peninsula, Latin in the former case being modified by a mixture with the dialects of the Visigoths, and subsequently by Arabic, and the latter by a mixture with the idioms of the Suevi, may admit of more question; and to this subject, as well as to the more interesting question relating to the literature, we shall return in a future article. By giving Mr. Kinsey's views first, and our own when they are more matured, we shall be doing justice to the first, and increasing the chance of the latter being worthy of our readers' consideration. That inquiry, so little pursued in proportion to its importance, into the earliest literature of countries, would redound greatly to the honour of the one under our consideration. The following is Mr. Kinsey's view of this period of Portuguese literature:

'No language, perhaps, in Europe can trace to an earlier date vestiges of its poetry and general literature, than the Portuguese. Fragments of lyric poems, coeval with the infancy of the monarchy and of still remoter date, are preserved, and regarded with peculiar interest. Such, for instance, are those by Egas Moniz, the companion and friend of Alphonso I.; and the song preserved by the celebrated chronicler, Fr. Bernardo de Brito, the date of which may be referred to the times of the first Kings of Oviedo, some centuries previous to the establishment of Portuguese independence. In addition to these interesting monuments of antiquity, there are others handed down by tradition only, and which claim to be of a period equally remote. We allude to the popular song or romances, which from time immemorial have been current among the lower orders of the people, the language of which, though corrupted, and even the romantic ballads themselves much mutilated by barbarism and ignorance, evince clearly their high antiquity; of which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to fix the exact date. One of these interesting romances, known to the common people of Portugal under the fantastic appellation of *chacras*, has been restored by the Chevalier de Almeida Garret, and has been recently published by him in the introduction to his elegant poem of 'Adozinda.' This traditional romance is entitled 'Bernal and Violante,' and possessing, as it does, all the peculiar features which distinguish the poetical effusions of the troubadours and feudal minstrels, would certainly meet with a favourable reception in England, were it versified by some magic hand, like that of Sir Walter Scott.

Nearly all the primitive monuments of Portuguese literature, "as the foreign reviewer states," consist of love-songs and ballads in the Galician dialect. The troubadours of Provence cannot boast of greater antiquity; nor are there to be found in their collections romances of equal beauty and simplicity with the *chacras*, or *xacras*, of the Portuguese. With the exception of the traditional songs of the north, and the spirit-

stirring effusions of the Scalds, we know of no other poetical pieces which might dispute priority of date with those of the ancient minstrels of Portugal, save, perhaps, some of the Welsh poems, and some early fragments of Irish poetry.

Though but as yet little moulded into form, the Portuguese language nevertheless commenced, even in the first ages of the monarchy, to assume a vigour of character, and to give early evidence of its future capabilities. La Harpe, in his "Cours de Littérature," affirms, that the first chivalrous romance which was ever published in any of the living languages of Europe, is decidedly of Portuguese origin, namely, that of the celebrated Amadis de Gaul, by Vasco de Lobeira, which has been translated in every country of Europe, and lately into English by Mr. Southey. Under the fostering care of the sovereigns of Portugal, the language now made rapid strides to perfection; already enumerating its minstrels, its chroniclers, and writers of romance, until at length, in the fifteenth century, during the reign of Emmanuel, it possessed its regular historians and poets, and, what is more, its dramatic poets. Gomes d'Azuara, Fernam Lopes, Rezende, and afterwards Barros, surnamed the Livy of Portugal, and who wrote the history of the Portuguese conquest in the East, successively challenged public attention. About the same time also many other historical and poetical writers flourished, of whom it will be sufficient to mention the most remarkable. Azurara was employed by Alphonso V., who was the first to ordain a history of Portugal in Latin, in collecting materials in Africa for perfecting its chronicles; Lopes, whose writings are exact and philosophical, often, too, appealing to the heart, is considered the father of Portuguese history. Rezende and Barros have both their own peculiar merits.

Bernardim Ribeiro, who wrote towards the end of the fifteenth century, in addition to his romance, entitled "Menina e Moço," or the Young and Youthful, published idyls and pastoral pieces, distinguished for their beauty and simplicity. About the same time, Gil Vicente composed for the court of Emmanuel some dramatic pieces, in which, though, to say the truth, the ancient and classic forms of the drama are not followed, nor are the energetic and manly beauty of the Greek dramatists, nor the richness and variety of our own Shakspeare to be found, yet are they to be considered as marvellous productions for the period at which they were written. This same author gave the world comedies, likewise *autoes*, mysteries, or representations of scriptural subjects, and also some farces. Copies of this author's works are extremely scarce. The late King of Portugal is said to have possessed one. Considering the great importance of his writings, and particularly to the history of the Portuguese and Spanish stage, it is to be hoped that a new edition of Gil Vicente will be undertaken by some one competent to the task.—Pp. 527—530.

There are many writers nearly contemporary with Camoens, whose poems abound with beauties which deserve the attention of persons of taste, and which indeed deservedly occupy a prominent station in the history of modern literature. Portugal boasts not only of having been the birth-place and cradle of romance, and the fountain-head of the epic poetry of the moderns, but justly claims likewise the invention of modern tragedy,—a pretension, however, rejected by some writers. The Sophonisba of Trissina, and the Castro of Antonio Ferreira, appeared nearly at the same time; and one thing may be fairly asserted, that the Portuguese tragedy of Ferreira is as superior to the Italian Trissina, as the Lusian is to his poem of 'Italia Liberata.' There are certainly many defects to be discovered in the tragedy of Castro, but there are likewise beauties in sufficient number, and of character, to excite the interest of the English literati, who, less selfish and vain than the French critics, delight in the discovery as in the applause of merit, wherever it occurs. Leaving to the Portuguese and to the Italians the task of deciding the question of priority between these two tragedies, we will venture to affirm that there can be no question as to their comparative beauties. The Castro of Ferreira partakes of the ancient tragedy of the Greeks in all its purity and simplicity, almost certainly in all its defects. The choruses, however, possess an elegance and a charm which cannot be equalled, perhaps even in those celebrated lines in the 'Athalie' of Racine. An English translation of this tragedy, with a memoir of its excellent and worthy author was published in 1825, by Mr. Musgrave.—Pp. 532, 533.

Nearly one-third of the eighteenth century had already passed away, when Joseph I. mounted the throne of Portugal, reposing all his confidence in the

Marquess of Pombal. Then it was that the nation beheld the Jesuits crushed by the enlightened minister, the authority of the Inquisition restrained, the power of the papal chair menaced, and, as the necessary consequences of these important events, the arts, the sciences, the belles lettres, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, flourishing with renewed vigour. Then appeared the philologist Freire, who, under the assumed name of "Candido Lusitano," published at the time several works eminently distinguished by their good taste, the purity of their style, and an extensive knowledge of ancient and modern literature. The life of the Infante D. Henriquez, the celebrated Prince and mathematician, to whose enterprising genius Europe is indebted for the discoveries made by his navigators in the Atlantic sea, the passage to the eastern peninsula by the Cape of Good Hope, and, in short, for all improvements in modern navigation, and for the extension of modern commerce, is one of the most interesting and best written pieces of biographical history in the language. Father Antonio Pereira also then completed his translation of the Bible, which is much esteemed for its fidelity and classical elegance. This illustrious champion of the Portuguese Church vigorously assailed in several publications the papal predominance in his country. His work, entitled "Tentativa Theologica," which was translated into Latin, Spanish, and Italian, nearly excited a revolution at Rome. The Pope and the Cardinals were thrown into a state of the utmost consternation; and the consequence was, that they conferred the honour of excommunication upon the Portuguese theologian, which contributed to his fame quite as much as it showed to the world the folly and the impotence of papal indignation.—Pp. 543, 544.

The most distinguished author, however, known at present in Portugal, is, without doubt, the celebrated Abbé Correa da Serra, distinguished not less for his profound knowledge as a botanist, and his general literary acquirements, than for the zeal of his patriotism. Like all the other great men of his country who have desired the national renovation, he has been persecuted with the most inveterate cruelty. The various works published by the Royal Society of Lisbon are filled with the result of his labours. Taking refuge in France, he soon became a writer in the celebrated review, entitled, "The Literary Archives of Europe." The Institute of France, of whose distinguishing justice and eminent liberality of feeling our own celebrated chymist, Mr. Faraday, can speak, received the Abbé as a brother, and instantly enrolled him a Member of their illustrious Academy. Many of his works, written during his sojourn in Paris, were published in the French language. Desirous of extending the sphere of his knowledge, the Abbé visited America, and passed several years of his life in the United States. He has published a work on botany in the English language, with which he was quite familiar. After having made his name long known to the literati of Europe, the Government of Portugal began to blush for its ingratitude and neglect of so illustrious a man; and, accordingly, a decree of Don John VI., who was then with his Court at Rio Janeiro, appointed him the Portuguese Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, where he continued to reside for some years. The revolution which occurred in Portugal in the year 1820, was the means of recalling the illustrious and learned patriot to his own country. The city of Lisbon was forward to recognise his talents and his virtues, and chose him for her representative in the newly-constituted Cortes; and, although nearly borne down with age and infirmities, he performed the duties of Deputy with distinction and honour. He was not destined long to survive the ephemeral liberty of his country, for he died at Caldas da Rainha in the year 1823. Like those of the immortal Camoens, the perishable remains of the Abbé Correa da Serra were deposited in the public burial-ground, without any funeral honours; and, as the illustrious author of "The Lusiad" found but one friend in his extremity, whose name deserves to live with that of his master, the faithful Malay, Antonio, just so our unfortunate Abbé was destitute of friends in his last moments; nor had he one other mourner to accompany his remains to the tomb, save the humble sacristan of his parish church, whose affection and admiration had been won by the greatness of his talents. A cross, rudely formed of wood, with the simple inscription on it, "Correa da Serra," (*verbum est amplius*), is the only monument which attests to the world the glory of him who bore that name. It was the last effort of the poor sacristan to rescue that name from oblivion; and, simple and affecting as it is, it will speak to all posterity, and, wherever Correa da Serra is revered, there will this genuine tribute of homage

to a being of superior order be mentioned with applause.—Pp. 555—556.

About this time we find the poet Garção, considered as the Horace of the Portuguese, in the hands of every body. The purity, the classic elegance of his ode, is not even surpassed by those of Horace, whom he chose as his model. The "Cantata of Dido," the "Ode to Virtue," and that on the "Suicide," are characterised by a beauty of style, which is, at the same time, so sublime and so true to nature, that it would be difficult to discover any worthy to be put into competition with them. The poetry of the Portuguese owes its renovation greatly to the influence and example of Garção, and to the literary society which he established under the name of Arcadia. It is to this society, also, that Portugal is indebted for the powers of Antonio Dinis, who was the author of the Pindaric Odes, in which the lyric style of Pindar was, for the first time, successfully employed in the dress of a modern language. Dinis alleviated the duties of the magistracy, in which he was distinguished for talent and probity, by composing a great number of pastoral poems, sonnets, and Anacreontic pieces; but his principal work, and that which has entitled him to take a high rank not only in the Portuguese school of literature, but in that of Europe generally, is his heroi-comic poem, entitled, "O Hysope," in which he contests the pre-eminence with the authors of "The Lutrin," "The Dunciad," and the "Secchia Rapita." This illustrious society produced, likewise, the two Gomes; the one a dramatic poet, who has left us a collection of pieces in twelve volumes, which, if they cannot lay claim to individual perfection, contain, at least, some comedies of a very original character, and in which the manners and habits of the Portuguese are admirably portrayed; and, in addition to these, some tragedies, the force and spirit of which are excellent. In short, with the exception of a correct style, harmonious metre, and those exterior forms of the drama, which he held in too great contempt, he shines pre-eminently in this walk of literature. But the consequence of this peculiarity in his writings is, that his pieces are seldom brought forward on the stage, and are but little read. Still he may be fairly regarded as having laid the foundation of a good national theatre in Portugal, though he was not destined to raise the superstructure. The other Gomes, more the literary character generally than the poet, composed some criticisms on good Portuguese writers, which are much esteemed. Passing over Quiza, who wrote some tragedies of little reputation, a pastoral poem, in the style of the "Pastor Fido," and which certainly is very superior to the Italian dramatic piece, and some idyls likewise possessing all the beauty, simplicity, and grace which characterise the compositions of Gesner of the same kind;—we will briefly notice Gonzaga, the Brazilian author of the "Marilyn de Dirceu," a little collection of elegiac pieces, which has been recently translated into French, and published at Paris.—Pp. 544—546.

THE COLLEGIANS.

The Collegians. 3 vols. post 8vo., Saunders and Otley. London, 1829.

In one sense, every novel must be a national novel. The very notion of a tale-writer attempting to present the bare trunk of human nature, stripped of all the varieties of foliage which are produced by the soil and climate in which it has grown up, is an absurdity. Writers on government and legislation may, if they please, make the attempt to divide the universal man from all the circumstances which give him a specific or an individual character; and, though all their opinions will probably be false, in consequence of this division, they have a chance of enlisting a certain number of disciples. But it is only in works professing to be scientific that this is possible. In studying things, it has been always the tendency of mankind to theorise rather than to observe. In studying persons and characters, the tendency has always been to observe rather than to theorise. There is no likelihood, therefore, of a novel finding readers which leaves out of calculation those obvious and prominent characteristics which men derive from associating with each other in particular communities, for the purpose of dwelling upon those less superficial qualities which all men have in common.

The danger is on the other side, that novels should be too national, that they should lose sight of that which constitutes humanity in every part of the globe, and should be occupied solely with those picturesque diversities of costume and manner which indicate points of difference between nations that are real and essential, but still, in comparison with the points of resemblance, few and unimportant.

Above all, an author is liable to fall into this error, who lays his scenes in countries (and these certainly furnish the most tempting materials to a story-teller) where society exists in an irregular and disorganised state. While all is quiet, and legal, and monotonous in a nation, the national feelings in men's minds do not awake, though they may emit, during their slumber, an occasional snore. But one hour of strife and fury is sufficient, not only to rouse them, but to give them such a strength and predominance, that whatever is common and universal sinks almost out of observation in the struggle.

To this cause we attribute the extraordinary nationality of nearly the whole class of IRISH NOVELS. They are, in general, emphatically Irish novels; not in the sense in which Fielding's may be called English novels, because they exhibit modifications of character that exist nowhere in England; but Irish, because they leave out of view all that there is of human nature in Ireland, and offer a picture of Hibernian nature simply. Of these writers, beyond all comparison, the man of the greatest power and genius is Mr. Banim. Yet, amidst all his wonderfully vigorous, masterly, and true sketches, we cannot recollect one of which we could say, 'This is the portraiture of a man, altered, doubtless, by the habits of the country in which he lives, but still a man more than an Irishman.' He places us in the midst of factions and proscriptions; he portrays with wonderful vividness the bright and dark rays of Irish feelings, as they are drawn down and concentrated by these burning-glasses; he leaves out no illustrations which can assist us in comprehending that which is special and idiosyncrasy in the character; but he never, that we recollect, takes us home into the cabins of his countrymen, at a time when their fierce passions are, for a season, hushed and quieted, and thus enables us to see all that machinery at work, the operations of which are hidden, though not suspended, amidst these violent motions and excitements. The author of 'To-day in Ireland' is far below Mr. Banim in some of the higher powers of a novelist, and in all the lower as much his superior. He has no creative powers; but his style and manner possess great ease and gracefulness. But on this point we need not enlarge, as we shall soon have the opportunity of discussing his merits when the new novel, called 'Yesterday in Ireland,' comes under our view. At present, we will only remark, that for a different reason he falls into nearly the same error with Mr. Banim. The latter has either actually transfused his own mind into that of his heroes by the force of his imagination, or had a previous sympathy with them: the former, who is a satirist, has found that outward peculiarities are a more convenient aim for satire than broad human characteristics, and both, therefore, have given a completely Irish character to their figures.

The author before us, though eminently inferior in power to Mr. Banim, and in language to the writer of 'To-day in Ireland,' is superior to them both in this particular. He has not exclusively confined himself to Irishmen in a state of drunken fury and excitement: he has introduced us to them likewise in their sober moods, by the solitary fire-side, or amidst social groups, not merely to break each other's heads. And the consequence is, that, though his portraits are far less glowing than those of his competitors, yet he has given us some characters in which manhood is almost as conspicuous as Irishhood; and for this we feel deeply obliged to him. We say

simply from a recollection of his former tale, for the present has reached us too late to allow us to read it throughout. We select the following extract, and shall return to the book next week :

"But what pen less gifted than his of Chios, or his of Avon, the delineator of Vulcan or of Grumlo, can suffice to convey to the reader any idea of the mental and bodily proportions of this new comer, who thrust his small and shining head in upon the family party, to awaken their curiosity, and to rob Mr. Daly of so many attentive listeners as he numbered around him at this moment !

"The person who opened the door acted as a kind of herdsman or out-door servant to the family, and was a man of rather singular appearance. The nether parts of his frame were of a size considerably out of proportion with the trunk and head which they supported. His feet were broad and flat like those of a duck ; his legs long and clumsy, with knees and ankles like the knobs on one of those grotesque walking-sticks, which were in fashion among the fine gentlemen of our own day, some time since ; his joints hung loosely, like those of a paste-board merry-andrew ; his body was very small ; his chest narrow ; and his head so diminutive, as to be even too little for his herring shoulders. It seemed as if nature, like an extravagant projector, had laid the foundation of a giant ; but, running short of material, as the structure proceeded, had been compelled to terminate her undertaking within the dimensions of a dwarf. So far was this economy pursued, that the head, small as it was, was very scantily furnished with hair ; and the nose, with which the face was garnished, might be compared for its flatness to that of a young kid. "It looked," as the owner of this mournful piece of journeywork himself facetiously observed, "as if his head were not thought worth a roof, nor his countenance worth a handle." His hands and arms were likewise of a smallness that was much to be admired, when contrasted with the hugeness of the lower members, and brought to mind the fore-paws of a Kangaroo, or the fins of a seal, the latter similitude prevailing when the body was put in motion, on which occasion they dabbled about in a very extraordinary manner. But there was one feature in which a corresponding prodigality had been manifested, namely, the ears, which were as long as those of Riquet with the Tuft, or of any ass in the Barony.

"The costume which enveloped this singular frame, was no less anomalous than was the nature of its own construction. A huge riding-coat of grey frieze hung lazily from his shoulders, and gave to view in front a waistcoat of calf-skin with the hairy side outwards ; a shirt, of a texture almost as coarse as sail-cloth, made from the refuse of flax ; and a pair of corduroy nether garments, with two bright new patches upon the knees. Grey worsted stockings, with dog-skin brogues, well paved in the sole, and greased until they shone again, completed the personal adornment of this unassuming personage. On the whole, his appearance might have brought to the recollection of a modern beholder one of those architectural edifices, so fashionable in our time, in which the artist, with an admirable ambition, seeks to unite all that is excellent in the Tuscan, Doric, Corinthian, and Ionic order, in one *coup d'œil*.

"The expression of the figure, though it varied with circumstances, was, for the most part, thoughtful and deliberative ; the effect, in a great measure, of habitual penury and dependence. At the time of Lord Halifax's administration, Lowry Looby, then a very young man, held a *spot of ground* in the neighbourhood of Limerick, and was *well to do* in the world, but the scarcity which prevailed in England at the time, and which occasioned a sudden rise in the price of beef, butter, and other produce of grazing land in Ireland, threw all the agriculturists out of their little holdings, and occasioned a general destitution, similar to that produced by the anti-cottier system in the present day. Lowry was among the sufferers. He was saved, however, from the necessity of adopting one of the three ultimates of Irish misery, begging, listing, or emigrating, by the kindness of Mr. Daly, who took him into his service as a kind of runner between his farms, an office for which Lowry, by his long and muscular legs, and the lightness of the body that encumbered them, was qualified in an eminent degree. His excellent honesty, one of the characteristics of his country, which he was known to possess, rendered him a still more valuable acquisition to the family than had been first anticipated. He had moreover the national talent for adroit flattery, a quality which made him more acceptable to his patron than the latter would willingly ad-

mit, and every emulsion of this kind was applied under the disguise of a simpleness, which gave it a wonderful efficacy.

"Ha ! Lowry—" said Mr. Daly, "Well, have you made your fortune since you have agreed with the post-master ?"

Lowry put his hands behind his back, looked successively at the four corners of the room, then round the cornice, then cast his eyes down at his feet, turned up the soles a little, and finally straightening his person, and gazing on his master, replied, "To lose it I did, Sir, for a place."

"To lose what ?"

"The place as postman, Sir, through the country westwards. Sure there, I was a gentleman for life if it was n't my luck."

"I do not understand you, Lowry."

"I'll tell you how it was, masther. Afther the last postman died, Sir, I took your recommendation to the Post-masther, an' axed him for the place. 'I'm used to travellin', sir,' says I, 'for Mither Daly, over, and—' 'Aye,' says he, 'takin' me up short, 'an' you have a good long pair o' legs I see.' 'Midling, Sir,' says I ; (he's a very pleasant gentleman ; 'its equal to me any day, winther or summer, whether I go ten miles or twenty, so as I have the nourishment.' 'T'would be hard if you didn't get that any way,' says he. 'Well, I think I may as well give you the place, for I do'n't know any gentleman that I'd sooner take his recommendation than Mither Daly's, or one that I'd sooner pay him a compliment, if I could.'

"Well, and what was your agreement ?"

"Ten pounds a year, Sir," answered Lowry, opening his eyes, as if he announced something of wonderful importance, and speaking in a loud voice, to suit the magnitude of the sum,—"besides my clothing and shoes throughout the year."

"'Twas very handsome, Lowry."

"Handsome, masther ? 'Twas wages for a prince, Sir. Sure there I was a made gentleman all my days, if it was n't my luck, as I said before."

"Well, and how did you lose it ?"

"I'll tell you, Sir," answered Lowry. "I was going over to the Post-masther yesterday, to get the Thralse mail from him, and to start off with myself, on my first journey. Well an' good, of all the world, who should I meet, above upon the road, just at the turn down to the Post-office, but that red-headed woman that sells the free-stone in the streets ? So I turned back."

"Turned back, for what ?"

"Sure the world knows, masther, that it is n't lucky to meet a red-haired woman an' you going of a journey."

"And you never went for the mail-bags !"

"Faiks, I'm sure I didn't that day."

"Well, and the next morning ?"

"The next morning, that's this morning, when I went, I found they had engaged another boy in my place."

"And you lost the situation !"

"For this turn, Sir, any way. 'Tis luck that does it all. Sure I thought I was cock-sure of it, an' I having the Post-masther's word. But, indeed, if I meet that free-stone crathur again, I'll knock her red head against the wall."

"Well, Lowry, this ought to show you the folly of your superstition. If you had not minded that woman when you met her, you might have had your situation now."

"'Twas she was in fault still, begging your pardon, Sir," said Lowry, "for sure if I didn't meet her at all this would'n't have happened me."

"Oh," said Mr. Daly, laughing, "I see that you are well provided against all argument. I have no more to say, Lowry."

"The man now walked slowly towards Kyrle, and bending down with a look of solemn importance, as if he had some weighty intelligence to communicate, he said—"The horse, Sir, is ready, this way, at the doore abroad."

"Very well, Lowry. I shall set out this instant."

Lowry raised himself erect again, turned slowly round and walked to the door with his eyes on the ground, and his hand raised to his temple, as if endeavouring to recollect something farther which he had intended to say.

"Lowry !" said Mr. Daly, as the handle of the door was turned a second time. Lowry looked round.

"Lowry," tell me—did you see Eily O'Connor,

the rope-maker's daughter, at the fair of Garryowen yesterday ?"

"Ah, you're welcome to your game, masther."

"Pon my word, then, Eily is a very pretty girl, Lowry, and I'm told the old father can give her something besides her pretty face."

Lowry opened his huge mouth, (we forgot to mention that it was a huge one,) and gave vent to a few explosions of laughter, which much more nearly resembled the braying of an ass. "You are welcome to your game, masther," he repeated ;—"long life to your honour."

"But is it true, Lowry, as I have heard it insinuated, that old Mihil O'Connor used, and still does, twist ropes for the use of the county gaol ?"

Lowry closed his lips hard, while the blood rushed into his face at this unworthy allegation. Treating it, however, as a new piece of "the masther's game," he laughed and tossed his head.

"Folly on—sir—folly on."

"Because, if that were the case, Lowry, I should expect to find you a fellow of too much spirit to become connected, even by affinity, with such a calling. A rope-maker !—a manufacturer of rogue's last neck-cloths—an understrapper to the gallows—a species of collateral hangman !"

"A' then, Missiz, do you hear this ? And all rising out of a little ould fable of a story that happened as good as five year ago, because Moriarty the crooked hangman, (the thief !) stepped into Mihil's little place of a night, [and nobody known of him, an' bought a couple o' pen'orth o' whip-cord for some vagary or other of his own. And there's all the call Mihil O'Connor had ever to gallowses or hangmen in his life. That's the whole tote o' their *instiwaytions*."

"Never mind your masther, Lowry," said Mrs. Daly, "he is only amusing himself with you."

"Oh, ha ! I'm sure I know it ma'am ; long life to him, and 'tis he that's welcome to his joke."

"But, Lowry—"

"A' heavens bless you, now masther, an' let me alone. I'll say nothing to you."

"Nay, nay, I only wanted to ask you what sort of a fair it was at Garryowen yesterday."

"Middling, Sir, like the small *platees*, they tell me," said Lowry, suddenly changing his manner to an appearance of serious occupation ; "but 'tis hard to make out what sort a fair is when one has nothing to sell himself. I met a huxter, an' she told me 'twas a bad fair because she could not sell her piggins ; an' I met a pig-jobber, an' he told me 'twas a dear fair, pork ran so high ; an' I met another little meagre creatur, a neighbour that has a cabin on the road above, and he said 'twas the best fair that ever come out o' the sky, because he got a power for his pig. But Mr. Hardress Cregan was there, and if he didn't make it a dear fair to some of 'em, you may call me an honest man."

"A very notable undertaking that would be, Lowry. But how was it ?"

"Some o' them boys, them Garryowen lads, Sir, to get about Danny Mann, the Lord, Mr. Hardress's boatman, as he was comen down from Mihil's with a new rope for some part o' the boat, and to begin reflecting on him in regard o' the hump on his back, poor creatur ! Well, if they did, Masther Hardress heard 'em, and he having a stout blackthorn in his hand, this way, and he made up to the foremost of 'em, 'What's that you're saying, you scoundrel ?' says he, 'What would you give to know ?' says the other, mighty impudent. Masther Hardress made no more, only up with the stick, and without saying this or that, or by your leave, or how do you do, he stretched him. Well, such a scuffle as began among 'em was never seen. They all fell upon Mr. Hardress, but fair they had only the half of it, for he made his way through the thick of 'em without as much as a mark. Aw, indeed, it is n't a goose or a duck they had to do with when they came across Mr. Cregan, for all."

"And where were you all this while, Lowry ?"

"Above, in Mihil's doore, standen and looken about the fair for myself."

"And Eily ?"

"Ah, hear to this again, now ! I'll run away out o' the place entirely from you, masther, that's what I'll do." And, suiting the action to the phrase, exit Lowry Looby.

"Well, Kyrle," said Mr. Daly, as the latter rose and laid aside his chair, "I suppose we are not to expect you back to night ?"

"Likely not, Sir. If I have any good news to tell,

I shall send an answers by Lowry, who goes with me; and if—” something seemed to stick in his throat, and he tried to laugh it out—“If I should be unsuccessful, I will ride on to the dairy-farm at Gurtenspigg, where Hardress Cregan promised to meet me.”

Mr. Daly wished him better fortune than he seemed to hope for, and repeated an old proverb about a faint heart and a fair lady. The affectionate mother, who felt the feverishness of the young lover's hand as he placed it in her's, and probably in secret participated in his apprehensions, followed him to the steps of the hall-door. He was already on horseback.

“Kyrle,” said Mrs. Daly smiling while she looked up in his face and shaded her own with her hand, “Remember, Kyrle, if Anne Chute should play the tyrant with you, that there is many a prettier girl in Munster.”

Kyrle seemed about to reply, but his young horse became restive, and as the gentleman felt rather at a loss, he made the impatience of the animal an apology for his silence. He waved his hand to the kind old lady, and rode away.

“And if she should play the tyrant with you, Kyrle,” Mrs. Daly continued in soliloquy, while she saw his handsome and graceful figure diminish in the distance, “Anne Chute is not of my mind.”

So said the mother as she returned to the parlour, and so would many younger ladies have said, had they known Kyrle Daly as well as she did.—Pp. 60, 76.

CRICHTON'S EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONS.

History of the Revolutions in Europe, from the Subversion of the Roman Empire in the West, till the Abdication of Buonaparte. From the French of C. W. Koch, by Andrew Crichton. Vol. III. 18mo. pp. 342. Constable and Co., Edinburgh, 1829.

We had occasion, some time ago, to speak of the miserable pseudo-histories which are now issuing in cheap, and, therefore, most dangerous forms, from the Edinburgh press. In Mr. Chambers's History of the ‘Scotch Rebellions’ we pointed out passages in which the most atrocious crimes were defended upon the plea of political expedience; and we showed that throughout that work a miserable wish was evident to gain the reputation for philosophy by trampling upon all the ordinary principles of morality. In that article we could not avoid expressing our opinion that there was something in the political circumstances of Scotland, which, by creating an indifference to political virtue, must for ever disqualify the inhabitants of that country from producing an honest and an earnest history. The present volume does not shake our conviction on this head. It is less positively vicious than its predecessor; but, so far as diligence in the collection of facts, and a determination to state them in that way in which they will produce the truest impression, are parts of the moral duty of every historian, its deficiencies are scarcely less enormous.

The more the events of the French Revolution are understood, the more care is used to clear the narrative of them from all false and party statements, the more fully it is admitted, that a long course of previous misgovernment made the Revolution inevitable,—the more clearly we are sure, will the great moral of the Revolution reveal itself, that liberty is the inseparable companion of order, the more shall we be convinced that the views of the first founders of that Revolution, in confounding moral and political truths, were false and mischievous, the more shall we see that the true foundations of government can only be understood in a country in which the true foundations of morality have been understood previously. But this is not our author's process for arriving at these truths; nor, indeed, are these the truths what he cares most to arrive at. To give the most superficial and careless representation of the events of the Revolution, to take any causes which happen to lie in his way, to avail himself of any court or aristocratical lies,—this is his theory of writing a history. The difference of the means corresponds to the difference of the objects, which he and we should propose to ourselves. It is not because the seizure of church property, the abolition of tithes, the

establishment of a regime, founded on first principles instead of experience, were an invasion of order, that he objects to them, but simply and solely because the aristocracy and the monarchy were sufferers by these crimes. It is this which constitutes all the difference between a party man and a philosopher,—between such men as the author before us, who sees nothing flagrant in violations of order, except when they proceed from a certain quarter, and such men as Burke, who denounced, with equal severity, the aggression of a mother country upon its colonies, and of a mob upon their rulers; and this it is which explains the phenomenon we see in our day of the extreme of Toryism becoming connected with the extremes of violence and sedition.

The following are specimens of the Admirable Crichton's sagacity. Any thing much more vulgar, or much more false, than the following preliminary view of the Revolution, we never recollect to have read:

‘The French Revolution forms one of the most extraordinary events recorded in the annals of Europe. A variety of causes, both moral and political, combined to produce this anomaly in the history of nations,—the principal of which must be attributed to a set of opinions, whose speculative delusions, recommended by a powerful and seductive eloquence, unsettled the minds of the restless multitude, and prepared the way for the general subversion of public order. The career of this pretended philosophy ended in nothing but convulsions, wars, and assassinations. Such was the natural result of those doctrines whose main object was to sap the foundations of all duty, by making a jest of religion; and next, to overturn the fabric of society, by letting loose the passions of the ignorant, and casting down the barriers of established forms,—those safeguards which wisdom and experience have reared against the licentiousness of innovation.

‘The period on which we are entering does not comprehend more than twenty-five years; but that short space contains more lessons of important instruction than the two centuries which preceded it. In the course of that time, the condition of Europe was entirely changed. The political system which it had cost the combined labour of three hundred years to rear, was overturned from its basis, burying kingdoms and whole nations in the ruins. A people, the most refined and ingenious in the world, who had formerly set others an example of loyalty and unbounded attachment to their sovereigns, were now seen giving way to the delusions of a blind fanaticism; pulling down those venerable institutions which the wisdom of their ancestors had built; trampling religion and morality under foot; laying prostrate both the throne and the altar; and staining their hands in the innocent blood of their ancient kings. Vice was now seen honoured and exalted in the place of virtue. Anarchy and despotism were substituted for regular government and rational liberty.

‘This same nation, torn by the fury of contending democrats, was seen labouring to impose on her neighbours the galling chains of her own thralldom; and spreading war and desolation over the earth, as if to wipe out the reproach of her past crimes. Finding no remedy in the midst of universal confusion from the evils she had inflicted on herself, she abandoned the phantom of liberty, which was become but another name for oppression, and transferred her homage to the shrine of despotism. The grasping ambition and insatiable power of the usurper whom she chose for her master, and the weakness of the states which opposed him, contributed to the formation of an imperial dominion, such as had not existed in Europe since the time of Charlemagne.

‘This memorable era was fertile in examples both of virtues and vices. It displayed the extremes of suffering and violence, of meanness and magnanimity. Kingdoms rose and disappeared by turns. New principles in morals and in politics flourished for a day, and were quickly superseded by others. Europe was subdued and enslaved, first in the name of liberty and equality, and afterwards to gratify the ambition of a tyrant. At length an end was put to this reign of despotism; and the nations of the Continent were delivered from a usurpation which they had too long supported with patience. The countries of the North, which had participated in this general convulsion, laying aside the jealousies and projects of ambition, united their forces to overthrow the dominion of injustice and oppression. A new order of things seemed to revive; sounder maxims began to prevail; and the nations of Europe, made

wise by experience, appeared ready to abandon the chimerical doctrines of that false liberty which had led them astray, and which, after five-and-twenty years of war and desolation, seemed to have wrought its own antidote, and brought in a new era of peace and prosperity.—Pp. 40—43.

Mr. Crichton's opinion of Mirabeau:

‘The prime agent in this revolution was Mirabeau, a man of an ambitious and turbulent spirit, who inflamed the Assembly by his violent harangues. A demagogue from interest, and of good abilities, though immoral in his character, he was resolved to build his fortune on the public troubles, and to prevent, by all means in his power, the first symptoms of a return to subordination and tranquillity. The Duke of Orleans supplied money to corrupt the troops, and excite insurrections over all parts of France.—P. 50.

The treachery of Dumouriez is spoken of in the following gentle and appropriate terms:

‘Dumouriez undertook the conquest of Holland, and penetrated as far as Moerdyk; but he was obliged to abandon his object in consequence of the defeat of Miranda, who had laid siege to Maestricht, by the Austrian army under the command of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Dumouriez was himself defeated at Nerwinden (March 18), after which he retired towards the frontier of France. Being determined to put an end to the tyranny of the Convention, and to re-establish the constitution of 1791, he concluded an armistice with the Austrians, and delivered up to them the commissioners which the Convention had sent to deprive him of his office; but, his army having refused to obey him, he was obliged to seek for safety, by escaping to Tournay, where General Clairfait then was. The young Duke of Chartres accompanied him in his flight.—P. 67.

Verges is described as a new man in 1798!

We will give but one specimen more from a much more advanced part of the book. It describes the return of Ferdinand to his country in 1814:

‘Ferdinand VII. sent his minister, the Duke of San Carlos, to Madrid, for the ostensible purpose of communicating that treaty to the Regency, but in reality to take cognizance of the state of affairs. The Regency refused to acknowledge the treaty of Valencay, because the King was not at liberty, Buonaparte being apprised of this difficulty, immediately released Ferdinand (March 7, 1814). He set out on his return to his dominions, but performed his journey slowly, that he might have leisure to obtain personal information as to the spirit which reigned among the Spaniards. He was soon convinced, that the people, attached to their religion, and to the family of their lawful Prince, were very indifferent about the Constitution of the Cortes, and that that assembly enjoyed very little influence or authority. Sixty members of the Cortes had even protested against an Act which, by degrading the Royal dignity, was preparing the way for establishing a democracy. On his arrival at Valencia, Ferdinand abrogated the Constitution of 1812, and directed his course towards Madrid, which he entered on the 17th May. The people every where expressed their attachment to a Prince whose arrival they hailed as the return of justice and order; though it is foreign to our purpose to narrate why that hope has not been realized.—P. 298.

Ohe! jam satis.

INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY.

Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy; or, a Familiar Explanation of the Nature and Operations of the Human Mind. 2 vols. 12mo. Bull. London, 1829.

THE world in general, that is to say, the young ladies at boarding-schools, old gentlemen at boarding-houses, divines, politicians, milliners, bankers-clerks, and cabinet ministers, who are in the daily, or at least weekly, habit of delighting in ‘The Athenæum,’ sometimes complain, as we are told, (for such blasphemies are whispered much too timidly to reach our philosophical ears,) that a somewhat too metaphysical cast or obliquity of mental vision has been now and then detected in the style of our articles. With shame it is and grief that we confess ourselves unable to make any excuse completely satisfactory to the fair or fat, right honourable or reverend, complainants whose displeasure we are

anxious to deprecate. For, though we do not very often indulge such abstract speculations as their complaints might be supposed to point to, yet we acknowledge that we find it extremely difficult to tread even the common paths of popular literature, without occasionally digressing into trains of reflection which such acute critics will brand at once with the title of metaphysics. And we do most earnestly beg that they will either treat with lenity our apparent aberrations in this kind, or instruct us (we assure them they will find us apt scholars) how we shall treat of those productions which arise from, and address themselves to, the most complex powers and feelings of the human mind, without ever alluding, even incidentally, to the nature of those faculties, which, in their manifold operation, form at once the organ by which the sense of the true and of the beautiful is impressed and received; by which the creations of imaginative art are called into being, and by which alone, existing in the spirit which contemplates them, these masterworks can find appreciation.

The book before us is an attempt to teach the science of metaphysics, according to Dr. Thomas Brown, to a family of children. The author of the work is a very clever man, and his views on education are some of them striking, and even profound. Yet, strange as it may seem to those who are in the habit of charging us with being metaphysical, we do most decidedly object to the principles on which the book is written. And, what may seem more strange still, we object to it, not from any aversion to the particular scheme of metaphysics inculcated by the author, but because we think that the study of any system of metaphysics whatever will be mischievous to all children, and to very many grown-up people. This opinion we have adopted after some consideration; the reasons of it, we may expound hereafter. At present we will merely say, that those who do approve of teaching boys intellectual philosophy, will probably find this work a suitable manual for that purpose.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The Foreign Quarterly Review, January, 1829. Treuttel, Würtz, and Co. London.

WE have so lately expressed our opinions in an article of considerable length on the merits of this periodical generally, that we have no excuse for descanting on that subject again. The opinion we then expressed that it was decidedly the best edited and one of the best written reviews in this country, has not been changed by a perusal of the present Number. Judged of merely by the titles of its articles, it perhaps has less attractions than some of its predecessors; but this is a most unfair way of determining the merit of a periodical: first, because it is a point of general experience that a writer is generally more entertaining when he has nothing to depend upon but the excellence of his matter; and, secondly, because the merit of such a work does not consist only in making the contents of each number various, but in making one number differ from another. This last end is certainly well compassed by the present *livraison* of 'The Foreign Quarterly,' which is quite unlike, in topics, any that have gone before it; and the first has not been neglected, as our readers will perceive when we have enumerated the articles.

No. I. is a particularly valuable and comprehensive article on the arts and manufactures in France. We have not time to follow the writer through the various heads of his long and able discussion; but we will extract an important and interesting passage relative to French agriculture.

'It is the result of the observations of Mr. Jacob, in his Report published in April last, that the agriculture of France occupies one of the lowest ranks of any of the northern states of Europe, being inferior to that of the Netherlands, Hanover, Prussia, Saxony, Denmark, Poland, and even Austria. Although about

two-thirds of the population, or twenty-one out of her thirty-two millions of inhabitants, are employed in the cultivation of the soil, the old system of farming has been hitherto but little departed from, and the scientific principles that guide the English agriculturists, though beginning to make their way, are yet, by no means, in general practice. The average fertility of the soil has led many of its proprietors to rely too much on their natural advantages, and too little on the assistance of art. The protecting duties, which, like those of England, exclude the competition of foreign corn, have likewise, it is to be feared, tended to check the exertions they were designed to stimulate. But the backwardness of agriculture is mainly attributable to the very partial spread of education in the rural districts, there being, out of 40,000 communes, according to M. Dupin, 15,000 destitute of teachers; and out of twenty-five millions of inhabitants who have reached a teachable age, ten millions only able to read. Now, as the small independent proprietors of land amount to four millions, and their families to twelve or fourteen millions more, it is obvious that this state of ignorance must, under such circumstances, be attended with far more prejudicial effects upon production than if it existed in England, where the labourers are under the orders of about thirty-two thousand large proprietors, and the success of cultivation, consequently, does not mainly depend upon the general diffusion of knowledge. It is gratifying to find, however, that the large proprietors in France are universally desirous for the instruction of the rest, and that societies, rural schools, and model-farms, have been established under very favourable auspices. The agricultural society of the Seine et Oise, which comprises many extensive landed proprietors, bestows, annually, medals and prizes on the small cultivators, who turn their hereditary estates to the most profit, and upon the hired labourers and servants employed in large farms, who perform their work with the greatest intelligence and fidelity. A model-farm has been lately established at Roville, in the valley of the Meurthe, about six leagues from Nancy, by M. de Dombasle, a skilful practical agriculturist, with the assistance, and under the patronage, of the Dauphin. It comprises land of three different sorts—clay, sand, and gravel, and the proper modes of culture are applied to each. By the improvements in ploughs and instruments of husbandry, five horses and nine oxen now accomplish at Roville more work than thirty-five beasts of burthen used to do on the same ground. With the aid of the Scotch threshing machine, M. de Dombasle beats out, with three horses, three hectolitres and a half (upwards of an imperial quarter) of wheat, and other grain in proportion. Potatoes are cultivated with attention, and a distillery has been established for extracting their spirit. M. de Dombasle has proved what will, we think, excite some surprise—that land of a middling quality, planted with potatoes for fattening beasts, will be more productive than the richest meadow. No stronger encomium can be made on the skill of M. de Dombasle, than the fact, that he has more than doubled the produce of the land,—the average annual return of Roville being fifty-nine francs per hectare (of two and a half acres), while that of the rest of the department of the Meurthe is but twenty-eight and a half francs per hectare. At Moncey, in the department of the Moselle, the model-farm of M. Bouchotte is famous for its breed of horses. The agricultural society of Strasbourg has just commenced an experimental plantation of fruit and forest trees in Alsace—a want observable, not merely in that department, but throughout the whole country, except perhaps Normandy and parts of Brittany. In Franche Comté and the department of Doubs, the Government has taken the breeding of cattle under its peculiar care, and established annual exhibitions and prizes. In these parts, as also in Montbéliard, the useless practice of feeding off the land is beginning to be discontinued, it being ascertained that a hectare of inclosed ground produces one-third more if not subjected to this ceremony. The arrondissement of Montbéliard has abandoned the system of fallows in use in the rest of the department, and cultivates with success both flax and the turnip. In Franche Comté the very beggars are becoming industrious; they go about collecting manure till they have accumulated a certain quantity, when they take it to a proprietor, who allows them in return to plant on his soil, and receive the crop of a proportionate number of potatoes. In Picardy the increase of the sheep flocks, and the improved system of manuring, have added to the fertility of the soil. At Nouvion, in the department of the Aisne, the farms have been ornamented by hedges and plantations, in imitation of the adjoining country of Hainault. It is here that the

making of *sabots*, and wooden utensils called *bois-jolis*, is chiefly carried on; the supply sent to Paris annually is valued at 17,000*l*. At Origny, in the neighbourhood of Vervins, the children of the husbandmen are employed in fan-making, baskets, &c. of willow, to the value of 40,000*l*. per annum. In Champagne the example of M. Richardot, a small proprietor, has given an impulse to planting, and to a systematic irrigation of the land.'

The breed of French pigs, we are glad to assure our readers, on the authority of the reviewer, is decidedly improving.

The subject of the best article is 'Humboldt's Statistical and Political Account of Cuba.' It is a valuable paper on many accounts, from the importance of the island it treats of, from the interest attaching to the name of the traveller, and from the collateral information which it has accumulated respecting our own colonies. The following short extract confirms an assertion which has often been contradicted:

'The general results of all that has been most laboriously collected are: that the whites increase more in the country than in towns; that the free coloured race, who generally prefer mechanical trades to agriculture, augment with greater rapidity than the other castes; and that the negro slaves, among whom there is not one-third of the number of females requisite for that of the males, diminish at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.'

Of the next article, on M. Meyer's 'Judicial Institutions of Europe,' we cannot speak in such high terms. It is commonplace, indistinct, and dogmatical. The author has not struck out a single new notion on the subject, or brought a single new argument in confirmation of the old opinion; and yet he has the assurance to speak with contempt of Mr. Parke's Book of Codification, which is evidently the result of long and patient thinking and well-used experience, of an original and powerful mind. We are sorry the editor of 'The Foreign Quarterly Review' should have allowed such a writer a place in his pages. The other articles are new, and they have all their separate merits.

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ

The Law Magazine, No. 3.

THE present Number of this useful periodical is a decided improvement upon the last, as that was upon its predecessor. It contains a mixture of legal learning, general information, and entertainment, which we could hardly have expected in a technical work. It is entitled to all support both from the profession and the public.

Bowring's German Anthology.

THIS useful and meritorious little work has been so long neglected on our shelves, that we are almost ashamed to notice it. It supplies a chasm that has been hitherto left unfilled in German education, and we trust will meet with all the encouragement to which the skill displayed in its compilation entitles it.

Naval Science.—Arrangements have been made in that part of the Royal Naval College in Portsmouth Dock-yard, hitherto exclusively appropriated to the students in naval architecture, for affording the means of instruction on scientific subjects, connected with the naval service, to twenty-four commissioned officers of the navy. These studies will be directed by the able professor, Dr. Inman. The Admiralty holds out no inducement for officers to enter on this course of instruction, save that of affording them gratuitously the means of acquiring scientific knowledge.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

CHAP. II.—EDUCATION.

It was not, on the whole, an unhappy circumstance for M'Kinnon that the news of his loss found him in so excited a state of feeling. If it were possible that the idea of a deep and dreadful calamity could enter the mind while it is drunk with expectation and hope, if even the consciousness of the exhilaration could co-exist with the consciousness of present suffering,—the agony of a sudden reverse would be insupportable. But it has been kindly ordained otherwise. For the first few moments, persons in a state of great excitement have no intelligible feelings of what the woe is which is come upon them in the hour of festivity and rejoicing. The hand-writing on the wall may be visible; but its characters are dim, indefinite, and inexplicable. If they weep at first, it is because they see others weep; but the sorrow does not enter their mind, till the mind is prepared to receive it, till the last of its former train of happy associations has departed, and their place is filled with gloomy ideas such as well harmonise with their new companions. It is when a great grief overtakes us in a state of calm repose, of lethargic happiness, that we wake up most suddenly to a comprehension of its nature, and feel the change with the most intense and unspeakable bitterness.

In M'Kinnon's case there was also a further alleviation:—his character, since he had the prospect of becoming a father, had acquired a strength which, for the time, was almost sublime. The additional intensity with which this alteration enabled him to feel the shock, was nothing compared with the increased energy by which he was inspired to withstand it. It was true, that his love for his wife had formerly been of a cold and customary character, and that it had lately become strong and passionate. Still, if he could have chosen, he would rather have lost her now, when the recollection of that love was fresh upon him, when he had not the painful feeling of being half a hypocrite in deploring her,—than when grief for her would have been a duty, and the remembrance of her scarcely a pleasure. His tears might flow faster—but, at least, they flowed without an effort. As usual, however, the most successful assuager of his grief was that which was, at first, its greatest aggravation, the infant. For the first few weeks of her life, he watched, with deep interest, that little casket which contained all that he valued on earth. Gradually, the apprehensions for her safety, which had divided his mind with sorrow, yielded to feelings with which sorrow could hardly dwell. The first indications of perception, the first tokens that the little philosopher was beginning to exchange some of the glimpses of the pre-existent world for a consciousness of what is passing in our own, the first development of expression in its countenance, the first rude attempt at articulation—all filled Mr. M'Kinnon with a delight which increased till it filled up every part of his mind, and left him no space for sad retrospection.

The care of the infant was committed to better hands than it is often the lot of children of her age to fall into: she had a nurse-maid without knowledge, without superstition, and without a lover. The first saved Ellen from being taught indifferently at a time when the best teaching of things would have done her harm, the second from having her nerves made prematurely susceptible, and the last from innumerable perils by field and flood. The nurse-maid had besides a good temper and not an unintelligent countenance. She was fond of her charge; and, though she did not educate it as a child of that age should and may be educated, she at least allowed it to follow out its own impressions, without any interruption or perversion on her part. Accordingly, between her nurse-maid and her father, (neither of whom had much knowledge of the way of developing a child's faculties,

ness and affection, kept her free from those impediments of fear and passion, which more than any thing else prevent nature from performing its work upon the faculties,) Ellen M'Kinnon, at the age of four years, was an exceedingly promising little girl. She was not precisely cultivated: she could not probably give a reason for what she wanted, as a child who is properly instructed at that age, ought to be able to do; but she was sprightly and energetic; she had a quick spirit of observation, and exhibited that sensibility to resemblances and differences which, if it exists in childhood, is almost sure to be followed by an acute sense of the ridiculous in after-life. At six years, her progress was such as might have been expected from such beginnings. She exhibited, precisely that kind of character which would have warranted a person in predicting that she would never by any process of education be reduced to a state of perfect fatuity, though her abilities might, with due diligence, be either a blessing or a curse to their possessor.

At this time, it occurred to Mr. M'Kinnon, that his daughter was of a full age to reap all the advantages of a more systematic education than she could obtain from the joint labours of himself and his servant. Before her birth, he had finally resolved that she should not approach the precincts of a boarding-school; not that he had any special objection to the general system of female establishments, in respect to the nature of things taught or the mode of teaching. Of these he knew little, and, had he known, could not, from his acquaintance with female character, have formed any opinion about their fitness. His notions of females were in a great measure scholastic, and of course sufficiently simple. The awe with which they inspired him while he continued a monk had been partially dissipated; and the conceptions of them which remained were, that they were a race of soft, delicate, fragile creatures, whose training consisted chiefly in preventing the winds of heaven from visiting their faces too roughly. Further than this his knowledge did not go; but this was enough, combined with his recollections of his own school sufferings, to make him consider it the greatest privilege of women that they were not necessarily subjected to the horrible discipline from which boys, he thought, could not fairly plead exemption. A governess, therefore, was to be sought for.

The inhabitants of Melcove never thought any subject unfit for their attention which concerned the general interests of humanity; and of course the great question about the best mode of instructing young ladies was frequently debated among them. Accordingly, the announcement that it was their rector's intention to commence the education of his daughter in good earnest, awakened the most intense and benevolent interest among his parishioners. One of the most sagacious of them, my old friend Mrs. Mindigate, had learnt Mr. M'Kinnon's intention to look out for a governess, through certain channels, many months before he had been apprised of it himself. The very night that her lady's-maid carried her the news, she called upon Lady Salkeld; and those two venerable females, after much discourse, unanimously came to these resolutions,—1st, That it was a very happy thing that the spiteful report which had been circulated (they knew very well by whom) of their Rector's having exhibited some symptoms of tenderness towards Ellen's nurse-maid, nay, of having once asked her to take the head of his table, had turned out, as they always said it would, false and frivolous. 2dly, That it would be a sad blow to poor Juliana Somerville, when she heard of the decided step Mr. M'Kinnon was going to take, as she certainly had calculated (even that stone-blind creature Sir John Morrison had observed it) upon succeeding to a situation at the parsonage, which would have made a governess unnecessary; and that the said poor Miss Juliana's mal-organ-

could not, at the lowest reckoning, which was only adding eight years to her own computation, be under thirty-five,—made it very unlikely that she should have any other offers; and that it would be highly proper to condole with the poor thing upon this sad disappointment of her hopes. And, 3dly, That it was a duty they owed to the cause of religion and morality, which must always be injured by the misbehaviour of clerical persons, as, for instance, the reverend gentleman of the parish: (that was a sad business, though, after all that was said, it might only be the report of cast-off servants: though, certainly, appearances were against him;) to see that Mr. M'Kinnon took proper pains to select a person of a decent behaviour, decent age, and decent ugliness, for the management of his child.

Owing to the kind exertions of these two ladies, who, in addition to advertising for governesses in their own district, had written letters to friends at a distance to inquire whether Miss S. was disengaged, whether Miss L. had gone after she had left Dr. M.'s, and whether they knew of a lady who spoke Latin like a native, as that would be an accomplishment which would have great weight with a scholar like Mr. M'Kinnon—owing, we say, to their benevolent labours, our good friend had received, before he came fully to the resolution of taking a governess, not less than twelve applications from different females ambitious of filling that office. At length, weary of their importunities, and finding that not one of them could be persuaded that her services would not be immensely valuable to him, he informed them that he had written to a sister in London, whose search had already been successful, and that he expected to see the lady of her choice in the course of a week.

This announcement occasioned much astonishment amongst the ladies of Melcove. It was seldom that Mr. M'Kinnon had ventured to take a step so suddenly without consulting his parishioners; and it was even doubtful whether, upon strict principles, he was justified in doing so. Were they not his regularly appointed cabinet ministers,—persons in some measure responsible for their pastor's actions, who would be taken to task by the neighbouring villages if he conducted himself in an unbecoming manner? And, if it was so in other things, the choice of a governess, a concern for which he must necessarily be unfit, and for which their advice must be so valuable—could any thing be more outrageous than to have provided one on his own individual judgment? And then to have brought a woman from London! It would be fine to hear him talking again about the sin of bringing over French gloves, and wearing Leghorn bonnets, when he was taking such a sure way of bringing the home manufacture of governesses into disrepute. These were heavy grounds of complaint, and deeply did they rankle in the bosoms of the fair inhabitants of Melcove. With all this, however, their pastor was too good a man to be given up. To be sure he was rather obstinate and self-willed now and then, but he might still be reclaimable; it was at least their duty to save Ellen from the consequences of his indiscretion.

About the mode of saving this latter little person, there were several differences of opinion: indeed, the number of theories on the subject were so numerous, that after repeated discussions it was finally agreed, that the parties would only defeat each other's objects by coalescing, and that the only reasonable mode would be for each to defend her system against Mr. M'Kinnon in single combat. Severe penalties were inflicted on any one who should go to the parsonage to argue out of her turn. No argument was to be protracted beyond three hours; and Mr. M'Kinnon should be requested to make a declaration of the effect which their several speeches had produced upon his mind, at a meeting of all the confederates. Finally, each lady resolved that, as a sure

take with her that best practical illustration of the superiority of her system of all others—her own daughter.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ACADEMY LECTURES.

ELGIN COLLECTION—SELINUNTINE METOPES.

We do not—we never did—purpose to follow the lecturers on Sculpture and Painting at the Royal Academy through their respective series of lessons. The details with which their discourses are necessarily occupied, prevent our engaging in any such undertaking; and, highly interesting as those details may be, and many of them are of scarcely less interest to the amateur than to the professional student, they do not admit of a summary capable of being rendered in any wise satisfactory either to the professor or reporter, or at all useful to the reader. We have contented ourselves, therefore, with giving a notice of the introductory lecture on each art, and return now to the subject, merely, in the execution of our design to notice, from time to time, any novelty in fact or proposition which, being out of the general routine of matters touched on in these lectures, might seem worthy of especial mention. An occasion of this kind we found in the lecture, the third of the course, delivered by Mr. Westmacott on Monday evening. The general object of that discourse was the elucidation of the Elgin collection in the British Museum; and of these he explained the history, destination, character, and excellence, with a discrimination, perspicuity, and feeling, to have been looked for from one who has himself so successfully followed the art, the rules of which he had undertaken to inculcate. A catalogue raisonné of the marbles of the Parthenon is here, however, out of the question; and we shall confine ourselves to an antiquarian point, on which we are desirous of saying a word or two.

The very mention of specimens of *Carthaginian* sculpture could not, and will not, fail to excite attention. The existence of any such monuments would, indeed, be of the highest interest in the almost total absence of relics of that renowned nation; but we fear that Mr. Westmacott propounded the question rather as a random suggestion than as an advised opinion. In either case, as connected with the history of the art on which he was lecturing, the subject merits a little examination. The monuments alluded to were the Metopes of the temple of Selinus, in Sicily, discovered, a few years since, by our countrymen, Harris and Angell, and of which casts are to be seen in the Gallery of Antiquities at the British Museum. Of these Metopes, before proceeding to animadvert on those of the Parthenon, Mr. Westmacott said it was a question for the antiquary whether they were not *Carthaginian*. Were they so, their interest and value, it is obvious, would be great,—greater, perhaps, than if they were Greek; but, we apprehend, there are no solid grounds on which such an opinion can be founded. We have ourselves had occasion to investigate the history of these fragments with some attention; as mere observers, we confess, and not with the eye either of an antiquary or a sculptor, but certainly devoid of any prejudice or attachment to system on the subject; we have not, however, been able to come to the conclusion hinted at by Mr. Westmacott.

The style of the Selinuntine sculptures, so different from all existing specimens of Greek art, and the fact of the conquest of the city by the Carthaginians, naturally suggest, *prima facie*, the idea that these works might be of *Carthaginian* origin. A little reflection, however, will show the improbability of their being the production of the conquerors of Selinus. The Carthaginians sacked and destroyed that flourishing colony, the third in importance of the Greek settlements in Sicily, about the ninety-

second Olympiad, while the Peloponnesian War was yet raging. In Greece, at that period, the art had attained Phidian perfection; and we know that the colonies, the Sicilian colonies more especially, were little, if at all, behind the mother-country. The Carthaginians, it is true, were barbarians; that is to say, they were not Greeks; but it would be an opinion not at all warranted by history to suppose, that enterprising, commercial, opulent, and luxurious to excess, as they are described, the fine arts among them were in a state of rudeness. In the mechanical arts, their warlike engines prove that they were not inferior to any nation. Admitting, however, that the native Africans were not disposed to cultivate the arts themselves, can it be doubted, that, with their powers and wealth, commercial intercourse, and experience of the practices of other countries, they would have availed themselves, in the erection of their public edifices, of the superior taste and skill of foreigners? If it seem not reasonable, then, to suppose that the arts were in a barbarous condition in Carthage itself at that period, far less is it probable, that on the conquest of a country more advanced in civilisation than their own, they would prefer the rude workmanship of their own artisans to the more accomplished labours of the artists to be found among their new subjects. The supposition is contradicted by the universal practice, in such circumstances, as testified in the history of every age and nation. The affirmative to the question put by Mr. Westmacott would, moreover, suppose that, in the edifices themselves, as well as in their enrichments, the Carthaginians in Sicily had neglected the improvements that had been made by the Greeks, since the temples to which the Metopes in question appertain, as compared with other examples on the spot, correspond in rudeness and early character with the fragments of sculpture.

The Selinuntine Metopes, it should be observed, are of two most distinct epochs. That the fragments of more perfect design and execution are Greek, we imagine will not be controverted. These, in point of style, are a near approach to the *Egina* marbles. Are the specimens of a ruder character of a later date? We think not; and we are confirmed in our opinion by observing the gradual state of improvement in the six temples of which the ruins of the ancient Selinus consist.

These present examples of the progressive amelioration of the Doric order, until it arrives at Attic elegance and perfection. To reconcile us to date the rudest of these temples after the most elegant, we require stronger proofs than any which history is now capable of affording. Nor can we divide the epoch of the embellishments of the temple from that of the temple itself. If the earlier specimens of the Selinuntine sculptures be not Greek, which we incline to think they are, we should consider them *Phœnician*, and of an age anterior to the settlement of the Greeks at Selinus. In this case, as indeed under any of the three suppositions, they are highly interesting: if *Phœnician* or *Carthaginian*, as sole existing monuments of art of the one or other nation; if Greek, as elucidating the history of the progress of the art, and as forming a link in the connection between Egyptian examples, and the specimens of the *Egina* school discovered by Cokerell and Forster. In the last case, they are further curious as the earliest known instance of the application of sculpture to Metopes, and as still retaining vestiges of various-coloured pigment. The originals are preserved, we believe, in the museum at Palermo: but casts from them have been brought to this country, and are deposited in the British Museum. A description of them with plates and plans and elevations of the temples was published about two years ago by Mr. Angell, since his return to England. The work was calculated for a limited number only of subscribers: it had a rapid sale, and is already out of print.

TWO VISITS TO A GRAVE.

I stood by the grave of one beloved,
On a chill and a windless night,
When not a blade of grass was moved
In its garb of virgin white.

The starry armament looked down
From their glassy waste the while:
Perchance they could not seem to frown,
But they did not seem to smile.

Long time had passed since they laid him there,
But I heeded not of time;
I knew the stone, though blank and bare,
Unmarked by line or rhyme.

Madly I wept that I had been
Over the wrinkled sea,
When he had found in this last sad scene
A home and a privacy.

The gloomy stillness of the hour
Came coldly o'er my heart;
And Faith and Hope forgot their power
To calm the sinner's smart.

I almost cursed the good great God,
And vowed that I would be,
Even as he beneath the sod,
Though I had not lived as he.

I left the tomb, I ceased to weep;
But mocking forms of pain
Came thronging from the fields of sleep,
And forced me back again.

That morn the loan-frost still was there,
In place of balmy dew,
Unshaken was the silvered hair
Of the old church-yard yew.

I heard a company of birds
Their grateful carol troll:
And a sense of prayer, too full for words,
Arose within my soul.

The web of morning mist was gone,
Fresh wove in nature's loom,
And the sun, like a bold free spirit, shone
Clear on my father's tomb.

I worshipped, as the gold flood poured
On the scene before so dim,
And, when the beautiful I adored,
I was forced to think of him.

I thought, I prayed, and thus became
More full of sweet content;
As the frost's foes, the sun-beams, frame
The earth to merriment.

I was not happy, but I prayed
At heart that I might not be
As he who in that grave was laid,
Till I had lived as he.

R. M. M.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

ARCHITECTURE.—In the year 1826, C. F. Von Wiebeking of Munich, who had previously visited the most civilized countries in Europe, completed the publication of the German edition of his '*Civil Architecture*,' which contains the designs of seven hundred and thirty-nine edifices, and is composed of four quarto volumes, and one hundred and sixty-nine plates. Since that period, he has been employed in arranging and publishing a French edition of the same work, which is to extend to six, or at the most, seven volumes; and, with its additional matter, probably forms the most comprehensive as well as colossal undertaking which has ever been attempted in this branch of the fine arts. It would be unjust towards the author, no less than to the reader, to withhold a brief account of so important a work.

'Civil architecture, its theory and practice, enriched with a descriptive account of the most considerable edifices of ancient and modern times, together with their designs,' comprises not only a most ample view of civil architecture, its science, monuments, &c., but presents a distinct descriptive treatise, as well as the plans, façades, sections, and several parts, of nearly every subsisting monument of antiquity. To these are added, the designs of three hundred and thirty-

three churches in France, Italy, Portugal, Great Britain, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Switzerland, and Germany, accompanied, in many instances, by their façades and sections. The same particulars are also given of civic structures, villas, schools, parish churches, farms, breweries, country-seats, &c. And then follow designs for churches, palaces, dwellings, and other public edifices. The plates, which are one hundred and eighty-three in number at least, contain representations of one hundred and twenty-two capitals of ancient monuments, the architraves of all the most celebrated of them, and eighty cornices for façades, windows, and doors; and they are all given on a large scale. The author has also added drawings of machines, bridges, and useful instruments; designs for the construction of scaffolds, walls, vaults, and foundations. His work may, therefore, justly claim to be considered as the most perfect and comprehensive school of architecture, which has ever yet been brought before the public.

MEDICINE.—Many of our medical readers will probably be acquainted with Jourdan's 'Pharmacopée Universelle,' a much more perfect and elaborate work is, as we are informed, about to be published by Dr. A. Braune of Leipzig, under the title of 'Corpus Pharmacopœarum Europæarum.' It will include, in distinct portions, the several codices of northern Germany; southern Germany and Switzerland; France and Holland; Italy; Spain and Portugal; Great Britain and Ireland; the United States; Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; Russia and Poland; and, by way of appendix, the East and West Indies.

STATISTICS OF PARIS.—The yearly consumption of this capital, as stated in a report from the prefecture of the department, is as follows:

English Gallons.	English Gallons.
Of Wine..... 25,678,860	Of Hogs and boars 90,830
—Beer..... 4,425,036	lbs.
—Brandy..... 835,856	—Dry cheese 3,125,135
—Cyder and	<i>st.</i> sterling.
Perry..... 304,418	—Sea-fish (sold
—Vinegar..... 565,170	at market)
English lbs.	value..... 185,614
—Grapes.... 1,740,630	—River and
—Butcher's	pond fish 25,630
meat.... 4,880,527	—Oysters.... 38,450
—Sausages,	—Poultry and
hams, &c. 1,561,947	game.... 382,483
—Offal and	—Butter.... 398,460
pieces.... 1,777,884	—Eggs..... 199,000
No.	Trusses.
—Bullocks.... 81,432	—Hay..... 9,367,442
—Cows..... 13,238	—Straw..... 15,316,216
—Calves.... 74,430	English Quarters.
—Sheep..... 403,583	—Oats..... 408,613

Grain and flour are not mentioned in this list, because the sale on the Corn Exchange would not show the actual consumption: it is estimated at 1500 sacks of 159 chiliogr. each per diem (526,690 lbs. English weight) in common times; but, when bread is dearer out of Paris than within its walls, and wheat and flour are exported, the daily consumption is estimated at 1700 sacks or more.

The preceding statements are founded on the returns of the year 1826, when the total population of Paris was considered to be 890,000.

POPULATION.—Bergius, in his 'Essay on the population of the Globe in 1828,' has acquitted himself of his task with a degree of talent and industry which have evidently enabled him to make the most of a subject in which he could only hope to approximate to accuracy of results. Of these we have not space to give more than his summary of the total numbers of the human race, which he estimates at 893,348,580, and thus subdivides:

Europe . 222,696,038	Africa . 106,778,210
Asia . 529,366,150	America 40,505,782

TASSO AND BYRON.—Nothing can be more characteristic of the intense feeling of admiration with which our noble countryman idolized the memory of the divine Tasso, than the following anecdote as related by Madame G. C. Fachini.—

'Michael Piovani, the porter of the hospital of Saint Charles and Anna, acquainted me, that, when Lord Byron was on his way through Ferrara, he insisted upon being shut up in Tasso's prison, and he (Piovani) yielded to his importunities: the latter, not a little curious to ascertain what sort of amusement the traveller could find within its precincts, took the liberty of privily spying his motions from time to time: at one moment he perceived him striding violently backwards and forwards, his hair dishevelled, and striking his hand against his forehead; and at another he saw him standing motionless, his head sunk against his breast, his arms hanging down, and his whole attitude that of a man absorbed by the gloomiest meditations. After a lapse of two hours, Piovani opened the door and roused him from his trance. As soon as the noble Lord had crossed the threshold, he turned round to the porter and observed,—"I thank you, my honest fellow. Tasso's imaginings are now all graven in my mind and heart." With this he made him a pecuniary remuneration, and took his departure, after writing the following French distich on one of the window-panes of the lodge. I have transcribed it literally as I found it, without venturing to alter it in the slightest particular.

*"La le Tasse brù d'un flame fatal,
Expiant dans les fers sa gloire et son amour,
Quand il va recevoir la palm triomfal
Descend au noyr Seyur."*—Byron.

The "Lament of Tasso" was the result of the noble lord's visit to Ferrara.

MONUMENT TO ALBERT DÜRER.—This celebrated painter and engraver has belied the saying, 'that no man is a prophet in his own country;' in his life time, he was patronised by the great, and enjoyed a pension from the German Emperor; and three centuries and more have revolved without abstracting one ray from the lustre of his posthumous fame. He has deserved this fate, as much by the purity and excellence of his private character as by the splendour of his plastic talents. A fresh tribute is about to be rendered to his memory: the Magistracy of Nuremberg, his native town, have set on foot a subscription for erecting a monument to their illustrious fellow-citizen, and already collected above 12,000 florins, or 1,000*l.*, towards effecting their object. Of this sum 2,000 florins have been contributed by the Corporation, and 2,585 florins by the citizens, of that city. The Grand Duchess Helena of Russia is among the list of subscribers for 100 florins, and the Society of Friends of the Arts in Prussia for 539 florins 24 kr.

THE JESUITS.

'HEAVEN be praised,' says a recent letter from Paris, 'an extinguisher has been put on the Jesuits' schools; and the University and its subsidiary institutions have filled up the vacuum. The defeated party, being unable to attack the latter on the score either of their general spirit or literary capabilities, have recourse to innuendoes against their worldly-mindedness. They upbraid the learned professor with the sins of marriage, going into society, frequenting the ball-room, riding about in cabriolets, and similar atrocities! But these votaries of Loyola forget that they were themselves guilty of certain peccadilloes, not far removed from laical offences, even in their own academies. A short time back, I paid a visit to Saint Acheul, and was gratified with the sight of the luxuriously-ordered establishment, well-ventilated passages and dormitories, excellent apartments for washing, noble halls for the classes, and a handsome chapel. Their pupils were in full flesh and kept under wholesome discipline. They were not overwhelmed with tasks, as M. Lorient himself acknowledged; though they were taught the living languages, mathematics, dancing, music, fencing, and other modern acquirements and requirements. Every thing connected with this seminary wore a worldly

garb, excepting the clerical paraphernalia of the professors. Far be it from me to raise my finger against them for these doings. If, in 1828, they were not what they were in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it is simply because education itself has assumed a more popular form, and they have dropped down with the tide, which has stripped learning and pedagogy of its ecclesiastical accoutrements. The theologian is no longer the exclusive setter-up and expounder of human obligations: ever since the times of Petrarch and Montaigne, mankind have gradually been growing bolder in fixing their own estimate of social right and wrong, and less dependent on canonical postulate. Other virtues than those of the cloister, and other rules of life than the prescriptions of the casuist, have started into vogue. When Descartes appeared, he found philosophy in the arms of theology, and restored her to an independent existence. And what were the elder professors of the Parisian University but ecclesiastical monopolists? There was a time when the Universities themselves constituted one of the four clerical orders; to wit, the episcopacy, the secular priesthood, the monastic order, and the universities. The latter set the example of dissolving the co-partnership and became cosmopolites. So it was with the arts and sciences too; the narrow precincts of the cloister and the abbey were their cradle and asylum; but, when academies and learned societies became their suitors, they burst their imprisonment, and went forth with 'blessing and healing on their wing.' To return from this digression: I maintain, that the Jesuits ought to be the last party in the world to set their faces against the 'things of the world;' for what other sect can compare with them in taste, feeling, talent, skill, and suppleness, where mere mundane affairs are in question? Their political sway, it will be admitted, savoured rather pungently of worldly-mindedness: for their wonted penetration had not failed to tell them, that mankind were no longer in the mood to be governed by the cowl and the crossier. They boldly bade farewell to their prison walls, entered into all the bustle and vortex of secular affairs, crept upwards into temporal influence, and became the veriest of men of the world. In former times, they were a religious sect; in later, they have possessed all the characteristics of a political faction: at a former period, they were blasted by Jansenism and irreligion; but, in the present age, they are fugitives, shrinking before the bright glories of intellectual light, and succumbing to the master-spirit of rational liberty.

Their recent fall does not seem to have opened their eyes to the signs of the times; and in their utter destitution of legitimate grounds of impeachment, they amuse themselves with squibs and libels on the University system, styling it 'The Eldest Daughter of the Revolution,' and loading it with the ordure of invective and abuse. Will it be credited, that they denounce the shades in which the genius of a Royer-Collard, a Cousin, a Villemain, and a Guizot, have been reared into moral and intellectual maturity, and the elevated arena from whence their upright and gifted minds diffuse both life and light over the regions of science and literature, as '*le Moloch universitaire, qui plus cruel mille fois que l'idole des Ammorites, détruit les âmes et soécille les corps*?' There are grounds for congratulation, however, discernible through the mist of this vituperation; the Jesuit of the olden times was too astute and sapient a being to surrender himself to the impetuous turbulence of disappointment and defeat; he would have pointed his shaft towards the vulnerable quarter of the citadel, and, instead of directing it against the adversary, whose virtues and talents are as a coat of impenetrable mail, he would have sped it, and sped it effectually, against the immorality and dissoluteness of the Parisian student. It is not by such weapons as his descendants are now employing, that they can succeed in expunging the decree of the six-

teenth of June from the file of 'ordonnances,' or arrest the social irrigation which is gently measuring the mental energies and resources of this flourishing soil.

The antiquated walls of the Sorbonne have not for many a year looked down upon so attractive an intellectual banquet as that recently presented by Villemain, Guizot, and Cousin, in their respective courses of literature, history, and philosophy. Though I might be inclined to enter the lists against many of their inferences and reasonings, and otherwise complain that on many occasions they were wanting in the depth of research befitting their subjects, I must do them the justice to say that they have rightfully earned the meed of public applause. None, indeed, can object that Guizot's pen wants coolness and solidity in his treatment of history; or that Villemain is deficient in critical acumen and taste; or Cousin destitute of that warm love of his theme, without which the philosopher can never wind his way to the hearts of his hearers.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first Concert of this celebrated and excellent Society took place on Monday, February 23d, and we can unequivocally assert, (having witnessed every trial, rehearsal, and performance for sixteen years,) that a better selection, or a superior Concert (taken altogether) has never been listened to. The veteran brothers, John and François Cramer, were conductor and leader, which circumstance alone might be considered as auspicious of a successful performance.

The Concert commenced with Beethoven's magnificent Sinfonia in C, which was performed at the third Concert last year, (see Athenæum, Number 19, page 297,) and on that account, perhaps, it would have been better to have deferred a repetition until another season.

No. 2. Aria, Signor Donzelli, 'Ah! si, per voi,' from Rossini's *Otello*. This debut was, without exception, the most successful we have ever witnessed. Donzelli exhibited a beautiful specimen of tone, execution, taste, judgment, and talent, surpassing all the tenor singers we have ever heard: his voice is the nearest approximation to our own English Incledon, and in his singing, he reminds one occasionally of all the peculiarities, as well as excellencies, of Garcia, Curioni, Braham, and Sapio. In person and manner, he more nearly resembles Zuchelli, and might well pass for his younger brother. His fine falsetto up to the note D, above the two ledger lines over the stave, was clear and beautiful in the extreme, and his whole performance of Rossini's martial and noisy (though clever) song, drew down immense and deserved applause.

No. 3. Double Quartetto, four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos: Messrs. Weichsel, Watts, Moralt, and Lindley; with Messrs. Oury, A. Griesbach, Lyon, and W. Lindley, (never before performed at these Concerts,) composed by Sphor. A beautiful specimen of classical writing, very successfully performed: the first movement in D minor, reminded an experienced auditor exceedingly of Mozart, particularly in the numerous transitions from the major to the minor mode upon the same chord; and even the theme, with all its workings, might have been easily mistaken for a piece of that great master. At the same time, so far from being considered a plagiarism, it may be said that its resemblance was a proof of its excellence. The conversational passages (in canone) between the principal first Violin, and principal first Violoncello (Weichsel and Lindley) were extremely ingenious and effective. And the andante in B flat 2-4 time, presented a beautiful specimen of simple melody, a quiet descending passage of five notes, of as familiar a character as the principal leading feature of the air, known as 'Home, sweet home,' being continually echoed and re-echoed by all the eight instruments.

Last season, some insinuations were invidiously thrown out, that perhaps Weichsel had better not have placed himself again in immediate comparison with the host of fine violinists (Frenchmen, &c.) that have of late years made so many successful appearances; but we bear testimony with a satisfaction participated in by all the candid part of the auditors, that his tone, fire, and precision, remain as admirable as at any former period; and we hope and trust it may be very long ere they fail or forsake him.

No. 4. Duetto, Madame Stockhausen and Signor Donzelli, 'Fuggi crudele,' from Mozart's 'Il Don Giovanni.' This unrivalled composition produced, as usual, a beautiful effect, but also, as usual, was accompanied by too few stringed instruments, a species of neglect we have before had reason to deprecate. To connoisseurs it must be generally known, that the accompaniment to the introductory recitative is to be led off loudly by the tenors; and, although eight chosen performers are employed at these Concerts, only two were engaged in this task, in consequence of there being but one copy instead of four. It need not be added, that the intended effect was considerably deteriorated.

Madame Stockhausen's voice seemed rather too shrill and thin to produce the sensation generally experienced from this magnificent composition, more especially, perhaps, in consequence of its being placed in juxtaposition with Donzelli's very round, mellow, and sonorous tones; but both performers sang exceedingly well, giving universal satisfaction.

No. 5. concluded the act, being the new Overture 'Le Colporteur,' composed by the elegant writer Onslow, who is deservedly and rapidly rising in the estimation of all good musicians: we refer our readers to the remarks upon this in 'The Athenæum' of February 4, (No. 67, p. 76.)

The second act commenced with Haydn's ninth Sinfonia, (letter T,*) in E flat; and perhaps the most pleasing and perfect specimen of Haydn's taste and genius is exhibited in the trio which follows the minuetto. This charming bassoon solo has been considered a choice morceau, most admired by all professors for more than a quarter of a century, and has been exceedingly well performed by Mackintosh for full that period.

No. 7. Cantata, Madame Stockhausen, 'Non temer, a mato,' piano-forte obligato, Mr. Cramer, composed by Mozart.—This was precisely the species of vocal music most peculiarly fitted for these Concerts, as not being a piece selected from any well-known opera, but a detached composition of the very highest class; and it may be quite unnecessary to add, that it was beautifully performed. Several passages being too low for Madame Stockhausen to give them effect, she sang them an octave higher, or made other alterations suitable to her voice; but the whole were effected with considerable judgment: and Cramer's accompaniment was as perfect as possible; the style of writing was admirably adapted for his delightful expression; and his varied embellishments were improvements upon Mozart!

No. 8. Concerto, Violin, Mr. Tolbecq, composed by Kreutzer and himself. This is a young Frenchman, brought here by Laporte for the Opera; and he appears a promising, talented, and modest person. His concerto was very well played, and in the movement written by himself, (an old French air, with variations,) he executed some considerable difficulties with great skill. We have, however, heard such excellent performances by Kiesewetter, Mori, De Beriot, &c., that Tol-

becq's concert produced no very particular sensation.

No. 9. Terzetto, 'Trémate empj Trémate,' Madame Stockhausen, Signor Donzelli, and Mr. Phillips, written by the great Beethoven. This was also a performance worthy of the Philharmonic Concerts, and went off well.

No. 10. Winter's very romantic and interesting Overture to 'Calypso' concluded one of the most successful Concerts since the first establishment of this excellent Society, which certainly has done more in the improvement of the English orchestra than could have been originally contemplated or expected.

The choice of authors all classical, and pieces all interesting, which formed this the first Concert in 1829, do infinite credit to the following seven Directors for the present season: viz. Bishop, J. Cramer, T. Cooke, Dance, Dizi, Latour, and Weichsel.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy! Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose, But musical as is Apollo's lute.'—*Comus*.

I.—ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle; and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—*Genesis*.

1.—ANIMAL MECHANICS.

The Stone Lily.—In some limestone rocks are found a very great number of the remains of an extinct species of animal, which has been called the *eucremiste* or stone-lily, from its singular form. These remains are thus described in the 'Conversations on Geology':

'When found perfect, (which is not common,) their upper part resembles a closed lily, with its stalk. The number of bones, or shell-joints, in these animals almost exceeds belief. In each of its ten arms are sixty bones, making, for the arms, above six hundred bones; and, in the fingers, there are eighteen hundred more. This is not all; little claws proceed from the fingers, whose bones amount to no fewer than twenty-four thousand. The whole number of bones in one of these extraordinary animals is twenty-six thousand six hundred and eighty, though the animals themselves seem to have been scarcely so large as a man's hand. Rosinus discovered in each of these numerous bones, holes for the passage of nerves and blood-vessels, and parts for the attachment of muscles.

2.—ANIMAL GASTROLOGY.

Insect-Eaters in France.—In the introduction to the curious work of M. Brez, entitled 'La Flore des Insectophiles,' we have met with the following singular notice among those communicated to the author by M. Quatremaire D'Ileval, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris. These are his words:—'I must inform you,' addressing one of his friends, 'in the first place, if it be not already known to you, that one of our mutual friends is an eater of spiders; and, as that is not the only insect upon which his epicurism is regaled, I must give you some account of what taste they are. M. de la Land, the celebrated astronomer, who, during the last years of my residence in France, came every Saturday to sup at my house, and on other occasions as he left the Academy, found nothing more agreeable to his palate, whilst the repast was getting ready, than eating caterpillars, if the season was favourable for them. As my apartment opened upon a very fine garden, it was an easy matter to hunt out food to appease his hunger; but, as Madame D'Ileval loved to have her hands full of business, she would set to work every Saturday, after dinner, and collect a number of them, and have them served up to him immediately after his arrival. As I always left him my share of this ragout, I can only tell you by hearsay, what difference there was between the flavour of the spider and the caterpillar. The first, said our astronomer, tastes very much like a nut, and the second tastes exactly like a kernel.'—'La première a un excellent goût de noisette, et la seconde un véritable goût de fruit à noyan.'

3.—ZOOPLANTOLOGY.

Sea Anemones.—The close resemblance which Actinia bear to a swimming flower tinged with the most lively colours, has obtained for them the name of Sea-Anemones. They vary in form according to their contraction or expansion, and present numberless differences. Their expansion is an indication of fine weather, and is oftentimes more to be depended upon than

* The publisher of all Haydn's large collection of sinfonias, written previously to his last twelve grand, found it necessary to distinguish them by letters instead of numbers, the more particularly to identify them from the various numbers used in the many German and French editions.

the barometer; unfortunately, the marine tribe can only be made use of during the summer, and on the sea coasts. The winter drives them from the banks, and forces them to seek shelter in deep waters, where there is a more equal and milder temperature. When they are desirous of a change of habitation, some suffer themselves to be carried away at the mercy of the waves, others creep along their base, or make use of their tentacles as so many feet. When they have found a spot suitable to them, they remain there, and attach themselves to it so strongly that they are often pulled to pieces before they can be severed from it. Diquemare and other naturalists supposed that this power of adhesion, existing after the decease of the animal, might be nothing more than the effect of a viscid humour which it can secrete at pleasure; but others imagine, and Boac is of the number, that it is by motion, and the production of a vacuum, that this adhesive quality is produced. We subscribe to the latter opinion, which is more conformable than the former to the observations which have been made relative to it. A very strong light is troublesome to Actiniae—noise alarms them—odours affect them—and fresh water causes their death. These sensations are owing to their extreme irritability, which seems to increase in proportion to any pain they may endure.

4.—CONCHOLGY.

Travelling of Muscle-shells.—The valves of the Mytili close and open according to the inclination, or necessity of the inhabitant; and this movement is effected by means of a fleshy protuberance of a reddish colour. It is divided into two lobes, which answer the purpose of feet. Thus, when a river muscle is inclined to leave its station, the shell is gradually opened by the help of this protuberance, which, assuming a new form, pushes forward, and makes a furrow in the sand, into which the shell is drawn in a vertical position. From this position it almost immediately changes into its former horizontal one; the tentacula shovelling back the sand, and lengthening the furrow, while the animal journeys on its way, with a motion resembling a continual topsy-turvy. These tracks, most probably formed by the muscle in quest of food, may be readily discerned in shallow clear streams, and resemble small furrows upon the sandy bottom; they are seldom straight, but deviate into traverses and triangles, like the course of a vessel contending with adverse winds.

Muscles found in the salt springs of Nubia emigrate during the rainy season to a considerable distance of abode, and sometimes wander so far, that, when the rains abate, they have neither strength nor sufficient moisture left to enable them to return to their companions.

Marine muscles are, also, furnished with the means of progressive motion; they can open and shut their shells at pleasure, remove to a considerable distance, fasten themselves to the rocks with threads similar to those of the silk-worm, respire water like their funny neighbours, and even sport upon the surface of the billows.

5.—ENTOMOLOGY.

Multiplication of Insects.—The following experiment was made by the celebrated Lyonnet upon the eggs of the lime-tree tussock moth, (*Bombyx antiaqua*). 'About 350 eggs,' he says, 'which were laid by a female moth of this species, produced as many small caterpillars. As it would have been too troublesome to me to rear so great a number, I only selected eighty of them, which I brought up. All of them passed through their changes under my care, and arrived at a state of perfection, with the exception of five, which died before that time. Among so many moths I had, however, not more than fifteen females. It may be, nevertheless, either that the males in this species are naturally more numerous, or that this circumstance was merely casual. But let us suppose, for an instant, that this is always the case, I shall reason in this manner: if eighty eggs have produced fifteen females, capable of multiplying the whole number, 350, would have produced at least sixty-five. These sixty-five females, supposing them to prove as fruitful as the first, would for the second generation have given birth to 22,750 caterpillars; among which there would have been at least 4,265 females, which would have produced 1,492,750 caterpillars for the third generation. But the caterpillar of which I am speaking is not by far of the most fertile species. There are some which are as productive again. And what is it in comparison with certain viviparous flies, which, at one time, give birth to 20,000; consequently, a single fly, supposing the males and females equally numerous, would create, in the third generation, a posterity of two thousand millions. Let us then, if it be possible, form an idea

of the prodigious number of flies, which, at the end of several years, one single animal would produce, if Providence did not prescribe limits to a fertility so great. We are lost when we reflect that God has created in the first of these animals a principle sufficing to supply a production for several thousand generations of this nature, which will continue to succeed each other unto the end of the world, and when we consider that each particular female appears to possess the faculty of multiplying according to such an enormous geometrical proportion.

6.—ICHTHYOLOGY.

Swimming of Fishes.—The tail, with its peculiar fin more or less plaited, is the principal organ used by fishes for swimming; it serves also as an oar for the management of the body. A long and broad tail, and large fins, are favourable for acting upon the resistance of water, and also for swimming. Among fishes, the bulk of the body increases from the tail to the head; while the extent of surface, on the contrary, follows an opposite principle; for the tail, in consequence of its least thickness, the greatness of its fin, and its auxiliaries, the fins of the back and anus, has more surface, in proportion to its bulk, than the body. It is owing to the difference of bulk, which exists between the body and the tail, comprehending the fins of the latter, and to the extent of surface which the tail and its fins present, that fishes find a point of support to direct all the strength, and yield a necessary mobility to the anterior parts of their bodies.

The progress which is made by the anterior part of the body, by the spreading out (*deplacement*) of the tail may be, to a certain point, independent of the will; as the outstretched limb of a man, who is standing up, will involuntarily incline to the ground. Let us, suppose that a bow, the extremities of which are of unequal thickness and proportions, be bent and unstrung in the water; the water will have more influence upon the extremity, which has more surface in proportion to its bulk, than upon that whose mass is more considerable, and the bow will be displaced, and carried farther on the heaviest side.

Thus, water resisting to the quick operation of the tail behind, it follows that the extension of the curvatures of the body, comprehending those of the tail, put it almost entirely in motion, beginning with the anterior portion of each curvature, which, having more weight and proportionately less surface, than the posterior portion, turns round the point of support furnished by this last portion.

7.—MAZOLOGY.

Baboons.—The dog-headed baboon (*Simia cynocephalus*, or *Cercopithecus Ursinus*) appears to be a very harmless and inoffensive creature, making allowance for a natural propensity, which he has in common with roguish schoolboys, to rob gardens, orchards, &c., when he can contrive to get at them. There is a story told at the Cape, and said to be quite authentic, of a party of these cynocephali carrying off an infant from the vicinity of Wynberg, (about five miles from Cape Town), and only resigning it after being hunted for a whole day by a numerous party of men and dogs, over the tremendous precipices of the Wynberg Mountains. The child, however, when recovered, was found perfectly uninjured! and, perhaps, this extraordinary abduction (the only instance related in the colony) may have sprung rather from the erratic affection of some mother bereaved of her offspring, than from any ferocious or mischievous propensity of this species of animals.

These creatures have a very strong affection for their young, and, when driven by the inhabitants from their gardens, and pursued even to the mountains, the females have been known to return through the very midst of their mortal enemies, to look for the young ones they had lost.

II.—NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

'The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest sound that swells the gale,
The common sun—the air—the skies—
To him are opening Paradise.'

GRAY.

1.—VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY.

Green Colour of Vegetables.—Humboldt found in a dark vault, so filled with hydrogen as to extinguish flame, a very green lichen; and he reared, in the same circumstances, crocuses perfectly well coloured. He infers, that hydrogen without light, and a small quantity of oxygen, is sufficient for vegetation. The geranium odoratissimum, and the barbula ruralis and neikera viticulosa, (mosses,) of Hedwig, in the same circumstances, remained green and vegetated.

2.—VEGETABLE MECHANICS.

Mosses.—It was an observation of the celebrated

Pascal, that man is placed in the middle between two extremes, the infinitely great and the infinitely little, both of which are equally incomprehensible to him. It is often useful to recall our attention to the latter, the infinitely little,—as the former compels our notice, while the latter may escape observation. Among the infinitely small in the works of God we may reckon mosses, which are now beginning to put on their fullest verdure, and many of them advanced to fructification. Mosses, small as they are, and insignificant as they may seem, abound everywhere, even in cultivated fields and gardens; the rare little moss, gymnostomum conicum, is found in gardens, and many of the phasca and tortula. They flourish chiefly in winter, and seem destined by Providence to keep fresh the verdure of the earth, when other plants are withered and dead, and to protect the roots of these withered plants from the vicissitudes of the season, a provision which gardeners find it useful to imitate. In woods that are densely shaded, also, there is a great profusion of mosses, chiefly of the sort called hypna, which cover the soil where none of the larger plants could grow for want of air and light. When mosses grow in water, as do all the sphagna, and many others, they have a strong tendency to convert it into firm land, by forming accumulating soil, while they effect the purification of the water in which they grow, by absorbing the putrescent substances with which it may be corrupted, and by exhaling oxygen in exchange. With the exception of polytrichum commune, bryum ligulatum, Hypnum dendroide, and H. alopecurum, few mosses send roots into the soil beyond a few lines, and cannot, therefore, impoverish it so much as has been supposed. Mosses, indeed, seem, like the air plant of India, to derive their chief nourishment from moist air, a circumstance which may account for their growing on trees, walls, and bare rocks, where there is little, if any, soil to support vegetation.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

WE can say with perfect security, that the three hours of the performance of 'Il Conte Ori,' on Saturday night, were distinguished by more villainous singing than the most speculative man could have supposed practicable in so short a space of time. The characters were thus cast:—The Count, a dissolute dog, who scares the whole tribe of woman from their homes, and at this juncture particularly devises ruin to the amiable Countess de Fourmontiers, is represented by Curioni, as chief tenor. His Tutor, a supplemental character, by Vincenzo Galli, as bass. Isolero, a page, in love with the Countess his cousin, by Signora Specchi, who now exhibited, as they say, for the first time on any stage, as handsome a face, and as profligate a pair of legs, as may be found in any one woman out of a thousand. De Angeli and Deville, 'Arcades ambo,' were in reality 'blackguards both,' as being the bosom friends and followers of Count Ori. The Countess was committed to Signora Monticelli, our *prima donna*—hem!—the portress of her castle looked well in the fair lineaments of Signora Castelli, and Alice, a peasant girl,—the fattest, and heaviest, and most Boetian of all the peasant girls in Touraine, had the distinguished advantage of being personated by a lady indifferently called Miss Neville, Signora Nevilli, or more sweetly still Signorina Neuvelii.—Is not the world wonderstruck at the amazing efforts of the King's Theatre, on this review? Now for the actual performance.

As Monticelli had prepared the audience, by handbills circulated in the Theatre, for some degree of failure in consequence of indisposition, it was by a comparatively easy transition they came to the discovery, that she had utterly lost her voice. All criticism then, upon her, upon her singing, or upon the music she had to sing, must be vague and conjectural. This is a pity; for, from the glimpses given, it might be readily believed that the chief beauties of the opera reside in her part; we hope to ascertain this under more favourable auspices hereafter. Taking no note of her inexplicable dumb show, let us see how the rest of the performance was conducted. After a prelude, not at all in Rossini's style, but so far characteristic that it is an ingenious substitute for an overture, the curtain rises, and discovers a group of villagers chattering upon the virtues of the hermit, who has lately come amongst them; this same gentleman being the identical Count disguised for the sake of circumventing the Countess, whose illegitimate lord, accompanied by the spouses of the other females then introduced, is fighting against Heathenry in one of the Crusades. There is nothing very peculiar in this chorus; it is gay, flow-

ing, and loud, as indeed the whole opera is à l'outrance. The pseudo-hermit then appears, and his first song, 'Per voi serena splenda,' we hold to be very good on the score of expression; it has a kind of fettered nonchalance about it that seems extremely characteristic of the saintly *roué*. A very lively medley follows, in which the different rustics are supposed to state their wants to their common benefactor; but the spirit of it was quite lost in the pervading dullness of the night; and a passage that might have come from Cimarosa was distorted into a resemblance to the merriest of Irish jigs. Signora Specchi, who next appears as Isolero, and Galli as the Tutor, hold together a short discourse, which ends in the aria, 'Mai di sollievo,' for which his voice was neither sufficiently comprehensive nor ductile. The duet between Isolero and the Count, which follows soon afterwards, beginning with the words, 'D'almi pregi, o ciel, ripiena,' is both clever and elegant; and the young page showed great correctness of ear, and a judgment quite unexpected, in supporting the rather complicated harmony, without suffering the balance and evenness of the two voices to be at all disturbed. As the burden of the next scene falls upon the Countess, it is impossible to say what the music of it might be like if better executed, that is to say, if executed at all. It seems animated, though rather noisy; but on this point it is presumptuous to speak, for the disproportion between the orchestral and the vocal strength may give the effect of too much tumult throughout; and Rossini may thus be made unjustly to bear the blame which should fall on Laporte's *corps dramatique*. In this finale the hermit is detected, and he cunningly resolves on another plan; viz., that of entering the castle as a female pilgrim, seeking shelter from that abandoned sinner, the Count Ori; whereupon the second act opens with a view of the Countess's boudoir, and a number of maidens working tapestry, &c., around their mistress. The scenery, and the grouping, and the music, are here entirely picturesque and good.

'In questo loco tranquillo intorno
L'ore innocenti vegliam passar.'

Is as happy a composition as can be conceived, to illustrate the situation and thoughts of the characters. Indeed, there is considerable beauty throughout the first portion of the act, and perhaps still further; but the Fates ordained that it should waste its sweetness. The song of the female pilgrim and her companions at the gate is now heard—would it were not so—completely out of tune. They are admitted, and provided with food. Being left alone, they disclose the cloven foot, and begin their carousals over the bottle to some of the most bacchanal and appropriate music ever composed. The burden of it, 'Oh! qual bella follia,' was encored; and had the *personaggi* been able to do justice to it, the introduced chaunt, 'Oh! tu cui rivolti,' would have claimed the same honour. It is a very plausible and reasonable piece of harmony, and helps to reconcile the suspicious serving woman to her mistress's guests. Beyond this, all was 'darkness visible.' A lengthy trio between the Countess, who had lost her voice, Signora Specchi, who had not gained hers, and Curioni, who had set his ajar, by great exertions during the drinking-scene, the elision of some parts, the undue prolongation of others, the imperfections of all, were sore trials of critical forbearance. It was a lame and impotent conclusion; and, having drawn this moral, we will return to our first assertion, that no opera in our memory has been so unfairly dealt with. Monticelli as a *prima*! Curioni in the place of Donzelli! Vincenzo Galli for a bass! What infatuation to try it at all with such poor vocal support! What madness to dream of it, when the most important of these three had become almost a cypher through ill health!

But, though it is reasonable to wish ourselves a happier opportunity of estimating its merits, it does not seem likely that we shall ever be inclined to add 'Il Conte Ori' to the muster-roll of Rossini's durable monuments. In the first place, it is a daring and acknowledged compilation; in the second place, it seems pregnant with the master's most besetting sins, orchestral preponderance and mannerism. Scribe furnished the hist of the fable, and a rural opera by the Maestro himself, 'Le Voyage à Rheims,' which found equivocal favour with the Parisians, is said to be the ground-work of this *risfacciamento*. It should be added, that the *peSSI concertati* are generally ingenious, and always spirited, especially the choruses, which, in this play, beyond all others, are stamped with the impress of Rossini's constitutional vivacity. We hope to hear it again under better circumstances; but its management is rather languid. Pasta is not to visit us this year, and her substitutes—she needs

many—are to be Sontag and Malibran. Would they were here! But Madame Blasis is engaged, and appeared last night in 'La Donna del Lago,' *vice* Signora Monticelli, on the sick list.

Drury Lane.

On Monday, 'Measure for Measure' was revived at this Theatre. To those who have been wont to fancy that of all the plays of Shakspeare this is the one which it would be the least possible to fashion in conformity with modern squeamishness, it must have been matter of some surprise that the omissions and alterations which were introduced into it by the Drury Lane reformer were comparatively so few, and that they left the drama so perfectly free from the slightest taint of impropriety. But it is thus with every one of these glorious compositions. There is no part of them which ever offends the essential morality of any mind. But since, from habit, the conventional rules of morality in particular ages become blended with the deeper and more permanent parts of our nature, it is necessary to be careful that we do not violate the one, lest we injure the other. And how gracefully does Shakspeare submit to the operation of this severe rule! With what humility he allows passages to be removed which are likely to offend weak brethren of the nineteenth century, though he is aware all the while, not only that there was nothing really wrong in them, but that they had a real fitness and propriety, that they contribute to make his plays more perfect as works of art! But he knows that the foundations of his writings, which are laid in the eternal principles of morality, will remain after every alteration; and, therefore, he graciously permits us, here and there, with cautious and reluctant hands, to remove a stone or two out of the splendid superstructure.

The character of Isabella was undertaken by Miss Phillips. Of this character we could talk for hours, but to what end? Only, we fear, to weaken and sully our readers' own conception of it, only to give a dry, dead view of a being who now is, in their minds, a living reality. If we did venture upon any remarks on the subject, our chief labour would be to avoid framing to ourselves, or exhibiting to our readers, too abstract a notion of this exquisite creature. True, the idea of chastity is fulfilled in her as it never was in any other poetical creature; true, so perfect a vestal never haunted the dream of the most rapt and ethereal of human beings. But, though a nun, she is not all a nun: she is not merely this one perfection embodied; she has all the other feelings of human nature, though this overtops and governs them all; she is not fit

'For transient pleasures, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.'

but, though the angel exceeds, the woman is there too. She is flesh and blood still, though flesh and blood informed, exalted, spiritualised, by the divinity within.

We have made these remarks because we think many persons have an impression that Isabella belongs to another school of art from our own; that she is somewhat statue-like and Grecian, and rather claims kindred with the Electras and the Antigones than with the Mirandas and the Violas. This opinion is removed by a more diligent study of the character, and we at last become fully persuaded that she too (enviable and glorious distinction!) is 'one of Shakspeare's women.'

From Miss Phillips's personation of this wonderful part, we derived, on the whole, very great delight, greater than from her previous appearances in the characters of Juliet and Imogen. The severe critics of this young lady contend, that, if she had possessed the genius which her friends attribute to her, she must at once have been transcendently successful in parts in which extreme youth seems to them rather an advantage than the reverse. But this is unfounded as well as unkind criticism. To represent a being whose whole soul is centered in another, whether through ardent passion like Juliet's, or meek confidence like Imogen's, requires a power of abandonment which, instead of being the first acquisition of unripe genius, is almost its last and crowning effort. It may seem strange, but it is undoubtedly true, that a stern self-relying character like Isabella is one far less difficult to the shrinking modesty of youth than one which exhibits more resignation and dependence. We should, upon general principles, have urged this fact against Miss Phillips's detractors, even if she had not furnished us with a fresh argument of its truth.

The first scene with Angelo was decidedly good. The dislike of the cause she has to plead, which, for a moment, almost over-mastered her sisterly affection, was extremely well expressed by the mixture of stiffness and modesty with which she commenced her

address. Her manner throughout the whole scene continued as, we are convinced, Shakspeare intended it to be, rhetorical; but the gradations of earnestness were well marked, and the change, after Lucio's admonition, into a more strained and impassioned style, was excellent. Once, and only once, she seemed to mistake her part, by using greater vehemence of tone and gesture than it was possible for Isabella, whose conventual habits had not yet been broken through by a mightier power, even if she had wished it, to assume. The next meeting was nearly, but, perhaps, not quite, as good. Her terror at the first announcement of his proposal, before she could fully realise its meaning, showed that she felt the extreme beauty of that part of the scene; but it was too melo-dramatically expressed.

The scene with Claudio was very spirited and powerful. If there was any fault, it might be that there was too little difference between the contempt with which she treated the counsel of her brother and that which she had previously shown for the iniquity of the deputy. The last scene also raised Miss Phillips in our estimation; for she evidently felt, what experience proves to be a rare feeling, that a character may alter during the course of a play even more than in the course of a scene. Our actresses are fond of changing from grief to joy, from rage to love, and so forth, upon any sudden occasion; but they very seldom represent the changes which may be produced by a series of occasions. This Miss Phillips expressed when she appeared as the suppliant before the Duke. In that scene, she was no longer the nun and the rhetorician, but the eloquent woman,—her vehemence chastened only by that dignified severity of character which circumstances had not given her, and which they could not take away.

We have dwelt so long upon the actress, that we have no time for the actors. They do not need it. Two lines are sufficient to explain that Mr. Young acted the Duke-friar well, without interfering with our recollections of Shakspeare's Duke-friar; that Cooper acted the Deputy without committing any offence beyond what was set down for him in his part; and that Mr. Jones's Lucio would have been not a very vulgar member of the Jockey Club.

Covent Garden.

The performance of the tragedy of 'Virginia,' on Monday night, was signalled by a decidedly successful *coup d'esai* of a new candidate for celebrity on the boards of the Metropolis. The first impression made by Mr. Pemberton's entrance was certainly unfavourable; a rugged physiognomy, a harsh and, as it seemed at first, unmanageable voice, and a figure very short of tragic dignity, were disadvantages which no trivial manifestation of power could balance, and which, in saying that Mr. Pemberton most completely overcame, we consider ourselves as making him no every-day compliment. In his earlier scenes, before he got well 'warm in the harness,' there was an evident want of that reciprocal confidence between actor and audience so indispensable to draw out the whole capabilities of the former; and to challenge and anticipate which, freely and fearlessly, through all obstacles of rising discontent and murmur, is the inseparable prerogative and test of talent. When opportunity, in the course of his part, was afforded for those expressions of deep half-stifled feeling in which the strength of the new actor seemed especially to lie, the doubt or indifference of his audience melted away before the effects of strong and true delineation of nature; and, before the close of the tragedy, all indications of disfavour had been drowned in almost unanimous applause. The struggles of fatherly tenderness were admirably given, and the reality of the scene was well assisted by the chaste and natural acting of Miss Jarman.

The play was not announced for repetition, owing to the clamour which assailed poor Numetoria on his epilogistic advance before the curtain; who, the gallery gods, presuming on their omnipotence, expected, it would seem, to bring before them poor Virginia, whom, not a minute before, they had seen expire in his arms. Mr. Pemberton, however, very properly declined to obey this noisy summons from his peaceful grave.

Lycens.

Mademoiselle Jenny Colon, or Madame Jenny Colon Lafont, as it appears by the bills that she has become, took her farewell of an English audience on Wednesday last, on which occasion she appeared in three places. Her acting, from its naïveté and simplicity, had produced an impression which will not soon be effaced, and which leads us to hope that she will ere long be induced to repeat her visit.

The first of the three pieces, 'La mere au bal et la fille a la maison'—a vaudeville in two acts, in which she played the part of La Fille, is a piece of little intrinsic merit, and owed its interest almost entirely to the excellence of her acting, and to the able manner in which she was supported, not only by M. Lafont, but, with few exceptions, by all the other performers.

In the second piece, 'Le Mariage Impossible,' she had the advantage of a better part, of which she made full use,—the character, that of an artless, though somewhat petulant, rustic belle, was given with a degree of truth and nature which we have seldom seen equalled—in the scene, particularly, where she vainly endeavours to pacify the ill-humour of her supposed husband, and ends by exclaiming, 'Mon dieu! est ce que tous les maris sont comme ça!' she received and deserved loud and continued applause.

The last piece, a vaudeville in one act, entitled 'Les Premières Amours ou les Souvenirs d'enfance,' is remarkable for nothing save a few pretty airs, which are introduced in it, one or two of which, (as was also the case in the former pieces,) and particularly a duet with her husband, were encores. We had also the pleasure in this piece, of seeing our old friend Laporte, who infused into the little part allotted to him his usual air of rich comic humour. We are sorry that our press of dramatic matter prevent us from taking due notice of this gentleman's benefit, which took place on Friday before a very full house; and also that the same reason compels us to postpone our notice of M. Perlet's return until his next performance and our next publication.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

A MEETING of this Society was held on Tuesday evening, the 24th of March, the Right Hon. Philip Henry, Earl Stanhope, F.R.S., President, in the Chair.

The minutes of the last Meeting having been read and signed, the following plants were announced as having been presented from the Oxford Botanic Garden, by Dr. George Williams: *Euphorbia officinarum*, *Euphorbia pentagona*, *Aloe Barbadosensis*, *Laurus nobilis*, *Asarum Europaeum*, *Piper blandum* et *pulchellum*, *Phormium terrex* (New Zealand flax,) &c.

His Majesty Francis the First, King of the Two Sicilies, and his Royal Highness, Frederick William, Prince Royal of Prussia, were unanimously elected Honorary Fellows.

His Grace Henry, Duke of Northumberland, K.G., Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was proposed, and being balloted for, elected a Fellow.

Sir John Webb, M.D., Director-General of the Ordnance Medical Department, A.S. Dowling, Esq.; James Buchan, M.D., of Edinburgh; John Taberger, M.D., of Hanover; George Spratt, Esq., and Edward Browne, Esq., F.R.S., were also elected Fellows.

Theobald R. G. Bourke, Esq., Secretary to the Danish Legation, was admitted a Foreign Member.

Jacob Adolphus, M.D., Inspector of Hospitals, was admitted a Fellow.

Mr. Richard Cunningham, of the Royal Gardens at Kew, was admitted an Associate.

A paper was read, entitled 'Observations on some of the medicinal plants of the Canaries, by Sabino Berthelot, Corresponding Member.'

These plants are the *Forakolea angustifolia*, used in Tenerife as a substitute for sarsaparilla in gonorrhoea. The author relates, and transmitted specimens showing, that this plant, when growing in certain positions on the coast of Tenerife, becomes perfectly woody, though in others it is naturally herbaceous,—the *Cucurum pulverulentum*, which an eminent botanist (Brownsonet) administered with great success in lieu of Peruvian bark, and his experience has since been confirmed by that of Dr. Savillon; a new species of *Tescrum*, termed *moschatum* by Mr. Berthelot from its very strong musklike odor. This herb is employed by the peasant girls of Tenerife as a stimulant to abortion; and the *Echium giganteum*, a highly ornamental shrub, a decoction of which is used in the dispersion of purulent tumors.

A paper was also read relative to the esculent nature of the root of *Stachys palustris*, by Joseph Houlton, Esq., F.R.S., Associate. It was accompanied by specimens of the root preserved in acetic acid, and which had been grown by Mr. Houlton in his garden at Lisson Grove. He suggests the propriety of deriving the specific name of the plant from the root, (*atuber*), and hence *tuberosa*, instead of its locality.

Mr. Frost then gave a short account of a numerous collection of rare medicinal plants exhibited to the meeting by W. T. Acton, Esq. Among them were, the

black pepper, (*Piper nigrum*), the bastard cinnamon, or winter's bark-tree, (*Canella alba*), the *Melaleuca Cajuputi*, *Amyris maritima velsylvatica*, *Amyris polygama*, *Brucea antidiya Senterica*, (once supposed to yield the Angostura bark,) *Carica Papaya*, (papaw tree,) *Smilax Sarsaparilla*, *Tamarindus Indica*, *Bubon Galbanum*, *Geoffroya inermis*, &c. &c.

Amongst the members and visitors present, were, his Excellency Count Ludolf, the Neapolitan Minister, Dr. Donald M'Kinnon, Dr. John Miller, Dr. Edmund Clarke, Dr. A. B. Chisholm, &c.

VARIETIES.

Turnerelli has been much occupied with his busts of the little Queen and the great Agitator. The latter is now exhibited at the residence of the sculptor, and is said to be executed with fidelity and spirit.

The Earl of Egremont has purchased two of the landscapes which Mr. Turner brought with him from Italy, and intends them for the gallery at Petworth. The whole of the works on which this accomplished artist has employed himself whilst abroad, exhibit, it is said, the most decided proofs of matured ability.

In the third portion of Lord Guildford's library, there occur two extraordinary Greek manuscripts, one of the eleventh, and the other of the thirteenth century, both containing the four Evangelists. They are illustrated with miniatures by Greek artists. In the painting of the visit of the two Marys to the Sepulchre, an Angel is seen to guard the tomb, which bears some resemblance to an Egyptian mummy.

Grain Magazine of the Tanager.—The summer red-bird, or Tanager, which inhabits the woods on the Mississippi, sings agreeably; and, what is somewhat uncommon in the feathered tribes, it collects against winter a vast magazine of maize, which it carefully conceals, with dry leaves, leaving only the hole by way of entrance; and it is so jealous of it as never to quit its neighbourhood except to drink.

Sir Hudson Lowe's Library.—This library, which is understood to be extensive, and to contain several specimens of printing in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, has, during the present week, come under the hammer of Wheatley and Adlard. Some of the works relating to Napoleon have been curiously annotated.

Newton.—There is in the records of Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakespeare: 'I don't know what I may seem to the world; but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting himself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great Ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.'

New Discoveries.—Almost every scientific journal announces the discovery of new minerals; but we are usually very sceptical as to the genuineness of novelties so frequently thrust on our notice; for we can often perceive a greater anxiety to make out a discovery to be new, than to identify the examined mineral with species already known. We are told, for example, (Ann. Phil. ii. 236.) that Mr. J. Deuchar has found a new mineral substance, and is now engaged with its analysis. It would, we think, have been time enough to call it new after the analysis.

The late Earl of Bridgewater.—This most estimable character, whose ridiculous whims afforded so much amusement to the Parisians, has, according to report, left a large portion of his disposable property to the British Museum, for a comparatively futile and useless purpose—viz. the formation and conservation of a collection of autographs, amongst which his own sign-manual and manuscripts would of course occupy a conspicuous place; for the deceased seemed to have formed a most exaggerated idea of his own importance, either as a benefactor or an ornament of society, or was actuated by an inordinate passion for posthumous fame. In order that some remotely future age should at least have a chance of knowing that a man called Francis Earl of Egerton existed in the 19th century, he caused an immense number of medals, with his bust on one side, and his name, title, &c. on the other, to be enclosed in thick glass or crystal, and hermetically sealed. Numbers of these were sent to England, America, and various parts of the Continent, to be deposited in the foundations of public buildings, under the piers of bridges, and thrown into fountains, lakes, and rivers. One of the last drives he took in and about Paris was for the purpose of flinging, or rather of having flung in his presence, a number of these enshrined medals into various parts of the Seine.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A small volume of sacred poems by Mary Ann Browne, author of 'Mont Blanc,' 'Ada,' and other poems, dedicated to the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford, will be published very shortly.

A Novel of the 'De Vere' class will shortly, we understand, appear, entitled 'D'Erbine; or, the Cynic,' and which is likely to excite great interest in the fashionable and literary world. The scene of one of the volumes is, we are informed, entirely laid in Italy; and the vivid but natural descriptions of that beautiful and interesting country and of Italian society which it contains, combine to render it a work of unusual interest. The feelings of a misanthrope are also portrayed in that superior style of argumentative conversation which has obtained so much celebrity for the author of 'De Vere' and 'Tremaine.'

The author of 'The Gentleman Clt,' a Comedy from the French of Molière, has in the press a reprint of his Tragedy of 'Sylla,' to be published in aid of the funds for the benefit of the Spanish and Italian Refugees.

On the 21st of March, will be published the First Number of The Manual of Science and Literature, and Weekly Register of the London Mechanical Institution.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Carey's New Map of the Country Twelve Miles round London, in case, 9s.
Carey's New Map of London, in case, 10s. 6d.
Conversations upon Knowledge, Hapiness, and Education, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
L'Abelle Française, par Marmont, 2s.
Lindley's Synopsis of the British Flora, 12mo., 10s. 6d.
Britton's Picture of London, for 1829, with Views, 9s.
Ditto, with Maps, 6s.
Platon's Opera Omnia, 11 vols. 8vo., 7l. 14s.
Notices of the Life and Works of Titian, royal 8vo., 12s.
An Essay on the Physiognomy and Physiology of the Inhabitants of Britain, by the Rev. S. Price, 8vo., 6s.
The Collegian, a second series of Tales of the Munster Festivals, 3 vols. post 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.
Rev. G. S. Faber on the Holy Spirit, 12mo., 4s.
Rev. S. Wix's Practical Sermons on the Lord's Prayer, &c., 8s.
Londiniana, by E. M. Bradley, 4 vols., 2l. 10s.
Reflections on the present State of British India, 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Segur's History of Russia and Peter the Great, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Life of Bishop Andrews, by the Rev. I. Isaacson, 8vo. 6s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	Feb.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 23	35	30	29. 17	E.	Fair Cl.	Cumulus.
Tues. 24	34	36	29. 17	S.E.	Cl. Ditto.	Cirrostratus.
Wed. 25	40	34	29. 68	Ditto.	Sleet.	Ditto.
Thur. 26	38	39	29. 85	E.	Rain.	Ditto.
Frid. 27	41	38	29. 94	N.E. to N.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat. 28	32	28	30. 22	E.	Clear.	Cumulus.
Sun. 1	31	31	30. 15	N.E.	Fair Cl.	Cirrostratus.

Rain on Thursday night. Frost on the nights of Friday and Saturday. Moist fog on Thursday and Friday mornings. Freezing on Saturday morning.

Highest temperature at noon, 41°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Mars in conj. on Friday, at 5h. 7m. A.M.
Mercury and the Sun in inferior conjunction on Saturday, at 3h. 4m. P.M.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 11° 39' in Aqvar.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 13° 6' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 26° 39' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 3° 49' in Places.
Length of day on Sunday, 10 h. 51 min. Increased, 3 h. 7 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2° 39' plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99634.

THE FINE ARTS.

This day is published, price 8s.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ARTS, with Tables of the Principal Painters of the various Italian, Spanish, French, Flemish, Dutch, and German Schools, their Scholars and Imitators, with Lists of the most celebrated Painters of those Schools, arranged by the subjects in which they excelled. By THOMAS WINSTANLEY.

Liverpool: Printed by Wales and Baines, Castle-street, and sold by them and the Booksellers in Liverpool and Manchester; and by R. Jennings, Poultry, London.

HUGHES'S SOUTH OF FRANCE, uniform with Batty and other European Scenery.

This day is published, by James Cawthron, Cockspur-street, AN ITINERARY OF PROVENCE and the RHONE, made during the year 1819. By JEAN HUGHES, A.M., of Oriel College, Oxford. Royal 4to., 1l. 11s. 6d., or imperial 8vo., 1l. 1s. The Illustrations from the Drawings of De Wint, and engraved by W. B. Cooke, Geo. Cooke, and J. C. Allen. India paper, 2l. 10s.; 4to, 2l. 11s.

I informed my friend that I had just received from England a Journal of a Tour made in the South of France by a young Oxonian friend of mine, a poet, a draughtsman, and a scholar, in which he gives such an animated and interesting description of the Chateau Grignan, the dwelling of Madame de Sevigné's beloved daughter, and frequently the place of her own residence, that no one who ever read the book would be within forty miles of the same without going a pilgrimage to the spot. The Marquis smiled, seemed very much pleased, and asked the title at length of the work in question; and, writing down to my dictation, 'An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone, made during the year 1819, by John Hughes, A.M., of Oriel College, Oxford,' observed, that he could now purchase no books for the chateau, but would recommend that the Itinerary should be commissioned for the library to which he was an abonné in the neighbouring town.—Sir W. Scott's 'Glenfinnan Dervent.'

This day is published, in 8vo., price 2s.
HISTOIRE de RUSSIE et de PIÈRE le GRAND, par M. le Général Camille de Saxe, Auteur de l'Histoire de Napoléon et de la Grande Armée, pendant l'Année 1812.
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The English Translation will appear in a few days.

This day is published, in two vols. 8vo., price 11. 10s., the second edition of

THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL MILLER.
 This work has been greatly augmented, with the additional Portraits of San Martin, Bolivar, and O'Higgins. A Spanish edition will be published on the 10th of March. A French edition is in the press.
 Printing for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

This day is published, by W. Bams, Bookseller to the Royal Family, St. James's Palace, dedicated to Major-General Sir A. F. Bernald, M.B., R.C.M., and Colonel of the First Rifle Brigade, in 1 vol. 8vo., illustrated with Plates, from drawings made on general service, price 14s.

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THE FINE AND USEFUL ARTS.

A CATALOGUE has been just published by **PIRSTLEY and WEALE**, of BOOKS very recently purchased and imported, on Architecture, Engineering, and the Fine Arts, in royal 8vo., containing a beautiful View of Windsor Castle, and other Embellishments, given to the Nobility and Gentry upon cards of address being sent.

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This day is published, price 2s., Part IV., of

THE EXTRACTOR; or, Universal Repertorium of General Literature and Science; comprehending the whole of the instructive and amusing Articles from all the Foreign and Domestic Reviews, Magazines, Journals, &c. published during the month of February. The whole carefully compiled, digested, and arranged.

The Weekly Number (No. XVIII.) was published on Saturday, in 8vo., containing matter equal to sixty-four pages of 'The Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly Reviews.' Price 6d.
 Published at 'The Extractor' Office, 140, Fleet-street; and may be had of all Booksellers and Newsmen.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CL. for March 1839.
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 Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

This Day is published, price Seven Shillings and Sixpence, No. VI. of the

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London: Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning by WILLIAM LAWER, at the Office, No. 4, Wellington street, Strand.

THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 72.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1822.

Price 8d.

LETTERS TO MY GRANDDAUGHTER ON THE OLD POETS.

ON SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS.

[The following fragments, of a letter belongs to a series written by an old gentleman, since deceased, to a young lady who lived with him during the late years of his life, and whose education he superintended. Whatever appears quaint or peculiar in his notions, may be attributed to his having taken himself to the study of the English poets very late in life, his first forty years having been passed in various active employments, partly in England, and partly on the Continent. He appears to have pursued the study of our old literature with the ardent and devoted admiration of a first lover; and his observations prove that his enthusiasm was very much predominated over his critical power, if he ever possessed any, which is doubtful. The circumstances, we think, ought to induce his executors to pause before they adopt the resolution, which we understand they have partly formed, of laying the whole collection before the public. As, however, Shakespeare's songs have, so far as we are aware, not been treated of anywhere, except very cursorily and unsatisfactorily by Mr. Heath, we have selected from the papers sent to us, his remarks upon this subject, in the general purport of which we agree. The former and longer part of the letter, for which we could not find room, is on the effect that would result from representing a character in any one of Shakespeare's plays as any other—a notion which is illustrated by supposing the character of Hamlet to be substituted for that of Agamemnon in "Twelfth Night," and vice versa that of Agamemnon for Hamlet in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The latter part of the letter is a sketch for Anne Page, and the other as a hint for Sir Toby Belch, are noted with many curious turns of phrase.—Ed.]

THERE is one subject upon which I must say a few words before I finish my letter. I am afraid you will press your lips together, and look very wretched out of the corners of your eyes, when I tell you that I am going to talk of Shakespeare's songs. In general, I cannot accuse you of showing any want of deference to my silver locks; but it has often struck me, that, whenever I ventured an opinion upon any thing that had to do with music, you seemed extremely irate and unbelieving. I do not know what you ground your opinions of my incompetence upon; except it be that I once remarked that "Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me," was the sweetest of all Scotch airs, when you had been playing "Those Evening Bells," or some other outlandish modern composition, that is not Scotch or any thing else. Nothing but your youth and your sex can warrant you in drawing a conclusion from such slight premises; besides, you little minx, what business had you to cheat your old grandfather, and how do you know that my ignorance was not assumed from a fear you should think I was angry with you for the trick? The truth is, that in some of the little by-paths of musical science, which you young ladies are taught to cultivate highly, I am not so conversant as some of my equals; and many of my inferiors. My notions of time are perhaps more comprehensive and profound than minute; and I have always upon principle avoided the bigoted and invidious practice of distinguishing one pretty tune from another, a caution to which I am indebted for this advantage among many others, that, whenever I hear either of our national airs played upon a Christian or Jew's harp without the helpful ornament of the tongue, my respect for the person of the Sovereign mingles in the one case with my delight in our naval supremacy; and in the other, my loyalty is rescued from the slightest taint of banishment, by the inspiring recollection that Britons fully intend never to become slaves. But, of that deep musical harmony (of course you understand me) of that which constitutes the real essence, principle, soul, and centre truth of music, I assure you, my perceptions are far more acute and clear than yours, notwithstanding that you were three years and a half a pupil of Moscheles, and that your pretty little fingers' ends have been

wearing themselves out with practising ever since I knew you. So listen to me while I give you my opinion of Shakespeare's songs. I will begin by quoting one which I request you to read attentively:

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting:
Every wise man's son doth know.
'What is love?' 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What is to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Now, my dear, I do not expect you to admire this song at all at first reading; I do not say that you will ever admire it; but, if you had met with it about eight years ago, (you were then wailing on eleven,) I am nearly sure you would have liked it fifty times better than almost any of Moore's melodies. 'But is that a test,' you will say. 'Am I not a better judge now than I was at ten years old? Should I have been able to admire "As You Like It" then; and did I not admire many things then which I must not admire now?' But are you not conscious that there is in this respect a difference between the enjoyment of music and every other enjoyment? Do you remember a single air which delighted you in childhood, and has ceased to delight you now? Doubtless, there are many compositions with which you have become acquainted since. Of these, a few, you will readily allow, strictly speaking, give you no pleasure; you admire them, are astonished at them, but do not love them. There are others, I should think by far the majority, which, though quite unable to understand, you would have been as much in raptures with twelve years ago as you are now. It is possible that there are one or two others which do not fall under either of these heads; but, if you examine your heart even about, then I think you will find that the pleasure they afford you is this—that they restore to you the feelings of childhood. That this is the main characteristic of fanciful enjoyment—that it is this which makes it dear to all the lowly wise, all those who are mighty in meekness—and this, too, which renders all whose understandings have outgrown their hearts, who are proud of the accessions they have made since childhood, but ashamed of what they were in childhood, and careless of what they have lost, either incapable of entering into its nature, or insensible to its passing excellence I am assured, not less from what I am able to gather of the experience of others than from my own, in those few glorious moments—the truth will out—in which I do surrender myself, body and soul, to the pleasure of sweet sound, and in those, alas! far more frequent hours when I am a rebel—a haughty, conscious rebel—against its influences, I know that it is the upwillingness to abdicate, even for a few short moments, the vanity of intellect—the reluctance to do that which is needful for all who would draw delight from any spiritual source—to become, even as little children—which prevents me from snatching those stray gifts of loving-kindness which have been heaped up by nature in the realm of sound for those who are not too proud, too mean, to partake of them. Oh! what wretched beings we must be, to shut out wisdom, at one of its choicest entrances, from our souls, because we will not undergo a change

which would itself bring with it more strength and refreshment than any other. To renew our youth! to forget all the stores of sorrow that have come to us from without, all those moor-huge and heavy stores that we have husbanded for ourselves, to forget the treacheries of others and our own sins, and to find again the old fields glistening with the early dew, and the old faces bright as they were before we or they had conversed with coldness, and sorrow, and death! In the Scriptures, which contain a record of every universal feeling of our nature, you will find the ecstasy of this feeling spoken of,—not by Isaiah in the loftiest mood of his inspiration,—not by St. Paul, though he was carried into the seventh heaven and heard unspeakable words,—not by the writer of the Apocalypse, though the whole seraphic vision was unfolded before him,—but by the Psalmist, because the joy of renewing his youth like the eagles, was revealed to him through music.

You remember that glorious passage which we have read together so many thousand times of our own great poet:

'So in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
That brought us up hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.'

Now, if you—I do not say have taken in the full meaning of this passage, for that neither you nor I have ever done—but, if you have entered at all into the spirit which dictated it, and have observed, moreover, how naturally, and, as it were, inevitably, the poet introduces the sound of the rolling waters as a part of the idea which it embodies, and, lastly, how inextricably blended in our feelings the music of the expression is with the thought, you will understand why I put forward Shakespeare's songs as one of the most transcendent illustrations of his genius. His songs are perfectly, absolutely childlike. The thoughts are not linked to each other by the ordinary principles of composition. Their logic is the logic of a child, a simple, free-hearted child, the current of whose feelings runs on by its own sweet will, neither directed nor turned away by any prescriptions of the understanding. Was Shakespeare, then, ignorant of these laws? Read the dialogue of the play I have quoted, and how you will smile at the question! How you will be struck with the wonderful strictness and coherency of the thought, with the transparency of the language through which it is reflected! Well, then, think for a moment. I have told you that I, a poor, feeble old man, with just enough left of an intellect that was never capacious to assure me that it will not last me to the grave, unless my dear granddaughter lends me a portion of hers to help it out—I, not ten removes off a child in intellect, am yet so proud of the petty distance, that I cannot pass it over, and become quite a child, even to have the richest banquet that the gods ever provided for man. I cannot do it, but *he can!* He, the all-grasper, who took the guage of all finite existence,—he, whose understanding, to use the deeply meaning paradox of the inspired writer, was according to the stature of a MAN, that is to say, of an ANGEL,—he can become a child, 'can in a moment travel' to that infancy which he has left further behind him than any human being before him or since.

I do not know, my dear Frances, whether you will thoroughly understand my meaning; but a little additional study of Shakspeare's songs, and a comparison of them with those which you are in the habit of singing, will clear up any confusion which the muddiness of my language may have introduced into your conceptions. Your mother has often complained to me, that, in spite of her taste and reason, she could not bring herself to like the good sensible words which have, of late years, been set to favourite airs, so well as the nonsense she had been used to connect with them. She attributed this to habit and association merely: I believe it arises from a much truer and worthier feeling. I believe she feels, and, I hope, has imbued you with something of the same feeling, that when an author means to write cleverly—when he thinks about the independent value of the thoughts which he expresses in the words, when, in short, he does not abandon himself wholly to the musical feeling, (the necessary consequence of which would be, that he must often write what the world will call nonsense,) he cannot produce a composition which will deserve to be married to immortal music. Modern writers generally fancy that it is quite compatible with their musical taste to show themselves off at the same time as wits, gentlemen, and scholars; or, if one of them (Why do you look so angry? I did not say Mr. Moore) does, in his great condescension, consent to be what Shakspeare was proud to be—a child—it is such a child! so unlike the round, chubby-faced, simple-hearted being to whom that name ought to be appropriated—such a French-looking creature—such a mere, pert, trowsered, fionaced, drawing-room miss!

My dear, let you and I think it not a condescension, but a difficult, a glorious attainment, to become little children. To me, if I were not, as I am, taking that other route to childhood which makes one regard with a feeling of spite and envy at the one we are leaving behind us—to me it would be an effort laborious and painful indeed; for my mind has been fashioned in an age, and in a country, where men calculate much and love little, where they think much of the progress they are making, but look back seldom, and always with sullen and contemptuous glances, upon the point from which they have started. And therefore are the men of England and the men of the nineteenth century a race among whom the fair flower of music vegetates at wide intervals and but weakly. We wrap the muddy vesture of decay close round us, lest our business should be interrupted, or our pleasures disturbed, by the stars quiring to the young-eyed cherubim. For you, for the women of England, I trust the task is more easy. You are not slaves as we are to your understandings; you have not shut your ears and your heart, against the melodies with which the whole universe is overflowing. Oh, beware how you ever do so,—beware, lest in place of that vanity of intellect, the fiend which haunts us wherever we go,—you admit a not less subtle demon to your heart and hospitality,—the demon of convention, and fashion, and artifice. For this is even a crueller foe of all child-like and humble feelings: this is even a baser vanity. Love simplicity, my dear girl, love music, love Shakspeare; and then I hope, in addition, that you will love me.

THE DRAMA OF SPAIN.

Discurso sobre el Influjo que ha tenido la Crítica moderna en la decadencia del Teatro Antiguo Español, y sobre el modo con que debe ser considerado para juzgar convenientemente de su mérito peculiar. Por D. A. D. Con licencia. Madrid, 1828.

THE evil effects which have resulted in this country from the imitation of French manners and customs, have been by no means the only mischief with which it is chargeable: although those evil effects themselves are neither few nor trifling; although among them we may reckon, in philosophy, the substitution of a lifeless and

inconsistent scepticism for the enlightened and living faith of our forefathers,—in literature, the banishment of the energetic verse and prose which were indigenous in England, to make way for miserable conjunctions disjunctive of epigrams. In the other parts of Europe also, wherever there was any good thing to be destroyed, the spirit of the eighteenth century, whose birth-place and cradle was France, was as busily at work. Fixing the thought, wherever it could, upon the external and mechanical properties of things, and emptying all things of the life and spirituality and energy within, till all that was excellent in form only it completely swept away, and all that from being essentially good was incapable of change or destruction, it so choked up and veiled in mists of its own raising, that very few persons were allowed to suspect the existence of vitality in the mass, and yet fewer had courage or skill to penetrate to the life, through all the obstacles which surrounded and confined it. This system of mechanical and fragmentary philosophy necessarily continued, till it had embraced the whole cycle of art and science, subduing, with admirable impartiality, religion and morals, poetry and prose, metaphysics and criticism, all of which it laid with equal dexterity upon its dissecting-table. But, having passed through the whole physical and intellectual scheme, and failed throughout of solving the problems presented to it, its influence has as necessarily begun to wane; and in many parts of Europe, a deep insight is now gained into many subjects which had hitherto only been contemplated through the opera-glass of Parisian philosophy. In Germany and England, though far less in the latter country than in the former, are the minds of men emancipating themselves from the ignoble bondage in which they have been held, and looking into themselves for the guides which heretofore they have been taught to seek in the dogmas of a material and mechanical system. Hence, in these countries, the craving after truth which has taken place of the former apathetic submission to the verdicts of pedantic dogmatists; hence the renewed speculations upon the nature of man, the ardent inquiry into the mystery of his being, the philosophical foundations given to the æsthetic science, and the investigation of the true end and method of history, physiology, and politics.

The work which we have placed at the head of this article shows that even in Spain the same energy is manifesting itself; that even in that wilderness some good seed is sown, the earnest and pledge of a noble harvest to come. It is a vindication of the national drama of Spain—which, like the national drama of every other European country, was, during the last century, attempted to be subjected to the rules of French tragedy—from the aspersions which have been profusely cast upon it by the Gallicists, or supporters of the French school. Such defences had not been unfrequent both in Germany and England during the reign of Gallicism in those countries; but, unfortunately, from being grounded in false notions, they had never completely set the question at rest. Of this we have a good example in Dr. Johnson's preface to Shakspeare, in which he attempts to refute the objections to him on account of his disregard of the Unities. It was impossible for him not to feel that Shakspeare, Ford, and Massinger, were in the right, however, in the true spirit of French criticism, M. Voltaire might have demonstrated them to be wrong; yet, furnished as he was with this certainty, by the admission of principles which had nothing to do with the question, he contrived to make as bad a defence of our English stage as could well be put forward. Our author informs us that similar attempts had been made in Spain, which had failed for the same reason; that, although the national feeling which every man partakes of, had continued to convince their defenders of the excellence of De Vega, Tirso, and Calderon, still, from not having developed the true grounds on which

their defence was to be rested, these critics had only confirmed the acrimony with which their opponents conducted the attack. In putting himself forward to supply the deficiencies of his countrymen, which he does with great modesty, he develops these true grounds, and applies excellent arguments to show, that, the national drama being in every country of necessity 'the ideal expression of the manner of seeing, feeling, judging, and existing of its inhabitants, it is impossible that a nation should take any pleasure in matters represented on the stage, if they are ill accommodated to the characteristic type of the nation itself; and consequently, that the pretensions of the Gallicists to try the Spanish drama by rules drawn from the French or Grecian stage are absurd, and productive of evil results to the drama itself: in short, he asserts, and we perfectly coincide with him in opinion,

'That, as long as the habit shall prevail of regulating literature like fashions, by Parisian patterns, the genius of nations will create nothing which shall be worthy of appreciation either for its greatness or its originality. Let us undeceive ourselves,' he continues; 'neither the preceptorial centos, nor the outcries of Gallican critics, nor their extravagantly exclusive systems, have ever produced, or ever will produce, the sublime creations of a Shakspeare, a Calderon, a Schiller: and for what reason? Because the stage must be in every country the poetic and ideal expression of its moral necessities, and of the pleasures adequate to the manner in which its inhabitants exist, feel, and judge, circumstances which all exercise a powerful influence upon the poetic inspiration, and which will never result from the art, the metaphysical analysis, or the learning, of foreign works which are opposed to the character of the people.'

The manner in which he shows the necessity of following the national character, even to the destruction of historical truth, is striking. He says,

'This may be observed in Calderon's play, entitled "The Arms of Beauty," which is the story of Coriolanus. In it, the hero, resolved to destroy his native city, despises the entreaties of his relations, friends, and fellow-citizens, and does not desist from his enterprise, till his mother, his wife, and the Roman matrons, come and supplicate him for mercy. At length Coriolanus yields; but to whom does he yield? To beauty, to love, and courtesy. He raises the siege; moved to this act by no political reasons, but by the generosity alone of his chivalric feelings. He makes no stipulations for himself: all is in favour of the ladies; all laws offensive to whom he exacts the repeal of from his fellow-citizens, and greater privileges in whose favour he insists upon their granting. "What inconsistency! What anachronism in habits!" the critics will exclaim. They are quite in the right; but let them give Coriolanus the name of Amadis, let them change the time and the localities; and thus, while the notions associated with the Roman history will disappear from their sight, the incongruity which scandalizes them so much will also vanish. But the Spanish public would have had good right to complain, if Calderon had placed upon the stage a real Coriolanus, since he would then have presented them with a republican and gentle existence, which could not be understood by a monarchical and Christian people; who, in order to appreciate it, would be compelled to study in detail the history of Rome and the philosophy of its customs.'

Having established the assertion that the stage is the representation of the national character, he traces with a skilful hand the circumstances which had acted in Europe generally, and Spain in particular, to create the peculiar character of his country, and to give birth to its drama. His reflections on the difference which the spiritual religion of the modern world has made in the nature of its poetry, are very good.

The social organisation which Europe adopted during the middle and chivalric ages, the new habits and customs which people acquired with it, and, above all, the universality of the Christian religion, discovered to man a vast treasure of notions which had hitherto been unknown gave a new direction to thought, and laid open to the imagination one enlarged plain whereon to raise its poetical creations, whose bases were now in spirituality. Upon the complete downfall of the ancient governments, they dragged along with them,

and buried under their ruins, even the memory of what had been: the adoration of personified nature was justly proscribed as idolatrous, and the gods of paganism were looked upon by the Christians as forms assumed by the rebel spirit for the perdition of man; consequently, the theogony and mythology of those people remained despoiled and stripped of the illusions with which it captivated the human heart, which now insisted upon looking at them under the terrible aspect of lying and falsehood.

The passage from republican to monarchical forms of government, the residence of the Moors in Spain, the constant warfare between the people of Arabic and Gothic race, the high station which women held in the new polity social, with the manifold effects resulting from these circumstances, are accurately and philosophically described; and the conclusion is drawn, that the character thus formed must create a drama for itself, whose elements could no longer be the same as those which existed in the Gentile world. We observe that this gentleman follows M. Schlegel in characterising the ancient mind as placing its ideal beauty in symmetrical and harmonious arrangement; and we ask with him,

How could the same forms be applied to our inward, sublime, and poetic mode of existence, as were fit for a character so constituted as the antique, grounded as it was upon the external and material alone? How can the faith in freedom of will, and the ideal universe, express themselves in the same way as the submission to a fixed and inexorable fate, and a world of sensations?

The difference between the Gentile and the Christian worlds as a general, and the peculiarities of national character as particular distinctions, are, then, the true reason why no one fixed form can be devised for dramatic poetry; and herein Johnson would have found the true answer to all objections levelled against Shakespeare for his disregard of Aristotle or Longinus. In all that poetry has of universal, viz., its independent existence in the human mind, they may be taken to be competent judges, as all good metaphysicians must be; but, when any forms but their own are considered, we immediately reject their arbitrement, conceiving not only that the laws of no one national poetry can be forced upon another, but that the forms which such poetry takes are never forced upon it from without, but are the outgrowth and necessary proceed of the spirit within.

One problem of some interest still remains to be solved: how the Grecian forms could ever be received by the French, they as well as other European nations being under a Christian and monarchical dispensation. This the author does in a note, which we shall translate.

'It will be said, did not France experience equal changes in politics and religion, during the middle ages, with the rest of Europe? And yet, in spite of this, it has not resisted the introduction of the classic style, and has eschewed the romantic. History must resolve this question, and say that, the French theatre having formed itself about the middle of the seventeenth to the eighteenth century after that country had in a great degree modified the social scheme arising from the middle ages, it is not wonderful that the literature should share in the alterations of the national character. In fact, at the epoch in question, France was the stage of a multitude of civil wars and revolutions, which, separating the people from passive obedience, accustomed them to the discussion of political and religious questions, leaving to it a greater or less share in the government and management of the state. Thus, even in the midst of monarchy, the nation became accustomed to a half republican liberty, which permitted or tolerated the censure and discussion of all sorts of opinions. By the introduction and general diffusion of the spirit of analysis, which is as favourable to sciences of fact as it is prejudicial to those of imagination and inward feeling, the French people became daily more separated from the monarchical spirit of the religious and chivalric enthusiasm of the heroic times of the middle ages. The study of Greek and Roman literature had great influence upon these modifications of society; so that, having become general, notions and opinions concerning the uses and conditions of those ancient republics were so widely diffused, that

there was scarcely a well-educated Frenchman who did not pique himself on knowing more of the life of Brutus or Cassius, than of Du Guesclin or of Chevalier Bayard.'

This, he thinks, will account for the adoption of Grecian rules by the founders of the French drama. We, however, are inclined to take a different view of the case, and, indeed, at this moment have very strong suspicions that the French have no national drama at all. We think we can observe that there was a total absence of national character in France at the time when their tragedy came into being: a want of which, the discontinuance of the *Etats Generaux*, the gradual subjugation of the noblesse, and the triumph of arbitrary power in the hands of Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV., must be looked to as the causes. These circumstances, by destroying the popular interest in the Government, and so crushing the principle of activity throughout the higher and lower classes, and concentrating the attention of all upon the miserable vanities of the Court, joined to the commanding situation which Louis occupied at the beginning of his reign, will amply account for the appearance of 'half-republican liberty' which our author observes. Miserable in all her internal economy, *la grande nation* consoled herself by reflecting how splendid a figure she made in the eyes of her neighbours; and, while individuals had neither liberty of thought, word, nor act, they found for this loss abundant recompense in the vanity which prompted them to believe themselves the arbiters of Europe and the despots of the civilised world. Besides, the ferment of the freedom within, having no better means of manifestation, broke out into an inordinate admiration of ancient republicanism; and the French did according to the law by which all slaves are usually the loudest talkers about liberty: hence they mouthed the sentences of Cato and Brutus with great zeal and self-satisfaction; strutted and looked as big as they could, and talked of Aristides and Cimon, and became declamatory, and philosophical, and stern, and patriotic, all at once, and asserted themselves to be the Athenians of the civilised world. Under this state of things, the French drama arose, and naturally assumed the forms of a stage whose externals only they could assume, but whose spirit they could by no possibility partake.

It is with great satisfaction that we hail the appearance of this little pamphlet: it is not distinguished by great originality; but it recognises principles as foundations for judgment, and rescues criticism from the despotism of words under which it has so long laboured. But this is not the source of our greatest gratification; that is the evidence which this book supplies of the existence in Spain of a germ which cannot perish, but must go on increasing in strength till it bears fruit an hundred-fold: the feelings and opinions which it recognises are connected with the best part of our nature and want only cultivation: they must ultimately prevail. In the mean time, let it be the consolation of this gentleman, that, as an excellent metaphysician and a good man, he has contributed his share to the future advancement of his country, and that he will have been no trifling benefactor to his countrymen, if he can inspire them with some of the admiration he feels for Lope de Vega, Tirso de Molina, Moreto, and Calderon.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Journal of a Naturalist. 12mo. p. 396. Murray. London, 1829.

THIS is a most delightful book, on the most delightful of all studies, the observation of nature in the gardens and fields, where alone her works can be correctly studied and justly appreciated; and it is little more than a truism to say that there is not a star in the sky, a leaf in the grove, or an insect in the sun-beam, which does not or may not give origin to feelings, or, as Wordsworth beautifully expresses it, to

'Thoughts that lie too deep for tears.'

The author of the book before us is not a closet philosopher, a mere book naturalist, who puts himself in ecstasies on the possession of a rare specimen or a rare edition: the phenomena of nature, everchanging, ever new, are the books which he delights to peruse; and, within the narrow boundaries of his village-fields or his farm-yard, he finds abundant scope for inquiry and research into what is frequently over-looked, ill-understood, or erroneously explained. A person of even moderate ingenuity and of the most moderate talents, can never be at a loss for a subject of inquiry, if he chooses to look around him; but, when zeal, enthusiasm, and cleverness meet in an individual, (as they assuredly do in our author,) who turns his mind to the contemplation of nature, the results are certain to be no less rich than abundant.

We are acquainted with no previous work which bears any resemblance to this, except the Rev. Gilbert White's '*Natural History of Selborne*;' the most fascinating piece of rural writing and sound English philosophy that ever issued from the press. It was, indeed, this very book, as our author confesses, which early impressed upon his mind an ardent love for all the ways and the economy of nature, and which first led him to the constant observance of the rural objects around him; and we may, perhaps, be permitted to say, that we would not think well of any man who derived not from Mr. White's book some portion of the same spirit, more or less ardent as the case might be from previous bias, constitutional peculiarity, or accidental opportunities. With a secluded village-field to ramble in, and with the work of Mr. White or of our author in his hand, we venture to say there are few above the rank of the illiterate peasant who would not say with Coleridge,

'Here will I seat myself, beside this old,
Hollow, and weedy oak, which jry-twice
Clothes as with net-work: here will couch my
limbs,
Close by this river, in this silent shade,
And listening only to the pebbly stream
That murmurs with a dead, yet bell-like sound
Tinkling, or bees that in the neighbouring trunks
Make honey hoards.'

We fully agree with our author, that it is surprising, amidst our general associations and commixtures in life, in times so highly enlightened as the present, when many ancient prejudices are gradually fitting away, as reason and science dawn on mankind, that we should meet with so few, comparatively speaking, who have any knowledge of, or take the least interest in, natural history; or, if the subject obtain a moment's consideration, it has no 'abiding place' in the mind, and is dismissed as only fit for children and persons of inferior capacity. The natural historian, however, if he deserve the character, must attend to something more than the vagaries of butterflies and the spinings of caterpillars; his study is one of the most delightful occupations which employ a rational and inquisitive mind; and perhaps none of the amusements of human life are more dignified than the investigation and survey of the workings and ways of Providence: it occupies and elevates the mind, is inexhaustible in supply; and, while it furnishes meditation for the closet of the studious, gives to the reflections of the moralising rambler admiration and delight, and is an engaging companion, which will communicate an interest to every rural perambulation. It is not necessary, as our author well remarks, for us to live with the humble denizens of the air, the tenants of the woods and hedges, or the grasses of the field; but to pass them by in utter disregard, is to neglect a large portion of rational pleasure open to our view, which may edify and employ many a passing hour, and by easy gradations will often become the source from which contemplations of the highest order well forth in copious streams. In the work before us, this is exemplified in every page: we

select a specimen from the author's winter observations.

'Nov. 10.—Many effusions of the mind have been produced by the approach or existence of the seasons of our year, which seem naturally to actuate our bodily or mental feelings through the agency of the eye, or temperature of the air. The peculiar silence that prevails in autumn, like the repose of wearied nature, seems to mark the decline and termination of being in many things that animated our summer months; the singing of the bird is rare, feeble, and melancholy; the hum of the insect is not heard; the breeze passes by us like a sigh from nature; we hear it, and it is gone for ever. But it is the vegetable tribes, which at this season most particularly influence our feeling, and excite our attention. We see the fruits of the earth stored up for our use in that dull season "in which there will be neither earing nor harvest," the termination and reward of the labours of man. But this day, November 10, presented such a scene of life and mortality, that it could not be passed by without viewing it as an admonition, a display of what had been and is. There had occurred, during the night, a severe white frost; and, standing by a greenhouse filled with verdure, fragrance, and blossom, I was surrounded in every direction by the parents of all this gaiety, in blackness, dissolution, and decay. But the very day before, they had attracted the most merited admiration and delight by the splendour of their bloom and the vigour of their growth; but, now just touched by the icy finger of the night, they had become a mass of unsightly ruins and confusion. Once the gay belles of the parterre, they fluttered their hour, a generation of existent loveliness; their youthful successors, unpermitted to mingle with them, peeped from their retreat above, seeming almost to repine at their confinement: they have bloomed their day, another race succeeds, and their hour will be accomplished too. This was so perfectly in unison with the shifting scenes of life, the many changes of the hour, that it seemed inseparably connected with a train of reflection, with the precepts which all nature points out—her still small whisperings for the ears of those that can hear them.'—Pp. 391, 392.

Every occurrence is turned by our author into the subject of some useful or philosophical reflection, or made the basis of a series of observations for ascertaining some important fact in science, or some interesting result in rural economy. In this point of view, we were much pleased with his remarks upon the influence of atmospheric changes upon vegetation, and particularly with what he says of electricity.

'The effects of atmospheric changes upon vegetation have been noticed in the rudest ages; even the simplest people have remarked their influence on the appetites of their cattle, so that to "eat like a rabbit before rain" has become proverbial, from the common observance of the fact; but the influence of the electric fluid upon the common herbage has not been, perhaps, so generally perceived. My men complain to-day, that they cannot mow, that they "cannot any how make a hand of it," as the grass hangs about the blade of the scythe, and is become tough and woolly; heavy rains are falling to the southward, and thunder rolls around us; this indicates the electric state of the air, and points out the influence that atmospheric temperature and condition have upon organised and unorganised bodies, though, from their nature, not always manifested, all terrestrial substances being replete with electric matter. In the case here mentioned, it appears probable that the state of the air induced a temporary degree of moisture to arise from the earth, or to be given out by the air; and that this moisture conducted the electric fluid to the vegetation of the field. Experiments prove that electric matter, discharged into a vegetable, withers and destroys it; and it appeared to me at the time—but I am no electrician—that an inferior or natural portion of this fluid, such as was then circulating around, had influenced my grass in a lower degree, so as not to wither, but to cause it to flag, and become tough, or, as they call it in some counties, to "wilt;" the farina of the grass appeared damper than is usual, by its hanging about the blades of the scythes more than it commonly does; the stone removed it, as the men whetted them, just at the edge, but they were soon clogged again. As the thunder cleared away, the impediments became less obvious, and, by degrees, the difficulties ceased. The observance of local facts, though unimportant in themselves, may at times elucidate perplexities, or strengthen conclusions.'—Pp. 356, 357.

We may be permitted to add, that the power of electricity over the body is no less if not more

important to be studied than its influence on movable grass. In fact, we can never enjoy health nor comfort without a proper portion of it in the system. When this portion is deficient, we feel languid and heavy, and very foolishly pronounce a libel on the blood which is quite innocent, while we never suspect the damp atmosphere of robbing us of our electricity. Yet so it is. In dry weather, whether it be warm, cold, or frosty, we feel light and spirited; because dry air is a slow conductor of electricity, and leaves us to enjoy its luxuries. In moist or rainy weather, we feel oppressed and drowsy; because all moisture greedily absorbs our electricity, which is the buoyant cordial of the body.

To remedy this inconvenience, we have only to discover a good non-conductor of electricity, to prevent its escape from the body; and this we have in silk, which is so excellent a non-conductor that the thunder-bolt, or the forked lightning itself, could not pass through the thinnest silk handkerchief, provided always that it be quite dry. Those, therefore, who are apt to become low-spirited and listless in damp weather, will find silk waistcoats, drawers, and stockings, the most powerful of all cordials. Flannel is also good, but nothing so powerful as silk. Wash-leather is likewise a non-conductor of electricity, and may be used by those who prefer it. But silk is by far the best, and those who dislike to wear flannel next to the skin, will find equal benefit by substituting cotton shirts, drawers, and stockings, with silk ones over them; or, where more heat is required, flannel ones between the cotton and the silk, for the silk should always be outermost.

Our naturalist's observations on animated nature form more than two-thirds of the volume; and, though they are not always novel to those who have studied the subject, they usually contain some interesting allusion, illustration, or turn of thought, which cannot fail to please and instruct the general reader. The following remarks illustrative of natural theology, struck us as being no less beautiful than correct:

'The extraordinary change of character which many creatures exhibit, from timidity to boldness and rage, from stupidity to art and stratagem, for the preservation of a helpless offspring, seems to be an established ordination of Providence, acting in various degrees most of the races of animated beings; and we have few examples of this influencing principle more obvious than this of the misshapen bird, in which a creature addicted to solitude and shyness will abandon its haunts, and associate with those it fears, to preserve its offspring from an enemy more merciless and predaceous still. The love of offspring, one of the strongest impressions given to created beings, and inseparable from their nature, is ordained by the Almighty as the means of preservation under helplessness and want. Dependent, totally dependant, as is the creature, for every thing that can contribute to existence and support, upon the great Creator of all things, so are new-born feebleness and blindness dependant upon the parent that produced them; and to the latter is given intensity of love, to overbalance the privations and sufferings required from it. This love, that changes the nature of the timid and gentle to boldness and fury, exposes the parent to injury and death, from which its wiles and cautions do not always secure it: and in man the avarice of possession will at times subdue his merciful and better feelings. Beautifully imbued with celestial justice and humanity, as all the ordinations which the Israelites received in the wilderness were, there is nothing more impressive, nothing more accordant with the divinity of our nature, than the particular injunctions which were given in respect to showing mercy to the maternal creature cherishing its young, when by reason of its parental regard it might be placed in danger. The eggs, the offspring, were allowed to be taken; but "thou shalt in any wise let the dam go;" "thou shalt not, in one day, kill both an ewe and her young." The ardent affection, the tenderness, with which I have filled the parent, is in no way to lead to its injury or destruction: and this is enforced not by command only, not by the threat of punishment and privation, but by the assurance of temporal reward, by promise of the greatest blessings that can be found on earth, length of days, and prosperity.'—Pp. 248—250.

The extraordinary care of most animals to keep themselves clean, may be remarked by the most indifferent observer. The house-fly spends the greater portion of its time in brushing the dust from its wings: the cat, as she sits by the fire, employs a part of every day in smoothing her fur; birds, whether wild or tame, are frequently seen preening their feathers; and most animals may be observed carefully cleaning their young offspring with their tongues—a practice which, in the instance of the bear, led to the foolish notion that the cubs required to be licked into shape. Even where uncleanness characterises any animal, it is usually to serve some important purpose, as in the case lately recorded in 'The Athenæum,' of the rhinoceros encrusting itself with mud, as a protection from the gad-fly of the Desert. The following remarks of our author on this subject are excellent:

'The perfect cleanliness of these creatures is a very notable circumstance, when we consider that nearly their whole lives are passed in burrowing in the earth, and removing nuisances; yet such is the admirable polish of their coating and limbs, that we very seldom find any soil adhering to them. The mole, and some of the scarabæ, upon first emerging from their winter's retreat, are commonly found with earth clinging to them; but the removal of this is one of the first operations of the creature; and all the beetle race, the chief occupation of which is crawling about the soil, and such dirty employments, are notwithstanding remarkable for the glossiness of their covering, and freedom from defilements of any kind. But purity of vesture seems to be a principal precept of nature, and observable throughout creation. Fishes, from the nature of the element in which they reside, can contract but little impurity. Birds are unceasingly attentive to neatness and lustration of their plumage. All the slug race, though covered with slimy matter calculated to collect extraneous things, and reptiles, are perfectly free from soil. The fur and hair of beasts in a state of liberty and health is never filthy or sullied with dirt. Some birds roll themselves in dust, and occasionally particular beasts cover themselves with mire; but this is not from any liking or inclination for such things, but to free themselves from annoyances, or to prevent the bites of insects. Whether birds in preening, and beasts in dressing themselves, be directed by any instinctive faculty, we know not; but they evidently derive pleasure from the operation, and thus this feeling of enjoyment, even if the sole motive, becomes to them an essential source of comfort and of health.

'It may be noted probably by some, how frequently I recur to the causes and objects of the faculties, manners, and tendencies of animate and inanimate things. This recurrence springs from no cavil at the wisdom, no suspicion of the fitness, of the appointment, nor, I trust, from any excitement to presumptuous pryings into paths which are in the great deep, and not to be searched out; but are humbly indulged from the pleasure which the contemplation of perfect wisdom, even in a state of ignorance, affords; and, if by any consideration we can advance one point nearer to the comprehension of what is hidden, we infinitely increase our satisfaction and delight.'—Pp. 309—311.

We have remarked several mistakes, chiefly of minor importance, in various parts of the work; some of them arising from deficient acquaintance with recent discoveries, and others from a slight bias towards theoretical speculation; but all these sins of omission and commission we are most willing to look upon as fully overbalanced by the frequent glimpses of originality which gleam out in almost every page, and the light, pleasant style of good-hearted cheerfulness which such pursuits are almost certain to beget, and which charms the reader on from page to page, as the gay butterfly leads on its juvenile pursuer from flower to flower, unwearied and unsatiated.

We cannot better conclude this notice (which we wish we could have afforded space to extend to thrice the length) than in the words of the author's own concluding reflections:

'Without considering the various sources of enjoyment and pleasure bestowed upon an intelligent creature, what a scene of glorious display might be opened to man through the agency of the eye alone! How deep we must abandon, as probably they are beyond our comprehension; but, were the powers of vision so en-

and intrigue, and, by indiscreet disclosures, furnish food for malignity. Unfortunately for the booksellers, the events of the close of the 18th century, and the beginning of the 19th, and the important persons who, during that period, were connected with the court and with diplomacy, are but little adapted to figure in such works. Some there are concerning it,—but they are mere small-talk,—old recollections without any attraction for curiosity,—the authors of which endeavoured, by disclosures which they took good care to make complete or true, but which might easily have been dispensed with, to arrive at a species of immortality of which they will never know the beginning. But the memoirs of the age of Louis XV. possess a character altogether peculiar. That was the time when the favourites of the prince were the only persons who could make recitals full of interest, and charm, and truth,—when love and politics withdrew the veil from their faults and failings. For them, or by them, every thing was done. Their boudoirs were the cabinets of the monarch and his ministers: all the gallants of the court, and the hoary *roués* of the regency, shouldered or insinuated themselves into their saloons.

Among those favourites, the Marchioness of Pompadour and the Countess Dubarri, having longest kept possession of the prince, have been pleased to make disclosures to us both curious and gay, and have sketched, with a vivid and skilful pencil, the portraits of persons, some of whom were raised by credit, while others, in spite of their lofty birth and haughty feelings, crawled at their feet. Madame Dubarri has left us some memoirs truly written, in the form of an epistolary journal, which the Paris booksellers have published, judiciously substituting the convenient plan of division into chapters, with summaries prefixed, but in which, with a puritanism rather misplaced, they have purged the style of the authoress, which is always spirited, and frequently picturesque.

Louis XV., who was so much engrossed by love when he came to the throne, and during the regency and the ignoble domination of Cardinal Dubois,—Louis XV., who so little deserved the name of 'well-beloved,' which the stupid vulgar, or his base and flattering courtiers, gave him,—an indolent king, an uneasy and a jealous father, and the unsafe friend of his young companions,—whose love was pleasure, whose religion terror,—enfeebled by his passions,—leaving either to his ministers or his mistresses the reins of government,—at once a devotee and a libertine, without giving, like his predecessor, the air of the most seductive gallantry and passion to his adulterous amours,—incessantly swelling, by his profusion, the debt of the state without contriving any means for its liquidation,—contributing to give a false direction to continually increasing knowledge,—affecting indifference for men who, by the splendour of their talents and the liveliness of their imaginations, did honour to his reign;—such a prince, when once he had got rid of his cruples, (for he entertained them a long time,) could not but bring on the reign of favouritism and depravity. The ladies of his court were first the objects of his desires. Five sisters of the family of Neale, whose fortune was not equal to their birth, and whose nature, though with much diversity, had endowed with her most precious gifts, had the most easy access to the queen. Madame de Mailly, the eldest of them, good, simple, free from artifice, liable to weakness, but capable of great constancy, was the first mistress of the young prince. The courtiers had but little fear of any ascendancy that she might gain: she was not pretty. This intrigue was involved in mystery; but the second sister, Mademoiselle De Neale, afterwards Marchioness of Vinimilla, had already, in the retirement of a convent, conceived the plan of becoming Madame De Mailly's rival. Divested of timidity, now flattering the prince and now his ministers,

now pretending gaiety and now decorum, she made a conquest of the king, who, then taking the first bold step in the career of scandal, publicly avowed her as his mistress. She died. Mademoiselle De la Tournelle, blooming with beauty, and pretending to blush at the example of her two sisters, aspired to replace them. She inflamed the monarch by the indifference with which she pretended to receive his homage; but, yielding at length after she had sufficiently resisted, she was created by her royal lover, Duchess of Châteauroux. She also was overtaken by death. The King was, for a long inconsolable for this loss; but, the dissipation of a brilliant and corrupt court having effaced the sad impression from his mind, and awakened him to the necessity of fresh delights, he formed a plan for the conquest of the remaining sister. The Duke de Richelieu, who prided himself on having been intrusted with this infamous affair, was righteously doomed to the shame of its miscarriage. She was replaced by the Marchioness D'Étiolle, afterwards Duchess de Pompadour, who, though a stranger, from taste and education, to the art of governing, rapidly attained an empire as absolute as that of the Cardinal De Fleury. The first use that she made of her power was to co-operate with the Duke de Choiseul in the expulsion of the Jesuits. She also died; and Louis XV., who had shown so great an attachment to her, manifested his extreme insensibility by exclaiming as the funeral passed, 'The Marchioness will have fine weather for her journey to-day!'

Soon after, the Queen died; and, while the courtiers were plotting to dissipate the ennui of the old King by the exhibition of *fêtes*, a young courtesan stole into the royal bed, intoxicated his senses, obtained, by voluptuous refinements, a firmer empire than love itself would have yielded her, and became, without hoping, and, perhaps, without desiring it, the arbitress of the destinies of France. Her name was Mlle. Lange, and she lived with one of the corruptest men in the capital, the Count Dubarri, whose last resource was to rent a gambling-house; where, in order to increase its celebrity, he used to exhibit Mlle. Lange, whose beauty was amazingly striking, notwithstanding early prostitution. So speaks a severe historian of the heroine of whose memoirs we are about to give some account; who, though the successor of so many women, renowned as well for their wit as for their beauty, obtained a still greater ascendancy over the old King than they.

It will be curious to see how Madame Dubarri judges herself in the letters which she addresses to her friend M. De N—, and in which, despising concealment and *mensonges de position*, this woman, who paid so dearly for her bad fame, relates without disguise whatever she has seen, whatever she has said, whatever she has done, under the persuasion that the royal favour purified her past life, and absolved her by anticipation from the consequences of all subsequent aberrations. 'I will not,' says she, 'imitate the example of De Stael, of whom it is said, that she only painted herself to the bust. I wish to give a full-length portrait of myself.'

The history of her scandalous life is the history of almost all the distinguished ladies of her time. We give the following anecdote to justify our opinion, and to show the style and manner in which Madame Dubarri makes her disclosures.

[The French Correspondent to whom we are indebted for this review had here introduced an extract, which we doubt not might have been published with great innocence in a Parisian Journal. But we are not quite persuaded that the purity of a reviewer's intentions is a sufficient excuse for an editor in giving insertion to passages which would affront the feelings of those readers whose feelings are most entitled to respect and deference. At the risk, therefore, of appearing ridiculously partial to our friends in France, and with the certainty of making the review much less lively in the estimation of many friends in England, we have ventured to put an abrupt period to this article.—E.]

THE DRY ROT.

The Cause of Dry Rot Discovered: with a Description of a Patent Invention for preserving Deched Vessels from Dry Rot and Goods on board from damage by Heat. By John George, Esq., Barrister-at-law. 8vo., pp. 186. Longman and Co. London, 1829.

A DRY subject, most people may think and say; but, in the hands of Mr. George, it has proved so far otherwise, that we have not lately seen a work written with more animation, though he never wanders for a single line from his subject in search of embellishment. He is no less philosophic in his views than graphic in stating them; and, if he is a young man, and can speak as well as he can write, we have no doubt that he will soon rise and succeed in his profession, as well, if not better, than in preserving ships, &c., from dry-rot. Mr. George was led to the investigation of the cause of dry-rot, by remarking its progress in the door of a wine-cellar belonging to him in Chancery-lane. Upon his first discovery of the state of the door, which looked 'as dry as kecks,' he began to turn the subject in his mind in the following ingenious manner:

'It cannot be the wet, because the wet has never touched the decayed part. The paint on the door has kept the wet even from touching any part of the timber itself; till now, that, from having become so completely rotten as not to be able any longer to retain its own shape and original form, it has shrunk and cracked, and even now the wet does not appear to have entered the crack, and reached the rotten part. If it were the wet, must it not have decayed the outside first, just as it rusts iron, while the interior remains sound? But here the outside is the soundest part; and it showed no symptom of decay till after the interior had become completely rotten, so completely so as for the surface to have shrunk inwards from the loss of substance in the interior, and for want of internal support, or perhaps from the same cause, to have been pressed inwards by the weight of the atmosphere. Then, can it be the air that has done it? There are the same answers to this supposition as to the former; namely, that the paint has kept the air from coming into any actual contact with the timber, and that it is the interior of the timber that has first become rotten. It cannot be the want of air, because the air always has been in contact with it as much as it can be in contact with timber painted; and, if it were this, all painted timber must become dry-rotten, which is not found to be the case. Can it be the want of a circulation of air? I should think not. I cannot understand how the want of the air being in continual motion, or being commonly in motion, against the outside of timber, can rot it in the interior, without first decaying the outside. Is it foul air? The same answer applies, that, if so, we should naturally expect it to decay the outside first; to decay that which it touched, and not that which it did not touch. Besides, there is no foul air here that I can perceive. The servants' water-closet, indeed, is just within the outer vault; and, sometimes when the water-cock is neglected to be turned, the common smell of a privy is very perceptible. But the water-closet is close to the outer door, which is not dry-rotten, whilst it is nine or ten feet distant from the inner door, which is so. Besides which, I never heard that the dry rot was particularly prevalent in places of this description.

'Again, it can neither be the light nor the darkness of the place that has caused the rot. For, with respect to the first, the door, even when the outer door of the outer vault is open, is never in the full light of day. And, with respect to the darkness being supposed to have caused it, the interior of all timber is always in the dark, and moreover, if this were the case, all timber must be dry rotting during the night, and the inner sides of all dark closets, cupboards, and drawers, both night and day.

'It cannot be the cold of the place where the door is fixed, that has caused the rot, because it is never so cold there as it often is at the outside of the outer door, and of all our outer doors. On the other hand, it cannot be the heat of the place, because it is never so hot there, as, in summer, it is in the open air, to which all our outer doors and windows are exposed. It cannot then be caused by the door, or other timbers, being placed in a high temperature, or by its being placed in a low temperature. What, then, thought I, can heat have nothing to do with it? Can it be caused neither by heat, nor by cold, nor by changing from heat to

cold. Step! That does not follow. But how? How is this door affected by the changes of the temperature? I have it—I have found it out. It is the heat which is so constantly working its way, in such a quantity, through the timber of the door, in the one direction or the other, and which, now that some frost has come, is working its way out, and leaving behind it all that wet which it has deposited against the inner side of the door within the vault, and which is now running so plentifully, and making a little pool of water in the ground, that has caused the decay. It is this heat, so almost continually forcing its way through the door into and out of the vault by turns, and, in so doing, coming into immediate contact with, and exerting an action of some sort on, the whole of the interior of the timber, that has, by degrees, effected its decomposition as timber, and made it so rotten as it is. It was by turning the subject in my mind, and sifting and scrutinizing it in this manner, that I came to make my discovery of the cause of the decay.

—P. 13.

Without more space than we can spare, and without the aid of plates, we could not do justice to the invention which Mr. George contrived, in consequence of the above ingenious reasonings; but we conceive that there are few who are interested in the subject, after perusing the detail just given, that will not procure and read the volume for themselves. In fact, from the graphic manner in which it is written, it will prove interesting to many who have no concern whatever with the subject of dry rot.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

The Manual for Invalids. By a Physician. 12mo., pp. 368. Bull. London, 1829.

It was remarked by Voltaire, when his 'Henriade' was attacked by the critics, that it was much easier to find fault than to execute; and, if they did not think his poem a good one, they might write a better if they were able. This, however, is a sort of game which critics seldom choose to play; but, when they do venture upon such comparative trials of skill, they cannot refuse to be tried in the same balance with the works of those whom they have volunteered to rival. The author of 'The Manual for Invalids' is precisely such a critic, and boldly (we might with more justice say impudently) places his criticism as a frontispiece to his book, thus:

'It has been too long the custom of writers on Popular Medicine to direct their attention rather to sketching the outline of all the maladies that 'flesh is heir to,' than judiciously to unfold the true nature of health and of disease, lead the non-medical reader by the route which is open to reason; and, by thus placing the light on his path, enable him to see his own way. They have laboured rather to make a grammar of health, than to give available advice, classing with precision causes, symptoms, and remedies for cure; but leaving the patient to apply them without judgment, as one would direct a blind man on his way, by describing to him minutely the road-side scenery through which he was to pass.'

'The object of the writer of this manual is to instruct his fellow-creatures, first to know what health consists of, then to lead their judgment to the care of it while it is in their possession, and to the regaining of it when disease may have deprived them of it. So various are the shades in disease, so complicated the circumstances accompanying it, that, to place a list of treatises, on acknowledged divisions, in the hands of a non-medical reader, must be, if not dangerous, at least of little use. But, to lay before him a series of instructions and advices, drawn up with a view to open his mind to his true state regarding his health—to enable him to say, "Thus far should I go, and no further: here, I can assist my health, and here should consult my physicians." This is surely desirable. To this one great object, then, is the "Manual for Invalids" directed; and the writer trusts that a long life, devoted to the study of the laws of the animal economy, and to the circumstances which precede the change of health to disease, has qualified him for the task he thus undertakes. He also trusts that his book will be read with interest, alike to those in health and disease; that it will bear to be read "twice and again" by the invalid; that it will instruct as well as interest; and that the reader, above all, will derive practical benefit, as regards the treatment of all human blessings, health.'—Preface.

In Dr. Johnson's time it was very common to employ a different person from the author to write the preface to a book; and, though the practice has long, we believe, gone into disuse, we strongly suspect that this very preface is an attempt at its revival. If it is not so, the author must have looked at his performance through a very partial medium; for there is not, throughout, a single page of the book which has the slightest accordance with these prefatorial promises. That his book will 'bear to be read twice and again,' will depend on the patience of readers; but that it will require to be read much oftener before it can be understood at all by the non-medical reader, we are positive. The author, or rather the writer of the preface, talks, as we have just seen, of 'placing the light on his path;' but, if such light have been any where placed, it must have subsequently been either puffed out, put 'under a bushel,' or enveloped in clouds of murky vapour, so as not even to leave a sufficient glimmer to render the darkness visible. What, for example, is a non-medical reader to make of 'thoracic viscera,' 'vascular excitement,' 'accumulation of high irritability,' 'carbonaceous matter,' 'ducts of sebaceous glands,' and a countless multitude of similar technical terms carefully culled from the slang of the medical schools, not to mention a few of his own peculiar coinings, such as, 'an impetuous strain of consumption,' producing 'a violent pulse;' 'the stream of vital consumption?' &c. &c.

The didactic parts of the volume, where we expect, according to the tenor of the preface, to meet with practical advice, contain little besides a string of truisms and common-places, couched in that sort of pseudo-scientific style, which with some may make them pass for profound. For example: 'The science of pathology and therapeutics, though taught upon general principles, must be practised, therefore, by the standard of the practitioner's ability; and both success and failure will occasionally occur, not only according to the acquirements, but also to the precision, of ideas and natural talent, of every practitioner;' (page 304.) which, being stripped of verbiage, is nothing more than the profound truism—a physician can only do what he can. This, we suppose, is what is alluded to in the preface, as to what cases it may be requisite to consult a physician. In the next page he goes on to say, 'The author has before mentioned his conviction, that ignorance is the fruitful parent of error and misery, in every thing connected with the well-being of man. Fatal errors are often committed in common life.' (Page 305.) In fact, the work is chiefly made up of such useless nothings, many of the truisms having no relation whatever to the professed subject of the book.

The author, however, conceives himself quite 'qualified for the task of instructing invalids.' Why? Because he has 'devoted a long life to the study of the animal economy.' This is precisely the fallacy by which the vulgar are led in their choice of a physician, thinking that experience will always confer skill; whereas the very reverse is frequently the case, when the physician is deficient in the mental powers requisite to take advantage of the experience afforded him. We are sorry to say that our author appears to rank decidedly in this class; and, so far from being able to instruct others, he would require to go to school again himself. This position we could prove with ease from almost every page of his book, which can be of no earthly use to any invalid who does not know two or three hundred of the hardest medical terms.

ENGRAVINGS.

Portrait of George IV. By Flaxman. Moon and Boys.

THIS magnificent engraving was noticed in our columns before it was produced to the public; and since its appearance it has been received with such an unanimous shout of approbation, that any observations

we could now make upon it would be idle. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the greatest engraving of its kind, and one which raises Flaxman's reputation immensely above its former very high level. If there is any fault in a work very nearly faultless, we should be inclined to particularise the right arm as somewhat too stiff.

York Minster. By Harwood. Colnaghi.

THERE is a melancholy interest belonging to this print, which would procure it popularity even if its intrinsic merits were less considerable than they are; it is fully entitled, however, on that score, to public appreciation.

The Princess Victoria. Dedicated by especial permission to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. Engraved by T. Woolnath, from a picture painted by Anthony Stewart.

THIS miniature is in every way exquisite. It is an unpretending, but most graceful, and we are persuaded most accurate, reproduction of a face replete with intelligence and sweetness. The clear calm eyes, and expressive English beauty of the child, who, we trust, will one day be our sovereign, are, of right, precious to the feelings of Englishmen. And it is the more satisfactory to be put in mind so delightfully of the existence of the Princess Victoria, inasmuch as she is at present the only bar between the throne and a successor whose virtues and abilities we had rather should be appreciated in a foreign country than wasted at home on a people insensible to such merits.

The Passage of the Red Sea. Engraved by Phillips, from the Picture by Danby.

MOST of our readers have probably seen or heard of the picture of which this engraving is a copy. In its general character it must at once remind every one of Mr. Martin's celebrated works. And, undoubtedly, we are giving any picture very high praise when we say, as we do of this, that, in force of conception, it is worthy of that artist. In the arrangement of the design, so as to diversify the subject by just gradations, and make every portion contribute to the unity of effect, Mr. Danby seems to us superior to his eminent rival. In the management of the details, also, he is more judicious, accurate, and elegant; nor do his personages bear so much resemblance to *hippopotami* as we have, from the evidence of Mr. Martin's picture, seen the case with the people of Nineveh. We rejoice unfeignedly at the appearance of this engraving, inasmuch as it will tend to familiarise the public with the creations of a great artist. The humanising influence of the fine arts is one of the best among the many causes now at work to give society a different colour from that which it has hitherto worn in England. Among the innumerable evil tendencies, it is well that we have some good ones; and we know of none with which less ill is mixed than that which disposes to the cultivation of a tranquil, sympathising eye for sculpture, painting, and architecture. We should exult, as Protestants, at seeing the stupid paradox of some German quacks about the incompatibility of our religion with a high development of the fine arts, refuted by our own experience. And we trust that the present manifest improvement in the English schools of painting and sculpture is only the prelude to an epoch which will show that the world, that the country of Shakspeare has something in its genius akin to that of Raphael.

ERRATA.—We owe many apologies to Mr. Barnays, the author of 'The German Anthology,' which was noticed and praised in our last Number, for ascribing his very useful little work to Mr. Bowring. The blunder was merely an ordinary printing accident, but as it was just possible, though not very likely, that Mr. Bowring should have written the work in question, we have thought it our duty to correct it. Through similar carelessness also, Ridgway was mentioned as the publisher of Lord Redesdale's Letter, instead of Hatchard.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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larged or cleared as to bring to observation the now unknown fabrication of animate and inanimate things, what astonishment would be elicited! The seeds, the pollen of plants, the capillary vessels and channels of their several parts, with their concurrent actions, the clothing of various creatures, and all that host of unperceived wisdom around us! Yet probably the mind, constituted as it now is, would be disturbed by the constant excitement such wonders would create; but at present, though sparingly searched out by the patient investigator, and but obscurely seen, they solace and delight; "cheer, but not inebriate."

"Oh good beyond compare!
If thus thy meener works are fair,
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of rule'd earth and sinful man:
How glorious must that mansion be,
Where thy redeem'd shall live with thee!"

'And now I think I have pretty well run over my diary, the humble record of the birds, the reptiles, the plants, and inanimate things around me. They who have had the patience to read these my notes, will probably be surprised, that I could take the trouble to register such accounts of such things; and I might think so too, did I not know how much occupation and healthful recreation the seeking out these trifles has afforded me, rendering, besides, all my rural rambles full of enjoyment and interest: companions and intimates were found in every hedge, on every bank, whose connections I knew something of, and whose individual habits had become familiar by association; and thus this narrative of my contemporaries was formed. Few of us, perhaps, in reviewing our by-gone days, could, the hours return again, but would wish many of them differently disposed of, and more profitably employed: but I gratefully say, that portion of my own passed in the contemplation of the works of nature is the part which I most approve; which has been most conducive to my happiness; and, perhaps, from the sensations excited by the wisdom and benevolence perceived, not wholly unprofitable to a final state; and which might be passed again, could I but obtain a clearer comprehension of the ways of Infinite Wisdom. If in my profound ignorance I received such gratification and pleasure, what would have been my enjoyment and satisfaction, "if the secrets of the Most High had been with me, and when by His light I had walked through darkness?"—Pp. 394—396.

Our readers, we think, will unanimously agree with us, that "The Journal of a Naturalist" is a worthy companion to 'White's Natural History of Selborne;' and a higher character it would be impossible to give.

SECOND SERIES OF THE TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS.

The Collegians. A Novel, &c.

It has been complained of, (and we believe, among others, by ourselves,) that Ireland has had no national literature. This complaint was unjust, certainly. It is most true that Ireland has no title to claim Swift, Berkeley, and Goldsmith as Irish authors, however, unquestionably, they may have been Irish men. But it ought rather to have been said, that Ireland *could* not have had a national literature any more than Otaheite. The upper classes were, till lately, imperfect Englishmen, and the lower classes imperfect Irishmen. The one produced English books, (English in spirit,) and the other none at all. The beginnings at least of an *Irish* literature were, till within thirty years, but faintly visible in various dream-books, prophecies, and accounts of rogues and rapparees. From the time, however, when the Roman Catholics were permitted to be any thing better than hewers of wood and drawers of water, there have been increasing evidences of literary yearning and excitement among the 'mere Irish.' They are, in fact, only learning to be a nation; and we are inclined to think that their literature is now analogous in character to that of all immature countries. With the differences in form derived from the customs and tastes of the age in other parts of Europe, yet all that is inward and essential in modern Irish literature, corresponds very closely to the ballad poetry which has always been the earliest expression of a national feeling. Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Banim, both persons of remarkable talent, and the latter of a power which must, we think, develop itself into

genius of no ordinary kind,—these authors, however different in all other respects, yet are alike in this, that all their personages who stand out from the national mass, (excepting only Lady Geraldine in Ennui,) all those of whom we feel that the manner is, and ought to be, English, the lords, heroes, young ladies, and walking gentlemen, are comparatively vague and unmeaning; while every character which belongs purely to Ireland, which expresses itself in that strange but expressive *patois*, is admirably vivid and peculiar. Like the ballads, all that is genuine in the novels is impregnated with a purely national spirit, and is valuable only inasmuch as it manifests that spirit. Nor let it be said that the language of the lower orders of Irish is now English, and that therefore the aberrations from the English standard are mere surface differences. The grammar of this language is indeed nearly the same as that of ours; but, in all that constitutes the life and difference of language, in vital and characteristic idiom, the two languages are as distinct as a forty-shilling freeholder of Clare from an English peasant. This language is employed with most of neatness and tenderness by Miss Edgeworth, with most of strength by Mr. Banim, with most of ease and variety by the author of 'The Collegians.' The two latter have unquestionably a great advantage over the lady in the originality and vigour of their conceptions; and we are inclined to think that, on the whole, they furnish us with a more valuable exhibition of Irish character and feeling.

There are, however, exceedingly important differences between these two brilliant writers. There is no one living who has a more intense and striking conception of situations than the author of 'The O'Hara Tales.' The strength of the Munster Tale-writer lies in dialogue. In description, they are about equally happy, and now and then equally turgid. In character, while Mr. Banim generally exhibits two or three individuals of wonderful energy and splendidly pictured, he is not so skilful as his less popular rival in the crowd of inferior personages.

The book before us contains a striking tale, and one very powerfully told. It is very superior to any previous performance by the same hand, which we happen to be acquainted with. The plot is shortly this:—A young man of good family, Hardress Cregan, (the name is not very happy,) falls in love with Eily O'Connor, a beautiful girl of very inferior rank to his own. He sees her in secret, and persuades her to elope with him from her father's house. He then conveys her to a lonely farm-house at no great distance from his home, where he wishes her to live in retirement until he can break the matter to his mother (the stronger spirit of his parents) and appease her anger. At this time, Anne Chute, a beautiful, highly-born, and accomplished heiress, the companion of his childhood, comes on a visit to his mother. She is secretly attached to Hardress, and the maternal influence is resolutely exerted to induce him to follow his fortune, and win Miss Chute's hand. He has not courage to declare his marriage, and only speaks of promises and pledges, which his mother urges him to despise. He is delighted by the elegant cultivation of the heiress's mind and manner, flattered by her preference of him to a thousand rivals, weary of the ignorance of his amiable wife, and ashamed of her origin; and he gives a humble dependant to understand that he wishes her to be got rid of, his words conveying a desire that she should be sent to America, while there is evidently some darker meaning in his mind. She disappears; and, from this time, amid some strange fits of passion, which are very vigorously delineated, he approaches to the crisis of his marriage with Miss Chute. In the mean time, the body of Eily is discovered; an investigation takes place, and, after some delay, Danny Mann, the murderer, is apprehended. He escapes, however, by Hardress's agency, and promises to leave the country. The young man soon after meets him again, and, in his fury at

still finding him in Ireland, strikes him. Danny, thereupon, gives himself up to justice, and informs against his master, who is seized on his wedding-day, and transported for life. Miss Chute, a reasonable delay having intervened, marries a lover whom she had formerly rejected, Kyrle Daly, another uncouth name, and the second 'Collegian.'

The various pictures into which this story is thrown, are generally of great depth and beauty. The artist has a free and potent pencil; and, as the figures are arranged with care and spirit, so all the accessories are admirable. The dialogue is always abundant and lively, and amply exhibits the character in the mind of the author. For the personages themselves, there is much less to be said. The different periods of the same character are inconsistent with each other; and the love of the women, especially, is very feeble. Eily O'Connor is weak and passive to an absurd degree. Miss Chute is not very impassioned, and we observe in her an instance of a propensity, remarkable in several of the best Irish novels, that of making young ladies be in love with two people at the same time. We are not young ladies; but we are inclined to think that sincerity and permanence in first love is possible; and, at all events, we are sure that the belief in that possibility is, if a delusion, yet among the most agreeable. Hardress Cregan, again, does not appear to us to *hang together*. There is, indeed, no particular portion of this or any other character in the book which is not displayed with great ability. But the different portions are inconsistent, and we are not sure that the state of his mind, after his alienation from Eily O'Connor, would be natural to any man in any circumstances. Yet, as to force of colouring, it is one of the most extraordinary parts of a work, the whole of which is untamed, impressive, and various, in no ordinary degree. We quoted an extract from the beginning of the work last week:—This is in a different style.

'The hospitalities of Castle Chute were on this evening called into active exercise. If the gravest occasion of human life, the vigil of the dead, was not in those days always capable of restraining the impetuous spirit of enjoyment so much indulged in Irish society, how could it be expected that a mere anxiety for the interests of justice could interrupt the flow of their social gaiety? Before midnight, the house rang with laughter, melody, and uproar, and, in an hour after, every queue in the servant's hall was brought into a horizontal position. Even the three that stalked on guard were said to oscillate on their posts with an ominous motion, as the bells in churches forebode their fall when shaken by an earthquake.

'Hardress continued too unwell to make his appearance, and this circumstance deprived the company of the society of Anne Chute, and, indeed, of all the ladies, who took a quiet and rather mournful cup of tea by the drawing-room fire. The wretched subject of their solicitude lay burning on his bed, and listening to the boisterous sounds of mirth that proceeded from the distant parlour, with the ears of a dreaming maniac.

'The place in which his former beastman was confined had been a stable, but was now become too ruinous for use. It was small, and roughly paved. The rack and manger were yet attached to the wall, and a few slates, displaced upon the roof, admitted certain glimpses of moonshine, which fell cold and lonely on the rough, unplastered wall and eaves, making the house illustrious, like that of Sixtus the Fifth. Below, on a heap of loose straw, sat the squalid prisoner, warming his fingers over a small fire, heaped against the wall, and listening in silence to the unsteady tread of the sentinel, as he strode back and forward before the stable-door, and hummed with an air of suppressed and timid joviality, the word.

"We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Until the dawn appears!"

'A small square window, closed with a wooden bar and shutters, was to be found above the rack, and opened on a hay-yard, which, being raised considerably above the level of the stable-floor, lay only a few feet beneath this aperture. Danny Mann was in the act of devouring a potatoe steeking hot, which he had cooked

in the embers, when a noise at the window made him start, and set his ears like a watch-dog. It was repeated. He stood on his feet, and crept softly into a darker corner of the stable, partly in superstitious apprehension, and partly in obedience to an impulse of natural caution. In a few minutes one of the shutters was put gently back, and a flood of mild light was poured into the prison. The shadow of a hand and head were thrown, with great distinctness of outline, on the opposing wall; the other shutter was put back with the same caution, and, in a few moments, nearly the whole aperture was again obscured, as if by the body of some person entering. Such, in fact, was the case; and the evident substantiality of the figure did not remove the superstitious terrors of the prisoner, when he beheld a form wrapt in white descending by the bars of the rack, after having made the window close again, and the apartment, in appearance at least, more gloomy than ever.

"The intruder stood at length upon the floor, and the face, which was revealed in the brown fire-light, was that of Hardress Cregan. The ghastliness of his mouth and teeth, the wildness of his eyes, and the strangeness of his attire, (for he had only wrapped the counterpane around his person,) might, in the eyes of a stranger, have confirmed the idea of a supernatural appearance. But these circumstances only tended to arouse the sympathy and old attachment of his servant. Danny Mann advanced towards him slowly, his hands wreathed together, and extended as far as the sling which held the wounded arm would allow, his jaw dropt—half in pity and half in fear, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Master Hardress," he said at length, "is it you I see dat way?"

Hardress remained for some time motionless as a statue, as if endeavouring to summon up all his corporeal energies to support him in the investigation which he was about to make.

"Won't you speak to me master?" continued the boatman, "won't you speak a word itself? 'Twas all my endeavour since I came hether to thry an' get 'em to let me speak to you. Say a word, master, if it is only to tell me 'tis yourself that's there!"

"Where is Eily?" murmured Hardress, still without moving, and in a tone that seemed to come from the recesses of his breast, like a sound from a sepulchre.

"The boatman shrank aside, as if from the eye of Justice itself. So suddenly had the question struck upon his conscience, that the inquirer was obliged to repeat it, before he could collect his breath for an answer.

"Master Hardress, I thought, after I parted you dat time—"

"Where is Eily?" muttered Hardress, interrupting him.

"Only listen to me, Sir, one moment—"

"Where is Eily?"

"Oh, vo! vo!"

Hardress drew the counterpane around his head, and remained for several minutes silent in the same attitude. During that time the drapery was scarcely seen to move, and yet hell raged beneath it. A few moans of deep, but smothered agony were all that might be heard from time to time. So exquisite was the sense of suffering which these sounds conveyed, that Danny sank trembling on his knees, and responded to them with floods of tears and sobbing.

"Master Hardress," he said, "if there's any thing that I can do to make your mind aisy, say the word. I know dis is my own business, an' no one else's. An' if dey find me out, itself, dey'll never be one straw de wiser of how advised me to it. If you tink I'd tell, you don't know me. Dey may hang me as high as dey like;—dey may flake de life out o' me, if dey please, but dey never 'll get a word outside my lips of what it was dat made me do it. Didn't dey try me to-day, an' didn't I give 'em a sign o' what I'd do?"

"Peace, hypocrite!" said Hardress, disgusted at a show of feeling to which he gave no credit. "Be still, and hear me. For many years back, it has been my study to heap kindness upon you. For which of those was it, that you came to the determination of involving me in ruin, danger, and remorse for all my future life,—a little all, it may be, certainly?"

It would seem from the manner in which Danny gaped and gazed on his master, while he said these words, that a reproach was one of the last things he had expected to receive from Hardress. Astonishment, blended with something like indignation, took

place of the compassion which before was visible upon his countenance.

"I don't know how it is, master Hardress," he said, "Dere are some people dat it is hard to please. Do you remember saying anything to me at all of a time in de room at de master's at Killarney, Master Hardress? Do you remember givin' me a glove at all? I had my token, surely, for what I done."

"So saying, he drew the glove from the folds of his waistcoat, and handed it to his master. But the latter rejected it with a revulsion of strong dislike.

"I thought I had ears to hear, dat time, an' brains to understand," said Danny, as he replaced the fatal token in his bosom, "an' I'm sure, it was no benefit to me dat dere should be a hue and cry over de mountains after a lost lady, an' a chance of a hempen cravat for my trouble. But I had my warrant. Dat was your very word, master Hardress, warrant was 'nt it? Well, when you go," says you, 'here is your warrant.' An' you ga' me de glove. Wor'nt dem your words?"

"But not for death," said Hardress. "I did not say for death."

"I own you did'nt," returned Danny, who was aroused by what he considered a shuffling attempt to escape out of the transaction. "I own you did'nt. I felt for you, an' I would'nt wait for you to say it. But did you mane it?"

"No!" Hardress exclaimed, with a burst of sudden energy. "As I shall answer it in that bright heaven, I did not. If you crowd in among my accusers at the judgment-seat, and charge me with that crime, to you, and to all, I shall utter the same disclaimer, that I do at present. I did not mean to practise on her life. As I shall meet with her before that judge, I did not. I even bade you to avoid it Danny. Did I not warn you not to touch her life?"

"You did," said Danny, with a scorn which made him eloquent beyond himself, "an' your eye looked murder while you said it. After dis, I never more will look in any man's face to know what he mains. After dis, I won't believe my senses. If you'll persuade me to it, I'll bawn dat there is nothing as I see it. You may tell me, I don't stand here, nor you dere, nor dat the moon is shining through dat roof above us, nor de fire burping at my back, an' I'll not gainsay you, after dis. But listen to me, Master Hardress. As sure as dat moon is shining, an' dat fire burning; an' as sure as I'm here, an' you dere, so sure de sign of death was on your face dat time, whatever way your words went."

"From what could you gather it?" said Hardress with a deprecating accent.

"From what? From every ting. Listen hether. Did'nt you remind me den of my own offer on de Purple Mountain a while before, an' tell me dat if I was to make dat offer again, you'd tink different? An' didn't you giv' me de token dat you refused me den? Ah, dis is what makes me sick, after I putting my neck into de halter for a man. Well, it's all one. An' new to call me out o' my name, an' tell me I done it all for harm! Dear knows, it was'nt for any good I hoped for it, here or hereafter, or for any pleasure I took in it, dat it was done. And talkin' of hereafter, Master Hardress listen to me. Eily O'Connor is in Heaven, an' she has told her story. Dere are two books kept dere, dey tell us, of all our doings, good and bad. Her story is wrote in one o' dem books, an' my name, (I'm sore aserd,) is wrote after it; an' take my word for dis, in which ever o' dem books my name is wrote, your own is not far from it."

As he spoke those words, with an energy beyond what he had ever shown, the fire fell in, and caused a sudden light to fill the place. It shone, ruddy brown, upon the excited face, and uplifted arm of the deformed, and gave him the appearance of a fiend, denouncing on the head of the affrighted Hardress the sentence of eternal woe. It glared likewise upon the white drapery of the latter, and gave to his dragged and terrified features a look of ghastliness and fear that might have suited such an occasion well. The dreadful picture continued but for a second, yet it remained engraved upon the sense of Hardress, and, like the yelling of the hounds, haunted him, awake and dreaming, to his death. The fire again sunk low, the light grew dim. It came like a dismal vision of the epheletes, and, like a vision, faded.

They were aroused from the pause to which this slight incident gave occasion, by hearing the sentinel arrest his steps as he passed before the door, and remain silent in his song, as if in the act of listening.

"All right within there?" said the sentinel with his head to the door.

"All's right your way, but not my way," returned Danny, sulkily.

In a few minutes they heard him shoulder his mus-

ket once again, and resume his walk, humming with an air of indifference, the same old burthen:—

"We won't go home till morning, Until the dawn appears."

Hardress remained gazing on his servant for some moments, and then said in a whisper:

"He has not heard us, as I feared. It is little worth, at this time, to consider on whom the guilt of this unhappy act must fall. We must at least avoid the shame, if possible. Could I depend on you once again, if I assisted in your liberation, on the understanding that you would at once leave the country?"

"The eyes of the prisoner sparkled with a sudden light. "Do you tink me a fool?" he said. "Do you tink a fox would refuse to run to earth, wit the dogs at his bush?"

"Here then!" said Hardress, placing a purse in his hand, "I have no choice but to trust you. This window is unguarded. There is a pathway to lead you through the hay-yard, and thence across the field in the direction of the road. Depart at once, and without farther question."

"But what'll I do about that fellow?" said Danny. "Dat sentry comes by constant dat way you hear him now, axing me if all's right?"

"I will remain here and answer for you," said Hardress, "until you have had time to escape. In the mean time, use your utmost speed, and take the road to Cork, where you will be sure to find vessels ready to sail. If ever we should meet again on Irish soil, it must be for the death of either, most probably of both."

"An' is dis de way we part after all?" said Danny, "Well, den, be it so. Perhaps after you tink longer of it, master, you may tink better of me."

So saying, he sprang on the manger, and ascended (notwithstanding his hurt), with the agility of a monkey, to the window. A touch undid the fastening, and in a few moments Hardress became the sole occupant of the temporary dungeon.

He remained for a considerable time, leaning with his shoulder against the wall, and gazing with a vacant eye on the decaying fire. In this situation, the sentinel challenged several times in succession, and seemed well content with the answers which he received. But the train of thought which passed through the mind of Hardress became at length so absorbing that the challenge of the soldier fell unheard upon his ear. After repeating it without avail three or four times, the man became alarmed, and, applying the butt of his musket at the door, he forced it without much effort. His astonishment may be conceived, when, instead of his little prisoner, he beheld a tall figure wrapt in white and a ghastly face on which the embers shed a dreary light. The fellow was a brave soldier, but (like all people of that class in his time) extremely superstitious. His brain, moreover, was heated with whiskey punch, and his imagination excited by numberless tales of horror which had been freely circulated in the servant's hall. Enough only remained of his presence of mind, to enable him to give the alarm by firing his musket, after which he fell senseless on the pavement. Hardress, no less alarmed on his own part, started into sudden energy, and climbing to the window, with an agility surpassing that of the fugitive, hurried off in the direction of his sleeping chamber.

There were few in the house who were capable of adopting any vigorous measures on hearing the alarm. Hastening to the spot, they found the sentinel lying senseless across the stock of his musket, the stable door open, and the prisoner fled. The man himself was enabled, after some time, to furnish a confused and broken narrative of what he had seen, and his story was in some degree confirmed by one of his comrades, who stated that at the time when the shot was fired, he beheld a tall white figure gliding rapidly amongst the hay-stacks towards the end of the little enclosure, where it vanished in the shape of a red heifer.—Pp. 195—212.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNTESS DUBARRI.

Memoirs of the Countess Dubarri. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1828.

THE present period might well be styled the Golden Age of Memoirs. Never were they published in greater abundance, never were they read with more avidity, especially when filled with scandal. Now-a-days, every one calls up his recollections to commit them to paper; and the common object of all is, who shall most successfully explore the haunts of shame, error, vice,

way; the sides of this rude apartment are five feet high, and its roof is fifteen feet in length, and in the centre eight feet in height: and as to furniture, when I set down a couple of planks nailed against the sides for seats, as many wooden stools, and a table in the middle, I have catalogued each article. Light is admitted by two narrow doors and four little square vent-holes with alides; yet, with all this, a few shillings and a Ratisbon upholsterer transformed this ungainly berth into a very snugger. The roof itself, from its slope being easy, afforded a second deck, and was furnished with seats, as well as a low edging of plank. My carriage supplied cushions, horse-cloths, and great-coats, by aid of which the hard benches were converted into sofas; books and maps were laid upon the table, my barometer and thermometer were installed in their places, my telescope duly mounted, and, by way of adding variety to my recreations, my 'fraudful Manton' was charged with 'leadén death.'

The work of preparation being achieved, the trusty master Hörnle, and steersman Hansel, on whom Scott's pen or Wilkie's pencil would have delighted to bestow immortality, gave tongue in the shape of 'Heaven prosper our course!' The rope was unshipped, and our bark darted forwards with the impetuous tide. It was some minutes before I recovered from the dizzying effects of the velocity with which the surrounding objects appeared instantaneously to recede from view; and yet, when my sight regained its rightful ownership, I was astonished to observe Master Hörnle, my own servant, and three assistants hired for the trip, exerting every sinew to accelerate the vessel's speed. My friend Hansel, our steersman, assigned, however, a very satisfactory reason for this practice. Though the vessel would be borne along with velocity if left to the mere operation of the current, she would not answer her helm, inasmuch as her speed would be simply equivalent to that of the stream: hence it is necessary she should have a distinct way or course of her own through the water. In order to satisfy myself on this score, I made the crew suspend their labours: the vessel was instantly whirled round like a piece of cork, and, had I not directed them to ply their skill again, we should have been cast against the banks of the river in the twinkling of an eye. The navigator is consequently obliged to keep his post without cessation from break of day till after sunset, earning his pitiful pittance by eighteen hours of unintermitting and most severe exertion. The method they adopt to manage their pletas and barks, is singular enough: each of them is furnished with two helms, the one afore, and the other aft; these helms consist of a limb of a fir-tree, from twelve to fifteen feet in length, to the extremity of which is attached a shovel-shaped board, from two to three feet in length, and twelve or fourteen inches in breadth. This limb or helm-arm is suspended to an upright, five or six feet high, by means of a willow loop, and its thinner end, bearing the water-board, is thrown out sufficiently over the water to preponderate slightly over the other end. Platforms, five or six feet high, are raised at each extremity of the bark for the use of the helmsmen, who work the two helms from these positions, not as rudders but as oars. The after-helm is sufficient for the common steerage of the vessel; that at the head being used only where the rapidity of the current is greater than usual. To each side of the vessel, fore and aft, and not far from the others, are attached two similar helms, suspended to uprights ten feet high, and worked, oar-fashion, by two more steersmen: their object is to assist the vessel against contrary winds and the eddies of the stream.

To return from digression the second. A six hour's float from Ratisbon brought us upon the steep promontories of the Bavarian forest, (Baierwald,) on our northern quarter. They are diversified by a rich succession of rocky scenery, and embellished, below the village of Schwebelweis,

with finely sheltered vineyards. Castles, churches, and ruins meet the eye at every bend of the river; but none so picturesque as the soaring ruins of Donaustauf, which look down from their beautiful pedestal of porphyry on the market-town of that name, from whence a wooden bridge stretches across the Danube. At this spot it is much about the breadth of the Thames at Staines. A screen of high banks and willows intercepted our view on the southern shore, excepting where its dull monotony was broken by the village roof or spire. Our first halt for the night was not far from the mouth of the Wiesend: the pletta was made fast to the shore, and an adjacent hamlet quickly added milk, eggs, butter, and potatoes to our stock of wine and cold meat; the whole, savoured by keen appetites and elastic spirits, afforded us a banquet which princes would have coveted. The pellucid stream rolled on in placid beauty beneath its brilliant, starry canopy; whilst the banqueters sat listening to the navigator's romantic adventures amidst storms and shipwrecks, and lent them a readier ear, because they were propounded in the familiar jargon of the Danubian dialect.

A stroll through the meadows along the shore was the prelude to the hour of rest. The contented find a downy couch wherever they stretch their limbs. Think not my fate was hard, though a rough skin was my coverlid, a wooden bench my mattress, and a hard carriage-cushion my bolster: my slumbers were softer and sounder than ever were dispensed by eider down.

The vessel was in motion at two the next morning. I leaped from my resting place, drew back the slide from one of the tiny windows, found our bark shrouded in an impervious fog, and directed her course to be stayed until we should be once more blessed with the clear light of heaven. The morning breeze sprung up about six, and, dispelling the 'darkness visible,' opened to my sight one of the loveliest landscapes it ever dwelt upon, and yielded its refreshing kiss to the glowing ardour of a sultry noon.

The towers of Straubing glittered from an eminence on our right; the hilly chain on our left had now receded, and laid bare the splendid scenery around the distant crest of the Bohemian forest, where the Roselberg peers three thousand feet above the level of the sea. The crumbling burg, and castle, and monastery, studded the intervening foreground with rich variety. We were seemingly close upon Straubing; but we, in fact, were six hours' sail from it, for the sinuous caprice of the stream prevented us from reaching it until noon. There was nothing in its exterior aspect deserving of the niche it occupies in the Temple of Fame; and I, therefore, suffered my pletta to keep on her course, though not forgetful that it contained the last record of the beautiful and unfortunate Agnes Bernauerin.

The closing scene of her existence was cruel and melancholy. Though so virtuous and so fair as to have been universally recognised as 'the Angel of Straubing,' her inhuman father-in-law, Duke Albert, ordered the common executioner to throw her from its bridge, on the 24th of October, 1434. Whilst in the act of making her escape by swimming, the savage monster plunged a hooked pole among her knotted ringlets, and forced her below the surface of the waters. The memory of her untimely fate can never perish whilst the bridge of Straubing exists to record it.

THE FREE-MASON.

A RETIRED Captain of Cavalry, reduced to the most narrow income, had exhausted all the resources which could save him from misery. He was weary with the many attempts he had made, humiliated by imploring kindness, and being answered by refusals. Without a relation or a patron, and tired, in short, of bearing a burthen which every day became more oppressive, he re-

solved to end a life which had been spared by thirty years of war.

One autumn evening, after having kissed a sword which was wetted by his tears, he proceeded towards the bridge de la Tournelle. He walked rapidly along the foot-way, and contemplated the depth and rapidity of the stream. His foot was already upon the parapet, and he was on the point of executing his fearful purpose, when he heard some one behind him. He turned and walked on, and strengthened his mind more earnestly than before in his previous resolution.

The stranger addressed him. He was a man of about forty-five, of a striking figure, and an open countenance, and appearing to belong to the middle class of society. He asked some commonplace questions, to which the soldier replied briefly, and even with ill-temper. The unknown followed him; and, profiting by the light of a lamp at the moment of passing it, he made a masonic sign. The soldier proved to him that they were brothers; from signs they passed to touching with the hand, and they discovered that they are in the rank of 'Sonn . . Pri . . R . .'

The stranger made the sign of distress, and the soldier answered that he was at the service of his brother. 'And,' added the latter, 'you can preserve me from a great misfortune. Follow me.' By the way, he informed his new friend that he was a father of a family, and employed by the Government as an inspector of wine; and he begged of the officer to pass for his elder brother, whom he was expecting to come from Rennes. The other readily consented, and followed to the Rue de Pontoise, behind the Place aux Vaux. They entered a house, and mounted to the second floor; where the inspector said to a lady, young, fresh, and pretty, 'Here, Estelle, is my elder brother, whom I present to you.' The lady received the Captain with the utmost cordiality and brought to him her three children, who had been playing in another room, and who now united with their mother in showing kindness to the new guest. This touching reception, and the interesting sight of a happy family and a peaceful home, made a deep impression on the soldier; and he delighted to take the beautiful children on his knees, and hear them call him their dear uncle, and let them lay their caressing hands on his military moustache.

'It seems,' said the lady, 'that our brother has left his trunk at the coach-office.' 'My trunk, did you say?' exclaimed the Captain. 'He was so impatient to see us,' hastily interrupted the inspector, 'that he ran here the moment he left the Diligence. But he will find here whatever he can want. In the mean time, pray get ready our supper as soon as you can, and let us have the best possible wine. My brother must be in great need of something to refresh him.' The mother and the children left them: 'And now that we are alone,' said the Captain, 'tell me the affliction which threatens you. You have a wife, who seems to be as good as she is handsome; your children are angels; your household exhibits a respectable competence. What the devil can you want?' 'One must not always trust in appearances, and you will soon know in how much need I stand of your services.' 'Is it an affair of honour? I will be your second, and stand by you to the last. Is it some difficulty as to your office? I can offer you nothing but to run about, and push in all directions. I have still a good pair of legs. They are all that remains to me.' While they were thus conversing, the wife of the Inspector returned, and announced that supper was ready. The Captain ate, or rather devoured, two-thirds of a fowl, which he washed down with about a bottle of good wine. He gained new life, and felt himself at home. His happy host gave himself up to a joy so open and lively, and his countenance became so radiant, that the soldier fixed his eyes on him, and thought, 'A thousand shells! who would fancy that this good fellow is menaced with severe misfortune?'

'Brother,' said the Inspector, 'your last night's sleep was probably not very comfortable; and you must be in want of rest; and, so saying, he led him into a small bed-chamber, remarkable for the neatness of its furniture and its extreme cleanliness. The veteran found there all the clothes he could need; and on the chimney-piece was a large pipe filled with excellent tobacco, and covered by light troops, in the shape of Havannah cigars. 'It seems that your good lady thinks of every thing. You are very happy in having such a companion; as for me, I am alone in the world. But will you now explain your situation; and, now that we cannot be interrupted, tell me what misfortune—' 'I will tell you all at the night-time. I can only assure you at present that I reckon on your aid, and congratulate myself more than ever on having met with you. Good night! Above all, do not forget that you are with a brother; and behave as if you were at home.' The next morning, the soldier, who had enjoyed a sweet and tranquil sleep, went to the room in which he had been received the night before, and found there the three pretty children who jumped into his arms, and talked to him with familiar fondness. They led him to their mother, whom he found engaged in preparing breakfast, and who treated him with the utmost kindness. The Inspector, however, was not to be seen; and he asked her what had become of her husband? 'He went out very early,' she replied, 'and with an air of hurry and anxiety: I inquired in vain what was the matter.' He is gone to fight, and without me!' exclaimed the Captain, with his natural bluntness. 'To fight!' shrieked the lady, turning pale, and tottering; 'can he then have forgotten that he is father of three children?' And, so saying, she clasped them to her heaving bosom, and wept upon their heads. But suddenly the eldest shouted, 'Here he is, here he is!' and ran to embrace his father. The latter entered, heated and panting. 'Thank Heaven!' cried the soldier; 'he has wounded or perhaps killed his adversary.' 'Papa, papa! do not fight any more!' said the children. 'Your life belongs to them,' continued their mother; 'and you have no right to expose it.' 'Fight! Expose the life which I have dedicated to your happiness,' exclaimed in his turn the Inspector; 'who can have told you such a tale?' 'Did you not say,' answered the soldier, 'that you were threatened with a great misfortune, and that you reckoned on my assistance in escaping from it?' 'It was true, my brother; but I have no longer any thing to fear.' 'What evil,' interrupted his wife, 'could trouble your happy lot?' 'The worst of all evils, my dear Estelle. But be calm. Yesterday evening, a man of honour, to whom I am bound by the most sacred ties, wished to destroy himself. I was led to his side by Heaven, which watches over the brave, and sooner or later repairs for them the ingratitude of the world. I induced him to lean on me; by degrees, I appeased the tumult of his mind; and I brought him, without permitting him to suspect my design, beneath his brother's roof.' 'Ah!' said Estelle, 'now I guess the whole; and I recognise the usual excellence of your nature.' After some moments, the Captain faltered out, 'Yes, oh! yes, I feel that it is a crime to cut oneself off from such beings.' 'But why, then, my friend,' continued Estelle, 'leave me with so much mystery at sunrise this morning, and not stay to enjoy your own good work?' 'It was only half-accomplished, dearest. You know as well as I the noble pride of the soldier; you know that it increases amid misfortune. Our friend would not have staid with us for more than a few days; he would have feared to inconvenience a family possessing no more than a moderate competence. And how could I have been sure that he might not be misled anew by disappointment, embittered by the indifference of the happy ones of the earth, and desperate enough again to endanger his own existence? This thought tormented me all night; and this morn-

ing I went to our Director General, who has long promised me an assistant in my laborious duties. I told him my story; I spoke to him of honourable wounds, which, like myself, he judged to be worthy of recompense; and I obtained for the Captain this order appointing him sub-inspector, which secured to him an asylum, and a respectable subsistence, and will give me the happiness of sometimes shaking hands with a brave soldier, and a brother.' 'Such are the fruits of free-masonry!' exclaimed the new sub-inspector, and pressed the hands of his benefactor to his bosom. 'Come, my children, I will devote my leisure moments to playing with you. I will teach you the military exercise. You need no longer fear that you will be orphans; henceforth you have two fathers. And you, my worthy, my excellent sister, call me your friend: your friend, your attached servant. You will never have one more respectful, more devoted. And, if I sometimes kneel before you, and make a gesture of adoration, do not be angry. You are so like the flower, dear to the R. . . †, that I maybe pardoned for sometimes mistaking.'

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

HELIGOLAND.—General Von-der-Dicken, of the Hanoverian Artillery, has lately published 'A Philosophical, Historical, and Geographical Inquiry on the subject of this island; and by this it appears, that Heligoland, Helgoland, or Heiligeland, that is, Holy Land, the circumference of which does not exceed 13,800 German feet, (13,270 feet English,) is the remains of a very considerable island, which is said to have been separated in former times by a very narrow strait from the terra firma of Denmark. It is on record that, in the year 1010, this isle contained two monasteries and nine parishes, but that, in 1300, these were reduced to two parishes only. The ocean continues its inroads upon this naked rock, from which it is constantly abstracting large masses; and there can be little doubt that posterity will, sooner or later, be called upon to record its ultimate disappearance. Its present population is confined to three hundred individuals of Friesland descent, who speak the ancient Friesland as well as the low German tongues, inhabit three hundred and fifty houses, and consist almost exclusively of pilots and fishermen. They gain their livelihood by taking shell-fish and lobsters, of the former of which they annually export above two millions, and of the latter, fifty thousand, to London and Hamburg. Navigation and wrecking are supplementary to this occupation.

General Von-der-Dicken's work is rendered still more interesting by the comparative view afforded, on two maps, of its geographical character, in the eighth, thirteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth centuries.

CELIBACY OF THE ROMISH CLERGY.—A considerable portion of the population of Prussia and Baden are Catholics; and neither of them have been slow to perceive how great would be the social and moral benefits which would arise from the razing of the dyke that severs the priesthood from community of ties, feelings, and interests with their fellow-creatures. It is to be feared, however, that the *divide et impera* of St. Peter's successors is yet felt to be the corner-stone of their temporal and spiritual supremacy. Despite of the ferment existing on this subject among the Catholics of Germany, we reckon they will have to content themselves with swallowing the pill administered to certain brother malcontents by Cardinal Pallavicini, when Secretary to Pius the Sixth. 'If the clergy be ever permitted to marry,' said he, 'there will be an end to the Roman-papistical hierarchy; for the married clergy will be knit to the state by the tie of their wives and children, and will cease to be subjects of the Roman See. Policy, therefore, renders it imperative upon the Holy Father and the Sacred

College to turn a deaf ear upon any proposal of such a nature.' If such be the politics of the Court of Rome, it is quite clear what ought to be those of every Catholic and Protestant prince: and we shall be anxious to know, whether on the occasion of which we are about to speak, the Grand Duke of Baden will have determined upon receiving a new class of subjects under the sign of a manly and enlightened policy.

In one of the recent sittings of the Baden House of Representatives, Dr. Duttlinger, a petty counsellor, presented a petition to the Second Chamber, praying 'that the Chamber would use its good offices with the Government, to the end that the injunction of celibacy imposed upon the Catholic ministry might be removed in a legal manner within the Grand-duchy of Baden.' This petition was signed by three-and-twenty persons, all of whom are known to be firmly attached to the Roman Catholic religion, and are connected, either as civilians or learned functionaries, with the university of Freiburg. Simultaneous petitions were also forwarded to the Grand-Duke, as well as the Archbishop Bernard. Six only of the deputies voted for the consideration of the question; the majority of the chamber pronouncing that it was not within its competency to entertain it! though it concerned a noxious excrescence, not a vital or acknowledged principle of Christianity.

THE PRUSSIAN UNIVERSITIES.—We are expecting a return of the number of students, who frequented the 'Almas Matres Borussiae' during the past year; and this is an additional motive with us to publish the subsequent report of the year 1827:—'Number of students at Berlin, 1700; Halle, 1100; Bonn, 1050; Königsberg, 460; Griefswald, 150; Munster, 400; Breslau, 1080; total number, 5,890.

FRENCH THEATRES.—A lady of rank, when soliciting M. Necker to grant her a pension of a thousand crowns, observed with much naïveté, 'After all, Sir, a thousand crowns are but a mere trifle!' 'Madam,' replied the upright minister, 'they are equal to the whole produce of a village!' Now, the Parisian theatres, in the year 1828, were assisted by the public Treasury to the extent of 58,300*l.* sterling! a sum equal to the revenue derived from a few score villages, among which, it is probable, not a solitary 'aye' would have been found in support of the grant. The munificence with which most Continental Governments constitute themselves into patrons of the 'sock and buskin,' is, after all, the mere 'robbing of Peter to pay Paul,' or, 'the sacrifice of the many for the gain of the few.' The subsequent details exhibit a pretty summary comment on the blighting consequence of official dependence; the most popular and successful of the Thespian Temples at Paris will seldom be found to be those where the First Lord of the French Treasury possesses a votive tablet:

Produce of the French Theatres, 1828.		
	Government Grants.	Produce.
Th. de Madame	—	£28,670
Olympic Circus	—	25,034
The Opera	£35,416	22,748
Comic Opera	6,250	22,825
Varieties	—	20,481
Theatre François	8,330	20,867
Vandeville	—	18,758
Th. of Gaiety	—	18,675
Italian Theatre	3,991	18,112
Novelties	—	16,156
Porte St. Martin	—	15,034
(shut 3 months)	—	—
Ambigu (shut 5 months)	—	9,684
Odéon (shut 2 months)	4,658	7,696
	£58,645	£243,250

'All our dramatic establishments are in difficulties,' observes M. Dupin; 'the diminution of their receipts affords a proof, that the tax paid by public curiosity bears no proportion to their ex-

SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

No. IV.

MAXIMS.

'Learn of the wise and perpend.'—*As You Like It*.

MAXIM I.

Introductory.

HYPERCRITICAL Reader, peradventure thou wilt question the propriety of putting my Maxims under the above title; but rest thee quiet. If they be not actual reminiscences, they are things to be committed to memory, which is all the same thing.

MAXIM II.

Hunting.

Whilst yet in a state of primitive innocence, man hunted (or might have hunted, if he had chosen) over an unenclosed country. Double ditches and dry-stone dykes are as certainly the effect of the fall of one man as they are the cause of the fall of many.

MAXIM III.

In leaping, some hold on by the hands, some by the knees, and some by the calf of the leg. I rather incline to the last of these; but, if thou hast any natural deficiencies in that respect, thou canst make choice of the former.

MAXIM IV.

If thou shouldst chance to be galloping through a field of young wheat, and, on hearing a shout behind thee, thou shouldst look round and espy a man running after thee, with a florid complexion, and a hedge-stick in his hand, **TARRY NOT A MOMENT**, how earnest so ever he may appear in his endeavour to overtake thee; for it may be that he is the bearer of ill tidings, and it is the property of a wise man to snatch such brief moments of bliss as lie in his way in this world of care without heed to the future.

MAXIM V.

When thou first gettest a red hunting-coat, thou wilt, no doubt, feel either awkward or proud therein, according to thy temperament, under the idea that every one is looking at thee. This may be, in some measure, obviated, by having the tails of the said garment, previous to wearing it, dabbled in any kind of liquid, until they assume an orthodox tinge of dingy purple; for, paradoxical as it may seem, bright scarlet has a green appearance in some cases.

MAXIM VI.

Dogs.

If thy dogs be old and experienced, let them at all times have their own way as much as possible, provided it do not lead them to commit any positive fault; for it is odds but they know better where to find game than thou dost.

MAXIM VII.

On no account strike a dog with thy ramrod, or thou wilt find, when too late, that dogs never are, and ramrods always are, broken by such means.

MAXIM VIII.

When thy dog is in peril of being run over, rather let him take his chance than attempt to call him out of the way, unless, by so doing, you make him turn his head towards the object, whereby he is endangered*.

If thou hast not sufficient 'inward perception of divine truth' to see the rationale of this maxim, *ad experimentum in corpore viti*: call the first old lady's pug-dog which thou mayest see under such circumstances, and I warrant that the brute will be so bewildered between duty on the one side and danger on the other, that he will quickly fall a sacrifice to thy thirst after knowledge, whereupon, if the old lady (who will no way suspect that thou hast caused her bereave ment) be rich, and thou hast the wit to improve the opportunity to thine advantage by suitable condolences and lamentations, the experiment will be attended with the following satisfactory results: firstly, thou wilt have ascertained the truth of my maxim, secondly, thou wilt have added to thy stock of know-

MAXIM IX.

Some like a long dock and some like a short dock. I hold it to be heresy to dock a dog's tail at all.

MAXIM X.

If thou wishest a first-rate dog, and hast opportunity, break him thyself, and, among other things, see that thou teach him to drop to hand: this thou mayest effect in a single lesson by pushing him down, and holding thy hand up, (retiring at the same time,) and thou wilt find it an immense advantage among wild birds.

MAXIM XI.

Guns.

Various contradictory opinions exist as to the proper loading of guns. Colonel Hawker will tell thee to put in equal quantities of powder and shot; thy grandfather, on the other hand, will enjoin twice as much shot as powder; wherefore, pin thy faith to no man's sleeve, but try for thyself. I have tried all ways, from all; shot and no powder to no shot and all powder. The former of these plans I could not get to act at all; and the latter, though brilliant in its promise, I could not reduce to any practical utility. As the result of many experiments, I am of opinion that truth lies between.

MAXIM XII.

Some, when they pull the trigger, shut neither of their eyes; some shut the left; and some both. Of these the first is the best, if thou canst accustom thyself to it; the second is the most common; and the third, though disadvantageous to thine aim, is undoubtedly the safest.

MAXIM XIII.

Whoso wishes for a practical exposition of the fallacy of Hawker's principle, let him take a common garden water-engine, and pump the same: he will find that, up to a certain point, the water will be delivered in a clear full stream; but that, on application of any additional force, so far from any advantage being gained thereby, it will be spluttered about in every direction: even so it is with Colonel Hawker.

MAXIM XIV.

The raised rib is certainly a great improvement; but, where it is, as I have frequently seen it, made so high as to oblige you to aim under a bird, in order to hit, I consider it detrimental both to thy sport and thy shooting.

MAXIM XV.

No gun is too heavy for me, as I have always been of opinion that you get value in the shooting for weight in the carrying; there have, however, been recent discoveries on this point, which I am not at liberty to say more of at present, but which tend to shake my opinion.

MAXIM XVI.

Ammunition.

The article of most consequence in the load of a percussion gun, is the cap. I use (as I have before mentioned) Joyce's, which I find excellent. I have tried Birmingham and French caps: the former are very cheap, and the latter may be almost had for the asking; but I found them both very corrosive. I have also a great aversion to ribbed caps, having tried them in many places, and always found (probably from chance or ill-luck) that a great many of them missed fire.

MAXIM XVII.

Much has been said about the new shot-cartridges: in my opinion, there is one important and one vital objection to them; the first is, that with a cartridge calculated to kill at sixty or seventy yards, thou hast as little chance of a bird at twenty or thirty as thou wouldst have of the former with thy usual charge; and, if thou shouldst chance to kill, the bird would be so mauled that thou hadst much better have left it ledge; thirdly, thou wilt have the pleasing consciousness in *presenti* of having done a good action; and, fourthly, thou wilt have the agreeable prospect of being rewarded for it in future.

alone; the second is the price, which, however they may be tried occasionally as an experiment, must, so long as they remain* at half-a-crown a dozen, effectually prevent them from coming into general use.

MAXIM XVIII.

Keep thy shot in old powder canisters with a funnel to pour the same: by this mode it will remain bright for any length of time, which is not the case in a bag.

MAXIM XIX.

That ingenious and enterprising gunmaker, Purdey, invented, some little time back, a kind of wadding, (since imitated by other gunmakers,) which has the singular property of keeping a barrel perfectly clean. It is made of common paste-board, and the effect is produced by some chemical mixture in which the edges are dipped. The advantages of this invention are great and obvious, as, by keeping the sides of the barrel dry and polished, the whole charge of powder descends to the bottom without sticking by the way, and the gun shoots none the less strong after a dozen shots have been fired out of it. I only hope that the composition has, as they say of the dentrifices, 'just sufficient deterrent power to effect its object and no more;' but of this I am not yet satisfied.

MAXIM XX.

Coursing.

When out with a coursing party, if thou shouldst see a hare squatting, rather start her than call out 'See ho!' until thou art quite certain it is one: a lump of dirt is easily mistaken; and, if thy hare should prove to be one, thou wilt get laughed at, which is not pleasant.

MAXIM XXI.

Neither exclaim 'A go-by,' &c. &c.: it requires a practised eye to understand these matters.

MAXIM XXII.

When thou passest close by a hare, immediately take thine eyes off, and continue thy path as if thou hadst not seen her. By so doing, she will remain quiet until the dogs are brought up; but, the moment she catches thine eye, she is off.

MAXIM XXIII.

The reason why many are so bad at finding hares, is, that they stare about at a considerable distance from them, whereas the place to look is close round their feet.

MAXIM XXIV.

If a young greyhound 'runs cunning,' or shows a disposition to save himself, hang him forth-with.

MAXIM XXV.

Trout Fishing.

To see the fish is always an ill omen: when thou canst see them, rely on it they can see thee; and, if thou hast the vanity to imagine that thy personal appearance will prove a source of attraction, thou wilt find thyself mistaken.

MAXIM XXVI.

Never leave a pool while the trout continue to rise: it frequently happens that they will take in a particular pool, and in no other: therefore, prithee, remember the dog in the fable, and lose not thy sport in the vain hope of bettering it.

MAXIM XXVII.

The fewer joints there are to a fly-rod the better: two are quite sufficient, and old fishermen generally like them better spliced than screwed together. I am talking, of course, of a one-handed rod; for I esteem a two-handed trout-fisher a Hottentot.

MAXIM XXVIII.

If thou meanest to wade at all, thou hadst much

* The price was, till lately, two shillings a dozen; and I am informed, though I cannot answer for the fact, that the wire of which the case is made, instead of being soft copper, as heretofore, is now iron, which, if it be the case, must, I should think, have the effect of a scratch-brush upon the barrel at every discharge.

better go in at once up to thy middle: thou wilt find this not only a more comfortable, but a warmer plan than getting wet inch by inch.

MAXIM XXIX.

When thou hast struck a good trout, always try to take him down the stream: small fish generally take down of themselves, large ones almost invariably run up.

MAXIM XXX.

Miscellaneous.

Partridges are good, and grouse better; but a covey of black game is the thing for the bag.

MAXIM XXXI.

Colonel Hawker advises a person who feels nervous at the report of his gun, to make use of certain remedies which he prescribes: I advise any person who so much as hears the report, (that is, to take the least notice of it,) forthwith to dispose of his shooting tackle, dogs, &c.; for he may depend upon it he will never make any good use of them.

MAXIM XXXII.

The principle laid down in Maxim XXV applies equally to all sorts of game. There are always most birds seen when it is impossible to get at them; while, on the contrary, the difficulty of finding is a sure sign (in a good country) that the birds are sitting close: wherefore, be not discouraged, but seek diligently, and I will bet upon thy bag.

MAXIM XXXIII.

It is all very well to shoot a hare, when thou mayest chance to start one; but I hold that the man who would go out for the express purpose of shooting hares is no sportsman, but ranks with the poacher and potshooter.

The present system of battue shooting is as disgraceful to the higher classes, as the numberless commitments for poaching show it to be demoralising to the lower. If any thing could put it out of fashion, the fine practical satire afforded by Field Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G., K.B., K.C., &c. &c., and his Royal and Right Honourable Highness the Infant Don Miguel shooting the same pheasant in Kew Garden, (a pretty infantine pastime truly!) must have had that effect.

THE DANUBE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUMMER EXCURSION.

During the night, the wrath of the pitiless elements had banished slumber from the dormitory of our snug calèche; but they shrunk away at the approaching pride of dawn, whilst our hearts expanded, and our spirits flowed anew, as the expanding morn irradiated the beautiful vale of Ratisbon with its gladdening splendour. Gar-

* I was favoured with the following programme of the performers on one of those occasions, for the authenticity of which, however, I cannot vouch:

'On —, the — February, 1828, his Royal Highness Don M —, attended by his G — the D — of W —, the E — of M — c —, and one company of the Coldstream Guards, will visit the Royal Gardens at Kew to partake of the amusement of pheasant-shooting.

'The party to be met at the gate by the head gardener and his assistants, each furnished with a long rake.

'As the bushes are rather wet, his Royal Highness and party will remain on the gravel walks: the gardeners will, therefore, rake out the birds from under the bushes, when, if they rise, they are to be immediately fired at: if they run along the walk, fifteen yards, "law" to be allowed.

'His Royal Highness to fire both his barrels before his G — the D — of W —, who is then to fire both his before the E — of M — c —; the officer on duty not to fire unless there is not a possibility of hitting: an occasional volley to be fired by the troops to enliven the scene.

'When his Royal Highness shall have killed as many as he may judge expedient, the gardeners to collect the game into barrows, to be placed ready for that purpose, and the party will return in the same order in which they arrived.'

dens and vineyards greeted us on every side as we approached the Danube. Stadthoff was no sooner behind us, than we found ourselves looking down upon its rapid waters from the only stone bridge which has yet been thrown across them; and another five minutes found us safely housed at Ratisbon, with minds ill-attuned by the smiling scenes in which we had just been revelling, to encounter the dreary gloom of its antiquated piles. I am neither inditing an appendix to the topography of the far-famed register-office of the quondam empire, nor competent to the task, if I would; for there was neither merriment nor recreation to detain us amidst dark and decaying walls. In truth, I was but too anxious to be relieved of the oppression with which its narrow sombre streets weighed down my spirits: neither could I open my lips to one of their tenants without being called upon to sympathise with him in the saddening recollection of days of by-gone happiness. Moreover, the noble Danube was our polar-star; and there lay the huge bark, the *Ordinari*, (or Vienna post-ship,) ready to bear us from this peopled solitude within the next four hours. We had barely time before us to explore a few of the beautiful gardens which embellish the environs, and to render a passing homage to the shrine of Tycho Brahe's great contemporary, the ill-starred Kepler, to whom a life of penury was the herald of an immortality of fame. The hand of nature frequently stamps the mere outward features of the favoured progeny with the bold and striking impress of genius. I had remarked this characteristic in a portrait of Kepler some years ago, and the circumstance flashed instantly across my mind from the moment I here beheld his bust. What clearness of intellect and tranquillity of spirit beam from every feature!

From this spot, we hastily, and inquiringly as hastily, made our way through some of the most remarkable streets of the town. The only peculiar features about them are the mansions of the ancient patricians: from their castellated form, it is quite evident they were designed for strongholds in the turbulent times of the middle ages. There they stand frowning down in baronial pride upon the narrow street; while their style of architecture is manifestly derivable from the exotic skill of Italian hands. A few brief moments were all we had to bestow on the ancient Town-hall: it has long ceased to record the bans and sentences of the German Areopagus; and the 'Holy Roman Empire' has tottered into oblivion, while its heart yet struggles against time and nature. Thence we strayed to the Cathedral, where Dohlsberg's monument, and Visiker's tomb of St. Sibbald, make amends for the sculptural failures of Zandomeneghi. And from this scene, to gratify the importance of our guide, we proceeded on a visit to the ancient place of tournament, *die schöne Haide*, wherein the citizens of Ratisbon vent their civic idolatry on the combat between Hans Dörlinger and Craco the giant, a mere daub against the wall, which has been refreshed, but neither improved nor deteriorated, by successive limners. It is passing unaccountable to me how elbow-room enough was found in this Liliputian tiltyard for exchanging cuts and thrusts with a giant. At length, we trod upon the margin of the glorious Danube, at the very point where its waters disembogue themselves through the fifteen arches of its time-worn bridge, which reminded me to its prejudice of that at Prague. And here we found the *Ordinari* to be neither more nor less than a couple of huge wooden booths, erected upon an uncouth frame-work, intended to represent a ship's hull. On this truly diluvian-looking ark you may float down to Vienna in five or six days, for the trifling outlay of thirteen shillings. I had anticipated a right merry-making excursion, from being cast into contact with five or six score of fellow-pilgrims, with their motley habits, dialects, quirks, and fancies; but, on a nearer survey of the uncouth crew, on whom our life and limbs

were to depend, the result of which was by no means improved by a glance at the rude and boisterous brotherhood collected for the voyage, my hopes and expectations took flight; and I felt I should have bartered comfort and enjoyment dearly, though transported some hundreds of miles for little more than five-eighths of a pound sterling. Forty to fifty greasy operatives, a score of old halidames, a leash or two of indigent students, and some nondescripts, behind none of their messmates in tatters or manners, were huddled together under covert of the booths; but, more fatal to my hopes, and most incontestably indicative of the presence of thirsty souls and throats, was the prodigal store of beef and brandy which the crew was handing over the *Ordinari's* sides; a circumstance in no wise redeemed by the shouts which hailed the goodly presence of their 'fond, familiar friends,' and uproariously attested the libations that had already appeased their native thirst. Vanished was the dream of contemplative calm or rational enjoyment; and I turned away from the obnoxious ark of my disappointments, knowing I had at least the alternative of placing my carriage, chattels, and myself, at the mercy of what is called an *extra ship*, or *pletta*.

This pletta is ten feet in width by forty feet in length, and built of coarse pine timber, neither tarred nor caulked, but expanding into compactness from inhibition of water: it makes the passage to Vienna in somewhat more than ninety hours, and is hired for the trip at a charge of ninety shillings. This, indeed, is its first and last voyage, as it is calculated merely for descending with the stream to Vienna, where it is broken up and sold for its value in timbers: even were the use of sails practicable, the ascent of the Danube in any vessel at present employed upon it would be too tedious and perilous for the extensive conveyance either of goods or passengers. So backward are its navigators in all that concerns their craft, that the noblest of all European rivers is at this moment converted to as little advantage as it was many centuries ago. This, I admit, may, in some measure, arise from the rapidity of the current, which offers so formidable a resistance when a vessel is impelled against it, that four-and-twenty, nay, sometimes thirty, horses are put in requisition to drag a bark which, with her cargo, will not exceed a ton in weight. When floating down the stream, on the other hand, ten or twelve hands are all that are required to manage the largest of its misshapen hulks. Another essential barrier to improvement may be found in the want of, a denser population along its course, as well as from its presenting an outlet into no other channel than a sea which possesses few inducements to European intercourse. To this may be added, the miserable prejudices and prohibitions which wither the internal traffic of Austria, and deprive its hereditary dominions of every advantage they would derive from consuming the rich products of Hungary. There is no river in Europe more susceptible of the peculiar benefits of steam-navigation than the Danube. Unhappily, the natural dams against which the river's marge drives its rapid course, will be more easily moved than the ramparts which prejudice and privilege have interposed between the various members of the body politic.

But the pletta is waiting to receive me. Had I not crossed the great Atlantic with the sense of entire security with which our noble oaken bulwarks are so admirably adapted to inspire the most timorous of adventurers, I should not have stepped with half the apprehension I did on board the coarse-fashioned bark wherein I was about to peril my earthly destinies upon the unquiet surface of this inland deep. I have already given you its principal dimensions. It stands about three feet above the water's edge, is brought to a slender point fore and aft, sloped away at both ends, and flat-bottomed. The deck, if deck it can be styled, is flush in every respect, excepting where it is occupied by a deal hut, which stands nearly at mid-

pense, and that the royal theatres are gradually falling off in the numbers of their frequenters.' No inconsiderable portion of that expense arises from the prodigality with which free admissions are granted: these, indeed, have been estimated to amount to nearly one million in the course of the year: they fill the best and dearest seats, and it is alleged, that they occasion an annual loss to the thirteen greater theatres of 100,000*l.* and upwards. Such is the quid pro quo, which is exacted as the price of public munificence! No wonder it should be deemed an auspicious circumstance, that the Chamber of Deputies have reduced the grant for the present year to 54,160*l.*, though the theatrical proprietary of the first dramatic metropolis in Christendom have yet abundant cause to feel that

'An open foe may prove a curse:
But a pretended friend is worse!'

THE NETHERLANDS UNIVERSITIES.—A learned correspondent enabled us to give, in our 64th number, a detail of the grants which were anticipated in aid of these institutions for the present year. In a recent letter, however, he informs us, that the subsequent sums have been finally voted by the Netherlands' Legislature; viz.

To Louvain (in it the Philosophical College)	146,060 <i>fr.</i> or £12,172	
To Liege	83,770	6,980
Ghent	77,235	6,436
Leyden	120,429	10,036
Utrecht	72,576	6,048
Groningen	74,933	6,245
The Athenaeum of Krancker	20,520	1,710
Budget of the Universities	565,523<i>fr.</i>	£49,672

CLOUDS.

OVER the face of the eternal deep,
Fair, restless wanderers, drinking up the light
Of sunbeams, at the breeze's will ye sweep;
Or on a windless night,
Building around the moon a hollow sphere,
Which with her woven tapestries soft and clear,
She hangs, and, with delight
There sits a queen in her own heavenly right,
Like the wise worm that spinneth far and near
Its amber palace bright—

How can ye bear, sweet wanderers, to be driven,
Restless ever, through the sapphire sky,
Although to canopy the cope of heaven
Your tent be spread on high?
Had ye a motion of your own, and skill
To sail along following your own free will,
How gladly then would I,
Swelling your bright and playful company,
Be wandering with you o'er the blue vault still,—
A joy that ne'er could die.

For there, upon a bright and vernal day,
Cradled I might repose, o'er the young flowers
Weeping from tears, or with the sunbeams play,
Basking the rainbow's bowers;
Or, like a nautic o'er the ocean-brine,
A white and rose-edged bark, I then might swim
Through the long summer hours,
Till, with my freight of fertilizing showers,
I rose, and garlanded the summits dim
Of rugged mountain towers.

Or like a solid dome with battlement,
Crenelle, and buttress furnished, I might rise,
That stands a giant of the firmament,
Watching throughout the skies:
Or there a mountainous ridge of cliffs prolong
By a tall city crowned, and castles strong,
Most like what men devise
On earth, and with the likeness charm their eyes
Of their own works; then shattered drive along,
And mock their vain surmise.

But thus like you by other's will impress,
The unresisting sport of every gale,
O'er earth and sea, and mountain's snowy crest,
I would not choose to sail.
Rather would I with tempest laden sweep
Against the wind, convulsing all the deep
With lightning and with hail.
Though not in storms arrayed a threatener pale,
Loving to climb the sky, but rocks to sleep
Within a sunny vale.

K.

LECTURE ON ARCHITECTURE AT THE WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTION.

THE devotion, during the last few weeks, of the space in our columns usually destined for subjects connected with the fine arts, to the lectures on painting and sculpture at the Royal Academy, has prevented our noticing the concluding discourse of the series of lessons on architecture delivered by Mr. Hosking, to the Members of the Western Literary Institution. The subject, however,—the modern buildings of the metropolis,—is an interesting one; the lecture itself was judicious; the opinions pronounced appeared conscientious, and independent of hope, fear, or undue bias of any kind, and it affords us, moreover, a good pretext for adding a few observations on architecture, to those already recorded on the companion arts. We shall seek no further apology, therefore, for putting thus late into form, for the perusal of our readers, the notes taken a fortnight since, in the lecture-room in Leicester-square.

In its bridges, London certainly stands pre-eminent over all cities of ancient or modern times. When, in the revolutions of ages, our own city shall be placed in the pages of history by the side of Persepolis, Athens, Carthage, Rome, and Jerusalem, and travellers from the Western Hemisphere shall come to trace the site of the capital whence once issued the mandates which were law under every zone, the massive arches of our bridges, some broken, some perhaps entire, will, of all its numerous constructions, alone remain to attest its present magnificence. Mr. Hosking, therefore, certainly did not err on the side of nationality in saying, that in the number, magnitude, and merit, of its bridges, London is unequalled by any city in the world. He expressed his opinion, 'that the New London Bridge will be a grand and imposing structure; the semi-elliptical arches form a very beautiful curve, and have a most graceful effect; the general result, however, will depend greatly on the cornice and parapet: should the former partake of the bold broad massive character of the work generally, and the latter be simply pannelled and not pierced with mis-shapen balustrades, the bridge promises to be beautiful, at the same time that it will be grand and imposing. It may be regarded as a triumph of science and art combined. The central arch, said Mr. H., stands alone in the world, since its rise of forty feet is little more than a fourth of the span, which is 150 feet,—an effort of science never before attempted to be executed in stone.' Without any desire to detract from the merit of the engineer, we cannot help remarking, that we think Mr. Hosking has here somewhat overrated the merit in point of science, which, if not confined to a due appreciation of the quality and virtue of the material employed in the building, and the degree of pressure it will bear, partakes more of that knowledge than of any peculiarity or profundity in the art of construction. From London-bridge, Mr. Hosking proceeded to notice the other structures of the same class which adorn the metropolis, and to point out the respects in which they excelled or failed. In Waterloo-bridge, he objected very judiciously to the frittered effect produced by the coupled columns and broken entablature; a defect, however, still more glaring in Blackfriars-bridge, since, in the former case, the bridge being level, the columns may be all of an equal height, while in the latter they necessarily increase or decrease in dimension, as they are nearer to, or further from, the centre.

From the bridges, Mr. Hosking proceeded to the modern churches of the capital. In noticing the new St. Pancras Church, he showed how easy it is for a building to be faulty in taste and effect, even while the parts of which it is composed in themselves approach perfection. The portico, it was observed, is too shallow,—a defect not to be excused because it existed in the prototype,—the circular projection of the chancel

might be considered an elegant composition, but it was remarked, that the effect of the whole structure is seriously injured by the attachment of the buildings with caryatides at the flanks; and which, though composed of beautiful parts, are themselves inelegant and defective, the basement being too lofty for the figures which stand on it; while the entablature is extremely heavy. In addition, it was objected, that no line in these wings ranges with any one in the principal body of the edifice. The steeple was treated as a heap of towers, which, taken separately, are not surpassed by any architectural work of the class in London, but which lose all their effect by their combination and collocation. The Ionic portico of the chapel in Regent-street, opposite the Argyle Rooms, was, of all the modern sacred edifices, that which received most applause from Mr. Hosking. This, he said, taken as a specimen of architecture, was quite a model, and only required enrichment to be perfectly beautiful.

Of the secular structures, the Bank of England was the first which came under notice at this lecture. 'Faults, it certainly has,' said Mr. Hosking; 'many things in it might have been better; but it contains more architectural beauties than any other modern structure in Europe,' meaning, in the expression modern, to include all the works of all the Italian architects in all parts of the world, with the exception only of our own Gothic temples. We will not analyse the opinion of our worthy lecturer. It is not often that Mr. Soane receives such unqualified applause from independent and disinterested criticism; and we should be unwilling to throw in any alloy to the gratification he would derive, should it come to his knowledge that he had been so extolled, by examining how great a portion of the praise bestowed on the Bank of England is to be ascribed to a certain spirit of nationality, more patriotic than philosophical, which was traceable throughout this whole course of lectures. We agree in very many of the remarks made on the Bank of England, and especially on the Lothbury front; and, indeed, in all Mr. Soane's works, we perceive a grace and feeling in the details which have ever claimed our admiration, even when his whims and caprices have compelled us to condemn the ensemble of an edifice. Still, however, we would be just to the architects of other countries as well as to our own, and should not have to go far to name a building quite worthy of competing with Mr. Soane's work in Threadneedle-street. Need we remind Mr. Hosking of the Bourse at Paris?

The London University, it was observed; is at the same time one of the chastest and noblest structures of the metropolis. Its grand decastyle portico will be of unparalleled magnificence, though, perhaps, too large for the elegant cupola behind, too much of which will, in the front view, be intercepted by the lofty pediment. One fault, however, was pronounced to be glaring; namely, the poverty of the crowning cornice. To the latter part of the criticism, we make not the slightest objection; but, we confess, that our observations on the London University, as far as its present state permits the forming an opinion, would not take the order, or lead to the conclusions drawn by Mr. Hosking. We should ask Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Hosking, if the University be an appendage to the portico, or the portico an accessory to the University? We should call on Mr. Wilkins to show cause why a decastyle portico should be approved under any circumstances; we should pray to have it pointed out, how the cupola, let it be ever so elegant, rising so immediately over the apex of the pediment, can form a judicious composition. We might ask some more questions—we might implore Mr. Wilkins to conceal, at least, the deformity of his *arrière* parts, since his ingenuity was not clever enough to endow them with grace and beauty; but we reserve ourselves for a more fitting occasion, and hasten to conclude with a report of Mr. Hosking's opinion of a few less pretending edifices.

Of the club-houses, that of the University was preferred to all the others, as the most classical and elegant. The United Service Club-house, on the site of Carlton Palace, contrasts strongly, remarked Mr. Hosking, with the 'University'; externally, it presents no merits to countervail its absolute insipidity and total want of architectural beauty. We are not sure that we can concur with our lecturer in this condemnation of the United Service Club-house. Certainly we are no admirers of Mr. Nash's gingerbread plasterings: we agree with Mr. Hosking in detecting the meagre little cornice of the upper order; which, too poor even for the order it surmounts, is truly contemptible when viewed as the cornice of the whole building: still less do we excuse the ignorance or the wantonness of the architect in placing plain columns above a fluted order; yet, we cannot deny it, there is a certain *non appiamo che* in the front of this edifice, not altogether displeasing or devoid of picturesque effect. Mr. Hosking instanced the Oriental Club-house in Hanover-square, as an improvement on Crockford's. We should have expressed a contrary opinion. With all its sins, there is a boldness and breadth about Crockford's which commands respect, while, in our eyes, the effect of the Oriental Club House is cramped, crowded, and, with all its ornament, mean. From the club houses, Mr. Hosking descended to the private houses; and thence, through new squares and streets, to humble, yet scarcely humble, shop-fronts. For ourselves, we abominate architectural shop-fronts, more especially if an order be prostituted in its decoration, as much as we deprecate the profanation of the Postum Doric, in ornamenting a china closet. The only shop-front, we know at all to be approved is that—we forget its exact situation—in which the entrance to a sepulchre adorned with death's head and bones, and other emblems of the prison-house of the grim destroyer, sculptured to the life, (?) forms the *façade* of a gin-shop.

The best praise we can further give to Mr. Hosking's course of lectures is by stating the fact, that it was attended with constancy, and listened to with attention, and we doubt not with improvement, by an audience which could not have consisted of less than three hundred persons. We have here given a very imperfect sketch of its contents.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

OUR office as reporters to this theatre is not yet quite a sinecure, though it threatens speedily to become one. Last week we recorded the singular fact of a new opera having been performed by a corps of silent voices; this week it is our painful duty to announce, that the only performer who had hitherto escaped the *malaria* of the Haymarket—and almost the only one who it was very important should escape it, has recently fallen under the same calamity as her brethren and sisters. 'La Donna del Lago,' was performed on Saturday, and Madame Pisaroni was indisposed. *Que deviendra!* the King's Theatre. This misfortune, in the case of Madame Pisaroni, is very considerable, seeing that from circumstances which have been sufficiently dwelt on in the newspapers, her merely walking through the part of Malcolm Græme, does not inspire the interest which it might do if the ambulant were Sontag, Madame Malabran or Ronzi de Begnis. The only compensation for this distressing accident was, the appearance of Mademoiselle Blais in the part of Elena. The applause which this debutante received was probably owing rather to the unfortunate predicament of the other singers than to her intrinsic excellence. She is, nevertheless, a highly respectable singer, and ought permanently to rank in public estimation much higher than Monticelli, or any of the recent female novelties, except Pisaroni. Her voice is a moderate soprano; and, if the natural powers of her voice were worthy of her style, she might assume even a high rank as a singer. At all events, she is a great acquisition to M. Laporte, in the present melancholy state of his establishment.

Covent Garden—Saturday.

'The Maid of Judah', an opera of Rossini's at one of our English theatres, is a novelty which deserves a much more lengthened notice than we have time this week to devote to it. We shall merely, therefore, congratulate our readers on the re-appearance of Miss Paton, though with powers slightly impaired by the long indisposition of which we grieve to say that the traces are too visible in her cheeks and her form. We have often before spoken of this admirable English vocalist; but, as the Managers have lately had the good taste to give her music worthy of her talents, by confining her to operas of Weber and Rossini, we shall not consider that we have done her full justice till we have entered into a very detailed examination of her style of singing. 'The Maid of Judah' was exceedingly well received, whether owing to the magnificence of the decorations, and the melo-dramatic interest of the piece, or to the charms of the music, we shall have an opportunity of considering hereafter.

Monday.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

MR. PEMBERTON made his second appearance last night, at this theatre, in the character of Shylock. His first, our readers will remember, was in that of Virginius. What a step! from the fictitious Roman to the real Jew—from Goldsmith's history to human nature—from Mr. Knowles to William Shakespeare! And yet so strange are the notions of acting, which prevail in the present day—so strangely are our performers classified, not according to their powers of representing some great conception, or entering into the mind of some great author, but by an imaginary division into tragic, comic, melo-dramatic and pantomimic, that the transformation excites no surprise in any quarter. Did not Mr. Pemberton throw aside the military vest and don him in a turban? And what else is needed to convert the destroyer of the Decemviri into the father of Jessica?

We expressed a favourable opinion of Mr. Pemberton's first effort, and this opinion we feel no wish to retract. Measuring him by the ordinary standard of theatrical excellence, and it would be unfair to try him by any other,—we think he may be pronounced decidedly meritorious. That he was not

'The very Jew
That Shakespeare drew,'

was obvious enough; but, so far from requiring this of any, even the greatest, of modern actors, we should think them unwise if they made the attempt. The utmost that it is possible for them to do, if they wish to succeed in their profession, is to translate the feelings and actions of Shakespeare into language that will be intelligible to the pit and gallery. If the translation is tolerably faithful, and too much is not sacrificed to making it spirited, we are more than content. On the whole, we think this praise was due to Mr. Pemberton. He is over anxious not to appear an imitator of Kean, perhaps from a little consciousness that he is inclined to be one, and this wish has occasionally induced him to substitute for that dry, hard, even passion which Kean adopts in this part, and by adopting which he has made it *chef-d'œuvre* a more violent and outbreathing passion that is very unsuitable to the part. He has no business to drop on his knees in the last act under the weight of his afflictions. Shylock is very sick, but it is the sickness of a rage and despair which would have sustained not crippled him. Though half his goods are confiscated when he leaves the justice-room, he is not about to turn pauper, nor Christian either, unless in hope of accomplishing a more deep and subtle vengeance. He will have more ducats yet, and perhaps a pound of Nazarene flesh, ripe, fresh, and bleeding. Jessica is his only loss, that is utterly and absolutely irreplaceable.

The other actors, with the exception of Mr. Farley, whose Gratiano is vulgar and execrable, all did their duty well. Miss Jarman's Portia is certainly her most successful effort; she looks particularly solemn and conceited in her judicial deportment as the young doctor, and carried off the joke in the last scene with great spirit. As Miss Goward acts every part which she undertakes in the best possible manner, we were not surprised to find that she was the most delightful, wicked little Nerissa on the stage.

MONSIEUR PERLET.

English Opera House.

We are happy to inform our readers that this distinguished performer is again among us, and has appeared at the Lyceum. There are particular characters

of M. Perlet's which English performers could represent as well, or perhaps better. We will give up Keeley, Liton, and Kemble in favour of no one. But there is certainly no English, and, we think, no French actor, who can personate such a range of parts as that which Perlet is completely master of. From the severest style of high comedy, to the broadest farce, he reigns paramount. The Tartuffe and Scapin are, alike; but forms in which Perlet lives and moves. And there probably never was any one who could exhibit the most demure and almost austere personages of comedy with any thing like the same force, and seemingly unconscious humour. The emphatic magniloquent heroes and lovers of French tragedy, he never attempts and probably would not succeed in: he would show them as they are, and then even the audience at the Theatre Français must burst out laughing. But even there he would represent admirably, if he were allowed to personate them in the style in which Whiskerandos is acted among us; and this is the only style in which, consistently with truth and nature, they ever ought to be played. Whatever is true in the French drama, he reproduces with inimitable talent. And we are persuaded, though it is by no means a necessary consequence, that there is no male character whatever in Shakespeare, whom he would not be able to embody better than almost any one living. In saying this, we assure our readers we are quite serious, and are convinced, more especially, that M. Perlet, were he sufficiently master of our pronunciation, could act both Hamlet and Falstaff better than any English actor. We shall take an early opportunity of returning to this subject.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

'Ut in vita, sic in studio, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatumque malacore, ne lili in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam, procedat.'—*Plinii Epistola.*

Collecting toys
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Milton's Paradise Regained.

1.—PORTUGAL.

Meretricious Poetry.—What is generally called poetry, is like a woman decked with plates of looking-glass and tinsel chains; and is much fitter to excite laughter than engage our love.—*Pascal's Pensées.*

2.—SENTIMENTAL.

Separation.—Separation, the more dreadful it appears, seems less probable; it becomes, like death, a fear, which is more spoken of than believed,—a future event, which seems impossible even at the very moment we know it is inevitable. Love alone can give an idea of eternity; it confounds every notion of time; we think we have not always loved.—*W. Hazlitt.*

True Valour.—Is hee that comes neare death valiant? Why, then, hang trophies over the gallows; the cause must in all things tell whose child the effect is. Hee that fights with fury, is not valiant, but hee that lends justice force. Cato dyed in as fit a time to make his death look nobly, as could bee, and at the fittest course of natural reason; it will seem good reason not to outlive his country's liberty; but had it not bene more compassionately dohe of him to have accompanied his country in misery? Had it not bene more wisely done, to have reprieved hope, and to have watched time, when, happily, by opportunity, he might have ransomed his country? I account not his valour, no more then hee that winks at the blow of death,—the one binding his eyes because hee would not see death, the other seeking death because hee would not feele misery. Cato is not held by mee as a patterne of fortitude, he helped not his country by his death: if to dare dye, you think so excellent, the women among the Romanes could doe it as well as hee; because it is prohibited, wee like it, because, contrary to our selfe-louing minds, we admire it; and in that respect (were it not against diuinitie) I should allow of it; for hee comes nearest virtue that throws against the bias of his affections.—*Sir William Cornwallis.*

3.—PICTURESQUE.

Scene in the Blue Mountains.—The passage of the Potowmac, through the Blue Mountains, is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountains an hundred miles to seek a vent. On the left approaches the Potowmac in quest of a passage also. At the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth had been erected in process of time; that the mountains

were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the blue ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; thus continuing to rise, they have at length broken over this spot, and have torn down this mountain from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, exhibit the evident marks of this disrapture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, and corroborate the impression which such monuments of war between the rivers and mountains (that must have shaken the earth to its centre) had created. The broken and rugged faces of the mountains on each side of the river, the tremendous rocks which are left with one end fixed to the precipice, and the other jutting out and seemingly ready to fall for want of support; the bed of the river for several miles below, obstructed and filled with the ooze and stones carried from this mound; in short, every thing on which you can cast your eye evidently demonstrates a disrapture and breach in the mountains, and that before this happened, what is now a fruitful vale was formerly a great lake, which might possibly have here formed a mighty cascade, or had an outlet to the ocean by the Susquehanna, where the blue ridge seems to terminate.—*Jefferson's, Virginia.*

4.—ROMANTIC.

The Chasm River.

That deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if the earth in fast, thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst,
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thrasher's flail:
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meand'ring with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns, measureless to man,
And sunk in tumult to a lifeless ocean.

Coleridge.

5.—ASTROLOGICAL.

Indictment against Lilly.—The Jurors of the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, &c., upon their oaths do present, that William Lilly, late of the Parish of St. Clement's Dances, in the county of Middlesex, gent., not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, the 10th of July, in the year of our Lord, 1654, at the parish aforesaid, wickedly, unlawfully, and deceitfully did take upon him, the said William Lilly, by enchantment, charm, and sorcery, to tell and declare to one Anne East, the wife of Alexander East, where ten waistcoats, of the value of five pounds of the goods and chattels of the said Alexander East, then lately before lost and stolen from the said Alexander East, should be found and become, and two shillings and sixpence in monies numbered, of the monies of the said Alexander East from the said Anne East, then and there unlawfully and deceitfully, he, the said William Lilly, did take, receive, and had, to tell and declare to her, the said Anne, where the said goods, so lost and stolen as aforesaid, should be found and become: and also, that he, the said William Lilly, on the said 10th of July, in the year of our Lord 1654, and divers other days, and times, as well before as afterwards, at the said parish aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, unlawfully and deceitfully did take upon him, the said William Lilly, by enchantment, charm, and sorcery, to tell and declare to divers other persons, to the said jurors yet unknown, where divers goods, chattels, and things of the said persons yet unknown, there lately before lost and stolen from the said persons yet unknown, should be found and become; and divers sums of monies of the said persons yet unknown, then and there unlawfully and deceitfully, he, the said William Lilly did take, receive, and had, to tell and declare to the said persons yet unknown, where the goods, chattels, and things, so lost and stolen, as aforesaid, should be found and become, in contempt of the laws of England, to the great damage and deceit of the said Alexander and Anne, and of the said other persons yet unknown, to the evil and pernicious example of all others in the like case offending, against the form of the statute in this case made and provided, and against the public peace, &c. Signed, Anne East, Emma Spencer, Jane Gold, Katherine Roberts, Susannah Hulinge.—*Miscell. Curiosa.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Just published, an Essay on Man; or, the Mortal Body and the Immortal Soul Exemplified; wherein are developed the Incontrovertible Principles of Christianity. By G. Wirtzman.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

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WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 5 A.M. and 5 P.M.	March.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon.	9.33	33	30. 09	NE high	Fair Cl.	Cirrostratus
Tues.	3.34	37	30. 15	E to NE.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wed.	4.40	35	30. 12	N.	Rain A.M.	Cumulus.
Thur.	5.54	34	30. 10	E to NE.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.
Frid.	6.40	40	30. 04	NE to N.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat.	7.41	41	29. 87	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun.	8.42	46	29. 84	NE to N.	Rain P.M.	Cirrostratus

Nights and mornings fair.

Highest temperature at noon, 45°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Venus in conj. on Tuesday, at 3h. A.M.

The Moon in Perigee on Wednesday.

Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 28° 52' in Aquar.

Jupiter's ditto ditto 14° 23' in Sagitt.

Saturn's ditto ditto 27° 48' in Cancer.

Sun's ditto ditto 17° 42' in Places.

Length of day on Sunday, 11 h. 20 min. Increased, 3 h. 36 m.

Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 29" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99712.

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I beg to return my grateful acknowledgments for the very flattering reception I have hitherto met with, and to acquaint you, that it is my intention to offer myself for the honour of your Suffrages on an early occasion.

I shall have the honour of paying my personal respects to you as soon as possible. In the meantime I earnestly request the continued expressions of my friends for the accomplishment of the important object I have in view.

I have the honour to be, Ladies and Gentlemen,
Your faithful and obedient Servant,
JOHN FORBES.

No. 15, Harley-street, March 4, 1839.

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John Brown, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
Daniel Beale, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
Earl of Causton	M.P.	M.P.
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F. Creswell, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
A. Chapman, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
B. Cohen, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
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Sir Christopher Cole, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
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Lieut.-Col. Alex. Mackintosh, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
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W. Forman, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
John King, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
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W. H. Trant, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
S. W. Ward, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
J. Wells, Esq., M.P.	M.P.	M.P.
J. Wilkinson, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
J. Wood, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.
J. Williams, Esq.	M.P.	M.P.

The Committee of Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Young, Bart., beg leave to draw the attention of the Proprietors to the strong grounds upon which he solicits their suffrages upon the present vacancy in the East India Direction.

They consist in a long course of military service, performed in the Honourable Company's Army in India, both in the Field and in Garrison; and which, in repeated instances, have obtained for him the marked approbation of the distinguished officers under whose command he acted.

Sir William Young entered the army as a Cadet of Infantry in the year 1798, and on his arrival at Bombay, joined the European Regiment which served under Sir Robert Abercromby, G.C.B. before Seringapatam in 1798.—He was then appointed to the Grenadier Battalion, one of the most distinguished corps of the establishment, commanded by Colonel Gore, and was employed in the reduction of the Dutch settlements in Malabar; also at the capture of Colombo and the Dependencies in 1798; and throughout the Cingalese War, in which he commanded four companies of grenadiers; at the expiration of which service, he received the thanks of General De Meuron, and the Honourable Frederick North, Governor of Ceylon.

In 1797, he was attached to the Staff of Colonel Dow, then in charge of the disturbed districts in Malabar, during an arduous and destructive service of two years, when he was compelled, by ill health, to return to England, and again went out in 1803, at the commencement of the war with Sicily.

and Holkar, when he was appointed to the Bombay Staff by the Honourable Governor Duncan; and engaged, during the arduous contest in the Deccan, in collecting and forwarding supplies for the army, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, for which service His Grace was pleased to express his high satisfaction;—at this period he was also honoured with the approbation of the Governor in Council, of General Nicolls, the Commander in Chief at Bombay;—and of Sir Henry Clive, Bart., the Political Resident at Poona.

In a subsequent period of his service, he had the merit of suggesting and organizing a most efficient plan for recruiting the Native army, which was adopted by the Government, and acted upon with extensive and important results.

In 1823, he was honoured with the favourable recommendation of the Military Board, in a letter to the Government of Bombay, forwarded to the Honourable Court of Directors, by which their attention was drawn to 'the important and acknowledged services performed by him, during a period which demanded all possible energy in the promotion of the public interest;—and on which the Honourable Court were pleased to express their entire approbation, in a dispatch to the Government of Bombay: on the Staff of which Establishment he remained, until he finally quitted India.

On these recorded grounds, establishing Sir William Young's long, able, and faithful services, the Committee pledge themselves, collectively and individually, to support Lieutenant Colonel Sir William Young, and most strongly recommend him to the favourable notice of the Proprietors, at the approaching ballot, on the 26th instant.

JOHN WARD,
Chairman of the Committee.

N.B.—The Election will take place on Friday the 26th instant, when the attendance of Sir William Young's friends is earnestly requested at the ballot.

AT A MEETING OF PROPRIETORS OF EAST INDIA STOCK, held at the City of London Tavern, on Friday, the 6th of March 1839.—Present,

Alex. W. Chas. Alston	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Richard Brook	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
R. Campbell Beazell	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Joseph Sedho	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Gen. Thos. Bowser	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
John Barnes	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Walter Buchanan	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
R. H. Bradshaw	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Col. Broughton	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
W. Crawford	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
W. Chalm	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
David Colvin	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Sir W. Curtis, Bart.	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
John W. Commerville	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Quentin Dok, M.P.	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
David Edwards	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
James Farquhar, M.P.	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Sir T. H. Farquhar	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Wm. Farr	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
John Fullerton	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Wm. Gilman	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
A. Gordon	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Robt. Melville	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Wm. Galsworthy	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Geo. Carr Glyn	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
John Melville	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Edw. Wheeler Mills	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
David Macdonald	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Robert Macdonald	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Andrew Anderson	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
John Melville	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Edw. Wheeler Mills	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
David Macdonald	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Robert Macdonald	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.
Andrew Anderson	Esq.	Esq.	Esq.

ABRAHAM WILDAY ROBERTS, Esq., M.P., being called to the Chair, it was proposed by Lewis Lloyd, Esq., seconded by Stewart Macdonald, Esq., M.P., and unanimously carried, That, in the administration of the affairs of British India, it is essentially requisite that there should be found among the Members of the Executive Body of the East India Company, a due proportion of individuals qualified by employment in the several departments of the public service in India, for the efficient discharge of that high and important office.

Proposed by Richard Campbell Beazell, Esq.; seconded by James Farquhar, Esq., M.P., and resolved unanimously, That Robert Cutler Ferguson, Esq., M.P., during a residence of 17 years in Bengal, when he acted successively the offices of Standing Counsel and Advocate-General to the Company under the Supreme Government of India, who have rendered their satisfaction and approval of the manner in which his official duties were fulfilled has founded thereby a high claim to the approbation and support of the Constituent Body of the East India Company.

Proposed by Archibald Elliot Innes, Esq.; seconded by Col. Ranken, and resolved unanimously, That the personal and duties connected with his profession during his long residence in India, have afforded him the means of being acquainted with the laws and institutions under which justice is administered, as well as with the habits, manners, and customs of the various classes and descriptions of the inhabitants. That the same pursuits have necessarily led him to an intimate knowledge of the general affairs of our Eastern possessions, and of the system of policy which unites them to the Mother Country; and that these researches and acquisitions, added to his general talents, most eminently fit him, in the opinion of this Meeting, to become a Director of the East India Company. Proposed by Sir George Warrender, Bart., M.P.; seconded by Sir Thomas Harvie Farquhar, Bart., and resolved unanimously, That, with these impressions of Mr. Ferguson's qualifications and preparations, this Meeting recommends him with confidence to the support of the Proprietors at large, and pledges itself, individually and collectively, to use its exertions to ensure his election.

A. W. ROBERTS, Chairman.

The Chairman having quitted the Chair, and Sir Thomas Harvie Farquhar, Bart., being called thereto:

It was proposed by Sir James Shaw, Bart.; seconded by James Macdonald, Esq., and resolved unanimously, That the cordial thanks of this Meeting be given to A. W. Roberts, Esq., for his very courteous and able conduct in the Chair.

City of London Tavern, March 6.

London: Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning, by WILLIAM LAWES, at the Office, No. 4, Wellington-street, Strand.

THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

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No. 73.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1829.

Price 8d.

MODERN ORATORY.

Few habits of feeling in English society are more observable than that which is made manifest by the phrase, that such a person has a knack of public speaking, a gift of words, and so forth; as if oratory were a separate acquired artifice like a school-boy's Latin versification, or a natural peculiarity like the porci-form countenance of a celebrated public character. Eloquence is popularly supposed to be as little connected with any general superiority or peculiarity of mind as a wart upon the face. There could be no better evidence of the very slight degree to which our studies in ancient literature have mixed themselves up with our thoughts. Cicero is more read among us than any other Roman author, and his works ought to have been the great counteraction to such doctrines. But, though we ought to have learned that oratory is an art, it would be an error to hold that its laws are now the same as they were in the days of the rostrum and the bema. The laws of Oratory, like those of every thing else, are involved and deducible only from the end for which it is designed, the sphere in which it is to act. The changes in the world have pared down the importance of that end, and contracted the vastness of that sphere. And, though no orator is worthy to be considered a speech-artist unless he regards his art in its potential, rather than its actual, dignity,—no one who examines oratory, with reference to our age, must permit himself to forget for a moment, that, though the crown of oratory be as brilliant as ever, its lustre is, for the most part, dimmed in the blaze of other and younger supremacies.

Greece and Rome were the only countries of the ante-Christian world in which the power of the priestly intelligence and the forms of religion, the kernel and life of every ancient polity, were so controlled by the popular force as to give room for the existence of oratory. The era of that art with them, though brief, was indeed magnificent. Before its early energy, the organ of awakened multitudes, went down, after a struggle which, on the opposite side, called forth almost equal vigour, the old dominion of the sacrificial robes and augur's staff, and all the array of that long antiquity which connected the mythologic traditions of monarchy with the existing splendours of republican aristocracies. While the contest continued, oratory was, in a great degree, the weapon of the crowd and the shield of the rulers. When the battle was first won by the democracies, it was the instrument of their power and the insignia of their triumph. When the force which had redressed the balance caused it to fall on the other side, oratory was still the voice of sorrow and of resolution in the sinking state; and it perished for ever only when the classes, amid whose struggles it had been born, were all levelled into the one desolation of a people without fundamental laws or permanent government.

Conquest and Christianity again gave nations to the world; and the bases were laid of institutions in which oratory has had a second birth. But it has arisen with inferior strength and faded honours. The security of property and life, and the recognition of a more definite national religion than that of paganism, and of one as dear to the people as to the upper classes,—these things more firmly established in Christendom than they ever were elsewhere, while they have incalculably strengthened and improved all modern states,

have narrowed the field, and restrained the sceptre, of oratory. To these, we suppose, among other causes, it is owing that England scarcely produced any speeches claiming to be oratory until the great civil war. The battle, as to fundamental laws, then gave rise to some masterly public speaking; and a good deal of the same intellectual product continued to be put forth until nearly our own day.

The speeches of our contemporaries, some of them full of talent and information, do not appear to us very admirable, regarded as works of art. They could not, perhaps they ought not, to be so. From the time that reporting legitimised itself by custom, there was an end of speaking solely for the audience, and for the decision of the moment. Speeches were made to be read and not to be heard,—with, however, this important limitation, that, though the effect upon the assembly to whom the speech was addressed became a thing of secondary importance, it was yet necessary so far to consult their taste and patience as to persuade them to listen. Mr. Shiel's attempt at Penenden Heath (made, indeed, under circumstances for which he could not very well be prepared) gives an example how necessary it is to attend to this condition. Except in forensic speaking, with which we are not at present chiefly occupied, a spoken discourse scarcely ever produces any effect in altering the opinions of those to whom it is addressed. This is fatal to senatorial oratory; and it is only wonderful that our Legislature should exhibit so many approximations to good speaking.

We will say a word or two on some of the most celebrated of our modern speakers. Mr. Pitt, with all his pomp of words, had this defect, one of the worst that can belong to an English Member of Parliament, who is addressing a nation, and not merely an assembly: he never in his life said any thing that any man could remember; probably because he never thought any thing memorable. This conduct was imposed upon him by his circumstances; and he was found utterly wanting to the difficulties in which he was placed. In peaceful times, his ambition would undoubtedly have prompted, and his industry and integrity enabled, him to do good. But, as an orator, his vague and verbose discourses, fluent, indeed, and sounding enough to astonish country gentlemen, and delight his own adherents, yet never presented an image or an argument which any man would have thought worth the trouble of putting on paper. Mr. Fox, the great orator, though not the great statesman, of the period, had certainly more of the negative qualities of a first-rate speaker, and probably more of the positive, than any one of his contemporaries. It is a subject for eternal regret, that his speeches have not been preserved with the same care as those of Demosthenes, though we are far from thinking that the whole of them together would be as valuable as the worst of the mighty Athenians'. Mr. Burke did wisely in printing what he chose to call speeches, elaborate, that is, and thoughtful and splendid essays. We can only say in praise of his oratory, that he was the wisest man who ever mistook the nature of one of the great objects of his life. He was the only Englishman of his time in whose mind politics approached to being a science. What business had he in the House of Commons? Could he think that Adam Smith would be the best champion of free trade at St. Stephen's? Or was he

unaware that the man has never lived who excelled, at the same time, in working out general truths, and in applying them oratorically to particular cases? Burke, of all men, perhaps, was the best fitted to have written a general history of England; as it is, he has earned for himself a brilliant place on a particular page of it, to the miseries recorded on which it may be feared that his authority in some degree added. To Burke's intellect, the matter in hand usually appeared of very little importance, compared with the principles which bore upon it. To his feelings, the thing in which he was engaged at the moment, presented itself as above every thing important. His philosophical understanding thus taught him the laws which related to the French Revolution; while his temper betrayed him into falsifying the facts from which he professed to deduce those general rules. With regard to India and America both, he knew more, and more wisely, than any other man in England; but he did not know how to avail himself of his means against predominating power; and the consequence was a signal failure. With regard to France, his statements are full of misrepresentation, and were, nevertheless, successful. How strange is the fate of a man of genius, who lets himself be lured into an unsuitable position! *

The character of Sheridan as an orator is very ably, and, we believe, justly given by the writer of a late article in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' (on Whately's *Rhetoric*;) to which we have before alluded. There needs no stronger proof how unfit a sphere is the House of Commons for first-rate oratory, than the effect said to have been produced by the mountebank nonsense of that transcendent quack. Of later speakers, Mr. Canning, Lord Grey, Lord Plunkett, and Mr. Brougham, are by far the most conspicuous. Of these, Mr. Canning was the most showy, and Lord Plunkett is undoubtedly the least so. The former was early spoiled by admiration of Pitt, and only began in after-life to work off the outward slough of worthless glitter. He became quieter and more argumentative, graceful and clear he always was; but he retained to the last the habit of labouring merely collateral points, and settling the real question at issue by silence or a jest. Lord Plunkett is the fullest in matter, and most severe in style, of modern public speakers; and there is sometimes in the more important parts of his finer discourses, a tone of suppressed emotion, more striking, perhaps, and more effective, than the finest exhibition of feeling. His orations, and the effect they produce, are a splendid example of the superiority of thought in a public assembly over every other quality. He is universally recognised as the ablest advocate the Roman Catholics ever had in Parliament; and this, with no conspicuous accomplishment, except that which supersedes the necessity of almost any other, knowledge, namely, and earnestness. He is the nearest approach to a great political philosopher that is likely to be effective in the House of Commons. Lord Grey is chiefly remarkable for dignity of manner, and for the even balance of a great number of powers, none of them existing by themselves in the highest degree, but, when combined, of rare and extreme value. He has almost uniformly fought on the losing side; and in oratory, as in every thing else, it is success

* Let it not be supposed that we differ from Mr Burke as to the principles by which he judges the Revolution.

which commonly decides the popular judgment. Mr. Brougham, take him all in all, is the most celebrated among the living public men of England. This is, in a great degree, owing to his having linked himself almost exclusively with great principles, or what have now the force of such. But his speaking is in itself excellent, and still more peculiar than admirable. He deals not in sportive elegance, nor brilliant description, nor lofty declamation. His brightest waves are as bitter with sarcasm and invective as the waters of Meribah. His fairest images come forth hard and weighty, rough with the marks of the ponderous sledge he wields, and black with the smoke of the furnace in which he forges them. He never tilts but with the sharps. His fireworks are loaded cartridges. And wherein he delights to dwell, are fortresses of rock and iron. In his direct invectives, a want is sometimes felt of that straight-forward strength in which Lord Chatham and Mr. Cobbett are first-rate masters. But his side blows are big with annihilation. Place yourself full before him, and you may chance to escape. But flatter yourself that you are safe in his rear; and, like the African serpent which can spring no way but backwards, he will make you feel how deadly is that power which he who skulks from it never can avoid. His oratory is the true force for attack; and we should deeply lament, as mere lovers of eloquence, to see him on the Treasury bench.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

The Shepherd's Calendar. By J. Hogg, 12mo., 2 vols., vol. ii. Blackwood. Edinburgh, 1829.

THOUGH it is undoubtedly a very disagreeable effort of imagination to divest a poet whose genius has compelled us to take an interest in all his most accidental and indifferent circumstances, of that train of associations by which he has bound us so inseparably to himself, and to suppose him transferred into some new and strange situation which his actual presence has never consecrated, yet it is an effort which we must often make, if we would comprehend the complete stature and the full powers of the being in whom we have delighted. Indeed, the case in which we think the struggle with our feelings before we could find courage to make the experiment would be the greatest, is just the one in which we apprehend the results would be most important and satisfactory. To imagine ROBERT BURNS any thing but what he was, any thing but that Ayrshire ploughman whom he has taught us to love, and whose ploughman nature, he has taught us to consider almost consubstantial with that other nature which he received from heaven,—to suppose that he was not fed by the bleak air on the mountains, and that he did not each morning in his childhood see and feel the grey mist before sunrise,—to imagine him brought up in a close and regulated temperature, rocked in a city cradle, nursed by city nurses, is a cruel task to impose upon the imagination, since it is one in which it will meet with every possible resistance from its natural allies and coadjutors, the feelings. But yet, if we can master the difficulty, we shall have a finer conception of his character than we had when we rated it at the highest. We shall perceive how his poetry lives above, and independent of the tissue of circumstances with which it is interwoven, upon what a ground of universal truth and interest they are worked, and how much would remain to us even if they were rudely torn away. We should then be convinced that the mountain breezes fanned his genius, but did not breathe it into him; that in the most ungenial atmosphere it would have made a way for itself; that his masculine intellect grew, indeed, more tough and sinewy from frequent converse with hardships, but that, even if he had lived delicately, it would have asserted its freedom; that he does not seem illustrious, because there is nothing in the petty accidents of a poor man's life which

can come into competition with marked features of character, but that, in those conditions of life in which character is most dwarfed by the grandeur of circumstances, Burns would still have been known only as a MAN and a POET.

It would be a secondary, but not an unimportant, result of this speculation, that we should be better able to compare Burns with the poets who have since appeared in his line of life; for in this particular, we apprehend, consists the vast difference between them. The author of the volume before us is a man of real and great talents, a portion of which has appeared in his poetry, less in his prose, and some of which may still remain idle and undeveloped. But with all this, we must assert, so far as his poetical powers are concerned that there is not even a likeness in kind between the Ettrick Shepherd and his great prototype; and that Mr. Lockhart's dedication of his recent biography to him, in conjunction with another very worthy name, though a kind and graceful compliment to two estimable persons, was an act of implied injustice to the subject of his able sketch. And herein do we think the difference is found: that Burns was a *man* of genius, Hogg is a *shepherd* of genius; that the one would have been as great, though perhaps not so remarkable, in any other situation as in that which Providence assigned him,—that the other, placed in different circumstances, we do not say would become a common-place, ordinary man, but at least would lose much of his real, as well as of his factitious importance; that every thing around Burns was compelled to reflect a portion of his mind,—that Hogg's mind, to a considerable extent, is a reflection of the things around him.

We do not make these remarks from any wish to lower the popularity of the Ettrick Shepherd, which we do not think at all too great, but because it is fit that every man's claims should be placed upon the right ground, and because we wish to know with what good judgment he has employed his talents upon the pleasing volumes before us. In some of his novels it was impossible not to feel that the Ettrick Shepherd was quite out of his element, that he was dealing with subjects which he had not imagination to grasp. But in the narratives which these books contain, he is thoroughly at home; his poetical power has ample scope: for it is too late in the day to tell us that a man who is capable of 'reaping the harvest of a quiet eye,' need go beyond the sphere of his observations in search of materials for his imagination: and it is wasted in the attempt to accomplish more than nature intended it to accomplish. The consequence is, that the 'Shepherd's Calendar' is, to our minds, by far the best and most pleasant prose book that Mr. Hogg has yet produced. Part of the book has appeared in 'Blackwood,' and we are not sure, therefore, that we shall be able, in our extracts, to steer clear of stories with which our readers are already acquainted; but we will do our best to choose passages which they will not be sorry, if they have read them once, to read again. We are strongly tempted to venture upon 'Mary Burnet,' an excellent fairy tale, but it is somewhat too long, so we must be content with a shorter narrative of the same description, which occurs in the chapter, headed 'Odd Characters.'

'He was the last man of this wild region, who heard, saw, and conversed with the Fairies; and that not once or twice, but at sundry times and seasons. The abiding at which Will lived for the better part of his life, at Old Upper Phaup, was one of the most lonely and dismal situations that ever was the dwelling of human creatures. I have often wondered how such a man could live so long, and rear so numerous and respectable a family, in such a habitation. It is on the very outskirts of Ettrick Forest, quite out of the range of social intercourse, a fit retirement for lawless banditti, and a genial one for the last retreat of the spirits of the glen—before taking their final leave of the land of their love, in which the light of the gospel then grew too bright for their tiny moonlight forms. There has Will beheld them riding in long and beautiful array, by the light of the moon, and even in the summer twilight; and there has he seen them sitting in seven

circles, in the bottom of a deep ravine, drinking nectar out of cups of silver and gold, no bigger than the dew-cup flower; and there did he behold their wild unearthly eyes, all of one bright sparkling blue, turned every one upon him at the same moment, and heard their mysterious whisperings, of which he knew no word, save now and then the repetition of his own name, which was always done in a strain of pity. Will was coming from the hill one dark misty evening in winter, and, for a good while, imagined he heard a great gabbling of children's voices, not far from him, which still grew more and more audible; it being before sunset, he had no spark of fear, but set about investigating whence the sounds and laughter proceeded. He, at length, discovered that they issued from a deep clough not far distant; and, thinking it was a band of gipsies, or some marauders, he laid down his bonnet and plaid, and, creeping softly over the heath, reached the brink of the precipice, peeped over, and to his utter astonishment, beheld the Fairies sitting in seven circles, on a green spot in the bottom of the dell, where no green spot ever was before. They were apparently eating and drinking; but all their motions were so quick and momentary, he could not well say what they were doing. Two or three at the queen's back appeared to be baking bread. The party consisted wholly of ladies, and their numbers quite countless—dressed in green pollonians, and grass-green bonnets on their heads. He perceived at once, by their looks, their giggling, and their peals of laughter, that he was discovered. Still fear took no hold of his heart, for it was daylight, and the blessed sun was in heaven, although obscured by clouds; till at length he heard them pronounce his own name twice. Will then began to think it might not be quite so safe to wait till they pronounced it a third time, and at that moment of hesitation it first came into his mind that it was All Hallow Ewe! There was no farther occasion to warn Will to rise and run; for he well knew the Fairies were privileged, on that day and night, to do what seemed good in their eyes. "His hair," he said, "stood all up like the birches on a sow's back, and every bit o' his body, outside and in, prickled as it had been brunt wi' nettles." He ran home as fast as his feet could carry him, and greatly were his children astonished (for he was then a widower) to see their father come running like a madman, without either his bonnet or plaid. He assembled them to prayer, and shut the door, but did not tell them what he had seen for several years.

'Another time he followed a whole troop of them up a wild glen called Entertrony, from one end to the other, without ever being able to come up with them, although they never appeared to be more than twenty paces in advance. Neither were they flying from him; for, instead of being running at their speed, as he was doing, they seemed to be standing in a large circle. It happened to be the day after a Moffat fair, and he supposed them to be a party of his neighbours returning from it, who wished to lead him a long chase before they suffered themselves to be overtaken. He heard them speaking, singing, and laughing; and, being a man so fond of sociality, he exerted himself to come up with them, but to no purpose. Several times did he hail them, and desire them to halt, and tell him the news of the fair; but whenever he shouted, in a moment all was silent, until, in a short time, he heard the same noise of laughing and conversation at some distance from him. Their talk, although Will could not hear the words of it distinctly, was evidently very animated, and he had no doubt they were recounting their feats at the fair. This always excited his curiosity afresh, and he made every exertion to overtake the party; and, when he judged, from the sounds, that he was close upon them, he sent forth his stentorian hullo—"Stop, lads, and tell us the news of the fair!" which produced the same effect of deep silence for a time. When this had been repeated several times, and after the usual pause, the silence was again broken by a peal of edrlich laughter, that seemed to spread all along the skies over his head. Will began to suspect that that unearthly laugh was not altogether unknown to him. He stood still to consider, and that moment the laugh was repeated, and a voice out of the crowd called to him, in a shrill, laughing tone, "Ha, ha, ha! Will o' Phaup, look to your ain hearthstane the night." Will again threw off every encumbrance, and fled home to his lonely cot, the most likely spot in the district for the fairies to congregate; but it is wonderful what an idea of safety is conferred by the sight of a man's own hearth and family circle.

'When Will had become a right old man, and was sitting on a little green hillcock at the end of his house, one evening, resting himself, there came three little boys up to him, all exactly like one another, when the following short dialogue ensued between them:

"Good e'en t'ye, Will Laidlaw."
 "Good e'en t'ye, creatures. Where ir ye gam this gate?"

"Can ye gie us up-putting for the night?"
 "I think three siccan bits o' shreds o' hurchins whinna be ill to put up.—Where came ye frae?"

"Frae a place that ye dinna ken. But we are come on a commission to you."

"Come away in then, and tak sic cheer as we hae."

Will rose and led the way into the house, and the little boys followed; and, as he went, he said carelessly, without looking back, "What's your commission to me, bairns?" He thought they might be the sons of some gentleman who was a guest of his master's.

"We are sent to demand a silver key that you hae in your possession."

Will was astounded; and, standing still to consider of some old transaction, he said, without lifting his eyes from the ground,—

"A silver key! In God's name, where came ye from?"

There was no answer, on which Will wheeled round, and round, and round; but the tiny beings were all gone, and Will never saw them more. At the name of God, they vanished in the twinkling of an eye. It is curious that I never should have heard the secret of the silver key, or, indeed, whether there was such a thing or not.

But Will once saw a vision which was more unaccountable than this still. On his way from Moffat one time about midnight, he perceived a light very near to the verge of a steep hill, which he knew perfectly well, on the lands of Selcouth. The light appeared exactly like one from a window, and as if a lamp moved frequently within. His path was by the bottom of the hill; and, the light being almost close at the top, he had at first no thoughts of visiting it; but, as it shone in sight for a full mile, his curiosity to see what it was continued still to increase as he approached nearer. At length, on coming to the bottom of the steep bank, it appeared so bright and near, that he determined to climb the hill and see what it was. There was no night, but it was a starry night and not very dark, and Will clambered up the precipice, and went straight to the light, which he found to proceed from an opening into a cavern, of about the dimensions of an ordinary barn. The opening was a square one, and just big enough for a man to creep in. Will set in his head, and beheld a row of casks from one end to the other, and two men with long beards, buff belts about their waists, and torches in their hands, who seemed busy in writing something on each cask. They were not the small casks used by smugglers, but large ones, about one half bigger than common tar-barrels, and all of a size, save two very huge ones at the further end. The cavern was all neat and clean, but there was an appearance of mouldiness about the casks, as if they had stood there for ages. The men were both at the farther end when Will looked in, and busily engaged; but at length one of them came towards him, holding his torch above his head, and, as Will thought, having his eyes fixed on him. Will never got such a fright in his life;—many a fright he had got with unearthly creatures, but this was the worst of all. The figure that approached him from the cavern was of gigantic size, with grisly features, and a beard hanging down to his belt. Will did not stop to consider what was best to be done, but, quite forgetting that he was on the face of a hill, almost perpendicular, turned round, and ran with all his might. It was not long till he missed his feet, fell, and, hurling down with great celerity, soon reached the bottom of the steep, and, getting on his feet, pursued his way home in the utmost haste, terror, and amazement; but the light from the cavern was extinguished on the instant—he saw it no more.

Will apprised all the people within his reach, the next morning, of the wonderful discovery he had made; but the story was so like a fantasy or a dream, that most of them were hard of belief; and some never did believe it, but ascribed all to the Moffat brandy. However, they sallied out in a body, armed with cudgels and two or three rusty rapiers, to reconnoitre; but the entrance into the cave they could not find, nor has it ever been discovered to this day. They observed very plainly the rut in the grass which Will had made in his rapid descent from the cave, and there were also found evident marks of two horses having been fastened that night in a wild clench-head, at a short distance from the spot they were searching. But these were the only discoveries to which the investigation led. If the whole of this was an optical delusion, it was the most

singular I ever heard or read of. For my part, I do not believe it was; I believe there was such a cavern existing at that day, and that vestiges of it may still be discovered. It was an unfeasible story altogether for a man to invent; and, moreover, though Will was a man whose character had a deep tinge of the superstitious of his own country, he was besides a man of probity, truth, and honour, and never told that for the truth, which he did not believe to be so.—Vol. ii. pp. 213—221.

The next is very Scotch:

Daft Jock Amos was another odd character, of whom many droll sayings are handed down. He was a fanatic; but, having been a scholar in his youth, he was possessed of a sort of wicked wit, and wavering uncertain intelligence, that proved right troublesome to those who took it on them to reprove his eccentricities. As he lived close by the church, in the time of the far-famed Boston, the minister and he were constantly coming in contact, and many of their little dialogues are preserved.

"The mair fool are ye, quo' Jock Amos to the minister," is a constant by-word in Ettrick to this day. It had its origin simply as follows:—Mr. Boston was taking his walk one fine summer evening after sermon, and in his way came upon Jock, very busy cutting some grotesque figures in wood with his knife. Jock, looking hastily up, found he was fairly caught, and not knowing what to say, burst into a foolish laugh—"Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Boston, are you there? Will you cross a good whittle wi' me?"

"Nay, nay, John, I will not exchange knives to-day."

"The mair fool are ye," quo' Jock Amos to the minister.

"But, John, can you repeat the fourth commandment?—I hope you can.—Which is the fourth commandment?"

"I dare say, Mr. Boston, it'll be the ane after the third."

"Can you not repeat it?"

"I am no sure about it—I ken it has some wheesam by the rest."

Mr. Boston repeated it, and tried to show him his error in working with knives on a Sabbath-day. John wrought away till the divine added,

"But why won't you rather come to church, John?—what is the reason you never come to church?"

"Because you never preach on the text I want you to preach on."

"What text would you have me preach on?"

"On the nine-and-twenty knives that came back from Babylon."

"I never heard of them before."

"It is a sign you have never read your Bible. Ha, ha, ha, Mr. Boston! sic fool, sic minister."

Mr. Boston searched long for John's text that evening; and, at last finding it recorded in Ezra, i. 9., he wondered greatly at the acuteness of the fool, considering the subject on which he had been reproving him.

"John, how auld will you be?" said a sage wife to him one day, when talking of their ages.

"O, I dinna ken," said John. "It wad tak a wiser head than mine to tell you that."

"It is unco queer that you dinna ken how auld you are," returned she.

"I ken weel enough how auld I am," said John; "but I dinna ken how auld I'm be."

An old man, named Adam Linton, once met him running from home in the grey of the morning. "Hay, Jock Amos," said he, "where are you bound for so briskly this morning?"

"Aha! He's wise that wats that, and as daft wba speers," says Jock, without taking his eye from some object that it seemed to be following.

"Are you running after any body?" said Linton.

"I am that, man," returned Jock; "I'm rinnin after the deil's messenger. Did you see ought o' him gann by?"

"What was he like?" said Linton.

"Like a great big black corbie," said Jock, "carrying a bit tow in his gab. And what do you think?—he has taukt me a piece o' news the day! There's to be a wedding ower by here the day, man—ay, a wedding! I maun after him, for he has gien me an invitation."

"A wedding? Dear Jock, you are raving. What wedding can there be to-day?" said Linton.

"It is Eppy Telfer's, man—auld Eppy Telfer's to

be wed the day; and I'm to be there, and the minister is to be there, and a' the elders. But Tammie, the Cameronian, he darena come, for fear he should hae to dance wi' the kimmers. There will be braw work there the day, Aedie Linton,—braw work there the day!" And away ran Jock towards Ettrickhouse, hallooing and waving his cap for joy. Old Adam came in, and said to his wife, who was still in bed, that he supposed the moon was at the full, for Jock Amos was "gane quite gyte awthegither, and was away shouting to Ettrickhouse to Eppy Telfer's wedding."

"Then," said his wife, "if he be ill, she will be waur, for they are always affected at the same time; and, though Eppy is better than Jock in her ordinary way, she is waur when the moon-madness comes ower her." (This woman, Eppy Telfer, was likewise subject to lunatic fits of insanity, and Jock had a great ill will at her; he could not even endure the sight of her.)

The above little dialogue was hardly ended, before word came that Eppy Telfer had "put down" herself over night, and was found hanging dead in her own little cottage at day-break. Mr. Boston was sent for, who, with his servant man and one of his elders, attended, but in a state of such perplexity and grief, that he seemed almost as much dead as alive. The body was tied on a deal, carried to the peak of the Wedder Law, and interred there; and all the while Jock Amos attended, and never in his life met with an entertainment that appeared to please him more. While the men were making the grave, he sat on a stone near by, jabbering and speaking one while, always addressing Eppy, and laughing most heartily at another.

After this high fit, Jock lost his spirits entirely, and never more recovered them. He became a complete nonentity, and lay mostly in his bed till the day of his death.—Pp. 221—226.

To leave our readers with a pleasing impression of the book, we will quote a beautiful anecdote in the article headed "Sheep."

"One of the two years while I remained on this farm, a severe blast of snow came on by night about the latter end of April, which destroyed several scores of our lambs; and, as we had not enow of twies and odd lambs for the mothers that had lost theirs, of course we selected the best ewes, and put lambs to them. As we were making the distribution, I requested of my master to spare me a lamb for a hawked ewe which he knew, and which was standing over a dead lamb in the head of the hope, about four miles from the house. He would not do it, but bid me let her stand over her lamb for a day or two, and perhaps a twie would be forthcoming. I did so, and faithfully she did stand to her charge; so faithfully that I think the like never was equalled by any of the woolly race. I visited her every morning and evening, and for the first eight days never found her above two or three yards from the lamb; and always, as I went my rounds, she eyed me long ere I came near her, and kept tramping with her foot, and whistling through her nose, to frighten away the dog; he got a regular chase twice a-day as I passed by; but, however excited and fierce a ewe may be, she never offers any resistance to mankind, being perfectly and meekly passive to them. The weather grew fine and warm, and the dead lamb soon decayed, which the body of a dead lamb does particularly soon; but still this affectionate and desolate creature kept hanging over the poor remains with an attachment that seemed to be nourished by hopelessness. It often drew the tears from my eyes to see her hanging with such fondness over a few bones, mixed with a small portion of wool. For the first fortnight she never quitted the spot, and for another week she visited it every morning and evening, uttering a few kindly and heart-piercing bleats each time; till at length every remnant of her offspring vanished, mixing with the soil, or wafted away by the winds.—Pp. 191, 192.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

True Stories from the History of Ireland. By John James M'Gregor. Pp. 353. Curry, jun. Dublin, 1829.

THIS is an imitation (and a very respectable one) of Sir Walter Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather.' It begins with the early history of Ireland, respecting which so much that is fabulous has been written; but the author passes over what is fabulous with a very slight notice. We do not altogether approve of this; for, in a work designed for youth, it might be of more advantage to in-

dulge the taste for the marvellous, so universal during childhood, with historical fables than with the garbage of fairy lore, which will be certain, from one quarter or other, to have its place. As a specimen of the author's manner, we shall select his account of the accession and the death of the famous Brien Boromhe, whose surname our non-Irish readers may be informed is pronounced *Boroo*.

'Brien Boromhe was in his seventy-sixth year when he ascended the throne of Ireland; yet he still combined all the vigour of youth with the wisdom acquired by long experience. With the exception of a few partisan chiefs of the late sovereign, his authority was universally acknowledged; but these malcontents were soon brought to submission by the valour and activity of Prince Mortogh, the monarch's eldest son, who also vigorously repressed some fresh insurrectionary movements of the Danes. Tranquillity being thus completely established, Brien commenced the great work of extending to the whole island those advantages of which Munster had already partaken; and, in every quarter, the disorder and misery which so lately prevailed gave place to happiness and civilisation. Property was respected, religion venerated, and literature, with the arts of peace, encouraged. At his palace of Kincora, near Limerick, where he still kept his court, a magnificent hospitality was maintained; and here the great and the learned, both of his own and foreign nations, were constant guests.'—P. 65.

Notwithstanding the desire Brien Boiromhe manifested for peace, which he had exemplified during a reign of twelve years, he was eventually involved in a war with the king of Leinster, whence arose the battle of Clontarf, on Good Friday, 1014. The author proceeds:

'The aged monarch passed the day in his tent, anxiously listening to the details which were brought to him by his aides-du-camp of the progress of the battle, and, at intervals, imploring the blessing of Heaven on the arms of his country. Corcoran, one of his attendants, perceiving the flag of Prince Mortogh struck, which notified the fall of the chief, supposed that the Irish army had been defeated; and, entering the royal tent, on his knees he implored his revered sovereign to mount his horse and fly.

"No," replied the veteran, "I came here to die or conquer, and my enemies shall not boast of my death by inglorious wounds; but let you and my other attendants hasten your escape, and announce that I bequeath my soul to God, my body to Armagh, and my blessing to Dennis O'Brien. Proceed this night to Swords of Columcille, and let the clergy come for my body to-morrow; convey it to Duleek, and thence to Louth; and let the Archbishop of Armagh, successor to St. Patrick, accompanied by his clergy, come thither for my remains."

'While he yet spoke, the officer exclaimed,—"I perceive a body of men advancing towards us."

"What sort of men are they?" asked the monarch.

"Grey, naked-looking men," answered Corcoran.

"They are Danes, completely armed," observed Brien, and instantly grasped his sword. At the next moment the troop, with Brodar at their head, rushed into the royal tent. The aged monarch drew his sword, and, with the vigour of youth, cut off Brodar's left leg from the knee; but, almost at the same instant, he received a deadly blow from the battle-axe of his antagonist. Though he felt that the wound was mortal, the hero summoned up all his dying energies, and, with two strokes of his well-tried sword, slew the Danish leader and one of his followers, and then expired himself, falling, like Leonidas or Epaminondas, a sacrifice to the cause of his country, and grasping victory even in death.

'This sad event had scarcely occurred, when the brave Prince of Ulster, eager in pursuit of Brodar's troop, rushed into the royal tent, and cut the remnant of them to pieces. But the sight of the lifeless body of the venerable monarch was more than his exhausted strength could bear. He threw himself upon it, his numerous wounds burst forth afresh; and, refusing all assistance, the gallant Sitric breathed his last in the arms of his friend and faithful ally.

'Thus fell the illustrious Brien Boromhe, a name that will ever be considered the glory of Ireland. Sagacious, humane, pious, valiant, and munificent, he merits a distinguished rank amongst those sovereigns who have been the benefactors, not the scourges, of mankind. He conquered as much by the splendour of

a character, acquired by his philanthropic acts, as by his great military achievements. His bodily endowments and mental powers were of the very first order; and he was, at once, the hero and the lawgiver of his country.'—P. 75.

From these extracts, it will be perceived that these stories are well told.

INFANT SCHOOLS.

Letters on the System of Development, as pursued in Infants Schools. By the Master of an infant school. Southampton, 1829.*

We have more than once asserted our conviction that the systems of education most generally pursued in this country, were not the best calculated to produce a wise and consistent social order: and this, we have hinted, we thought was not altogether the fault of the systems themselves. For education is not in itself an end, but a means to an end, and, as all means do, must vary according to the end proposed. Now, we strongly suspect that, were we to venture on expressing an opinion that the real end of education is very nearly lost sight of at the present time, we should meet with very few willing to coincide with our view of the case. And yet, when every day gives birth to a new system of teaching, (although the acquisition of knowledge has been made almost as mechanical a process as the piling of timber, and the formation of the understanding very similar to the making of any other machine for scientific purposes,) it is difficult, except on this hypothesis, to understand how the interest evidently taken in the subject should not have led us to make some approximation to the true system.

In spite, of the new institutions and methods which every day gives birth to, and which every other day nearly as certainly sweeps away, we do not believe that the real end of education is perceived in England; and we are necessarily bound to believe that the various means are themselves valueless. Perhaps we shall have occasion to show that they are more than valueless: that they not only do not increase the mental energy and remove the obstacles in its path, but that they overrate and distract it, and destroy its power by forcing it to expend that power upon numberless and unconnected impediments.

The end of education we assert to be the formation of the manly character; the teaching man to look within himself for the principles of conduct and of knowledge; the supplying of a counteracting influence by which the evil effects of the world's temptations may be as much as possible neutralised, and the mind, with all its inborn capabilities and yearnings, confirmed, developed, and encouraged in its onward progress towards that possible good, the desire of whose attainment is at once its best stay and its surest pledge of its high destiny; the rescuing of the will from the bondage of things outward, and the building up of a firm and consistent structure on the broad foundations of religion, on love, and freedom, and intelligence. Such is our view of the end of education, as respects the infinite and imperishable in man; a secondary consideration is, we know, forced upon us by the nature of our situation in this world, and education must embrace the instruction by which we are to procure for ourselves the necessities of life.

In claiming for a religious education, the first and, indeed, the only real importance, we beg to disavow any concurrence with those who believe that religious education consists in giving certain pages of an unintelligible catechism to be learned by heart, or in insisting upon certain chapters of Dr. Paley's Evidences being *crammed* up for an examination, or in compelling a certain number of very thoughtless, or very immoral, young men,

* This little work has already been noticed in 'The Athenæum'; but, as we have received the following review from an esteemed contributor, we very willingly return to the important subject of which it treats.—Ed.

to exhibit themselves to a college-master at morning and evening chapel: as little do we give the name of religious instruction to that miscellaneous sowing of tracts, which certain sectarians, hardly less violent in their zeal than the dignified abbots of Granta and Iais, have so widely, and we think so unfortunately, adopted as a means of recommending their peculiar tenets. The education we term religious, has a broader base, and a loftier superstructure, than the zeal of interest or party: it is not to make men fit for one profession more than another, to furnish them with a chart of one narrow road alone,—it is to waken in them or sustain the consciousness that there is one business of life and one only, compatible with, nay, even involving their duties towards those who surround them; to clear away the obstacles which choke up the spring of living waters, so that they may flow on fertilising and in joy, beautiful in themselves, and the source of happiness to all that dwell beside them.

All education, however, be it religious or not, we hold to depend upon the axiom, that there are powers in the mind, *ab origine*, previously existent, which are not only not derived from any exercise of the sensitive faculty, but are the very conditions under which the sensitive faculty becomes capable of furnishing the understanding with the phenomena which enter into the constitution of knowledge. And these fundamental notions we believe it to be the proper province of education to draw out into the consciousness, to marshal them before the man in their due order and dependence, and to refer through them every presentation of the senses to its proper place in the scientific scheme.

The whole essence of education will be then the strengthening those feelings which constitute religion, and the developing those powers of the understanding which are the conditions of all knowledge, and in the due combination of which the manly character exists, as the active and energetic representative of both. In the system which must be formed in order to compass the end which we propose to ourselves, we shall then have ever in view the fixing of the mind upon itself, and its powers as alone regulative both in ethical and in physical science; the leading it to discover, within its own sphere, the laws of its moral being, and the principle of that ordination which supplies a life and unity to the otherwise disjointed and dead facts of the material universe. Those compendious methods of heaping knowledge in the memory which the prolific genius of Scotch philosophers and Italian charlatans have put forth for the benefit of mankind, we shall leave to their own merits, well satisfied that we are beyond the reach of any evil from them, and well assured that these mechanical and fragmentary methods of acquiring knowledge have already been succeeded by one more philosophical, and therefore more capable of supplying the necessities of which the mind is conscious from the first.

Among the signs of this advancement which has been made towards a philosophical method, are the Infant Schools, whose very existence is a proof that this method is in the spirit of the nineteenth century, and a pledge that a better hope is springing up among us; and with this assurance we are well pleased to think that in their wide diffusion over this country we see the seeds of a new social order, with higher ends and better feelings than belonged to that which they will displace. It is true they are the offspring of the last age, that they derive their being from an Italian of the eighteenth century, but they were nevertheless not in the spirit of that century; and therefore, they were every where opposed and thwarted by it: the 'system of development' on which they proceed, partook too much of the character of an older and a wiser philosophy to meet the approbation of the miserable scoundrels of France, and their scarce more deeply grounded antagonists of England: Locke and Voltaire, Hume and Condillac, alike reject the notion of any

thing to be developed, and England has even yet to emancipate herself from the bonds of their shallow psychology. The time has hardly yet come, but it assuredly will, when full justice will be done to the wise and the philanthropic Pestalozzi. We will then rejoice, not that we have added our feeble praise to the well-earned applauses which will be paid to his name, but that we uplifted our voice in commendation of that scheme to the perfecting of which he devoted his splendid talents with unwearied perseverance and success so signal.

We shall let the excellent little work whose name stands at the head of this article describe the system for us, wherever we find it possible: regretting that our limits will compel us to pass very cursorily over one of the most interesting subjects that can be presented to our thoughts: for it is not in the infant school only that the principles this work asserts will be useful; it is not for the children of the poor only, that its author's experience will be made available: in the palace of the wealthy as in the hovel of the labourer, the same words should be sounded, and in the royal foundations of our public schools, and in the clerical foundations of our universities.

We need hardly attempt to prove to our readers that the proper season for education begins with, or even before, the appearance of understanding: every mother who watched her baby in infancy will have observed the astonishing effort by which the little musician learnt to move his limbs to the time of the song, which had always been sung to him, long before his tongue could give evidence of the accuracy with which he had observed it: but even the most decided opposers of our views, the most determined assertors of the external origin of all our knowledge, will agree with us that it is impossible to say when the child first has distinct perceptions. From the moment, therefore, that it is capable of being carried about, it would profit by attending such a school as we describe; and circumstances are mentioned by all writers on this system, which show that, when such infants have been taken by their nurses among their little companions, they have very soon learned to imitate their motions, and to follow their tunes, by that restless necessity of trying their own strength after the fashion of those around them, which seems the most remarkable circumstance in the infant's manners.]

But, from very obvious reasons, children are rarely sent to these schools till they are about eighteen months or two years old; and they continue till they are about ten. Their first occupations are merely gymnastical: they, for a few days, sit and observe; afterwards they begin to clap with their hands, point in different directions, stamp with their feet, march round the school-room, and so on. By this discipline their attention is excited, their interest in the proceedings is insured, the circulation of their blood is promoted, and their physical condition often not a little improved. But, when the capacity of learning by word from a teacher has been observed, what is to be done?

If, then, such be the period of life most proper for the commencement of education, you will ask what method should be adopted and pursued as best calculated to ensure the great end thereof? We, of course, agree that this great end is the salvation of the soul; and subservient to that, a preparation for usefulness in this world. This premised, we answer, the teacher's grand business is to employ such means as may appear best calculated to develop the powers and faculties of the mind; at the same time endeavouring to bleed divine truth with every portion of knowledge which he imparts; and for this purpose he should, as far as possible, teach from nature; because nature is so constituted as to lead the mind to observation, to reflection, to fixed habits of thought, and at the same time to improve it with exalted views of the Almighty, as the Creator, Sovereign, and provident Father of all.

Man is the noblest work of God: every child is a man in embryo. We therefore feel it incumbent to begin with the child himself; first directing his attention to a finger, a hand, an arm, an eye, an ear, a leg,

a foot, a toe, his head, &c. This done, we excite and draw his attention towards some part of the animal creation, as a cat, a dog, their various organs of sense, their limbs, and so forth; observing the particular office of each member, the relation of each part to the whole, the active principle of life pervading every part, and, finally, the similarity between the animal and the child itself. From animals we proceed to vegetables; from those to minerals: and from natural objects thus introduced, we feel no difficulty in ascending to spiritual ones, by an easy transition; thus leading the children to form ideas, according to their own capacity, upon their nature as spiritual and immortal beings; and to an understanding of the mercy of God in the provision of a Saviour, and salvation through him; enforcing all by suitable portions of Scripture, and teaching them to revere the Bible as the only standard of pure and solid truth.

Our aim throughout the whole, is to distinguish between a mere act of the memory, and those of the other powers of the mind. Our object is to teach more by things than words; because in the formation of an idea more is necessary than merely bringing the object before the senses. "Its qualities must be explained; its origin accounted for, its parts described, their relation to the whole ascertained: its use, its effects, or its consequences must be stated;—all this must be done, at the same time, in a manner sufficiently clear and comprehensive to enable the child to distinguish the object from other objects, and to account for the distinction which is made: and, whenever the knowledge of an abstract (or separate) idea is to be communicated, an equivalent of the representation should be given, through the medium of a fact, as an exemplification. For the way by precept is long and laborious; the way by example is short and easy." Farther, we endeavour not only to act upon the child, but to let him become an agent in the improvement of his own mind, by making him think. "His thought should be regular and self-active." We do not so much talk to a child, as enter into conversation with him. The exercises recommended, "for employing the mind and eliciting thought," are such as embrace *Form, Number, and Language*. Whatever ideas we may have to acquire during life, are introduced through the medium of one of these departments: the reason why we would so early call the attention to the elements of number and form; is, besides their general usefulness, they admit of a most perspicacious treatment, a treatment of course far different from that in which they are too often involved, and which renders them utterly unpalatable to those who are by no means deficient in ability."—Pp. 6—8.

The method adopted in order to convey mathematical knowledge to the children who can receive it, is simple: it consists in showing, by means of a large board and chalk, various properties of points, and lines, and figures.

With regard to *Figures*.—By the association of points, lines, and angles, many will be produced, especially of triangles, quadrangles, and others containing many sides and angles. Each school-master is also provided with an instrument made of iron, tin, or brass, cut in ten or twelve pieces of equal length, which are riveted together near the ends, and with which he can at pleasure form figures similar to those above named; in which lessons the scholars are led to observe the difference between an acute, a right, or an obtuse angle; equilateral, scalene, and isosceles triangles: oblongs, squares, circles, ovals regular and irregular, pentagons, hexagons, and polygons. The diameters of circles and their centres; also semicircles, ovals, spiral lines, concave and convex angles, &c., are useful and excellent subjects for *thinking* lessons. I must here anticipate my friend's old objection, "All this is good in its place; but why teach it to poor children?" We answer, our aim is to develop the powers of the infant mind; and that principally by leading them to the study of nature, the various objects of which will be found to form themselves into some one or more of these geometrical shapes. For example, you have of course observed that a tree possesses its points, lines, and angles; its leaves and branches, its stem and its fruit, are either circular, oval, conical, round, or spiral, &c.; while the fragrant flowers, the various and distinct parts of animals, minerals, and the human frame, do also comprise these shapes and forms in their appearances. Hence, ask an infant scholar to show you an angle, and it will point to its elbow, or a knuckle. Ask for a concave angle, and it will point to a corner of its eye, or of its mouth: or for a circle, and it will answer, "My eye-ball." I know a lady who one day asked a class of children,

which she was examining, to tell her "of a circle of the body," when an answer to the above effect was given. "What," she continued, "can you do with your eye?" "We can see," was a general answer; but one little girl, said, "We can *sin*, too." "How!" rejoined the lady, "can you sin with your eye?" "If," was the answer, "we see a young lady or gentleman dressed in nice clothes, and wish they were ours, we covet what is our neighbour's, and that is sinning against God with our eye." I only wish to add, that this branch of knowledge is also exceedingly useful in preparing the children for *writing*, by leading them to the use of the slate and pencil, by means of which they form lines, angles, and figures, of various forms and dimensions.—Pp. 11, 12.

Number and arithmetic are easily taught and acquired with wonderful facility: every thing in this science is done by actual combinations of the simple elements; marbles, pebbles, any thing, in short, is made use of to lead the children to observe for themselves the facts of addition and the other rules; and we can assert, from our personal experience, the wonderful readiness of calculation which this method begets in the learners. We subjoin a short statement of the author's to exemplify the skill and the manner of the children.

"Two ladies and a gentleman, visiting a school not long since, asked, 'What is the half of 16½?'" and were answered in a moment by several of the children, "8½." "The fourth of it?" "4½." "The eighth of it?" "2 and 1-16th." "The sixteenth of it?" "1 and 1-32nd part." "How many are twice 17½?" "35½." "Twice 35½?" "71." "Twice 71?" "142." This they proved as follows:—"Twice 70 are 140, and twice 1 are 2; therefore, twice 71 must be 142." On being asked how they knew twice 35½ are 71, they answered, "Twice 35 are 70, and two halves make one whole; therefore, twice 35½ must be 71." Again, they were required to show that twice 17½ are 35½, when they said, "Twice 10 are 20, and twice 7 are 14; 20 and 14 are 34, and twice ½ are 1; 34 and 1 are 35½; therefore, twice 17½ are 35½." During such calculations, the children either stand or sit, while the promptitude and cheerfulness, the perspicuity and ease, with which they answer, could not be equalled in much older children, who are taught according to the system of the old school.—P. 20.

The same means are made use of to convey a knowledge of weights and measures and the value of money; and the attention of the children is excited by the tables being sometimes thrown into a kind of very innocent doggerel, which is chaunted by the whole number, with very astonishing accuracy of tune and time. The whole of the latter relating to number is so good, that we recommend it to the attention of all persons engaged in the instruction of very young children, as containing by far the best method we have yet met with for that purpose.

Grammar is easily taught, for every action suggests some grammatical instruction: a child may be sent across the room, and the rest may be taught to sing, 'Here he or she comes!' 'There he or she goes,' &c.; and the difference of genders, pronouns, action and suffering, time past, present, and to come—all may be remarked in these simple sentences. Adjectives are equally common, and with equal facility remarked. And thus, by the mere medium of conversation, without books or rules, great accuracy is acquired in speaking, so much so, as indeed to be very striking in children who are generally of the lowest order.

To these three branches of instruction, which must form the ground-work of every philosophical system, and which, when properly followed out, are productive of incalculable advantage to the mind, are added drawing, writing, reading, and singing, all of which the natural desire to imitate soon enables many children to compass: in this they are assisted by coloured prints, sentences in large type on the walls, with other figures, which they may copy upon slates. The art of spelling is taught by a curious process; our author shall describe it:

Spelling is taught, sometimes, to the whole of the scholars at the same time; at other times a class is selected, and each child separately examined: again, we

select several of the forwardest of both sexes, giving each of them charge over eight or ten of their little schoolfellows; and once or twice in the course of each day put the lesson into their hands; when, as they have been taught, so they teach. These little monitors often become more successful teachers than the master or mistress themselves, because they are able to enter into the feelings of their little pupils with greater ease than it is possible for the most affable and affectionate grown person to do. The materials used in order to impart these elementary signs of language are various: the master takes his black board, or slate, and forms the various descriptions of letters, as used both in printing and writing, composing syllables and words; and at the same time exercising the thinking powers of the children, by requiring them to name other words and syllables which may be formed with the same letters, when transposed or decreased. For example, I here select the word *breast*; and it will be found, upon examination, that, with these six letters, *b, r, e, a, s, t*, we can compose the following words and syllables:—*ra, ta, sa, ba, te, se, re, es, eb, ab, as, at, be, est, set, ser, sar, tes, eat, set, tar, tas, cab, erb, arb, bra, tra, ber, bar, reb, ere, teas, beat, sate, hare, best, treb, bret, brat, beer, rare, rear, teat, tate, babe, stab, star, rase, rab, bate, rate, tare, tear, bear, sart, bart, breast, beast, baste, stare, baster, ate, eat, are, ear, bat, bet, set, eat, sea, tea, tar, rat, art, beat, rest, seat, east*: here we count seventy-eight words and syllables formed with six letters; and by the repetition of a letter, in the instance, we get still more, as *barb, tart, barber, taster, easter, tease, teaster, tartar, treat, &c.*—Pp. 37, 38.

The two grand sources of instruction, however, yet remain,—nature and the Bible. The lessons in the first are supplied by live animals, dogs, cats, or pictures of foreign animals, and by the children themselves, who are taught to observe the various parts of their bodies, their uses and abuses. Songs are introduced to keep the attention fixed. Birds, insects, stones, flowers—all are pressed into the service; and in all, the goodness of God is pointed out as a creator and preserver of mankind. We have no room for extracts from the letter on natural history, but it is extremely interesting.

The history of the Old and New Testaments is constantly alluded to; and all the important promises impressed upon the children's minds, not in an unintelligible jargon, but clearly and affectionately; and the moral cautions are carefully laid before them. Of course, the manner in which this is done must be obvious; and we shall add no more upon the subject, but that it is a favourite occupation in these schools to be hearing the scriptural histories.

We shall now take leave of this little work with a very few words on the system and its effects. We could not, of course, expect to do justice to it within the limits of an article; and the best service we could do it would perhaps be the recommending of these very interesting letters to our readers; but the general principles of education on which this system is founded have been so miserably neglected in England, that we should hardly be justified in omitting to state the beneficial effects which experience demonstrates to follow wherever they have been recognised. The principal advantages that appear to us to result, are the zeal for acknowledgment which springs up in the infant mind, for the love of the acquisition itself, and the comprehensive because fundamental expansion of their notions, by the habit of mathematical instruction, and the necessity of observing all things with accuracy for themselves. It was the high philosophy of ancient Greece to make men love excellence rather than to excel; and when a different system was introduced by the sophists, it excited the indignation and called forth the repeated attacks of the most gigantic intellect of the Gentile world. Plato knew that in that seed of evil was contained all the misery and degradation which would overshadow the latter days of Athens, and finally sweep her away from the face of the civilised world. In these schools the same wise plan is pursued; emulation is unheard of: the child is suffered to observe for itself, and is induced to do so by the pleasure it derives from observation.

The following instance came under our own

observation at a school on this plan. The subject of conversation was the industry of the beaver, and by a natural transition the bee was mentioned. On the question being asked, why the bee was industrious, one of the children replied, 'Because it makes honey;' but one little girl said, 'No, the bee does not make honey, it only collects it.' Such an early habit of observation, we contend, is preferable to all the knowledge which can be crammed into the memory from without: holding with the venerable Harris, a man worthy of a better age than the one he belonged to, that the mind is not like a stagnant tank, to be recipient to any thing that may be poured into it; but like a stately tree, which, however it may be influenced by the climate and the soil in which it grows, puts forth its branches and its leaves only by the spirit of life which is within it.

YESTERDAY IN IRELAND.

Yesterday in Ireland. By the Author of 'To-day in Ireland.' 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

THIS work is, in every respect, inferior to the Irish novel which we have been reviewing during the last two weeks;—inferior in feeling, inferior in expression, inferior in description, above all, inferior in dramatical power. The author of 'The Munster Festivals,' we do not hesitate to say, has, by his last work, established his claim to be considered a man of genius; and our readers are aware that we are not in the habit of using that phrase lightly, or without attaching to it a very definite and a very high meaning. The author of 'Yesterday in Ireland' is not, and never will be, a man of genius; and, very probably, it is not the distinction which he most covets. His chief ambition, we should apprehend from his former work, which was considerably superior to the present, is to be thought a very philosophical, gentlemanlike person, who finds materials for amusement in the follies of all the parties by whom his country is distracted, but who would consider it vulgar to take any deep interest in any of them. Such a scribe is a very agreeable companion, when he selects his work from that state of society in which the characters are all exceedingly regular, well-behaved, and dull; because we think every one exceedingly clever who is able, and we are exceedingly obliged to him that he is willing, to find entertainment for us, where we could not find it for ourselves. But we neither can commend the ingenuity nor the taste of the man who, professing to describe a state of strong turbid feeling, such as is now, and always has been, the state of the Irish people, makes his narrative a scoffing record of the absurdities of which the different personages in his narrative are guilty;—no this ingenuity—for there needs no wit to tell us that men, when they are mad, commit many laughable actions, and not his taste—for we are not the least glad to have the interest we take in every narrative which exhibits living human nature, distracted by a reference to some of its petty ebullitions. The man who can impregnate himself with the spirit of which he records the manifestations, who has the least reserve for his own pride and personality, is the man who is the fittest to write on such themes, and who, in the long run, will find the most readers.

In his 'To-day in Ireland,' this author showed that, with considerable powers of observation and great power of writing, he had no power of entering into the spirit of the times. We were prepared, therefore, for a still greater failure when he attempted the far more difficult task of embodying in a work of fiction the character of a departed age; and it has turned out as we expected. 'Corramahon' is an attempt to describe Ireland at the time of the Revolution of 1688, in the spirit and language of the nineteenth century. In this view it is perfectly tame and worthless; but there is some interest in the story, which will suffice, with the name and puffs of the publisher, to secure the book a respectable circulation. We will not destroy the best chance of the writer, by giving an analysis of the

plot, but will give the following description of a castle and the storming of it, which will not interfere with the interest our readers may hereafter take in it:

'Descending a hill, the path followed by the band and their captive arrived on the brink of an extensive bog, one of those huge, dark morasses, that lie like lakes surrounded by a shore and limit of hill and high ground. It was immense, extending to the very horizon. Nothing was distinguishable in the shape of hamlet or habitation; no trace of man, in fine, upon its dangerous-seeming surface. O'More's followers nevertheless prepared to venture, or more probably to plunge into it. The horses ridden hitherto by Lady Auchinleck and young O'Mahon were dismounted with, and an osier-seat of very scanty size, borne by two men, was henceforth to serve the lady in lieu of a palfrey.

'This is a thick prison-wall to escape through,' was her remark.

'And an equally impenetrable fortress-wall,' said Garret; 'tis O'More's last defence.'

'They entered the bog, and traversed it with little less speed than they had passed the high and dry land of the hills. It was evident that there once had been a causeway leading through the morass; vestiges of it here and there remained; but it had been broken up, not only by neglect, but by precaution, for the sake of precluding the approach of enemy or stranger. The circuitous path pursued by the band, showed that a straight-forward one was impracticable, and to choose the practicable evidently required a skill that only those habituated to the region possessed. The scene was not absolutely new to Lady Auchinleck, who had traversed many such in her peregrinations. But it brought to her imagination, now and then, the passage of the African deserts, which the present scene almost equalled in wild extent, monotony, and danger. There indeed all was drought, here all damp—the sky of one lofty and cloudless, that of the other brown and low; there were, however, points of resemblance, equal solitude, for instance; for the mournful cry of the curlew, the only sound of life in the Irish morass, rather increased than broke upon the loneliness and stillness which it momentarily interrupted.

'Weariness at length overcame the captive lady, and fatigue outweighed even her terrors; and she longed to arrive at the castle or cave, or whatever might be the abode or lurking-place of Ulick. She inquired, and was told that it stood in the midst of the very morass she traversed. "Quelle site!" was her exclamation—"what a situation for a chieftain's residence!" At length they were enabled to point out to her something like a rocky mound, rising like an island, firm and somewhat above the shaking and insecure mixture of land and water that surrounded it. Approaching nearer, she was enabled to form a perfect idea of this bog-encircled den, which the Rapparee, in his condescension, meditated to share with the daughter and the widow of courtly nobles.

'A rocky interval or space arose in the midst of the bog, and on this a castle had been built in ancient times, probably by the old O'Mores, as the Rapparee boasted. The marks of several causeways, which near it were undestroyed, diverging towards different points of the distant mainland, bore witness to its respectability; as indeed did the extent of the ruins likewise. The castle had been razed, its towers and battlements and chambers all laid low, and nought of it remained, save the arched under-story, as it were, which in old times had served as the cellar of the prison, but which now formed the sole chamber; banqueting-hall, and abode of the O'More. A victorious enemy, perhaps the English, had razed it, but had found it impossible to destroy the archwork and the foundations. On these arches the ruins of the ancient superstructure still rested, mouldered and returned to clay, and covered with a green sward, which rose in irregular mounds, and which gave it the appearance of an ancient cemetery, such as one might expect to meet in the steppes of Tartary.

'At present, however, it wore a more lively appearance; a crowd of women being visible in and before it, who danced, and sung, and vociferated in a manner that betokened glee, though of the fury kind. These, the foremost of whom were honoured as the female relatives of O'More, advanced to meet the band and the lady it bore, with somewhat the appearance of, or attempt at, a procession. Uncouth as they were, the captive was gladdened at the sight of her own sex, and in number, in the rude retreat; and their welcome, in Irish-English, was of a courteous and complimentary, and

even an elegant turn, that rather contrasted with appearances.

'At the threshold of the rocky isle she was met by the young chieftain himself, in no unprincely garb, mantled and adorned with chain and collar. His very beard was trimmed, perhaps for the first time, and it was evident that the savage had taken all pains to humanize himself. Lady Auchinlech's surprise checked the burst of indignation and reproach, that she had meditated to pour forth, and that she had been conning. She regained some confidence on beholding the reverence with which, though a captive, she was welcomed. The rude Rapparee's hand even trembled, as he extended it to receive the high-born and beautiful lady; and the latter instantly knew her power, generally enough acknowledged, indeed; she calmed her fears accordingly, and composed every feeling and feature into the expression of proud and somewhat offended dignity.

'O'More made the humblest and blandest salutations to the widow of Lord Auchinlech; and she received them haughtily, thanking him condescendingly for the trouble he had taken in her liberation from the hands of the Williamites; for which, she added, neither Lewis of Frases, nor James of England, would fail to requite him. O'More answered, that with her, rather than with any potentates, rested the recompense he sought, and he straight poured forth his homage and heart with an humbleness and tenderness as exaggerated, as had been his rudeness to Rachel O'Mahon. Ignorance knows no medium; in both cases he was unlucky, as each extreme offered each lady the opportunity and the means to rid themselves of an unwelcome suitor. The lady received the Rapparee's vows as an homage of course, and, in fact, part of her reception. To hear them nothing moved her, not more than a common salutation. And O'More was at a loss how to convince her of his seriousness, without at once rushing to the extreme of violence, which he had pre-determined to avoid as a faulty mode of wooing.

"We will leave it to time," thought he, "especially as something else than gallantry presses."

'He therefore reassured the lady of his intentions to share with her his power and chieftaincy, with a tone too of peremptoriness that glided into his speech; and she parried the attack with predetermined apathy. The quarrel betwixt them was postponed. The chieftain looking to a successful defence to put security, as well as a noble wife, completely in his power, and the lady looking to the hour of strife and bustle, as the moment which best afforded the means of escape.

'With the arrival of reinforcements to the troops of Catherlogh, in the mean time, the Knight of Palestine had shaken off his inactivity and paternal sorrow. The little army was mustered; its ranks, or rather its rear, swelled with many volunteers from amongst the loyal burgesses of Catherlogh, who were eager to wash away the affront and reproach of want of vigilance and activity put upon them by the rescue of the important prisoner from Whittle's on the preceding night. Deloraine's regiment of horse were also at the rendezvous, and some of its officers were, for reasons not publicly known, all as eager as the citizens, to take vengeance upon the pestilent Rapparee.

'They began their march, and entered upon the hostile country without, as usual, meeting with any resistance. Neither pass, nor ravine, nor rock, nor opposing hill-side—no ground, however apt and opportune for defence, showed any symptoms of a Rapparee. The outlaw population seemed to have taken flight for some similar region, to return, no doubt, when their own wilds were again rid of their enemies. Bodies of troops had certainly been sent in other quarters, to intercept the fugitives, and shut in O'More's people in their bogs and hills; but over such an extent the performance of such a duty was impossible. The troops advanced, however; the Knight of Palestine determined this once to reach and destroy the den of the ruffian, that had so long been to him a dangerous and unpunished neighbour. Different tracks were pursued by different bodies of the invaders; no one, however, unseen by, or uncommunicating with the others; and, the little army having thus traversed a part of the region without encountering an enemy, united again its different bands on the verge of the morass, not many hours before crossed by Lady Auchinlech and her captors.

'The leaders were of course not ignorant of the existence and situation of the Rapparee's den. Sir Christopher had often ardently desired to pay it a hostile visit; but force sufficient had never been at his command, until the late outrage, or repeated outrages

of O'More, joined with the fears of Government of an approaching insurrection, had put into the Knight's power the means of gratifying his wish.

'The line of the causeways, of two of them at least, was chosen, and the troops advanced into the morass, Deloraine's horse being compelled to remain behind on the high and dry shore, where they were ordered to cut off the retreat of fugitives. For this purpose they extended their patrol as far round the brink as they could without separating. It was a difficult march for the soldiers, who soon lost all appearance of order, and scrambled on as they might, leaving divers stragglers of their body stuck beyond all possibility of extrication. Here they first encountered opposition. A fire was of a sudden opened upon them, seemingly from the very bog itself, which it seemed idle to reply to. The men of O'More in ambush, were all, in fact, up to their chins in water, their hands and heads, and the arms they bore, being among the rushes; and, as a kind of camp entrenchment thrown up to protect each submerged band, a large bog-fosse was formed and placed in front of their ambush, and all approach to it so intersected and insecure, that it was seldom and with difficulty that the soldiers could reach their enemies, and even in some cases when they had reached, they found it as difficult to find them. The troops had great numbers of wounded in this ugly warfare; and now and then when the head of a Rapparee was despoiled and seized, the half-drowned wretch pulled up by his wild shock hair, and instantly slain, he was reconsigned to his bog-hole.

'Despite of these impediments, that occurred as often as the ground lent itself to them, the troops and the Knight made progress, and Ulick O'More was in despair. He had resolved with a devoted band of his followers to charge upon the causeway his advancing foes; but their marching in two bodies and in such number, disconcerted him; while in combat with one, his retreat and strong-hold would be taken by the other; nothing remained but flight.

'His wooing was thus seriously interrupted. Some time before the near approach of the red-coated enemies, he had intrusted his fair prisoner once more to Garrett O'Mahon's keeping and guidance, bidding him make for the hills opposite those occupied by the soldiery, and thence proceed to await him at an appointed spot, far out of the reach of the Williamites. The order for her escape was given in time. In their traversing the rest of the bog, they could perceive the troopers of Deloraine's extending their numbers around it; and, when they gained the brink, and horses were procured for them, some of the leading horsemen, amongst whom an officer was conspicuous, spurred towards them, attracted, no doubt, by the female habit, and the seeming urgency of the lady's flight.

'Willomer at once conjectured who it was, and, although he was no longer excited by the momentary humour, in which wine and the councils of Morley had the greatest share of the preceding evening, to win and serve the beautiful widow, still, for the sake of vengeance upon the Rapparee, he would have been glad to capture and rescue her back from his hands. Lady Auchinlech, too, might have guessed at this, and favoured it by lingering, as any fate was preferable to the thralldom of Ulick, especially when in discomfiture and ill-humour. Garrett O'Mahon, however, during the last traverse, had shown symptoms of an inclination to throw off his lately-assumed allegiance to O'More—ties which common discomfiture, in his ideas, had broken. When Lady Auchinlech had proposed the escape of both to the coast of Waterford, and thence to France, young O'Mahon did not seem averse to at once putting himself in safety, and proceeding to the French King's or the Stuarts' Court with a high claim for a gallant character and for reward, in having rescued a lady known and admired in both. To be the companion and protector of the said lady was not without its charm; and the selfish youth determined to forsake his family,—whom, nevertheless, he could in no wise aid by remaining at home,—as well as O'More, in pursuance of his own immediate interest and safety. Even a farewell was not taken by him; and, instead of betaking themselves to the rendezvous appointed by Ulick in the far hills, to which he intended to retreat, Garrett O'Mahon and Lady Auchinlech soon turned southwards, in the direction of Waterford, and escaped from the immediate danger of being intercepted with more good fortune than had attended the lady's former attempt of the kind under the protection of Chef Roger.

'Ulick O'More, in the mean time, retreated also from the seat of his forefathers; so he dignified his cave; and he lamented its approaching profanation by the feet of the Saxon enemy, in terms far more exag-

gerated and poetical and pathetic, than he made use of some hours after, when informed of the treachery of Garrett and the escape of his destined bride. He retreated, lion-like, exchanging shots and blows with his pursuers. These soon planted their flag upon the topmost mound of O'More's retreat, though, upon looking back to their long line of disabled, and dead, and straggling, with which the morass was covered, they might very well remark that the possession of the outlaw's den had been dearly purchased. The Knight resolved to complete its destruction. Its foundations and arches were undermined and bored; the ammunition, useless against a fast-flying enemy, was copiously employed for these purposes of vengeance, which would endure as a trophy of success. The Williamites retired from the rocky mound; and in a few minutes all that remained of the ancient Castle of the Chief, or the modern cave of the Rapparees, was shattered into a black and ruined mass.'—Vol. ii. pp. 120—130.

FLOWERS OF FANCY.

Flowers of Fancy, exhibited in a Collection of Similes, taken from various Authors, and alphabetically arranged. By Henry Schultes. 8vo. Longman and Co. London, 1829.

THE avowed design of this benevolent work is to assist young authors in enriching their styles. It appeared to the author, much reflecting upon the inconvenience which the writers for the Minerva Press have hitherto suffered, in being obliged to hunt for their figures of speech through a host of volumes, troublesome to read and most expensive to buy, that he should be doing a signal service to mankind, if he presented them, in one moderate-sized octavo volume, with whatever, in the celebrated authors of Great Britain, was likely to be applicable to their purposes. It certainly is somewhat hard, that a young gentleman, about to write a heroic poem or a fashionable novel, should be obliged to toil through the twelve volumes of Shakspeare for the purpose of finding fit words and similes, when, perhaps, there are not twelve passages in all these volumes which would do him the least service. This class of the community is under no ordinary obligations to Mr. Henry Schultes, who has not only submitted to this drudgery for their sakes, but has also taken the pains to study the other most distinguished classics of our land, as, for instance, (not to mention Milton and Blackmore,) Mr. John Bowring, Mr. Robert Montgomery, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Miss Lucy Aikin, and the Oxford Sausage.

That there must have been great difficulties in the execution of this meritorious book, our readers will perceive, when we have shown, by a quotation from Mr. Schultes's preface, to what a high standard of excellence in composition he wishes to conduct the writers for Mr. Newman:

'If it were possible to establish a criterion in literature whereby philological taste might be regulated, it would be easy to prescribe rules for deciding at once on literary merit, and awarding its just degree of praise: but, whilst a diversity of opinion continues to prevail amongst mankind, the renown of a writer must necessarily depend more upon fortuitous events and the ruling fashion of the age, than upon the brilliance of his wit, or the force of his genius, as the example of Milton and others may serve to prove. The truth of this remark is so universally acknowledged, that every aspirant for public approbation now endeavours to discover some new path which may lead him to distinction, and hopes, through the medium of novelty, originality, or eccentricity, to gain popular fame. Some authors seek reputation by adopting a conciseness of style; others court regard by an elaborate amplification of their topics; and a few expect to attract notice by a partial revival of obsolete phraseology. Popularity, however, seems, conformably with the existing rules of philology, to be most deservedly due to him who, following the light of truth, is enabled to convey his ideas with clearness into the minds of others, and who can occasionally illustrate his propositions by apposite comparisons, formed by allusion to natural and familiar objects of the senses.'—Pp. v., vi.

Now our readers will perceive, that, much as it conduces 'to popularity,' according to 'the existing rules of philology,' that a man should 'follow the light of truth,' and illustrate his proposi-

tions by apposite comparisons,' that there is one great difficulty in the way of his attaining popularity by this means; namely, that all the apt comparisons have been exhausted beforehand. If this be the case, as there is too much reason to fear, the publication of such a work as the present, instead of being useful to those for whom it was designed, would operate as a serious discouragement to them. For, as Mr. Schultes remarks to his feeling manner:

'Perhaps nothing can be more mortifying to a writer, after he has published (as his own creation) that which he considers to be a happy comparison, to discover that the same incidents, expressed partially or wholly in the same language, had been already given to the world by various predecessors.'—P. 8.

But the comprehensive and sagacious mind of Mr. Schultes suggested a remedy for this great inconvenience. 'True,' he thought within himself, 'if I record not only Shakespeare's comparisons, but likewise that which is compared, the tender conscience of the author of "The Fatal Discovery" or "Clorinda's Cave," may consider it a plagiarism to import either into his work.' But is this necessary, is it even convenient? Certainly not. If an author has a good simile provided for him, he will fit it on as occasion requires. Tell a practised writer that Ceres speaks in "The Tempest" of "a rich scarf to the proud earth," and he will not the least thank you for quoting:

"And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth."

Mention to him that something is, somewhere in Shakespeare, called 'the governess of the floods,' and he will think it superfluous to ask what that something is. Allude to—

"The double cherry seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,"—

and what can it signify to him, that in its original application, it referred to the early friendship of two fair-stricken maidens of Athens. The use of a simile is, that it may be turned to all purposes; and Mr. Schultes has shown admirable judgment in acting upon this principle. He has called his book 'Flowers of Fancy,' and evidently thinking that the flowers were much better without the stalks, he has so arranged his dictionary that a writer, as soon as he has written down the commonest adjective, has only to turn to the first letter, and he will find twenty apt comparisons for that case made and provided. We will quote a page at random, from which our readers will be able to judge of the great merit of the work in this respect.

'PLEASING as the day. *Poetical Recreations*.—as dawn of day. *Gildon*.—as light to the eyes. *Atterbury*.—as the rosy morn whose lovely cheeks look smiling on the day. *W. Hemings*. Pleasing and gay as the sweet smiling summer. *W. Hett*.—More pleasing than a summer's morn. *J. Clare*.—Pleasing as sunshine to the bee. *Gay*.—as winter suns or summer shade. *Dryden*.—Pleasing to my sense as sleep after a tedious watching. *Glaphorne*.—as dreams of health to the diseased. *Jacob*.—as the pipe of Mercury which charmed the hundred eyes of watchful Argus, and enforced him to sleep. *Play, Lear*.—as hope. *Play, Momus turned Fabulist*.—as hope to the despairing penitent. *Jacob*.

'PLENTY as rabbits in a warren. *Fielding*.—as blackberries. *Centlivre, Sir W. Scott*.—as nettles. *Play, Plymouth in an uproar*.—as hops. *M. P. Andrews*.

'PLIABLE as an osier. *Lacy, J. Worsdale*.—as a twig. *W. Davies*.

'PLIANT as a hazel stick. *Play, Interlude of Youth*.—as the shoots of a young tree in vernal flower. *T. Moore*.—More pliant than wax. *John Baillie*.

'PLUMP as a partridge. *E. Ravenscroft, Pope, and others*.—Plump and shy as a partridge. *Sir W. Scott*.—Plump as a barn-door chicken. *P. Pladar*.—as a puffin. *Farquhar*.—as a cherry. *Herrick*.—as grapes. *T. Killigrew; Play, Psyche*.—as grapes after showers. *Behn*.—Plump and grey as a gooseberry. *R. Burns*.—Plump and juicy as a damson. *E. Ward*.—Plump as stalled theology. *E. Young*.

'POINT to him as naturally as the needle to the north. *Young Hypocrite, in Foot's Comic Theatre*.—Pointed

as a prodigy. *Rawlins*.—Sharply pointed as a thorn. *Herrick*.

'POISON like a scorpion's dart. *Beattie*.

'POISONOUS as the serpent. *Mirandola*.—as an asp's tooth. *Moses Mendez*.

'POLISHED as marble. *E. Young*.

'POLITE as elegance. *Savage*.

'PONDEROUS. More ponderous than the sand that lies upon the new forsaken shore. *Quarles*.

The opinions of a person who could frame such a scheme as this, upon all literary questions, must be worthy of record; and our readers will, we are sure, attach still further weight to Mr. Schultes's authority, when informed that he talks of 'two of our most eminent writers, Shakespeare and Addison,' that he considers the great models 'of purity of language and gracefulness of style,' are Tillotson and Robertson, and that he objects to the similes of joys 'being bright as April flowers,' and of 'empires rising like an exhalation,' because, as he facetiously observes, they evince an erroneous judgment, not unlike that of the blind man who thought the colour of scarlet resembled the sound of trumpet.

Commending Mr. Schultes's book to the patronage of the scribes in Grub-street, for whose use it is designed, we will avail ourselves of its publication to say a few words upon the point which it naturally suggests; namely, the merits and defects of metaphorical writings, and the alleged prevalence of it in certain writings of our own day. But this is matter for a future article.

NEW MUSIC.

The favourite Airs in Pacini's Opera, 'L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei,' arranged for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, by A. Diabelli. Book II. Boosey and Co.

THIS second Book comprises as much interesting variety as the first; (noticed in the *Athenæum*, No. 63, page 8;) and, as we are now given to understand that it is highly probable the Opera will be performed at the King's Theatre this season, the arrangement here offered will become highly acceptable, and most likely popular. The following pieces form the second Book: 'S'Innamorati all'etra,' a long showy chorus, à la Rossini, in A common time, 'Oh! mio crudele affetto,' Aria di Appio, a very pleasing andante cantabile in C 6-8 time, followed by an allegretto marziale, and 'Ballabile' for a conclusion. We repeat, that they are well arranged, and unusually well brought out.

Fantasia Drammatica, No 1, or, 'Airs from Mozart's Opera, 'Così fan tutte,' arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.), and dedicated to Miss Peach, (of Ketteringham Hall, Norfolk,) by J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co.

It would be a work of supererogation to dilate upon the excellence of a piece, bearing upon its title the conjoint names of Mozart and Cramer; we can, therefore, merely add, that it exhibits all the beauty, melody, and elegance of the former, united to the expression, taste, and judgment of the latter. It is arranged quite in a familiar style, is very teachable, and, therefore, very serviceable, and comprises the following variety of airs: Introduzione in Bb 2-4, 'Prenderò quel Brunettino'; 'Bella vita Militar,' as a Spiritoso in F; 'Eco vi il medico,' in G; the graceful air 'E Amore un ladroncello,' in E flat; and, as a finale, 'Donne mie la fate a tanti.'

A Heart for Sale, Song composed by Samue. Henshall of Liverpool. Boosey and Co.

THE music is more estimable than the words, which are composed of such mawkish stuff as is generally given to Miss Love or Madame Vestris to sing. Mr. Henshall seems to be a well-educated musician; and we hope to see his music another time 'wedded' to better verse.

Rondo Polacca, for the Piano-Forte, composed and dedicated to Zechariah Buck, Esq., (Organist of Norwich Cathedral), by Ch. Chabier, Op. 70. Cocks and Co.

THIS Polacca is the first work we have met with of the above writer; although, by his having arrived at of op. 70, he must, we presume, be a successful and popular composer upon the Continent. The present piece exhibits a vast deal of talent and industry, shown by the careful attention he has paid to punctuation and expres-

sion; and, as in the works of Herz, &c., it requires a tolerable Italian scholar to understand all his directions as to style and character. For example: he inserts such unusual phrases and words as the following: 'Semplicemente ed un poco ritenuto,' 'Malinconicamente,' 'Dolcissimo e legato,' 'Leggerissimo,' 'Grandioso,' 'Pomposo,' 'Risoluti,' &c. &c., in addition to all other words used in musical phraseology. The work, however, is of a first-rate excellence, and Chabier will, without doubt, become a popular writer for the piano-forte in this country. His style is bold, showy, and brilliant.

'Love and the Bird,' or 'Qui me negligé me perd,' the favourite Ballad Proverb sung by Mrs. Yates at the Adelphi Theatre, in the popular Drama 'Monsieur Mallet, or, My Daughter's Letter,' by W. T. Moncrieff, composed by John Barnett. Published by the Authors.

FROM the long-continued popularity of 'Monsieur Mallet,' this Ballad must be pretty well known already; but to those who have not heard it in the piece, we beg to say, that it is a bagatelle of an unusually cheerful, pleasing and familiar character. It is a Scherzoso in C. 6-8 time, written within the limited compass of E on the first and F on the fifth lines, and, consequently, applicable to voices in general.

'The Christmas Box,' a new annual or musical Souvenir, a Fantasia for the Piano-Forte, formed of reminiscences of the most favourite Gems of Melody and Harmony, that have lately become popular, collated, arranged, and composed by N. B. Challoner. Mayhew and Co.

THE most successful publications for the piano-forte of the present day are Divertimentos or Fantasias, &c., arranged upon a variety of favourite and well-known melodies, and which species of composition (or rather compilation) is highly popular upon the Continent under the title of Pot Pourri, Melange, Olla podrida, &c.; and the one now offered to notice is the newest and freshest thing of the sort; for, in a pleasing, and rather familiar, manner, the following excellent variety is offered in 'The Christmas Box': viz. after an introduction occupying one page, (a Maestoso in F, common time,) we are presented with Madame Pasta's express favourite, 'Ah! che forse,' and 'Vedrai quest'anima.' This, by an appropriate episode, is followed by Made-moiselle Sontag's favourite 'Wer horte wohl jemah mich klagen,' from Weigel's Opera 'The Swiss Family.' This naturally leads into a very pleasing adaptation of the well-known Tyrolese melody, 'The Swiss Boy,' which is well contrasted by Haydn's beautiful hymn 'Gott erhalte Franz den Kayer,' now daily performing by the Bohemian Brothers, and in which is introduced Dr. Haydn's very beautiful modulations, published by himself in his Violin Quartets. As a contrast to this, the French air, 'Au clair de la lune,' forms a cheerful Finale, in which is introduced Madame Stockhausen's favourite, 'Souvenir de la Suisse,' the Swiss Drover Boy, as sung by her at the Oratorio last Friday evening. The whole presents much taste, variety, and amusement, well incorporated.

We understand that Mr. Buckingham's lectures at Birmingham were attended by a numerous, respectable, and intelligent audience; at first there were about ninety persons present, and towards the close three hundred. Mr. Buckingham is now delivering his course of lectures at Bristol.

The *Lobelia inflata*, a plant that grows spontaneously in different parts of North America, has lately been found a specific for Asthma. Dr. Cutler, an asthmatic, having been effectually cured by it, has published a treatise on its virtues; and Dr. Andrew, of Glasgow, has also found it to merit the character Dr. Cutler and other eminent physicians have given it. Dr. Robinson, in his popular work on the tonic properties of the Round-leaf Cornel, advertised in our present Number, has also given an account of its peculiar antispasmodic properties, with full directions for its use.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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THE MUSEUM OF THOUGHTS.

WHEN every thing else in the world has a museum, when birds and beasts and fishes and creeping things, and stones and bones, are all, either jointly or severally, endowed with museums in most of the principal cities of Europe, why should one hesitate to set up a museum for the peculiar patrimony of the Muses, for those thoughts which they themselves have breathed into the soul of man? The name, it is true, has already been often given to literary collections of various sorts; but in most cases it has been without the performance of any enthusiastic rites to propitiate the fair Goddesses, who, in consequence, have not deigned to honour the upstart edifice with their presence: and thus it has come to pass that the contents of such museums have not seldom been drier and more marrowless than an antediluvian bone, and duller and heavier and less instructive than a stone. After looking into some of them, one might almost suppose that the original meaning of the word had been totally forgotten, and that it had been taken in the sense assigned to it by the later Greeks, who, when the Muses had abandoned their sophisticated prose-ridden land, transferred the name of Museum to a tessellated, or, as we call it, a Mosaic pavement: and, in fact, their poetry, or what they called such, in those days was little else; for, strange as it may seem, Gray's notion, that poetry is a kind of synonym for patchwork, and that the Muses are in reality only artificers in Mosaic, has been a delusion of frequent recurrence, a sort of tertian ague, in the history of the human mind; and the atomical, as contradistinguished from the organical, theory of poetry has mostly gone hand in hand with the other members of the atomical ochlocracy. That the fate of the present collection will be more auspicious, and that it will be less unworthy of its noble name, may be hoped without presumption, seeing that the writers, from whom the samples are to be culled, will for the most part be those on whose births the Muses have smiled, and whose genius has heard the nearer or the more distant sound of their mystical confabulations.

With such a view, the first selection shall be taken from the writings of that man who, above all the sons of men, at least in our times, has been the favourite of the whole intellectual sisterhood, and whom they have gifted with the same clearness of insight into every region of speculation, whether it be the crystallography of minerals or of minds, the botany of herbs or of hearts. It will be a duty and a pleasure to revisit him again and again; for there is scarcely any track of thought which he has not trod, and the wealth he has brought back with him will not easily be drained. Indeed, the works of a great poet are as inexhaustible as the sea: you may take all you can out of it, and it will not be missed: nay, the more you have already learnt from him, the more you will still be able to learn from him. Among the subjects that have engaged much of Goëthe's attention, the fine arts, as we see from his biography, have held a principal place from his very childhood; and, as some degree of unity ought always to be observable in every department of a museum, the remarks collected in the present number will all bear upon them more or less.

I. GOETHE.

The graphic arts—as painting and sculpture may be termed, to distinguish them from the rest of the fine arts—have to deal with the objects of vision, with the outward manifestation of the workings of nature. Whatever is purely natural, and produces a feeling of moral complacency, we call *naïve*. Hence naïve subjects are the proper province of art, its business being to invest nature with moral expression: and those subjects are the most favourable, which point both ways, and combine the expression of natural with that of moral feeling.

The naïve being natural is akin to the real. If the real has no moral import, it is vulgar.

Art in itself and of itself is noble; the artist therefore is not afraid of dealing with a thing because it is vulgar. Nay in the very act of appropriating it, he ennobles it; and thus do we often see the greatest artists boldly exercising their prerogative.

Every artist has a germ of audacity in him; for no talent can exist without it: and this becomes especially restive, when people would confine him within bounds which he is capable of passing, and would hire and use him for their own narrow ends.

Even in these respects, Raphael is, of all modern artists, the purest. He is always naïve: there is never any struggle in his pictures between the exhibition of real nature and the expression of moral and religious feeling. The tapestry representing the adoration of the Magi, a composition of surpassing richness and excellence, places a whole world before us, from the venerable form of the oldest of the kings down to the Moors and the monkeys on camel-back munching their apples. In the picture, it was also allowable to represent St. Joseph with perfect naïvety, as a foster-father looking with delight on the gifts that are brought to the child.

St. Joseph has always been an important personage with painters. The Byzantines, who cannot be accused of being too prodigal of humour, constantly give him an expression of uneasiness in their pictures of the Nativity. The child is lying in the manger; the cattle are looking on, amazed, in the room of their hay, to find a living babe of celestial beauty. Angels are doing honour to the new comers: his mother sits silently beside him: but St. Joseph is sitting apart, and turning his head with a look of vexation toward the singular scene.

Humour is one of the elements of genius; but, when it becomes predominant, only a substitute for genius. It accompanies art in its decline, injures, and finally extinguishes it.

The highest aim of the graphic arts is twofold: to beautify some determinate spot, or to produce an object beautiful in itself without reference to any particular locality: and this is the source of what are called the rules of composition. In both respects the Greeks, and the Romans after them, were masters: their single statues exist mostly in pure indeterminate space, while the reliefs for the pediment and friezes of the Parthenon were designed and adapted for their particular situation. So in modern times the frescoes in the Sistine chapel, the Stanze in the Vatican, Raphael's Cupid and Psyche, his Galatea and Hannibal Caracci's, were all executed with reference to the spot they were to embellish. So were the great altar-pieces, which lose much of their appropriateness, and are greatly hurt, if not spoiled, by being transferred from churches to galleries. To take an instance, Leonardo's Last Supper can never be duly appreciated, without considering the place it was to adorn: this is the very point in which the artist manifested his admirable judgment. It was not possible to devise a more suitable or nobler ornament for a refectory, than that parting supper which was to be held sacred by the whole world for ever. As one entered the hall, the prior's table stood opposite at the upper end: on each side were the tables for the monks, all raised a step from the floor: and on turning round to the fourth side, one saw the fourth table represented over the low doorway, with Christ and his disciples sitting at it, just as if they formed a part of the company. It must have been most impressive at mealtimes, to see the prior's table and the Lord's facing each other, and the brothers at their tables enclosed between the two. And this very circumstance compelled the judicious artist to take the

tables of the monks for his models. No doubt too the table-cloth with its puckered folds, its regular stripes, and its knotted corners, came from the laundry of the convent. The dishes, plates, cups, and other utensils were likewise copied from those used by the monks. Here accordingly the painter's business was not to portray the uncertain obsolete manners of antiquity. It would have been extremely ill-suited to such a place to have represented the holy company lying upon couches. No! they were to be brought immediately before us: Christ was to eat his supper along with the Dominicans at Milan.

What an arduous, nay almost audacious attempt it is, to make the outward form exhibit the workings of the inward spirit, may easily be perceived, if we reflect that nature in all her operations proceeds outward from within, and is forced to furnish herself with an infinite multitude of means, before she becomes able, after numberless various experiments, to develop such organs, one out of the other and along with it, as are requisite for a form like the human: and although this form does indeed give an external manifestation to the highest internal perfections, it seems rather to increase the entanglement of the mystery behind which nature conceals herself, than to solve it. And yet to make the outward a faithful exponent of the inward, a translucent veil for the soul, has been the chief and only desire of the greatest masters in art: they not only endeavoured so to image forth the idea of their subject as to make its truth strike the spectator, but the image was to stand in the room of nature herself, nay, as an object of vision, was to surpass her. Now this, in the first place, made it necessary to give the details with the utmost minuteness, which could not be effected except by degrees; and next, it was indispensable that the artist should have the power of re-touching and correcting; and both these advantages and a number of others were afforded by the invention of oil-painting.

It has long been admitted that none but the greatest masters can succeed in representing human faces of a colossal size in painting. The human form, and more especially the countenance, is confined by the laws of nature within a certain space; and only when so confined does it appear regular, expressive, handsome, or intelligent. Let any one look at himself in a magnifying-glass, and he will be scared by the rude inanimate Medusa-like mass of flesh. Something similar is experienced by artists who have to portray a face of enormous size. The life of a picture arises from the accuracy of its details, from the execution of all the minute parts: and how are we to find any minute parts, when every part is distended to the dimensions of a whole?

The older Florentine and Siennese schools departed from the meagre standard forms of the Byzantines, by introducing portraits every where into their pictures: and this did well enough, their subjects being of so placid a cast, that the personages introduced might be allowed to retain their composure. Such subjects as a company of holy men, an assembly listening to a sermon, a collecting of alms, the burial of a pious Christian, do not require any expression in the bystanders beyond what may easily be put into any naturally intelligent face. But as soon as life, motion, passion were required, the difficulty became apparent, more particularly where the object was not to represent persons of similar character together, but persons of the most opposite character in contrast: and thus it is said that Leonardo never finished the heads of Judas and of the Saviour in his Last Supper: for both are purely ideal, and are not to be seen with the eye. Hence in aftertimes, artists of great talents took an easier course, and let their pencil hover to and fro between the peculiarities of real nature,

and the universality of their inborn idea; and thus they moved freely from earth to heaven, and from heaven back again to earth.

The practice of copying pictures did not begin to prevail, until it was acknowledged by all that art had reached its perfection; when persons of inferior talents, beholding the works of the great masters, could not but despair of producing any thing comparable to them from their own resources, either by attempting to imitate nature or to embody an idea; hence painting, sinking from a creative into a mechanical art, began to copy its own productions. In the fifteenth century and the one before it, artists had too exalted a conception of their own dignity and that of their art, and would not readily submit to give repetitions of what others had invented. If the counterpart of a picture was required, from religious or other motives, they contented themselves with producing an inexact imitation, which only exhibited the general character of the movements and action expressed in the original, without being at all strict about the correspondence of the figures or the colours. Owing to this, no gallery, however rich, contains any copies properly so called earlier than the sixteenth century.

The principal requisite in a great composition, is, that a variety of important characters should be assembled round some central point, which should have the power of exciting them to display the peculiar features of their nature, while they are all under the sway of the same common feeling.

Every work of art should be an organised whole; that is, should consist of parts which bear a mutual relation to each other. The first condition is, that it must have a middle, a top and a bottom, a foreground and a background: these are the constituents of symmetry, which, so long as it is completely comprehensible by the understanding, may be called the lowest degree of ornamental beauty. But in proportion as the variety of the parts increases, and this primary symmetry becomes more complicated and latent, and is modified by contrasts and alterations, so as to stand before our eyes with the excitement of a mystery, but of a mystery that we can have the pleasure of seeing through, there is a proportionate increase in the gratification produced; and it becomes quite perfect, when those first elements of symmetry are entirely lost sight of, and we feel the effect that results from something accidental and spontaneous.

Even in regard to colouring, a true artist must raise the representation in his picture far above any thing that the real world can show us: for the act of seeing is affected by an infinity of casualties as well in the eye as in the object: whereas the painter paints objects according to certain laws, and makes them appear as they would do, supposing them kept distinct from one another by light and shade and colour, and seen in their most perfect visibility by a fresh and healthy eye.

It is a sorry makeshift in estimating the talents of extraordinary men, to be overhasty in deciding that at all events they must have drawn their excellencies from such or such a source. When a human being lifts up his eyes out of his childhood, he does not see nature standing before him in her pure simplicity and nakedness: for the divine faculty with which his forefathers were gifted has produced a second world within the first. Compulsory habits, ancestral usages, favourite customs, venerable traditions, precious monuments, wholesome laws, and a numerous variety of noble works of art, so encompass a man, that he is never able to distinguish what is original from what is derivative. He takes the world as he finds it, and makes use of it, and has a perfect right to do so. The name of an original artist may therefore be given to him who treats

the objects around him in a way at once peculiar, national, and consonant with the practice of his age. In speaking then of such a one, it is our duty to consider first, what his talents were, and what he made of them; next, in what state of things he was placed, so far as it supplied him with objects, with facilities, and with bents of thought and feeling: and only in the last instance are we justified in looking abroad and inquiring, not so much what he learnt from others, as how he availed himself of it. For the breath of much that is good, and pleasurable, and useful, floats over the world, and often for centuries, before it exercises any perceptible influence. We often find reason in history to wonder at the slow progress even of such dexterities as are merely mechanical. The Byzantines had the invaluable works of the Greek artists before their eyes, and yet were unable to advance beyond the wretched meagre stiffness of their drawing. And who can see any remarkable evidence in Albert Durer of his having been at Venice? that excellent artist is to be understood and explained entirely out of himself. This leads us to a kind of patriotism, that every country, every province, nay, every city may be entitled to: for as I would exalt the dignity of individual character, which shows itself in not yielding to be mastered by circumstances, but mastering and subduing them; so would I give every people, and every portion of a people, its due honour, by acknowledging that it too has a character of its own, which displays itself in the artists or other remarkable persons it gives birth to. Such is the case with Van Eyck, with Hemmeling, with Israel of Mechlin, with Luke of Leyden, with Quintin Messys: they all keep within their native region, and foreigners had hardly any influence on their talents. Then came Schoreel, Hemskerk, and others, who cultivated their talents in Italy, but notwithstanding could never cast off their national character. Whether instructed by the example of Leonardo of Correggio, of Titian, or of Michelangelo, the Netherlander still continued to be a Netherlander: nay, such is the dominion of that character, they all at length retreated within its magical circle, and rejected every foreign acquirement. Thus the highest kink of talent in the art has been evinced by Rembrandt, who found ample materials and occasions for its exercise in the objects immediately about him, without ever knowing that such persons as the Greek and Roman artists had existed in the world.

The greater the height, the majesty, and the purity attained to by the fine arts at the epoch of their highest perfection, the slower has their fall been; and even in sinking they have often rested at intervals and shone forth brightly for a while. Between the time of Phidias and of Hadrian there were six entire centuries; and who is not glad to possess a piece of sculpture belonging to the age of that emperor? Between the superhuman works of Michelangelo, which however while they surpassed humanity did violence to it, and the sheer mannerism of Spranger, there was scarcely a century: this was enough to drag art down from her constrained grandeur to an overstrained monstrosity.

The clearness and grasp of the eye is intimately allied to that of the understanding: hence, great painters have mostly been shrewd and sensible men.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

CHAP. III.—VISITS TO THE PARSONAGE.

(Continued from page 138.)

FIRST of all, Mrs. Baddersly presented herself at the parsonage. Mrs. Baddersly was the wife of an Exeter gentleman who had made his fortune in one of those branches of business which form a connecting link between commerce and trade, which entitle their professors to rank themselves

with merchants without enabling them wholly to repel the familiarities of shop-keepers,—a person who, while in trade, was esteemed a very honourable guest at the table of a linen-draper who may have his shop-men at the bottom of the table, and rather an unseasonable one by a banker who may occasionally have a Lord at the top of his; yet who is always slighting the favours of the former who venerate him, and always courting the latter who despise him. Any where but in England these distinctions would be unintelligible; but, *dans le pays le plus aristocratique de l'Europe*, where the principle of aristocracy is more felt through all classes, where there is as keen a perception of the minutest difference of rank in the lowest orders of society as in the highest, where a labourer, who digs in a gravelly soil, considers it as beneath him to associate with one who digs in a chalky soil,—they will be perfectly understood.

This individual, having continued to amass considerable wealth, which it was his business to save by due attention to cheese-parings, and his wife's to spend by proper regard to the education of her daughters, had, at her earnest intercession, retired from business into the country, become a laborious meddler at vestry meetings, and one of those useful persons who consider it a far nobler virtue to devote their time than their money to the public service. Mrs. Baddersly, the help-mate of this worthy gentleman, was a portly-looking and rather handsome woman, with an air of dignity and hauteur curiously grafted upon a natural vulgarity and awkwardness. Her character was very well indicated by this combination in the outward woman.

She was coarse in her feelings, and yet, in spite of early disadvantages, she had the talent to avoid the least coarseness in her language: she showed an evident consciousness of her littleness by always courting the great; yet, by a skilful reserve, she could preserve the appearance of equality in any society, and of superiority in most. Without education, and yet seldom displaying her ignorance,—never able to conceal that every word and gesture cost her the most intense effort, yet rather gaining than losing by her want of ease,—she was a woman whom a great many thought the most contemptible of her sex, yet whom many feared, and not one in his heart despised; for it is impossible to despise any human being who is working steadily, consistently, and painfully, to attain an object, though that object be the most insignificant in the world.

The main object of Mrs. Baddersly was to gain a reputation for herself and advancement for her daughters; and, for these ends, she thought nights and days of toil (and even that hardest toil of assuming a character) not thrown away. Among other agents which she pressed into her service, was religion. She was well aware that, to be distinguished, it was necessary to have some distinction which should make her neighbours feel that she was at least different from them, if not above them. A superior table, or a park with deer, would have answered her purpose; but both these distinctions are expensive, and required the consent of another party. The profession of religion was a cheap luxury: what went out in charity was much more than saved in routs; and, moreover, it would seem to account for that solemnity and stiffness of manner which she had found it prudent, for other reasons, to adopt. However little it may seem to compete with her essentially worldly views, she found an unusually vehement profession of respect for religion eminently convenient: indeed, so nearly did she carry this profession to the limits of saintship, which Mr. McKinnon so much dreaded, that, if the worthy rector's mind had not been so constituted that it spent all its hatred against the creed, or rather the name of the creed, and that he never could identify any individuals with the class to which they belonged, he would certainly have regarded Mrs. Baddersly as a very formidable and pestilential person. As it was,

though she insulted him, and scandalised the whole order, by seeking spiritual consolation from an extra-parochial clergyman, they continued on the best footing possible; and she considered it no intrusion to offer her advice upon the important step which he was about to take. She was accompanied to the parsonage-house by her two daughters, the eldest about eighteen, and the second a year younger, who certainly, at first sight, did raise a prepossession in favour of their mother's system. They were slight, elegant-looking girls, both of them with pleasing countenances; that of the eldest being raised above mere prettiness by an expression of liveliness and good temper, that of the youngest being set off by a complexion of exquisite fairness and brilliancy. The loveliness of this complexion was not, however, to be numbered among the trophies of her education, except so far as the labour of the cruel tasks which had been imposed on her had implanted the seeds of that consumption which had already marked her for its own.

'Well,' said Mrs. Baddersly, (after all the preliminaries had been completed, which were too long for repetition,) 'and how is my little friend Ellen? I have not seen her at Apesley Lodge, I scarcely know when. She is a lovely little creature, Mr. M'Kinnon; those jet-black eyes, that talk almost as quickly as her pretty lips, make her one of the most beautiful little angels I ever saw.'

'You are too kind in your praise, my dear Madam; you know how much a father's feelings must be gratified by any praises of his girl, even though they be confined to her person. I am afraid that she was sadly troublesome to you, when you allowed her to visit you. Unfortunately, she has not had the advantage of very good discipline hitherto. You know that we men are not fit for the task of managing our children; that, rather than undertake it, we let them manage themselves, and so they become spoiled; but I trust Ellen will soon be in better hands.'

'You do not think of sending that dear little creature to school,' exclaimed Mrs. Baddersly with well-feigned ignorance, and aware that she was touching the right chord; 'you surely will not subject her to all the misery of a life away from you, I hope.'

'No, Mrs. Baddersly, never; never, unless I become mad or doating. I am delighted to find that you, like myself, abhor the detestable practice of making daughters submit to that dreadful drudgery; indeed, I ought to have known that a person of your sense and feeling cannot but agree with me in my sentiments on that head at least.'

'Most perfectly. I think it positively wicked to send children away from their parents, and place them with persons of whom you cannot be sure that they will instil into them right principles on the most important subjects. I do not know how sufficiently to rejoice that I resisted Mr. Baddersly's wish to remove my dear girls from their mother's eye.'

'The Misses Baddersley, at least, must have reason to be grateful, I am sure,' said M'Kinnon; 'have you not, my dears?'

'Oh! certainly,' said Miss Eliza Baddersly, who thought within herself that it would have been difficult for a boarding-school tyrant to invent more tortures than she had endured from music-masters, catechisms, and backboards.

'Then, I imagine,' said Mrs. Baddersly, 'that you intend to introduce a governess into your family. Have you yet found one?'

'Yes, I am expecting her daily.'

'From Exeter?'

'No, from London.'

Mrs. Baddersly shook her head—'Do you think it absolutely necessary to fetch one from such a distance?'

'Why, London, I should think, contained a larger supply of governesses, as of every other commodity, than other places; and therefore,

at least, I have a better chance of suiting myself there than elsewhere.'

'Aye; but, my dear Sir, have you reflected upon the advantage of having a person who has never seen the vices of the great capital; who has never acquired the superficial method of instruction which is, I am afraid, too common there; who has country habits, country education, and country prejudices. I am afraid that London governesses inculcate a love of dissipation in the young mind: and this is one of the evils against which I have laboured most strenuously.'

'Is it impertinent to ask what is your mode of averting that danger? We differ, perhaps, in our notions of dissipation; but I should certainly wish Ellen to be any thing rather than a trifter.'

'I shall be most happy to tell you any of the plans my experience has taught me, which can be of any use to you in the formation of your daughter's mind. You can bear witness, my dears, how frequently and for how long I have talked to you about the evils of acquiring a taste for gaiety.'

'Oh, indeed, we can, Mamma,' said both the girls at once, in a tone of deep sincerity.

'But I know human nature too well, Mr. M'Kinnon, not to be aware how little weight any mere account of mine would have upon the minds of two inexperienced, volatile children: the great receipt for preventing them from engaging in any trivial pursuits is to keep them, as far as possible, constantly employed in useful ones. My daughters, since they were twelve years old, have never been occupied less than twelve hours, practising included.'

'Twelve hours!' exclaimed Mr. M'Kinnon, with a look of benevolent pity to the two girls; 'do you not think, Madam, such close attention rather likely to impair a young lady's constitution?'

'Oh by no means, what do you—' she was going to make an appeal to her daughters; but the hectic flush on Eliza Baddersly's cheek, and the quick short cough that succeeded it, told her that the illustration would not be very appropriate.

'Eliza, my love, you are sitting in the draught of that window; and you know the cold you caught on the water last Tuesday, and your imprudence in singing when Dr. Mason had prohibited you, have made us very fearful for you.'

'My system,' continued Mrs. Baddersly, 'has been to assign my daughters such a diversity of employments that they could never be fatigued with any. In the morning, geography, chronology, history, natural philosophy, and cyphering, all succeeded each other by turns; then, there were the lessons which they had to prepare, and Italian masters, and, finally, their music. The last you have been used to consider quite a relaxation?'

Eliza's cough came to their assistance at that moment, and something caught Matilda's attention on the lawn, so that she did not hear her mother's question.

'What books do you find most useful in the course of studies to which you have just alluded.'

'An invaluable set of volumes called Pinnock's Catechisms; if you have not, you should purchase them directly. Eliza and Matilda have learnt most of them by heart, ten or twelve times, especially the one on history, which contains the name of every king from Nimrod to George III., thus comprising, you see, all that it is really useful to know. By these means, you see, I leave my daughters little inclination for desultory studies, which are so prejudicial to the female mind; so that my daughters, I believe I may say confidently, have never even so much as wished to read a novel.'

'Extraordinary, indeed!' said Mr. M'Kinnon, looking at the prodigies with rather more acuteness than he was accustomed to throw into his face. They appeared to exchange a sort of timid

glance with each other, but were far too well schooled to give the worthy rector a hint of their real feelings.

'By this process, accompanied with a strict inculcation of religion, through the medium of the Church Catechism—' Mrs. Baddersly, knowing she was suspected of schism, laid an emphasis on the word, which, like some other of her ingenious artifices, defeated her purpose; as, but for that emphasis, Mr. M'Kinnon would not have suspected she could have used any other manual—'But I fear I am tiring you.'

'Impossible! such a subject from such a teacher!—'

Mrs. Baddersly bowed. 'I was going to say, that, by keeping all works of fiction out of my daughters' reach, I have inspired them with a love truth—great sincerity in all their words and actions. This is what I see Mrs. Hannah More particularly inculcate in her last book. Have you seen it, Mr. M'Kinnon?'

'No; I have not had that pleasure.'

'Oh! there are some beautiful passages in it. Lend it me, dear Matilda; it is in your reticule.'

'Yes, Mamma; but—I believe I left it behind,' said Matilda. From some unknown cause, Matilda's reticule would not open and her face became a deep scarlet.

'What is the matter with you, child? Give me your bag. Mrs. Baddersly took it from her, and drew out of it, not the production of Mrs. Hannah More, but 'La Nouvelle Heloise!' Fortunately for Matilda's reputation for truth and sincerity, Mrs. Baddersly had never heard of the work, though she had a sufficient horror of the author.

'How came you by this, Matilda?'

'What is it, Mamma?'

'A French book. Did your governess desire you to get it?'

'Yes—no, Mamma; Emily Nugent recommended it to me. I believe it is very good French.'

'And what business had you to attend to Emily Nugent's recommendation? Who is the author of the book?'

'Fenelon, I believe, Madam.'

'Well, I do not imagine you can take much harm from any work by the author of 'Telemaque'; but you should never read any book without asking the opinion of your governess respecting it previously. That is one of my first lessons, Mr. M'Kinnon. One of the contrivances I have adopted for the purpose of curing my daughters of a dissipated taste I think may need your attention when Ellen grows older. As I know how dull and tedious and unsatisfying all the pleasures of the world are, I have allowed my daughters to be present at one ball, just to give them a disgust to all those kinds of amusement. Has it not, my dears? You would not wish to be present at another of those scenes of frivolity?'

'Oh, certainly not, Mamma,' said Eliza, knowing that it was her turn to fib. Her sister had done enough for one morning, and she remained silent.

After a few more observations, Mrs. Baddersly took her departure, leaving Mr. M'Kinnon to meditate on the beautiful simplicity of a country education, the great advantage of murdering poor girls in order to expose to the world the best method of curing them of a love of dissipation and the surest way of inflicting on them the principles of truth and honesty.

His reflections were not pleasant; and he soon was sick enough of them to wish for his usual consolation with little Ellen. As he looked at her eyes, which seemed as if they would tell all the secrets of her heart, even if her lips could not give utterance to them, he asked himself whether the mind of his child would ever be a mere repository for words and names, whether her character would be the dwelling-place of fraud

and hypocrisy. Yet why not? What was there in the amiable countenance of the girls with whom he had just been conversing, which should indicate that they were incapable of pure and honest feelings? What was there that predicted that they wanted any thing to make them all that a parent should wish! 'No, my love,' said he, involuntarily addressing his child, 'it is the tyrant that makes the slave, it is fear that produces hypocrisy. If you ever fall into the bondage of a Mrs. Baddersly, it is not the candour which Heaven has stamped on your countenance which will prevent your stooping to every mean shift and low equivocation. These remarks were interrupted by the announcement of Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt.

(To be continued.)

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second of these very superior Concerts for the present season, took place on Monday, March 9th, ably led by Spagnoletti, and conducted, as it is facetiously called, by Bishop.

It commenced with Beethoven's voluminous, grand, and classical third sinfonia, denominated 'Eroica,' which the following title, prefixed to it by Beethoven himself, will explain: 'Sinfonia Eroica composta per celebrare la morte d'un Eroe.' It consists of an allegro con brio, (in E flat, 3-4 time,) which is most erudite, harmonious, and beautiful. This is followed by the principal characteristic features of the sinfonia, the 'Marcia Funebre,' an adagio assai, (in C minor, 2-4,) in which are portrayed, to an experienced auditor, the most pathetic and feeling passions that instrumental music can afford. After the lengthened expressions of a mournful description, exemplified by the dead march in the minor key, the oboe solo in the major mode seems to express the more benign feelings of hope and resignation, which again give way to the acute expression of grief; and the sorrowful terminating passages are remarkably descriptive, in which the theme is broken into divided sentences, very similarly to Handel's celebrated recitative, 'Deeper and deeper still,' at Jephtha's apparent inability to give distinct utterance to the words 'To-morrow—dawn.'

The 3d movements are the Menuets and Trio, a very long and eccentric vivace scherzo, principally remarkable for the difficulty of performance; the Trio exhibiting an obligato passage for three horns, which produced a good effect, being better in tune than we remember to have ever heard them before.

The Finale, an allegro molto, (in E flat, 2-4,) presents a remarkable specimen of Beethoven's playfulness and wit, which we believe is known to, or perceived by, but very few amateurs or professors, and which we shall find some little difficulty in explaining, in either a clear or comprehensive manner.

The Thema is a pleasing and simple melody, published (we believe firstly) by Beethoven at Leipsic, in a collection of 'Ländlerische Tänze,' or national country dances, of which we have before us a copy; and, this melody being composed (as is customary with common tunes) principally upon the tonic and dominant 7th harmonics only, the bass notes are of the most simple description. In the allegro we wish to describe, after eleven bars of introduction, these trifling bass notes of the first strain, without any melody besides, are performed by the violins, tenors, and basses, pizzicato. This strain is then repeated, with the wind instruments taking up the notes responsively; and a similar whimsical arrangement takes place with the 2d strain. Secondly, the 2d violin has the same passage, written to be performed legato, instead of pizzicato, during which the 1mo violin and violoncello hold a dialogue in a singing melodious manner. The 3d arrangement is, that the 1st violins have to perform the passage (the original simple bass notes) an octave higher, while the tenors, 2d violins and violoncellos, converse in triplets, and finally the melody itself appears, (as a cheerful ray of light,) performed upon the oboe, and accompanied by Beethoven's richest strain of harmony and beauty of conception. The movement then proceeds in his usual manner, but occasionally the original bass passage is made the subject for an ingenious fugue, worked upon by the various instruments, and interspersed occasionally by the melody, and towards the close of the piece a rich exhibition of composition takes place in an episodic poco andante, commenced by the oboes, clarionets, and bassoons, and enriched by the employment of the en-

tire orchestra; and the whole concludes with a presto, in which every performer is exerted to produce the usual effective clamour, to finish with eclat. The whole of this elaborate and very difficult Sinfonia was excellently performed, and lasted 46 minutes.

No. 2. Duetto, Madame Caradori Allan, and Signor Begrez, 'A che quel trionchi accenti?' from Rossini's fine opera 'Zelmira.' This Duet was acceptable as not being so hackneyed as most of Rossini's pieces, having been (we think) never performed before out of the opera. It was originally sung with excellent effect by Garcia and Madame Colbran; and to those who well remembered such performance, Begrez appeared rather to disadvantage.

No. 3. Sextuor, piano-forte, flute, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and double bass, Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Nicholson, Willman, Platt, Mackintosh, and Dragonetti, composed by Onslow. A very interesting and excellent performance, although the introductory movement was rather jejune and common-place, the piano-forte part being written only to mark the time (as it appeared) for the other performers; but the allegro amply compensated, melody, harmony, and expression, accompanied by fire and effect, without an overwhelming noise; and it was beautifully performed by our English professors! the honourable non-conformists from French meanness, intrigue, and ingratitude! Can La Porte and his worthy colleague, his estimable associate, exhibit any of their new alien band to produce such time, tone, and tune, such a delightful admixture of melodious harmony, as was here concentrated in the effect produced by Nicholson, Willman, Platt, and Mackintosh? No! *Aere* were 'all the talents;' and our clever countrywoman, Mrs. Anderson, succeeded, in conjunction with them and Dragonetti, in producing a beautiful performance, well appreciated, and deservedly applauded, by every true lover of music. The andante, in C minor, reminded one a little of the old French air, 'Vive Henry Quatre,' especially in its varied, unexpected, and erratic modulations, vacillating as it were between major and minor. The combined sostenuto of the wind instruments was here beautifully contrasted with the restless and appropriate accompaniment of the piano-forte, and Platt's horn solo, in the major of C, was refreshing and cheerful. The various successional, equivocal chords, or diminished 7th's, floating and gliding over a pedal bass, were unusually romantic and scientific; and all the orchestral members of judgment and taste were unanimous in their delight and approbation of the composition and performance. It may be well asserted that a good piece cannot be well too long, but the old saying has it, 'Too much of a good thing is good for nothing;' and Onslow's piece was rather lengthy for the sort of composition; had the menuetto been omitted, the effect produced by the remaining parts might have been greater.

No. 4. Scena, Madame Caradori Allan, 'Tu m'abbandoni ingrato,' by Spohr. This was a beautiful and classical exhibition, of exactly the description fitted to the Philharmonic Concerts, being a detached composition, not likely to be heard at any other performance. Our thanks are due to Madame Caradori for singing it in conformity to the wishes of the directors, as we know she was very desirous to have performed, instead of it, some well known-piece, (calculated to exhibit the singer to greater advantage,) and even after the rehearsal this change was contemplated. Spohr's writing is too classical, too like Mozart, to exhibit a vocalist so far above the accompaniment as they would themselves desire; therefore, thanks are due to those who meet the wishes of the connoisseurs in this respect.

No. 5. Weber's clever overture, 'Der Beherrscher der Geister,' or 'The Ruler of the Spirits,' concluded the act, and was well performed. Mozart's favourite sinfonia in D, commenced the second part of the Concert; and, although we should blush to find a fault in any work of this great composer, (and this sinfonia is held in the highest estimation,) yet we do not think it equal in science to his other grand instrumental pieces. The andante (although encored upon the present occasion) does not exhibit any thing classical; and the trio which follows the menuet, resembles Haydn's earliest, and most simple, productions.

No. 7. Duetto, Signor Begrez and Signor PELLEGRINI, 'Son io desto,' by Paisiello. This union of the two signors was a powerful narcotic for a warm room, and produced a delightfully sedative effect upon all the elderly ladies and gentlemen, who did not awake in time to bestow the slightest applause. It was meagre, tasteless, and ineffective.

No. 8. Quartetto, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Mori, Watts, Moralt, and Lindley. This latter gentleman, this universally admired and unrival-

led professor, to indulge the whim of some one, was displaced, in this quartet, from his usual situation in the orchestra, to a seat on the opposite side; which act of changing places, desks, and seats occupied so long a period, (a delay which invariably puts an audience out of humour,) that we lament to narrate that which is of rare occurrence at a Philharmonic Concert, namely, a hiss! and which could be by no means attributed to any other cause. The performance, however, was so masterly as to compensate for that, as well as for Paisiello's poor duet, and charmed the whole assemblage. It was the well known quartetto in F, (the 2nd of his two op. 80,) and nearly the last he composed, not a very difficult one, but upon the present occasion so exquisitely well performed as to receive the most unanimous approbation; and, as a composition for four-stringed instruments, perhaps, it stands unequalled for pathos, simplicity, and sentiment.

The commencement of the first movement is of that sweet cantabile character, that no person, educated or uneducated in music, can hear it well played in tune, without being sensibly delighted. The menuet is so playful, and the subsequent trio so elegant and polished, that all descriptions of auditors must be pleased, and, as aptly and energetically exclaimed in our hearing by an eminent Professor, 'No panegyric can be too laudatory to do justice to its excellencies, and to the lofty mind that produced it.' The flowing calmness of the andante was a little deteriorated by being executed rather too quickly; but it still received the best of all applause, the quiet hum and murmur of approbation, rather than the clapping of hands, or shouting of voices. The finale is a playful bagatelle, and was received accordingly; not but that the various workings of its theme exhibit considerable ingenuity, but it is not of the noble character that pervades the previous movements.

No. 9. Terzetto, 'Cosa sento,' Madame Caradori Allan, Signor Begrez, and Signor Pellegrini. This well-known trio from Mozart's 'Le Nozze di Figaro,' was well performed and received, but, wanting novelty, (however excellent and valued,) failed to excite much interest, or elicit much applause; and Cherubini's clever, but clamorous dramatic overture, 'Des Absentees,' formed an appropriate conclusion, while some of the audience left the room to seek their carriages, a want of taste we never expected to have seen exhibited by any part of the enlightened dilettanti composing a Philharmonic audience.

ROYAL ACADEMY LECTURES.

Mr. Westmacott on Sculpture.—*The Armour of Pyrrhus.*

THE lecture read by Mr. Westmacott on Monday evening, formed his concluding discourse for the season. The subject he has reserved for this occasion was the important one of composition considered as divided into two branches, mechanical and mental, with the three subdivisions of simple, columnar, and pyramidal. Mechanical composition was defined to be the mere arrangement of the form according to rules deduced from observation of the operations of nature, in the positions or motions of figures, or of parts of figures. Mental composition was described to consist in the adaptation of the forms to the character, and in the distribution of the matter suggested by the invention. On the subject of composition in general, it was observed, that the same precepts were applicable both to sculpture and painting; but that the former was confined within a narrower range than the latter, and was subject to rules which it might be competent to the sister art to overstep. The very nature and character of his art require the sculptor to confine himself to the simplest mode of expression, and to avoid whatever has a tendency to complication. This precept was enforced by reference to the constant practice of the Greeks, who in their subjects were studious to choose such moments of action as would least interfere with the beauty of form and expression, as would be least affected in point of truth by the necessity of preserving simplicity, and that degree of tranquillity which constitutes an essential in the beautiful. Hence violent action or passion are unsuitable to the sculptor; he transgresses one of the fundamental rules of his art in attempting to express them. On the same principle, whatever is common or vulgar, is still more carefully to be avoided.

In treating of the subdivisions of composition, the simple was described to be the mode of representing the single figure: of the columnar, an instance was adduced in the beautiful group of Cupid and Psyche, with which the public are familiar, through the multi-

pled casts of it. The pyramidal subdivision gave occasion for a luminous and interesting comment on the Laocoon. The other principal works referred to, in illustration of this lecture, were 'The Youth extracting a thorn from his foot,' 'The Wrestlers of the Florentine Gallery,' 'The Phigalian Bas-reliefs,' some Greek sculpture of the same class from the Museum of the Capitol, 'The Apollo Belvidere,' and some bronze figures in the possession of the Chevalier Brünsted, and which, there are strong grounds for supposing, have formed parts of the armour of Pyrrhus, lost in his first battle with the Romans.

These interesting fragments form a novel subject, and we shall therefore pass over the other examples, referred to by Mr. Westmacott, as matter already exhausted, and on which all that can be said, has been often repeated, and confine ourselves to the armour of Pyrrhus.

We were ourselves favoured by the Chevalier Brünsted, on his visit to London last year, with a sight of these most precious relics, which have the double value so desirable in ancient monuments, of being most curious as antiques, and, beyond all price as specimens of excellence in art. Of the interest attached to them from mere association, much, of course, depends on the circumstances which render probable or otherwise, the fact of their being the identical armour of the King of Epirus. The evidence in favour of their identity, though circumstantial, is, in our opinion, conclusive. The first meeting between Pyrrhus and the Roman army was on the banks of the river Sirus, between Heracles and Pandoeia. Pyrrhus, we are told by Plutarch, was distinguished by the beauty and lustre of his armour, which was of very excellent workmanship. This armour he put off during the action, finding it made him a mark at which unusual efforts were directed by the enemy, and increased more than was prudent in a commander, his personal danger. He exchanged his robe and armour, therefore, with his friend Megacles, who paid dearly for the honour. Megacles soon fell, and his death, under the supposition that the king himself was slain, was a cause of exultation to the Romans, and of consternation to the Greeks, until Pyrrhus, uncovering his head, convinced his own army that he was still alive. The helmet and robe of Pyrrhus were carried off by the Roman who had slain Megacles. What became of the rest of the armour, we are not told; it is but fair, therefore, to infer that it lay uncovered on the field. The fragments possessed by the Chevalier Brünsted were found near the banks of the Syrus, between Heracles and Grumentum, the site of the battle between Pyrrhus and Lævinus; a circumstance, however, which would go but little way in establishing their identity as parts of the lost armour of Pyrrhus, did not the relics contain in themselves grounds for concluding that they belonged to the King. The splendour of the material, which was bronze gilt, but far more the exquisiteness of the workmanship,—and in this respect we have the concurrence of Mr. Westmacott in saying, that they rank among the finest specimens of design and execution in existence,—were such as, even in those days, in which the arts were in so flourishing a condition, could not have belonged to any mean personage, hardly to one less exalted than a king. The strongest corroboration of the supposition that these beautiful specimens formed part of the armour of Pyrrhus, is furnished by the subjects represented on them. These are combats between the two sons of Telamon, Ajax and Teucer, with Amazons. We need not remind our readers, that these heroes were, with Achilles, of the family of the Æacides, nor insist on the probability which here naturally suggests itself, that these morsels were portions of the armour in which the exploits of the Æacides, the family of Pyrrhus, were represented; and that these fragments, which, of the decorated members of the suit, form the least important, were the companions of other ornaments, in which, no doubt, the death of Penthesilea by the son of Thetis, was sculptured. The Bronzes were found in a small ruin near the river, in 1820. They constituted the *repousoir*, the *pectoralia* of the Romans, the ornamental coverings to the parts on each side of the chest, where the *gynaeceon*, or breast-plate, was fastened to the shoulder-strap, which connected it with the part of the cuirass which covered the back.

As we have already observed, these bronzes are of exquisite workmanship; they are in the very finest and most perfect style of art. In the treatment of the two figures of Ajax and Teucer is to be discerned that remarkable adaptation of form and accessories to the expression of the character of the individual represented, for which Greek art is so distinguished. The execution is highly interesting also in a mechanical point of view; as throwing light on the manner in which works of this kind were manufactured. The

figures were first raised, by beating out of the plate of metal, then finished with the minutest care by means of a sharp instrument. Traces of the gilding are still observable. The drawings exhibited by Mr. Westmacott, on larger dimensions than the originals, which are not above four inches in length, appeared to be executed with great spirit, discrimination, and fidelity, and fully justified our recollection of the excellence of the work of which they were copies.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

INFLUENCE OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN CLIMATE ON THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS OF THE OLD WORLD.—

The Hog.—This animal, when transported to the warm valleys of South America, from which it roams into the woods, and subsists chiefly upon fruit, speedily loses its domestic character, and acquires that of the wild boar. It was conveyed from Europe in 1493, and is found in great numbers between the 15th deg. of northern, and 45th deg. of southern latitude.

The Cow.—When transferred to South America, requires a considerable quantity of salt to be mixed with her food. If this article be regularly and abundantly disseminated through it, these animals are singularly punctual in returning to their homes; but, if it be omitted, they run away altogether, and become wild. There is some difference in the size of the udder under the climate of Colombia, where the milk is less esteemed than in Europe.

The Ass.—Is not perceptibly affected by change of country, either in his conformation or mode of life. In those parts where he is over-worked and badly fed, his form is injured, though he does not undergo any alteration in his domestic habits.

The Horse.—The effect produced upon this animal is very striking; the woods afford him an abundance of chestnuts, and his skin quickly assumes one of the peculiar characteristics of wild animals; his colour becomes indicative of the food on which he subsists, and few instances are known where that colour is not a chestnut-brown. A short gallop is the favourite pace of the Columbian, who accustoms him to it from his earliest years, and by this means renders it as familiar to him as the trot is to the European horse.

The Dog.—Does not undergo any change.

The Sheep.—In temperate climates this animal succeeds quite as kindly as in Europe, and does not betray the slightest disposition to shake off his subjection to a human master; but, under hotter skies, it becomes a difficult task to preserve him in a domestic state. The wool is of slower growth, though this defect is not very perceptible, if he be shorn at proper seasons; but, if this be neglected, nature turns shearer, and eases him of his burthen, though he does not renovate his fleece, but provides him with a coat of fine, short, flat hair, similar to that of the goat under the same sky.

The Goat.—Though, in the Old World, this creature is an inhabitant of mountainous districts, yet, upon being transported to the other side of the Atlantic, its favourite haunts are the warm valleys between the Cordilleras, instead of mountains and elevated plains. It resembles the cow, in respect of the other changes to which it becomes liable.

COLUMBIA.—From the official 'Noticia sobre la Geographia Política de Colombia,' we glean that the superficial extent of this state is 91,950 square leagues; an area equivalent to one-third of Europe, five times larger than the Iberian Peninsula, nine times more extensive than the British Isles, and within 600 leagues as large as Mexico and Guatemala put together. The compiler of this notice is at variance with other authorities on the subject of its population, which he estimates at 2,700,000; whilst the Minister of the Interior has stated it at 2,379,888 on one occasion, and at 2,717,142 on another. This last enumeration, he observed, is independent of 200,000 wild Indians. Salazar, on the other hand, computes the same population at 3,000,000, inclusive of the Indians. As M. Restrepo, the Minister, when he made the first statement of 2,379,888 remarked, that that number was under-rated, because the inhabitants in many districts refused to make any returns from their fears of an impending poll-tax, it may reasonably be concluded that the total number of the inhabitants of Colombia is rather above than below 2,900,000. Of these, he adds,

The Whites are, 1,234,000	Free Mulattoes, 615,000
Natives 915,000	Slaves 16,000

THE KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA.—Increase of population is one of the natural effects of a mild and enlightened system of government; and, in this point of view, the subsequent statement bears an honourable testimony to

the absence of misrule in the dominions of the House of Brandenburg.

	Births.	Deaths.	Increase.	Population.
1820	477,737	306,964	171,763	11,573,163
1821	485,119	316,007	174,482	11,447,596
1822	493,680	314,406	177,121	11,604,797
1823	500,348	326,328	179,688	11,804,579
1824	507,988	328,343	182,645	11,997,815
1825	515,849	339,378	186,471	12,179,686
1826	523,690	338,439	189,340	12,361,626
1827	531,984	340,683	191,322	12,553,277

1,450,877

It appears, therefore, that the population of the Prussian monarchy has experienced an increase of 1,450,887 souls during the short period of eight years; and of these 703,169 constituted that increase in the first four, and 747,708 in the last four years.

The following is a classification of the ages of the persons who died in 1827:

Before completion of the first year	79,833*
Between 1st and 5th year	59,000
5th and 10th	17,036
10th and 14th	6,339
14th and 20th	6,585
20th and 30th	18,889
30th and 40th	18,473
40th and 50th	22,616
50th and 60th	27,009
60th and 70th	36,304
70th and 80th	30,395
80th and 90th	13,064
Of upwards of 90 years	2,919

Total, 340,683

* Besides 16,736 still-born children.

THE DANISH POSSESSIONS.—Their population, in the year 1827, is officially stated to have been as follows:

Denmark Proper	1,531,278
Holstein	274,745
Lauenburg	36,609
Iceland	49,895
Greenland and the Faro Islands	11,240
West Indian Colonies	46,696

Total, 2,939,459

Including Guinea and the eastern possessions of Denmark, her whole population is about 2,100,000. That of Copenhagen is 104,674. The continental clergy consist of 1600 persons; but, with the addition of Iceland, the Faro Islands, and foreign colonies, of 1900.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

'I MISSICANI' was not produced at this theatre, Oh! M. Laporte! The bills inform us that it will appear to night, (Tuesday), but the infidelity of managers is really *plus qu'on punit*. One act of the 'Conte Ori,' and the second of 'La Donna del Lago,' was produced in place of the promised opera.

Drury Lane.

When Bassanio made choice of his *Casket*, Portia was kind enough to direct that his deliberations should be assisted by sweet music. Unfortunately, when Mr. Price attended the opening of his *Casket*, or in plain language, the rehearsal of the new opera, this accompaniment was wanting, which accounts for his having unfortunately determined to accept a composition which, to the sincere regret of all of its well-wishers, was damned on the first night of its appearance.

Covent Garden.

We proceed, according to promise, to give a more detailed account of the opera of 'The Maid of Judah,' which appears likely to be very popular. It is founded upon a part of the novel of 'Ivanhoe,' and embraces the whole story of Rebecca's persecution by the Templar De Bois Guilbert, from her first reception at Rothwood to the closing scene at Templestow, her trial for sorcery, condemnation, and rescue by Ivanhoe. This very interesting story is made the vehicle for some of the music of Rossini's newest and most beautiful operas; for the arrangement of which M. Lacy deserves the highest praise. The overture, which is from 'Semiramide,' is admirably played, and fully merits the applause with which it is received. Of course our readers will scarcely require us to give any analysis of the piece, for the novel has been tolerably closely followed; and who is ignorant of the novel? Among the pieces of music which struck us as particularly beautiful, are a drinking song, sung by Mr. H. Phillips, as Cedric, and a chorus of Saxons, of a very remarkable and characteristic nature; and a chaunt of Miss Paton's (the Rebecca of the piece) describing her escape from De Bois Guilbert. The quartett at the end of the first act, between Miss Paton and Messrs. Phillips, Wood, and Stansbury, is also extremely beau-

tiful. But, perhaps, the most remarkable piece of music in the whole opera is a quartette in the third act, immediately upon the condemnation of Rebecca; this is sung by Miss Paton, Messrs. Wood, Stansbury, and B. Taylor; and we cannot refrain from thanking Miss Paton especially for the exquisite feeling which she displays in it. The fault of the vocal music we think generally to be in the quantity of words which are forced into the air, and which necessarily break up very much the softness and continuous flow of the music; and this fault we find very generally in the English adaptations of Italian music, it not being yet sufficiently understood in this country as it is in Italy, that the words are meant to be nothing at all, and that the composition is the main object of attention. This fault is painfully evident in a song which is given to Mr. Wood in the third act; it is a fine martial air from 'Pietro Peremita'; but such a number of words are to be sung that its real effect is quite lost; and the singer, we should think, seriously incommoded by it. Perhaps if Miss Paton's songs had been a little less florid on one or two occasions, it would have added to the good effect of the opera. Upon the whole, we have been highly pleased with this piece, the splendid decorations and strong interest of which will not fail to render it very attractive: the execution is generally very good; but particular praise must be paid to Miss Paton for her admirable singing and animated acting, which we do not hesitate in asserting, to be of the highest class, especially throughout the whole of the scenes of the trial, condemnation, and ordeal by battle: and to Mr. Phillips also, both as an actor and a singer; the spirited manner in which he entered into the feeling of his part, has made us desirous of seeing him in other characters.

English Opera House.

The 'Malade Imaginaire,' acted at this theatre last night, is inseparably associated in our minds with the most melancholy event recorded in the theatrical annals of any country. It must be difficult, we think, for a French actor, even of less genius than M. Perlet, to approach that scene of this excellent farce, which was the closing one of its author's life, without a feeling rather at variance with the general spirit of the character he has to sustain. We do not know whether there are any traditions respecting Molière's mode of acting in this piece or in any other; but, believing as we do, that the stories respecting Shakspeare's indifferent performances are altogether apocryphal, we see no reason to suppose that an author may not be able to embody his own ideas as well as any one else. Be this as it may, we question whether Molière or any other person could have given a finer or more delicate representation of 'The Malade Imaginaire' than the actor who filled that part last night. The more we see of M. Perlet, the more we are convinced of the justice and of the imperfection of the general opinions we have so often expressed respecting him. We feel that he has all the powers we have attributed to him, and many more in reserve, which we shall not even have sounded to the bottom when we have seen him in all his vast variety of characters. We will not enter into details respecting a performance, every part of which bore a stamp of the highest excellence; but must not omit saying, to the credit of the company at the English Opera House, that M. Perlet was well supported by all his brother and sister performers, and, above all, by Mademoiselle St. Ange.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'—*Comus*.

I.—ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—*Genesis*.

1.—ANIMAL MECHANICS.

Balancing of Eggs on a Bare Rock.—The following singular fact is stated by the celebrated Harrey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, in his ingenious work 'De Generatione.' A bird (*Alca Pica*, Linn.) lays only one egg, which, without making any nest or preparation for its reception, she deposits on the top of a sharp acute stone, and with such firmness that she can leave it and return to it with safety. If the egg should be removed by any means, it can never be replaced, and rolls thence into the sea. The spot, as I have said, is encrusted with a white cement, and the egg, as soon as it is laid, is alimed over with a soft and viscous humidity, which quickly causes its adhe-

sion to the rock, as firmly as if they had been fastened together with bars of iron.

2.—ANIMAL ARCHITECTURE.

Spring and Summer Nests of Birds.—The construction and selected situations of the nests of birds are as remarkable as the variety of the materials employed in them; the same forms, places, and articles being rarely, perhaps never, found united by the different species, which, we should suppose, similar necessities would direct to a uniform provision. Birds that build early in the spring seem to require warmth and shelter for their young, and the blackbird and the thrush line their nests with a plaster of loam perfectly excluding, by these cottage-like walls, the keen icy gales of our opening year; yet, should accidents bereave the parents of their first hopes, they will construct another, even when summer is far advanced, upon the model of their first erection, and with the same precautions against severe weather, when all necessity for such provision has ceased, and the usual temperature of the season rather requiring coolness and a free circulation of air. The house sparrow will commonly build four or five times in the year, and in a variety of situations, under the warm eaves of our houses and our sheds, the branch of the clustered fir, or the thick tall hedge that bounds our garden, &c.; in all which places, and without the least consideration of site or season, it will collect a great mass of straws and hay, and gather a profusion of feathers from the poultry-yard to line its nest. The cradle for its young, whether under our tiles in March or in July, when the parent bird is panting in the common heat of the atmosphere, has the same provision made to afford warmth to the brood; yet this is a bird that is little affected by any of the extremes of our climate.

3.—ANIMAL ETHICS.

Instincts of the Mistle Thrush.—The mistle thrush (*turdus visivorus*) is a wild and wary bird, keeping generally in open fields and commons, heaths, and unfrequented places, feeding upon worms and insects. In severe weather it approaches our plantations and shrubberies to feed on the berry of the mistletoe, the ivy, or the scarlet fruit of the holly, or the yew; and, should the redwing or the fieldfare presume to partake of these with it, we are sure to hear its voice in clattering and contention with the intruders, until it drives them from the place, though it watches and attends, notwithstanding, to its own safety. In April, it begins to prepare its nest. This is large and so openly placed, as would, if built in the copse, infallibly expose it to the plunder of the magpie and the crow, which at this season prey upon the eggs of every nest they can find. To avoid this evil, it resorts to our gardens and our orchards, seeking protection from man, near whose haunts those rapacious plunderers are careful of approaching; yet they will at times attempt to seize upon its eggs even there, when the thrush attacks them and drives them away with a hawk-like fury; and the noisy warfare of the contending parties occasionally draws our attention to them. The call of the young birds to their parents for food is unusually disagreeable, and reminds us of the croak of a frog. The brood being reared, it becomes again a shy and wild creature, abandons our homesteads, and returns to its solitudes and heaths.

4.—CONCHOLGY.

A Shower of Snails near Bristol.—In the south of England, a little banded snail (*helix virgata*) is a very common species on most of the arid maritime pastures, and the sheep-downs of many inland places. It happened, from some unknown cause, that those inhabiting a dry field in a parish near Bristol, were, in one season, a few years ago, greatly increased, so as to become an object of notice to a few, then to more, till at length this accumulation was noised about as a supernatural event. The field was visited by hundreds daily from neighbouring villages and distant towns. People who could not attend purchased the snails at a halfpenny each; and there were persons who made five shillings a day by the sale of them. As this increase of the creature was certainly not to be accounted for, some had the impudence to assert that they had witnessed their fall from the clouds; and many declared their belief that some great public or private misfortune was indicated by it. The proprietor of the field being supposed not to maintain the same sentiments as the commonalty upon a political circumstance, which at that moment greatly agitated the country, it was considered as a manifestation of heavenly displeasure, precursor of malady, misfortune, death. However, autumn came, these snails retired to their holes in the banks, and the worthy man lived on—and long may he live, unmolested and unassailed by all, unscathed by snails or misfortunes.

5.—ENTOMOLOGY.

The Ghost Moth.—The Moth known to collectors by the name of the ghost, (*Heptamelus humilis*), has a singular habit when on the wing, which at once distinguishes it from any other moth. The larva, which produces this creature, is hidden in the ground during the season of winter: the fly being formed in the month of May, and soon rising from the soil, then commences its short career. At this time, one or more of them may frequently be observed under some hedge in a mead, or some low place in a damp pasture, only a few feet from the ground, persevering for a length of time together in a very irregular flight, rising and falling, and balancing about in a space not exceeding a few yards in circumference, an action not observable in any other—and fully indicating this moth. This procedure is not the meaningless vagary of the hour, but a frolicsome dance, the wooing of its mate, which lies concealed in the herbage over which it sports. The two insects are something similar in their general form, but very differently marked. The male exhibitor is known by his four glossy, satiny, white wings, bordered with buff; the lady reposer has her upper wings of a tawny yellow, spotted and banded with deep brown. They are very inert creatures, easily captured; and their existence appears to be of very short duration, as we soon cease to observe them either in action or at rest. The male probably becomes the prey of every bird that feeds by night: his colour and his actions rendering him particularly liable to dangers of this nature, and the frequency with which we find his wings scattered about, points out the cause of death to most of them. The bat pursues with great avidity all those creatures that fly in the evening; and, by its actions, it seems to meet with constant employment, and has greater probability of success than some insectivorous birds that feed by day, as all the myriads which abound at this time are the sole prey of itself and a few nocturnal ramblers. From this singular flight in the twilight hour, haunting, as it were, one particular spot, the fancy of some collector, considering it as a spectre-like action, named it the 'Ghost Moth.' This Ghost Moth discharges her eggs in a very singular manner, and frequently immediately upon capture, not deliberately producing them, but dismissing them from the oviduct in rapid succession, until it is exhausted, by a slight elastic force that sweeps them clear from the abdomen. They are perfectly dry and unadhesive.

6.—OPHIOLGY.

Eggs of the Common Snake.—The common English snake (*coluber matrix*) usually deposits its eggs about midsummer, in dung or compost heaps. They are larger than the eggs of a sparrow, obtuse at each end, of a very pale yellow colour, feeling tough and soft like little bags of some gelatinous substance. The interior part consists of a glareous matter like that of the hen, enveloping the young snake imperfect, yet the eyes and nose sufficiently defined. Snakes must protrude their eggs singly, but probably all at one time, as they preserve no regular disposition of them, but place them in a promiscuous heap. At the time of protrusion, they appear to be surrounded with a clammy substance, which, drying in the air, leaves the mass of eggs united, as if by pasted paper. As many as forty eggs have been found in these deposits; yet, notwithstanding such provisions for multitudes, the snake, generally speaking, is not a very common animal.

7.—SAURIOLOGY.

The Water Newt.—Water, in a state of rest, over-decayed and putrescent vegetable matter, is peculiarly favourable for the residence of many of the insect world. The eggs that are lodged there remain undisturbed by the agitation of the element, and the young produced from them, or deposited there by viviparous creatures, remain in quiet, tolerably secure from accidental injuries; but there are natural causes which render these apparent asylums the field of ravages and of death. To these places resort many of those voracious insects, and other creatures which prey upon the smaller and helpless; for all created things seem subordinate to some more powerful or irresistible agents, from the hardly visible atom that floats in the pool, to man, who claims and commands the earth as his own. But we have no animal that seems to commit greater destruction in these places than the common newt (*lacerta aquatica*). In some of these well-stored magazines, this reptile will grow to a large size, and become unusually wary, and bloated with sapidation; feeding and fattening upon the unresisting beings that abound in these dark waters wherein it loves to reside. It will take a worm from the hook of a fish that angle in ponds; and in some places the boys in

the spring of the year may be seen drawing them up by fishing lines, a very extraordinary figure, having a small shell-fish (tellina cornea) attached to one or all of its feet; the toes of the newt having been accidentally introduced into the gaping shell, in its progress on the mud at the bottom of the pool, or designedly put in for the purpose of seizure, when the animal inhabitant closed the valves and entrapped the toes. But, from whatever cause these shells became fixed, when the animal is drawn up hanging and wriggling with its toes fettered all round, it affords a very unusual and strange appearance.

8.—ICHTHYOLOGY.

Migrations of Salmon.—The common salmon (salmo salar) leaves the sea, and ascends the rivers throughout the summer season. Having reached the suitable station, it pairs, and, in company, proceeds to excavate a furrow in the gravelly bed of the shallow or running water, at the top or bottom of the deeper pools. Into this furrow the milt and roe are simultaneously deposited and covered. This operation occupies nearly a fortnight. The eggs sometimes amount to 20,000. When the fish have spawned, or become kelts, they bask themselves to the deep pools, and then proceed to the sea, the males commencing the journey earlier than the females. Their favourite food in the sea is the sand-eel. The fry leave the spawning groove about March, retire to pools, and proceed, according to circumstances, in myriads along the easy water, at the margin of the river, with their heads against the stream, until they reach the tide in the estuary, where, like the kelts, which frequently go down at the same time, they retire to the deepest part of the channel, and disappear in the sea. These samlets, smolts, or smouts, are regarded by many as re-appearing in the estuaries a few months afterwards in the character of grilse, of from three to nine pounds weight, according to the lateness of the season.

9.—ORNITHOLOGY.

Stratagems of the Tom Tit.—The wiles and stratagems of every creature are deserving of attention, because they are, for the most part, the impulse of the weak and feeble, instinctive efforts to preserve their own existence, or more generally to secure, or defend, that of their offspring. Few are able to effect these objects by bodily power; but all creatures, probably, exert a faculty of some kind to ward off injury from their young, though not observed by, or manifested to us. This poor little blue tom-tit, which has neither beak, claws, nor any portion of strength to defend itself from the weakest assailant, will, nevertheless, make trial by menace to scare the intruder from its nest. It builds almost universally in the hole of a wall, or a tree; and its size enables it to creep through so small a crevice, that it is pretty well secured from all annoyances but those of bird-nesting boys; and these little plunderers the sitting-bird endeavours to scare away by hissing and puffing in a very extraordinary manner from the bottom of the hole, as soon as a finger is introduced, and so perfectly unlike the usual voice of a bird, that many a young intruder is deterred from prosecuting any farther search, lest he should rouse the vengeance of some snake or adder.

10.—MAZOLGY.

The Hedge-Hog.—Notwithstanding all the persecutions from prejudice and wantonness to which the hedge-hog (Erinaceus Europæus) is exposed, it is yet common with us; sleeping by day in a bed of leaves and moss, under the cover of a very thick bramble or furze-bush, and at times in some hollow stump of a tree. It creeps out in the summer evenings; and, running about with more agility than its dull appearance promises, feeds on dew-worms and beetles, which it finds among the herbage, but retires with trepidation at the approach of man. In the autumn, crabs, haws, and the common fruits of the hedge constitute its diet. In the winter, covering itself deeply in moss and leaves, it sleeps during the severe weather; and, when drawn out of its bed, scarcely any thing of the creature is to be observed, it exhibiting only a ball of leaves, which it seems to attach to its spines by repeatedly rolling itself round its nest. Thus comfortably invested, it suffers little from the season. Some strong smell must proceed from this animal, as we find it frequently with our sporting dogs, even in this state; and every village boy with his cur detects the haunt of the poor hedge-hog, and as assuredly worries and kills him. Killing every thing, and cruelty, are the common vices of the ignorant; and unresisting innocence becomes the ready victim to prejudice or power. The snake, the blind-worm, and the toad, are all indiscriminately destroyed as venomous animals whenever found; and it is well for the last-mentioned poor animal, which Boyle says

'lives on poison, and is all venom,' if prolonged sufferings do not finish its being; but even we, who should know better, yet give rewards for the wretched urchin's head! that very ancient prejudice of its drawing milk from the udders of resting cows being still entertained, without any consideration of its impracticability from the smallness of the hedge-hog's mouth; and so deeply is this character associated with the name, that we believe no argument would persuade to the contrary, or remonstrance avail with our idle boys, to spare the life of this most harmless and least obtrusive creature in existence. Hedge-hogs were formerly an article of food; but this diet was pronounced to be dry, and not nutritive, 'because he putteth forth so many prickles.' All plants producing thorns, or tending to any roughness, were considered to be of a drying nature; and, upon this foundation, the ashes of the hedge-hog were administered as a 'great desiccative of fistulas.'

ERRATA in No. 72.

Page 156, Col. 2, for von der Dicken, read von der Decken.
Page 156, Col. 2, 45, for three hundred individuals, read three thousand individuals.
Page 156, Col. 3, l. 11, for petty counsellor, read privy councillor.
Page 157, Col. 1, for 505,523 fr. 49,672l. read, 505,523 £. or 49,672l.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Friendly Advice to my Poor Neighbours, in a Series of Cottage Tales and Dialogues, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
The Games of the Match at Chess between the London and Edinburgh Clubs, 8vo., 7s.
Hogg's Shepherd's Calendar, 3 vols. 12mo., 14s.
Cyril Thornton, 3d edition, 3 vols., 12mo., 21s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 5 A.M. and 5 P.M.	March.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 9.44 49	49	30. 75	W to NW	Fair Cl.	Cumulus.	
Tues. 10.30 49	49	30. 07	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.	
Wed. 11.37 33	33	30. 07	NE to E.	Ditto.	Ditto.	
Thurs. 12.30 35	35	30. 55	E.	Ditto.	Cirrostratus	
Frid. 13.38 36	36	30. 45	NE high	Ditto.	Ditto.	
Sat. 14.37 34	34	30. 08	N.W.	Ditto.	Ditto.	
Sun. 15.32 33	33	30. 08	N.E.	Clear.	Cumulus.	

Nights and mornings frosty during the week.

Highest temperature at noon, 49°.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury stationary on Friday.
Venus in Aphelion on Friday.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 7° 33' in Places.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 14° 49' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 27° 36' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 24° 40' in Places.
Length of day on Sunday, 11 h. 46 min. Increased, 5 h. 3 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 28" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.90783.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY, CHARING-CROSS.—Patron—The KING.—The EXHIBITIONS of the New and Improved Productions of the Artisans and Manufacturers of the United Kingdom, IS OPEN, and will continue open daily until further notice.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.—By order,

T. S. TULL, Secretary.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF EAST INDIA STOCK.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
THE VACANCY which has taken place in the Direction of your Affairs, by the resignation of Sir George Abercrombie Robinson, Bart., affords me an opportunity of again addressing you.

I beg to return my grateful acknowledgments for the very flattering reception I have hitherto met with, and to acquaint you, that it is my intention to offer myself for the honour of your Suffrages on an early occasion.

I shall have the honour of paying my personal respects to you as soon as possible. In the meantime I earnestly request the continued exertions of my friends for the accomplishment of the important object I have in view.

I have the honour to be, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

JOHN FORBES.

No. 15, Harley-street, March 4, 1839.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF EAST INDIA STOCK.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
IN consequence of the resignation of Sir George Abercrombie Robinson, Bart., and in pursuance of my Address to you of the 26th July, 1827, I beg leave to offer myself as a CANDIDATE for the VACANT SEAT in the EAST INDIA DIRECTION.

Considering the very powerful support with which I was honoured at the last Ballot, and being now assured of the additional suffrages of many Proprietors of great Influence, I feel warranted in entertaining the most confident expectation of success.

Grateful for the kindness I have already experienced, and soliciting a continuance of your support, I beg to assure you, that when through your favour I am placed in the honourable situation to which I aspire, it shall be my study to perform the duties of it faithfully and independently.

I have the honour to be, very respectfully, Ladies and Gentlemen, your most obedient Servant,

WILLIAM YOUNG.

24, Upper Wimpole-street, March 4, 1839.

N.B. Sir William Young's Committee meet daily, at the London Tavern, where communications will be gratefully received.

At a Meeting of the friends of Lieut.-Col. Sir William Young, Bart., held at the London Tavern, on Wednesday, March 4, the following Noblemen and Gentlemen, Proprietors of East India Stock, pledged themselves to promote to the utmost of their power his election to the vacant seat in the Direction, occasioned by the resignation of Sir George Abercrombie Robinson, Bart.

Jas. Alexander, Esq., A. Grant, Esq., H. Porcher, Esq.,
M.P. Isaac Compertz, Esq., G. L. Prendergast
Jas. Alley, Esq., E. Goodhart, Esq., Esq., M.P.
J. Atkins, Esq., Al-Henry Grace, Esq., Emanuel Pacilio,
Esq., M.P. George Grote, Esq., Esq., M.D.
J. P. Atkins, Esq., R. Hon. C. Grant, Joseph Pulley, Esq.,
Sir Thomas Baring, Bart., M.P. M. P. R. Patterson, Esq.,
Bart., M.P. R. Grant, Esq., M.P. R. Richards, Esq.,
S. G. Brett, Esq., J. Hume, Esq., M.P. T. Richards, Esq.,
Robert Brown, Esq., A. Hammond, Esq., J. G. Remington, Esq.,
John Blades, Esq., Lieut.-Col. A. Hogg N. M. Rothschild,
A. Brough, Esq., R. Hutchinson, Esq., Esq.
John Brown, Esq., W. Heygate, Esq., Jacob Richards, Esq.,
Daniel Beale, Esq., Alderman F. Richardson, Esq.,
Earl of Caledon Jas. Halford, Esq., T. Sheppard, Esq.,
J. Capel, Esq., M. P. W. Hammond, jun., Robert Sutton, Esq.,
F. Creswell, Esq., Esq., F. L. P. Secretan, Esq.,
A. Chapman, Esq., James Hill, Esq., Esq.
B. Cohen, Esq., D. D. Ingalls, Esq., John Stewart, Esq.,
D. Carruthers, Esq., Henry Iverson, Esq., M.P.
John Castaldi, Esq., J. H. Israel, Esq., Lieut.-Col. A. Spens
Sir Christopher Cole, Charles Jones, Esq., George Scholey, Esq.,
E.C.B., M.P. William Kay, Esq., Alderman
W. C. Drysdale, Esq., John King, Esq., A. Smith, Esq., M.P.
B. Dent, Esq., M. P. Lucas, Esq., G. R. Smith, Esq.,
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The Committee of Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Young, Bart., beg leave to draw the attention of the Proprietors to the strong grounds upon which he solicits their suffrages upon the present vacancy in the East India Direction.

They consist in a long course of military service, performed in the Honourable Company's Army in India, both in the Field and in Garrison, and which, in repeated instances, have obtained for him the marked approbation of the distinguished officers under whose command he acted.

Sir William Young entered the army as a Cadet of Infantry in the year 1788, and on his arrival at Bombay, joined the European Regiment, which served under Sir Robert Abercromby, G. C. B. before Seringapatam in 1792.—He was then appointed to the Grenadier Battalion, one of the most distinguished corps on the establishment, commanded by Colonel Gore, and was employed in the reduction of the Dutch settlements in Malabar; also at the capture of Colombo and its Dependencies in 1795; and throughout the Cingaleze War, in which he commanded four companies of grenadiers; at the expiration of which service, he received the thanks of General De Meuron, and the Honourable Frederick North, Governor of Ceylon.

In 1797, he was attached to the Staff of Colonel Dow, then in charge of the disturbed districts in Malabar, during an arduous and destructive service of two years, when he was compelled, by ill health, to return to England, and again went out in 1802, at the commencement of the war with Scindeah and Holkar, when he was appointed to the Bombay Staff by the Honourable Governor Duncan; and employed during the arduous contest in the Deccan, in collecting and forwarding supplies for the army, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, for which service His Grace was pleased to express his high satisfaction;—at this period he was also honoured with the approbation of the Governor in Council, of General Nicolle, the Commander in Chief at Bombay, and of Sir Barry Close, Bart., the Political Resident at Poona.

In a later period of his service, he had the merit of suggesting and organising a most efficient plan for recruiting the Native army, which was adopted by the Government, and acted upon with extensive and important results.

In 1805, he was honoured with the favourable recommendation of the Military Board, in a letter to the Government of Bombay, forwarded to the Honourable Court of Directors, by which their attention was drawn to 'the important and acknowledged services performed by him, during a period which demanded all possible energy in the promotion of the public interest;—and on which the Honourable Court were pleased to express their entire approbation, in a dispatch to the Government of Bombay: on the Staff of which Establishment he remained, until he finally quitted India.

On these recorded grounds, establishing Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Young's long, able, and faithful services, the Committee pledge themselves to support Sir William Young, and most strongly recommend him to the favourable notice of the Proprietors, at the approaching Election.

JOHN WARD,

Chairman of the Committee.

N.B.—The Election will take place on Friday the 30th instant, when the attendance of Sir William Young's friends is earnestly requested at the ballot.

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No. 74.

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Our cheerful faith, that all we see
Is full of blessings,

that poetry produces any effect upon our minds; in short, we consider that, as every active exertion of the mind is necessarily good, poetry, by awakening power within it, and stimulating it into activity, is, in this sense at least, a means to the high

end of enlightening and purifying the heart. Poetry is, therefore, in our view, something more than a mere amusement, something more than a mere dram, which affords, indeed, a momentary intoxication, to be followed by a correspondent depression of the spirits. Poetry is not the mere supplier to the mind of the means of getting rid of vacuity without the trouble of thought; but, as it has its very essence in energy, it can only exist for that mind in which its power is manifested by its calling into activity, or retaining in that state of exaltation, the feelings, hopes, and affections, which it has excited. It is on this account that we have often waged violent war on the works which many persons would very likely consider undeserving of severe censure, from being unpretending, light works, intended only to amuse; but we cannot look upon them in this way, knowing, as we do, that whatever does not awaken power in the mind naturally prostrates the mind, and renders it more and more incapable of rousing itself into activity at any future period; and feeling, moreover, that it is works like these whose general reception in society keeps out more deserving authors from holding the situation to which they are entitled and which posterity will confer on them.

In a very early state of society, poetry being much less the result of a determination to supply the market with a commodity which happens to be in demand, or an inordinate craving after reputation, than the outgrowth of a real inspiration, called forth by the circumstances and answering to the moral wants of a people, we are naturally led to look upon it with very different views from those with which we should examine the compositions of an age such as our own. Convinced that it arose out of, and immediately represented, the national character, probably at its birth, we feel that it is interesting to us, principally as showing what was, and how was formed, that national character; and the knowledge which we thus obtain we are particularly anxious to possess, because we know, however remote we may be from them in point of time, that the circumstances which first formed the national character, contributed to form that variation of it in which we partake, from its being peculiar to the period in which we live. In fact, we hold it necessary, in order to peruse with benefit the writings of any author whatsoever, that the feeling of the individual, modified by the feeling of his time, should be thoroughly understood; and those feelings are only links in the one great chain, the effects of prior causes and the causes of subsequent effects.

Such are the reasons which induce us to pay more attention than their merits as poems would seem to claim, to the ballads of all nations, and especially to our own. And, in proportion to the admiration which we feel for the ballads themselves, and our conviction of their utility, is our gratitude to any person who either supplies us with new copies of favourite compositions, or discovers some which have hitherto escaped the search of antiquarians. But we also consider these specimens of early song as likely to be of no trifling use under the particular circumstances of the English people: we believe that a saner spirit has grown up among us, silently, indeed, but effectively, and that its manifestation is the rescuing of poetry from that miserable haze of words which clouded it during the last century; that the wretched drivelling of the minor stars of the Popian school has long ago been consigned to the condempt it merited; and that the great arch-sorcerer

himself, with his cup of poisonous sweets, has had his rod snatched from him, to the rescuing of poetry and real feeling from the enchanted chair wherein they were spell-bound. Vague generalities, and an absolute ignorance of nature, have been replaced by strength and distinctness of thought, and a minute acquaintance with the sciences of the metaphysical and material world, in all of our great modern poets, and with various degrees of approximation, in all of our minor writers; except, indeed, in Lord Byron, whose frequently misty diction, and profound ignorance on all subjects whatsoever, would have won him a high place amongst the poetical idols of the eighteenth century. In producing a consummation so desirable, we believe the study of the old ballads to have had much influence; and we are very sure that the more they are studied the more they will enforce the sterling rule, that poetry is of the thought and not of the word, and that ostentatious combinations of sounding phrases no more constitute it in reality than the polished reflectors of a lamp are in themselves the light that dazzles us.

The book which has induced us to make these observations, is, from its size, calculated for general circulation, and may assist in the good work which Percy and his coadjutors advanced; but it is far from being what we think such a work should be; it contains a number of very interesting ballads, reprinted from Percy, Evans, and others, and has one advantage over the previous collections in the opinion of many which, however precious to the antiquarian, were a little too plain-spoken for the taste of this externally very moral age; but we are of opinion that its pages have been very unnecessarily shut against some of the very most beautiful of our ancient minstrelies. Why, for instance, have we been deprived of that most affecting ballad, 'Childe Waters,' and that most striking one of 'Edward?' We think we may complain, too, of our author's taste in reprinting the modernised 'Chevy Chase' instead of the olden one, which is so far beyond it in felicity of expression. These are sins of omission which we are willing to pass over lightly, in consideration of the beauty of many other ballads which we find in this collection; but how can we ever forgive the author for reprinting such trash as Mickle's 'Hengist and May,' Percy's 'Hermit of Warkworth,' or 'Watkin's 'Athelgiva?' How could a man, after transcribing the spirited lines of 'The Child of Elle,' 'Sir Andrew Barton,' or 'King Estmere,' bear to put pen to paper for the purpose of commemorating that

Now the sympathising cause
Of Edwy's hap, shall tell;
And what, amidst his nightly walk,
That gallant youth befel.

Before we conclude this article, we shall take an opportunity of quoting some very fine lines from another and an early ballad; and, by way of relish, we think we can hardly do better than give our readers a specimen of the nonsense which our progenitors of the last century could bring themselves to write and admire. We would call attention to the contrast which this, in common with all the other writings of the eighteenth century, offers to the bold, and distinct, and nervous spirit of the sixteenth and fifteenth. He continues to give an account of Edwy's journey, in which the hero comes to a hermitage, and relates all his affairs to the hermit, who, being a young and dashing fellow, but who has been crossed in love, is equally communicative.

In the course of conversation it is discovered that the lady is Edwy's sister, and that she still loves the hermit.

'With flustered cheek, young Edwy turned
At Athelgiva's name;
And, "Gracious powers! it must be he!"
He cried; "it is the same!"
"I know full well, I have not now
More of thy tale to learn;
'Twas heard this morn, ere from the wave
You could the sun discern.
"My sister loves thee, gallant youth!
By all the saints on high!
She wept last night, when thy hard fate
She told with many a sigh.
"Forgive her, then, and in her cause
Thy limbs with steel enfold!—
Was it not Ardolph's daughter, say,
Who late thy heart did hold?"
"It was—it was!" Hermanrick cried:
"I heard her brother's name;
'Tis said he was a gallant youth
Who fought abroad for fame."
Then Edwy sprang to his embrace,
And clasped him to his breast;
"And thou shalt be my brother too!"
He said—and looked the rest.

We wish he had! Looked the rest, indeed! and yet the intolerable prosier goes on in the same drivelling strain for fifty-seven stanzas more. This, to say the least of it, is abominable tautology. As a compensation to our readers for the labour of perusing this miserable trash, we subjoin a few spirited stanzas from the ballad of 'Sir Andrew Barton, date about the time of Queen Elizabeth. The story is soon told: King Henry VIII., enraged at the representations made to him by an English merchant that a Scotch pirate is lord of the seas, and plunders them, gives letters of marque to the Earl of Surrey, and sends him out to destroy the rover. His Lordship meets with a merchant who had been plundered, and they sail on together in pursuit of Sir Andrew.

'The Merchant set my Lord a glass,
So well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrow, by nine of the clock,
He showed him Sir Andrew Barton, knight.
His hatchboard it was gilt with gold,
So dearly dight it dazzled the eye—
Now, by my faith! Lord Howard says,
This is a gallant sight to see.
'Take in your ancients, standards eke,
So close that no man may them see,
And put me forth a white willow wand,
As merchants use to sail the sea.
But they stirred neither top nor mast,
Stoutly they passed Sir Andrew by.
What English churls are yonder, he said,
That can show so little courtesy?
'Now, by the rood! three years and more,
I have been Admiral over the sea,
And never an English, nor Pontingall,
Without my leave can pass this way:
Then called he forth his stout pinnace—
Fetch back yon pedlars now to me;
I swear by the mass, yon English churls
Shall hang at my mainmast tree.
'With that, the pinnace it shot off,—
Full well Lord Howard might it ken,
For it stroke down my Lord's foremast,
And killed fourteen of his men.
Come hither, Simon, says my Lord,
Look that the word be true thou said,
For at my mainmast thou shalt hang,
If thou miss thy mark one shilling braid.
'Simon was old, but his heart it was bold,
His ordinance he laid right low,
He put in chain full nine yards long,
With other great shot, less and more;
And he let go his great-gun's shot,
So well he settled it with his eye,
The first sight that Sir Andrew saw,
He saw his pinnace sink in the sea!
'And when he saw his pinnace sunk,
Lord! how his heart with rage did swell:
Now cut my ropes, it's time to be gone,
I'll fetch yon pedlars back myself.
When Lord saw Sir Andrew loose,
Within his heart he was full fain,—
Now spread your accents—strike up drums,
Sound all your trumpets out again.

'Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew says,
We all, however, this gear will sway,
It's my Lord Admiral of England
Is come to seek me on the sea.
Simon had a son who shot right well,
That did Sir Andrew mickle scare;
In at his deck he gave a shot,
Killed three score of his men of war.'

Being oppressed, Sir Andrew determines to let fall certain beams or beams,—for there is a dispute about the reading,—and which appears to have resembled the leaden Dolphins mentioned by Thucydides, intended to fall upon the enemy's ships and sink them.

'Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
That eye wast ready at my call,
I will give thee three hundred marks
If thou wilt let my beams down fall.
Lord Howard he then called in haste,—
Horseley, see thou be true in stead,
For thou shalt at the mainmast hang,
If thou miss twelve score one penny braid.

'Then Gordon swarved the mainmast tree—
He swarved it with might and main;
But Horseley with a bearing arrow,
Stroke the Gordon through the brain—
And he fell unto the hatches again,
And sore his deadly wound did bleed:
Then word went through Sir Andrew's men,
How that the Gordon he was dead.

'Come hither to me, James Hamilton,
Thou art my only sister's son,
If thou wilt let my beams down fall,
Six hundred nobles thou hast won—
With that, he swarved the main-mast tree,—
He swarved it with nimble art,
But Horseley with a broad arrow
Pierced the Hamilton through the heart.

'And down he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did stream again;
Then every Scot cried, Well away!
Alas! a comely youth is slain!
All woe-begone was Sir Andrew then,
With grief and rage his heart did swell,—
Go, fetch me forth my armour of proof,
For I will to the top-castle myself.

'Go, fetch me forth my armour of proof,
That gilded is with gold so clear:
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Against the Portingalls he it wear;
And when he had on his armour of proof,
He was a gallant sight to see,—
Ah! ne'er didst thou meet with living wight,
My dear brother, could cope with thee.

'Come hither, Horseley, says my Lord,
And look your shaft that it go right;
Shoot a good shoot in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a Knight.
I'll shoot my best, quoth Horseley then,
Your Honour shall see, with might and main;
But if I were hanged at your main-mast,
I have now left but arrows twain.

'Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,—
With right good will he swarved then,
Upon his breast did Horseley hit,
But the arrow bounded back again!
Then Horseley spied a privy place,
With a perfect eye, in a secret part,—
Under the spole of his right arm,
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

'Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew says,
A little I'm hurt, but yet not slain:
I'll but lie down and bleed a-while,
And then I'll rise and fight again.
Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew says,
And never flinch before the foe;
And stand fast by St. Andrew's cross,
Until you hear my whistle blow.'

This secures Lord Howard's victory.

Interspersed with the ballads are a few, too few, of the beautiful songs of our poets of the sixteenth century. This part of the work is the one which, from the extreme beauty of the materials, might have been made most interesting: it was also one which was by far most wanted. There are a number of exquisite songs throughout the works of Shirley and Fletcher, and other contemporary poets, that are absolutely unknown; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Parry will, in fulfilling his promise of giving us another volume similar to

this, not neglect those 'wells of English unde-fled.' It is indeed marvellous that the miserable collection which Johnson dared to call the works of the British Poets, should be heard of at the present day; and yet what better have we? Chalmers's is hardly worth naming, Campbell's selections might have been made with greater care, and Lamb's selections from the dramatists are so few as to be very unsatisfactory. Aikin's is a small octavo volume, and far too much of that is occupied with the mawkish rhymes of the French school; so that, in spite of the attention which has been awakened towards them, we still want a fine collection of the real poets of Britain. Marlowe, Chapman, Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser, Cartwright, Forde, Marston, Shirley, the Beaumonts, the Fletchers, the Herberts, Crashawe, are too little known among us. How long shall Theobald's audacious and miserable assertion respecting Shakespeare's sonnets remain uncontradicted? Do we indeed need an Act of Parliament to compel readers into their service? God forbid! for only in a corrupt and heartless age, dead alike to poetry, and religion, the sister of poetry, could the works of the men we have mentioned above be neglected. Among the songs which Mr. Parry has quoted, is Marlowe's beautiful one, beginning, 'Come, live with me, and be my love,' &c., which has been so often quoted that we will not reprint it in our pages, and which Isaac Walton mentions with no light commendation. Appended to this is a note which a Christian clergyman might think it his duty to write, but which, we think, contains an assertion that wants proof, to say the least of it: 'Christopher Marlowe was a poet of very superior talents, but unhappily of unusually evil principles, and, in consequence, of very dissolute habits. This, however, the reader would hardly discover from the noble tragedy of Faustus, the conclusion of which, in particular, is very finely worked up. Marlowe died disgracefully in 1593.' We will explain the last sentence, which is obscure, by saying that he is reported to have been stabbed in a house of ill-fame. We gather from Marlowe's writings—for, as well as we remember, none of his friends ever took the trouble to refute the charge that he was accused of atheism, a charge often brought against those who are more deeply religious than their accusers; against those who have religion in their very soul, whose very spiritual existence is in religion, and who are, therefore, incomprehensible to their gross maligners. Are we asked for a refutation of the charge, we point to his poems, filled as they are with the noblest feeling, with love that renders all things beautiful, and will that makes its own freedom by its own quenchless energy. Marlowe was no atheist, but he dared to tell the formalists who surrounded him, that something more was needful than obedience to outward ordinances, and a blind faith in outward ceremonies; he told them that sensuality, and selfishness, and over-righteousness, were irreligious, even though they swelled the heart of a high-priest of the temple, and

'That let the brain-bald world prate what it will,
That's the grand atheism that reigns in it still!'

We have had painful evidence in our own days what shameless falsehoods may be circulated with impunity, concerning some whose purity of thought, word, and act, is as light shining in darkness; warred with, uncomprehended, and oppressed by it. And if Marlowe shared the fate which Shelley underwent, we can find in the noble feeling which pervades their works, and in the unparalleled loftiness of their imagination, ample cause for the persecution they suffered from those who have neither imagination nor feeling.

There is a purifying influence in the imagination which renders it impossible for a great poet to be a sensual and a profligate man. There are no examples which will countervail this assertion; for the imagination is an active and energetic power, it is incompatible with the prostration of mind which sensuality induces, and subsists only

in the life and motion which it gives to all the holier feelings and affections of the heart and head. There is a divinity in good which for ever renders it more powerful than evil: the two cannot long co-exist in the mind; one must prevail, and that one, we assert, will be the good in every case of the poetical inspiration. If this be true, there never was a highly poetical passage which was at the same time capable of exciting one sensual thought or feeling: and this we assert to be the case. Perhaps the three passages which most strikingly illustrate the truth of this assertion, are to be found in Shakspeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander,' and Shelley's 'Alastor.' In all these passages, descriptions are given of scenes such as the Rochester and Sheffield have delighted to draw; with, perhaps, an equal minuteness of portraiture, with a more than equal intensity of feeling. Why, then, do the former nauseate us with their profligacy, while the latter, far from awakening one sensual thought, one unworthy feeling, wrap us only round with undefined admiration of all the beautiful and all the lovely which the vivid description of the poet raises up into life before us? Why, but that in the one we trace the effete mind endeavouring, by a gross imitation of the past, to conjure up a sort of present pleasure; we see a faint and fleeting shadow of the evil gone by called up at the instigation of some foul sorcerer to do the work of mischief: in the latter, we find the sensual fact subordinated to the imagination which depicts it; the active powers of the mind brood over the beautiful images of the poet's creation, every better feeling is awakened into life within us, and the outline of the material vanishes away, in the exceeding brightness with which the spiritual has invested it. The remarks which Mr. Coleridge has made on the Shakspearean poem are equally applicable to either of the other two; the following are the words of that splendid criticism:

'You seem to be told nothing, but to see and hear every thing. Hence it is, that from the perpetual activity of attention required on the part of the reader; from the rapid flow, the quick change, and the playful nature of the thoughts and images; and, above all, from the alienation, and, if I may hazard such an expression, the utter *aloofness* of the poet's own feelings, from those of which he is the painter and analyst; that though the very subject cannot but detract from the pleasure of a delicate mind, yet never was poem less dangerous on a moral account. Instead of doing as Ariosto, and as still more offensively Wieland has done, instead of degrading and deforming passion into appetite, the trials of love into the concupiscence; Shakspeare has here represented the animal impulse itself, so as to preclude all sympathy with it, by dissipating the reader's notice among the thousand outward images, and now beautiful, now fanciful, circumstances, which form its dresses and its scenery; or by diverting our attention from the main subject by those frequent witty or profound reflections, which the poet's ever active mind has deduced from, or connected with, the imagery and incidents. The reader is forced into too much action to sympathise with the merely passive of our nature. As little can a mind thus roused and awakened, be brooded on by mean and indistinct emotions, as the low lazy mist can creep upon the surface of a lake, while a strong gale is driving it onwards in waves and billows.'—*Biog. Lit.* ii., 16, 17.

If this be true of the reader, how far more true is it of the writer of such poems; to his poems, therefore, we refer our readers for Marlowe's character, assured that such a writer was no profligate, and assured, moreover, that to no profligate would Chapman, the continuer of his friend's unfinished work, have addressed the beautiful lines with which he began his task:

'Then now, most strangely intellectual fire,
That, proper to my soul, hast power to inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy unspeared flame, visitest the springs
Of spirits immortal, now (as swift as Time
Doth follow Motion) find the eternal clime
Of his free souls, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pyrean flood,
And dwelt to me half this Masman story,
Inscribing it to deathless memory,

Confer with it and make my pledge as deepe,
That neyther's draught be consecrate to sleepe:
Tell it how much his late desires I tender,
(If yet it know not) and to delight surrender
My soules dark offspring, willing it should dye
To loves, to passions, and society.'

Hero and Leander, iii.

Our zeal in defence of this great but neglected poet, the father, be it remembered, of the English stage, has led us beyond the limits which we should have prescribed to ourselves. The remainder of 'The Legendary Cabinet' must be disposed of in fewer words than it deserves; for it contains a large proportion of modern ballads, several of which are excellent. We need only say that among them are two from the pen of R. Southey, two of Wordsworth's, and one of Sir W. Scott's, to entitle them to marked attention. One by Dr. Leyden appears to possess considerable merit.

Upon the whole, this little book has pleased us; and the few faults we have noted in it, may appear to many to have been too roughly treated, when in coming to a stupid ballad of the last century, they put the book aside, or merely turn over the leaves in search of a better; but we do not read for amusement only, and least of all ballads, and we are in duty bound to point out the evil which we think has been done by pseudo-poets, and the good which we believe a better æsthetic creed may accomplish. We recommend Mr. Parry's work, however, in one point of view very cordially, as placing, in the strong contrast of juxtaposition, the vigorous and manly productions of the seventeenth, the mawkish and vague and hazy imitations of the eighteenth centuries, and the newly awakened life and energetic compositions of our own time. May we hope, that, in the event of his publishing another work of this nature, (and may the success of this be such as to induce him to do so!) Mr. Parry will infuse a greater portion of the life and soul of our forefathers into his pages. He cannot be unfamiliar with their works, for his notes show him to be a man of good acquaintance with old English lore; and we trust his taste is good enough to persuade him to do at least all that lies in his power to render them more generally known among his contemporaries.

We have one or two remarks to make on the ballads of 'Robin Hood,' four of which are reprinted in this volume. There is a larger number of those ballads probably than exist on any other subject, and we wish that some more of them had been selected in preference to such absurdities as these which we have remarked above. The 'Lytel Geste of Robyn Hode,' a printed copy of which, by Wynkyn de Worde, is preserved, we believe, at Cambridge, and which contains the history of his whole life, is a noble composition. We shall take the opportunity of transcribing a few stanzas of it from a copy in our possession, as a specimen of the true English historical ballad. It is necessary to give a short account of the previous occurrences. 'Sir William of the Lee,' in great sorrow for loss of his land which he had pawned to the Abbot of St. Mary's for four hundred pounds, meets Robin Hood, and after being hospitably entertained by him, tells his distress, and receives four hundred pounds from him on the security of the Blessed Virgin:

'Nowe is the knyght went on this waile,
This game he thought ful good,
When he lokod on Berrysdale
He blyssed Robyn Hode:

'And when he thought on Berrysdale,
On Scathelock, Much and Johan,
He blyssed them for the best company
That ever in he come.

'Then spake that gentyll knyght:
To Lytel Johan gan he saye,
To morwe I must to York toun
To Saynct Mary Abbaye:

'And to the Abbot of that place
Four hundred pounds I must paie;
And but I be there upon this nyght
My londe is lost for ay:

'The Abbot sayd to his covent,
There he stode on grounde,
This day twelfe moneth came there knyght
And borowed foure hundred pounde.

Upon all his londe free,
But he come this ylke day
Dysheritye shal he be.

'It is ful erely, sayd the pryoure,
The day is not yet farre gone:
I had lever to pay a hundred pounde,
And lay it downe anone.

'The knyght is ferre beyonde the se,
In Englonde is his ryght,
And suffreth hunger and colde
And many a sorry nyght:

'It were grete pitie, sayd the pryoure,
So to have his londe,
And ye be so lyght of your conseyence,
Ye do to him moche wronge.

'Thou art ever in my berde, sayd the Abbot,
By God and Saynct Rycharde.
With that cam in a fat heded monke,
The hegh selerer:

'He is ded or hongre, sayde the monke,
By God that bought me dere,
And we shall have to spend in this place
Foure hundred pounde by yere.

'Lorde were to mete ysette
In that Abbotes hall,
The knyght went forth and kneled downe
And salved them grete and smal.

'Do gladlie Syr Abbot, sayde the knyght,
I am come to holde my day.
The first word the Abbot spake,
Hast thou brought my pay?

'Not one peny, sayd the knyght,
By God that makyd me;
Thou art a shrewd dettour, sayd the Abbot;
Syr justyce, drynke to me.

'What doost thou here, sayd the abbot,
But thou haddest brought thy pay?
For God, than sayd the knyght,
To prae of a longer daye.

'Thy day is broke, sayd the justyce,
Londe getest thou none,
Now, good Syr justyce, be my frende,
And fend me of my fone.

'I am holde with the abbot, said the justyce,
Both with cloth and fee;
Now, gods syr sheryf, be my frende;
Nay, for God sayd he.

'Now, gode syr abbot, be my frende,
For thy curtesye,
And holde my londes in thy hoade,
Tyl I have made the gree.

'The abbot aware a ful great othe,
By God that dyed on a tre,
Get the londe where thou may,
For thou getest none of me.

'By dere worthy God, then sayd the knyght,
That alle this worlde wrought,
But I have my londe agayne,
Full dere it shal be bought.

'God that was of a mayden borne
Lane us wel to spede,
For it is gode to assay a frende,
Or, that a man have nede.

'The abbot lothely on him gan loke,
And vylaneley hym gan [call]
Oute, he sayd, thou fals knyght,
Out of my hall.

'Thou lyest, then sayd the gentyll knyght
Abbot, in thy hall;
False knyght was I never,
By God that made us all.

'Up then stode that gentyll kynght,
To the abbot, sayd he,
To suffre a knyght to knele so long,
Thou canst no courtysye,

'In joustes and in tournament,
Full ferre then I have be,
And put myself as ferre in prees
As ony that ever I se.

'What wyll ye gyve more sayd the justyce,
And the knyght shal make a releyse;
And els dare I saily swere,
Ye holde never your londe in pees.

'An hundred pounde, sayde the abbot;
The justyce syed gyve him two:

Nay, by God, sayd the knyght
Yet get ye it not soo.

‘ Though ye wold gyve a thousand more
Yet were [ye] never the near,
Shal there never be myn eyre,
Abbot, justyce, ne freere.

‘ He stert him to a borde a none,
Tyll a table rounde,
And there he spoke oute of a bage,
Even four hundred pounce.

‘ Have here thy golde, sir abbot, sayd the knyght,
Which that thou lentest me,
Hadst thou been curteyse at my comynge,
Reward sholdest thou have be.

‘ The abbot sat styl and ete no more,
For all his ryall chere,
He cast bys hede on his shoulder,
And bast began to stare.

‘ Take my golde agayne, said the abbot,
Sir justyce, that I toke thee;
Not a peny, sayd the justyce,
By God that dyed on a tre.

‘ Syr abbot and ye men of lay,
Now have I holde my daye,
Now shall I haee my londe agayne,
For aught that you can say.’

How important it was not to lose one's land, and how properly anxious the knight was on the subject, may be learnt from a beautiful old play, called ‘A Woman killed with Kindness,’ where a young gentleman is introduced saying:

‘ Alas, alas, ‘tis all trouble hath left me,
To cherish me and my poor sister's life:
If this were sold, our name should then be quite
Razed from the bed-roll of gentility.
You see what hard shift we have made to keep it,
Allied still to our own name. This palm you see
Labour hath glowd within; her silver brow,
That never tasted a rough winter's blast,
Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
Defy cold winter, and his storms out-face.’

We wish that Mr. Parry had quoted any of this ‘Lytil Geste,’ or the ballad of ‘Robin Hode and the Potter,’ rather than those of ‘Robin Hood's Chase,’ or ‘The Noble Fisherman,’ both of which are deficient in that strong humour which generally characterises the ballads of this celebrated outlaw. ‘Guy of Gisborne,’ who is quoted, is, however, an excellent specimen. We wish the editor would not alter words that he does not quite understand. Why, for instance, has he written,

‘ Yet neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them settled to run away.’

when the word, in all the copies, is *settled*; that is, *prepared, made ready*, from the Saxon word *fetil*, signifying a belt or girdle, answering to the *seae accingere* of the Latins, &c. This fault we have noticed in two or three places. Why should it be,

‘ Yonder comes that mighty yeoman,’

when the copies read, ‘that weightye yeoman; that is, active or nimble, also from the Saxon *wiht*.

RESTALRIG.

Restalrig: or the Forfeiture. By the Author of ‘St. Johnston, or John Earl of Gowrie.’ 2 vols. 8vo., Simpkin and Co. London, 1829.

THIS is a novel of the Waverley School; but, when we say that it does not rank above a third or fourth-rate production, we imagine few of our readers will thank us for spending much time in characterising it. The opening is most absurdly improbable,—an avaricious fellow, named George Sprott, being persuaded by a mysterious nocturnal visitant, to confess himself an accomplice in the Gowrie conspiracy, and submit, first to imprisonment and torture, and then to death itself, under the notion of a free pardon and a great acquisition of property. Amongst others involved in this forged confession of guilt, was the deceased father of young Restalrig, the hero, who is got up in imitation of young Waverley; and, of course, is a very uninteresting personage. We cannot,

we are sorry to confess, say much more in favour of his lady-love, Rosa Grey, the heroine; nor of Roger Dewlap, the Andrew Fairservice of the piece. The chief redeeming quality of the author is his conception of romantic situations, which he occasionally brings out with considerable effect, as in the following scene:

‘ It was a still evening; the moon had risen above the horizon, and was gradually ascending in a now cloudless sky, till the blue waves, rippling beneath, sparkled like an assemblage of countless gems. Logan, now left again alone, looked on the quiet beauty of the scene, and on the rugged aspect of the old castle, part of which was frowning on him in dark shade, until it seemed as if the spirits of his warlike ancestors spoke to him from its deserted walls, and upbraided him with pusillanimity in thus feebly bending beneath the rod of a tyrant; enjoining him, for their sakes, to retrieve the dishonour that had fallen on their name. Wrought up by these reflections, which were, in their effect, somewhat similar to the night-mare, he removed from his head the hat, which, contrary to the custom of the high-born youth of the period, was now unadorned either by plume or jewelled band, and laid it beside him, that the free sea-breeze might play uncontrolled upon his throbbing temples. He sat thus for some time, till refreshed by the pure and cool air that played over his face, and by dipping his hands now and then in the well beside him, he began to feel somewhat more calm than the sudden rush of his feelings in such a scene had given promise of, and to look around him with comparative composure as he threw his farewell glance on rock, and tower, and hill. But, roused by an obstreperous bark of his little dog, a wild wailing met his ear; and, on looking up to the top of the precipice that overturning the beach below, he saw the figure of a woman in white approach its brink, and distinctly heard again a piercing shriek. Its appearance and the sounds that issued from it were such as his vassal had just been describing, and Logan felt lost in a mass of doubt as to the possibility of the truth of what he had affirmed. But, while he intently watched this phenomenon, he was certain that he beheld against the clear blue sky a dark figure struggling with the white one, and so blended with it, that he could not discover whether it was man or woman. He saw them approach the very verge of the dizzy steep above, as they apparently contended for the mastery; and, while he uttered a cry as wild as the one that had just met his ear, he felt his flesh creep, and his hair bristle, from the fearful expectation of one or both of them being precipitated headlong to the bottom of the gulf beneath. Finding, however, that this frightful result did not immediately take place, and that they seemed to have receded a little from the edge of the beetling cliff, his first impulse was to reach the spot where they stood, that he might, if possible, prevent the threatened mischief, feeling himself impressed with the natural idea that they were human beings actuated by some extraordinary motive. To attain this object, he was obliged to climb a steep and circuitous path; but, when he arrived on the spot they had so lately occupied, they were no where to be seen. He looked around him in all directions, but nothing met his eye save the dark heath which formed the sombre covering of the ground. He next listened in expectation of catching some sound that might direct him in his search; but none met his ear except the dashing of the waters on the rocks beneath. He now approached the edge of the precipice and looked over it, more than half expecting to see some dreadful sight beneath; but there lay the smooth sandy beach, in the little retired and lonely bay sparkling in the moon-beams, while its solitary surface appeared free from any such horrible incubrance. Logan stood for some seconds looking down from this spot on the castle below, and the boundless expanse of ocean before him, while he meditated on the strangeness of the circumstances that had at length sent him so far on his journey toward the village of Eyemouth. Wondering the while where the people he had followed could now be hid from his view, or what could have occasioned the cries he had heard, and the extraordinary gestures he had witnessed; feeling, however, impressed with an idea that some cruelty had probably been intended by one of the parties toward the other, he determined to pursue his way along the sea-banks toward the place where he was to pass the night, in the hope of frustrating such a purpose; for he thought it probable, that he might fall in with them on his way, believing that they must be now hid from his sight in one of the hollows formed by the irregularities of the lands bordering the sea. Under this impression, he began to tread rapidly the

wild and lonely way, that, by a path overgrown with moss and heather, led him toward a deep valley, which he well remembered lay at no great distance; and presently, after having examined all the smaller hollows to no purpose, he arrived at this ravine, which he recollected as a place of perilous adventure to his childhood, and then associated in his mind with the most terrific ideas, from his having seen the mangled bodies of some unfortunate mariners thrown upon the little beach that lay at the entrance from the sea, and where the bulk of their vessel had been stranded.

‘ This dark dell had ever since been said to be haunted by the spirits of the men who perished at its entrance; in consequence of which report, the neighbouring peasantry never approached it after dusk, while some occasional fancied appearances, said to have been seen by those who had unavoidably or unwittingly trespassed on its precincts at such hours, had served to confirm the evil character of the “Ghaistly Gully,” as it was denominated, and to spread its fame for many a mile around.

‘ Logan was following a path along its northern side, which he had formerly pursued when in quest of the hazelnuts that grow on its brink, and which he expected would presently lead him into one that crossed the chasm, when, casting his eyes into the depth beneath, he perceived a little smooth glassy glade, of not more than twenty feet square, lying on the margin of the little burn, which, hurrying forward on its murmuring way to the ocean, trembled and glittered in the bright rays of the moon. On the surface of this little plain were scattered several small hillocks, and on one of these sat a man wrapped in a dark garment, who was almost instantly joined by a female figure, clad in white, who emerged from the underwood, which, in this part of the valley, covered the ground, being interspersed with trees of great age and large size, though still having the appearance of a crabbed growth, from their near vicinity to the sea, and the occasional blasts they encountered when the valley acted as a funnel to the north-east winds.

‘ Logan was fully persuaded that these were the same people he had been in quest of; but, there being no immediate place of descent from the spot where he stood, he crept under the shade of the neighbouring bushes, and continued to observe their motions. The female figure now stood, as we have said, upon the open space, where from the darkness in which every thing around it was enveloped, the moonlight seemed to fall with concentrated brightness, rendering what passed there as discernible as if seen by day-light. She approached the person who was sitting, and appeared to entreat for some boon which he was unwilling to grant; at least so Logan conjectured, from her twice casting herself on her knees before him, and lifting up her hands in a supplicating posture, while she as often arose and paced with rapidity the small piece of level ground at his side. A third time she returned to him; but, pursuing this time a different conduct, she took hold of him, and attempted to raise him from his seat, when, lifting his right arm, he launched a furious blow at her head, which, had it not been avoided with dexterity, must have levelled her with the earth. Logan no sooner beheld this, than, being filled with horror at the action, he sprang to the top of the bank from his hiding-place, and shouted till his voice rung in innumerable echoes from rock and cavern. The man now instantly abandoned his seat, and both he and his companion, looking upwards, fled in the contrary direction to that in which the female had entered on the little platform, and he could hear them for a short time making their hurried way among the bushes, by the rustling of the leaves and the crashing of branches.’

Had the story all run in this strain, we should have read to the end; but it fell off so miserably that we could not finish the second volume.

THE BLACK BOOK.

The Black Book: or, An Alphabetical Repertory of the Political Police under the Vileste Administration. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1829.

If any publication could expose the immorality of the shameful system of espionage practised by the French Police, ‘The Black Book’ is that work. Here is no ci-devant galley-slave, or superseded spy, colouring facts to suit his own purpose, and compounding a romance which individuals compromised may always tax with falsehood and exaggeration; but a faithful chronicler, who places before us, without either preface or

comment, the correspondence between the head of police and his agents.

It is not known in Paris who it is that has thus indiscreetly lifted up the mysterious veil that has so long covered the proceedings of that base and undignified inquisition, which thought it governed France by placing it under spies; but whether this publication has been made through the treachery of some employé, or, which is perhaps more probable, encouraged by an administration which daily makes further departures from the errors of its predecessors,—the disclosure of these abominations is a real service rendered to the public.

The work is preceded by a learned introduction on the various kinds of political inquisition resorted to in ancient and in modern times, an abstract of which will be interesting to our readers:

'Nothing can be purer or more commendable than the police of the Greeks: it was the art of ruling, of perfecting the social relations, and of procuring for the inhabitants of towns a peaceful, commodious, and tranquil life. The censorship was established at Rome as an active guardian of public morals. The censors kept their eyes upon the city, and their ears open to opinion; but, magistrates and not masters of spies, they received complaints, heard witnesses, and did not retain those secret informers who foment crimes to obtain the price of their discovery. Marius and Sylla were the first who organised a paid political espionage at Rome. We know with what favour informations were received at the Imperial Court. It is in the very instinct of brute force to disdain the arts of cunning; and accordingly no prefect of police has less to do than at Constantinople. No informers, no secret reports among the Turks; they are persuaded that espionage is criminal. This has made them repel that vile instrument so contrary to their religion, and unworthy of a great empire. It is at Venice, in the very bosom of Christianity, that political espionage has re-appeared in Europe, with its train of masked informers, instigating agents, and secret punishments. We know the institution of the Council of Ten, and the furies of the State Inquisitors, so well described by Ducis:

*"Les échafauds sont prêts quand le soupçon commence,
La mort frappe sans bruit, le sang coule en silence."*

'The opening of letters is a means of which Venice may well dispute the invention with our Black Cabinet. Brazen mouths stand open in the most frequented places to receive denunciations. Venice took lessons from Rome: the Council of Ten have borrowed their statutes from the Dominicans and the Grey Friars.

'In the beginning of the thirteenth century, the flames of the butchers of the Inquisition were lighted in France by the hand of Simon de Montfort, to purify the heresies of the Albigenes. Though Rome could not succeed in introducing at Naples the familiars of the Holy Office, its terrible influence extended over the rest of Italy, over Spain, Portugal, and even to the Indies. Surprised executioners burned Jews and heretics at Goa. But the Spaniards carried to a degree of unheard-of ferocity the judgments and the punishments of the Inquisition. There it was that the monks immured in dungeons, and subject to the most cruel tortures, men who, equally with themselves, were the children of God, and then appeared in the public places, to sing and say mass to the cries of the unfortunates expiring amid the flames, in expiation of errors received from their fathers, and imbibed with their mothers' milk.

'Run over the institutions of the Jesuits, and you will see that they rest entirely on the ground of denunciation and espionage. Unskilled in the discipline of citizens, the Jesuits excel in the art of training spies and subjugating slaves. The credit they have recently enjoyed in France, explains the secret thoughts of those who would impose similar institutions upon us.

'Catherine de Medicis imported among us the diabolical maxims of ultramontane policy, founded on the book of Machiavel. But one of the chief favourers of espionage was the Cardinal de Richelieu, who made Louis XIII. himself his head spy. During the regency of Anne of Austria, and the minority of Louis XIV., political police owed fresh improvements to the Italian genius of Mazarin. The Epicurean Administration of the Regent and her Minister, Cardinal Dubois, confided the offices of espionage to the hands of courtesans. La Fillon became lieutenant of police, and it was in the boudoir of that Phryne that the Cardinal found the clue that was to guide him to the Cabinet in which was hatched the conspiracy of Cellamare. Louis XV. left the police in the vile hands in which he found it; and the intrigues of gallantry continued to furnish the oc-

casions for secret reports, the aliment of information. Under Louis XVI., a chaste prince, an honest king, and a harmless man, the degradations of preceding reigns had left such deep traces that the army was not more offended or surprised than the Court, to see the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis hanging from the button-hole of the agents of police. Louis XVI., himself conscientious amid the perversity of his courtiers, could permit the breaking of seals, the betrayal of friendship, and the violation of chastity, by the myrmidons of power! There was something too cynical and audacious in the sallies of the revolution to need the aid of the low arts of a secret police; and the privacy of correspondence was only once invaded.

'The revival of espionage was due to the Directory. During the Consulate and the Empire, the officers of police were almost as numerous as the great civil authorities and high military commands. The phalanx of informers grew continually denser without any corresponding improvement in the administration of the police, or the intelligence of the Government. For six months, Georges Cadoudal and twenty Vendean chiefs eluded in Paris the observation of as many Arguses. Long after the affair of the 3d Nivôse, the Government remained in ignorance as to the party to which was attributable the explosion of a machine which had shaken the most frequented quarter of the capital: twelve years later, when the art of espionage seemed to have reached its height, the Prefect and Minister of Police were surprised, seized, imprisoned by conspirators who, the night before, were prisoners to them.

'To the Imperial informers, immediately succeeded a tribe of men more perfidious and more odious still, who, not confining themselves to the violation of confidences obtained on the credit of their good faith, hatched conspiracies and provoked revolt, now by propositions secretly urged, as at Randon, Nantes, and Bordeaux, now in the light of day, as at Béfort, with standards unfurled, brandishing naked weapons, raising seditious cries, and then betraying to justice, and handing over to the scaffold, the deluded fools who had answered to those shouts of death. The bloody nights of November, 1827, showed afresh, in the streets of the capital, those miserable tools, such as they appeared, in 1822, on the plains of Alsatia.

'Inaccessible to pity, the police, principal and subordinate, were not less so to every sentiment of shame. Fathers and husbands called in vain for their assistance, in recovering the wife or the daughter whom the seducer had torn from their arms: they were occupied by other cares. The retreat of General Berthou was to be discovered: his sons, his kinsmen, and his friends avoided all the snares laid for them; not a word, not a sign, betrayed that important secret. One means of discovery was left: and the agents of Delaveau did not hesitate to propose its adoption. The sister of the General's aide-de-camp had a young girl for her femme de chambre: the spy charged with the discovery demanded that a clever, good-looking young fellow should be found to whom he would give the needful instructions for effecting a prompt and intimate attachment to the girl: and thus it was by the corruption of morals that the religious and devout police of M. Delaveau succeeded in destroying the fidelity of servants.'

Take another instance:

'Foy, General.'

'Private note to M. the head of the Central Police.

'May 8, 1823.'

'We observe that, for several days past, and chiefly at an advanced hour of the night, meetings have taken place at the house of General Foy, No. 62, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, at which there assist, MM. Méchin, Tronchon, Manuel, Voyer, D'Argenson, General Pire, the Sieur Linguay, editor of the 'Journal de Paris,' a certain colonel named Ourbatry, General Thiard, M. Girardin, and lastly an old general whose name is Dulauloy.

'We are nearly certain that General Foy, accompanied by a servant named Piétron, will leave Paris on Saturday or Sunday next, for the Department of L'Aisne, and that he will secretly betake himself thence by another route to Saint Sever, Department of Les Landes, to meet General Lamarque; that in this journey he will be accompanied by a mysterious individual, who is now waiting for him at Laon, who is said to be a great English personage, recently arrived from London; that, in fine, this projected meeting and journey to Saint Sever have relation to political intrigues of the highest importance.

'Perhaps it will be well to keep an eye on General Foy. Perhaps, also, it would be well, if possible, to buy the servant Piétron; for it is probable, that, by

means of him, possession might be gained of written and convictive evidence.

'DAB—.'

'Cab. part., No. 9913.

'May 13, 1823.'

'In pursuance of private information of the 11th of this month, I request M. Hinaux to charge M. the Officer of Peace, N—, to follow up this affair with care, and to inform me of the day of General Foy's departure, and what direction he takes.

'LE PREFET DE POLICE.'

'No answer.'

(To be continued.)

GEOLOGY.

A New System of Geology, in which the Great Revolutions of the Earth and Animated Nature are reconciled at once to Modern Science and Sacred History. By Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., &c. 8vo., pp. 621. London, 1829.

THE words of Sampson, 'If ye had not ploughed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle,' might justly be repeated by Mr. Granville Penn to the author of this 'New System of Geology,' the first idea of which has evidently been borrowed from Penn's 'Comparative Estimate,' and several important references, criticisms, and illustrations which first appeared in the same work, are, in the volume before us, adopted without acknowledgment; and Mr. Penn's name appears not to be anywhere mentioned in it, except in a few instances, where objections are brought against some of his doctrines. As instances of what we allude to, we may mention the greater number of the quotations from Lord Bacon, Newton, and from the Bible, all of which, indeed, were, we may presume, as much within the author's knowledge as Mr. Penn's; but we can scarcely suppose that any two authors would have made so very remarkable a selection as the one alluded to of the very same passages to serve nearly the same purposes, without communication. We shall now give an instance or two in which Dr. Ure has borrowed from Mr. Penn important ideas without acknowledgment.

Mr. Penn's opinion is, that the whole globe was created at once in the same way as plants and animals. In the case of the first created tree, he considers it as consisting of a root, trunk, and branches composed of wood, which leads him to the question, What is wood? and the answer, that it is a solid substance, which gives strength and support to trees as bones do to the bodies of animals. Now wood, as we now find it, is at first soft and herbaceous, as may be remarked in the young shoots of a rose-tree, and only becomes slowly and gradually hard and solid by a progressive course; but, in the wood of the first tree, the wood could not have gone through this gradual process of hardening, for it must have been formed so at once and suddenly. Now, if a portion of this first tree remained at present, and if a chip of its wood were to be mingled with chips of other trees, that have been propagated from seed or suckers, the naturalist would not be able to perceive, by inspection, that it had not proceeded gradually and slowly from a soft to a hard state, in the same way as the mineral geologist can see nothing in rocks but crystals, which have arisen from solutions, or fusions of mineral matter, by water or by fire. Such is an abstract of Mr. Penn's beautiful and original argument, which is thus, without acknowledgment, translated, or rather redacted, by Dr. Ure:

'The instantaneous creation of the vegetable tribes, from "the herb yielding seed after his kind, to the tree yielding fruit whose seed was in itself after his kind," does not seem to have been made a stumbling-block by the botanical student, as the arrangement of the mineral strata, has been by the geologist. Yet the cases are strictly parallel. Nay, whatever difficulty any imagination may have in conceiving the brute matter of the globe to have been arranged at once in crystalline and schistose masses, it ought to feel a much greater difficulty in conceiving the whole complex structure of a fruit or forest tree to be simultaneously produced from the root to the inflorescence, with all the concentric layers of wood, alburnum, and bark, each composed of straight

or tortuous fibres and tubes, and not formed, as we see them now, by progressive development and growth. The creation of a perfect plant, the type and parent of an indefinite series, is far more wonderful to my apprehension, than the creation of an inert terraqueous spheroid. No botanist or zoologist of sane reputation inculcates that plants and animals acquired their perfect unvarying forms, through successive organic depositions and catastrophes, as geognostic theorists have taught with regard to the primitive structure of the earth. What would be thought of a naturalist, who should pretend to determine the epoch of the world at which the different layers of wood were first formed out of some primordial chaos of vitality; when branches and limbs first began to sprout from simple trunks; when feathers, wool, and hair, first came forth for the protection of naked animals.—P. 82.

We chance to have now before us the Number of Brande's Journal for April, 1823, containing a review of Penn's work, written, if we be not very greatly mistaken, by Dr. Ure himself. From this paper we shall give Penn's explanation of the creation of light:

"The light of which Moses speaks in the first day, 'proceeded from the same solar fountain of light' that has always illuminated this world; but 'ignorance on the one hand, and system and hypothesis on the other, have variously contrived to perplex or pervert this simple recital.' The late Sir William Herschel discovered, that the body of the sun is an opaque substance, and that its light and heat proceed from a luminous atmosphere attached to its surface. 'So that the creation of the sun as a part of 'the host of heaven,' does not necessarily imply the creation of the body of the sun. In the first creation of 'the heaven and earth,' therefore, not the planetary orbs only, but the solar orb itself, was created in darkness, awaiting that light which, by one simple divine operation, was to be communicated at once to all. When, then, the Almighty word, in commanding light, commanded the first illumination of the solar atmosphere, its new light was immediately caught and reflected throughout space, by all the members of the planetary system. And well may we imagine, that, in that first sudden and magnificent illumination of the universe, 'the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy.'"

"The body of the sun itself, however, or rather its luminous atmosphere, was still concealed from the earth by the waters on its surface, and the exhalations which the sun's heat raised from them. It was not till the fourth day, that the cause of light was to be visibly revealed to the earth. But its effects, and the alternation of light and darkness, subsisted from the first day, when 'both the solar fountain of light was opened in the heavens, and the earth received its first impulse of rotation on its axis, and in its orbit;' and, consequently, 'time, which only exists in reference to that revolution, began with the creation of the globe, and the commencement of its revolution in darkness; and the creation of light succeeded at that proportion of distance in time which was thenceforth to constitute the perpetual diurnal divisions of the two.'"

The following is the redacted version of these beautiful and ingenious comments, as given by Dr. Ure, in his New System:

'Had Moses written the record of creation, from the informations of sense, or Egyptian learning, he would not have placed the creation of light three days prior to the creation of the sun, moon, and stars. Accordingly, this apparent inversion of the order of natural causes and effects, this supposed anticipation of a phenomenon before the existence of its agent, has become a stumbling-block to many evil disposed minds, and a stone of offence to the impious, instead of being regarded as a motive to deeper study into nature, and of humbler faith in its author. When, however, in the progress of research, we come to discover that Moses has described events in their just order of sequence, an order which reason could never suggest to him, and which has lain concealed till our own days, even from the philosopher, we are then forced to conclude, that he was inspired with a knowledge truly divine.

'Not only mere space, but even the dense forms of matter, are pervaded by a luminiferous medium, by whose undulatory movements the phenomena of light are produced. To the creation of this marvellous essence, the Divine mandate, "Let there be light," seems to refer. Its pre-existence was necessary to the luciferous functions of the sun, and the other foci of vibration. As we know that its undulations may be excited by many causes independent of the sun, we can find no difficulty in conceiving that alternations of

light and darkness, constituting the evening and the morning of the first three days of creation, might have taken place. A far more vivid excitation of the luminiferous ether no doubt commenced when the solar globes were invested on the fourth with their phosphoric atmospheres, to which most gratuitously a state of igneous combustion has been ascribed. How, therefore, should purblind sciolists dare to cavil at the Hebrew prophet for recording in the sublimest language, that light, the first-born offspring of heaven, enlivened the wilderness of space before certain ponderous and inert spheroids were ordained to modify its operations! As justly might they assert that the electric power, whether substance, or quality, did not exist till philosophy mounted its cylinder, to excite luminous phenomena.'—P. 51.

Now, there can be no objection to a scientific author adopting the views of another, and transferring them, when they suit his purpose, to his own pages; but we cannot think it fair to take the ideas of others by wholesale without acknowledgment, and denominate the *melange* a new system. We are most willing, however, to give Dr. Ure credit for having produced, upon the whole, an interesting work, though exhibiting much less originality or novelty than he himself seems to fancy.

The foundation of his system rests upon Sir Humphrey Davy's opinion of the interior parts of the globe being composed of the inflammable metallic bases of the earths; which, coming into contact with water, took fire and exploded, elevating by the consequent expansion, the primitive rocks of granite, gneiss, syenite, mica slate, &c., above 'the shoreless deep' in which they had been previously enveloped. From the present appearance of these primitive rocks, the author concludes:

'That the primordial earth as it lay beneath the circumfused abyss, was at first endowed with concentric coats of gneiss, mica slate, and the other primitive schists; that at the recorded command of the Almighty, a general eruption and protrusion of the granitic, syenitic, porphyritic, and other unstratified rocks, took place, which broke up and elevated the schists into nearly vertical planes, similar to what now exist, leaving commensurate excavations for the basin of the sea.'—P. 74.

Consequent upon this disruption, the author tells us, innumerable fragments becoming agglutinated by their own pulverulent cement, soon recomposed continuous strata which bear internal evidence of the violence that gave them birth, and forming the *transition* rocks of geologists. As an example of this, he mentions the pudding-stones of Valorsine, in Savoy, a kind of grey wacke schist, containing rounded fragments of gneiss and mica slate, six or seven inches in diameter, a structure which, taken in conjunction with their nearly vertical position at present, demonstrates that these pudding-stone strata were formed in horizontal or slightly inclined beds, and erected after being accreted and consolidated. All this, according to the author, took place before the Deluge of Noah. Of this second disruption, our author thus speaks:

'When the barriers of the ocean began to give way before the explosive forces, the waters would invade the shores, and spread over the sunken land, augmenting prodigiously the evaporating surface, and thus bringing the atmosphere to the dew point, a state of saturation to which previously it could seldom, and in few places, attain, on account of the area of dry ground being great, relative to that of the sea. From this cause, as well as from the immense quantity of vapours, which are known to rise from craters, into the higher and cooler regions of the air at the period of eruptions, an immense formation of cloud and deposition of rain would ensue.

'At each successive upheaving of the submarine strata, the inundation would advance further on the land, drowning in their places the animals which the dismal preludes had driven for shelter into their dens; and washing away, by its reflux, the tenants of the plain into the slimy channels of the deep. By such a retiring billow, in the dreadful earthquake of 1755, 3000 inhabitants of Lisbon were suddenly swept off its quay, and swamped in the bed of the

Tagus. Should a revulsion ever lay that channel dry, their bones may be found buried in the alluvium. In the progress of the elevation of submarine strata, and subversion of terrestrial, the stage of equilibrium would arrive when the circumfluent waves would roll over the loftiest pinnacles of the globe. From this consummation of the cataclysm, as the new lands continued to rise, and the old to subside, mountain peaks would begin once more to appear. During the diurnal overflow, the atmosphere would remain tranquil; for the physical causes which disturb its equilibrium, inequalities of temperature and moisture, would act feebly, if at all. The universal sheet of water quenched, in fact, for a time, the equatorial heats which give origin to the trade-winds and monsoons. And in extra-tropical regions, the usual struggle between the dry air incumbent over the plains, and the moist air over the sea, whence proceed the variable winds, was also at an end.'—P. 478.

We now come to what Dr. Ure assumes to be original in his system, the solution of two enigmatic phenomena belonging to the primeval globe, for which no probable hypothesis, he says, has hitherto been offered; namely, the vast extent and magnitude of volcanic agency in the ancient world, compared with which every volcanic monument erected within the scope of history shrinks into insignificance; and, secondly, the great difference of climate in those times and the present. We shall give Dr. Ure's own solution of these two enigmas:

'If the antediluvian seas had a superficial area less than ours, their depth would be proportionally greater. Resuming, for the sake of illustration, our former ratio of an equality between the land and water, (the doctrine of Deluc and Penn assigns three of the former to one of the latter,) the antediluvian ocean would be to the postdiluvian, in surface as two to three, and in depth as three to two; whence the sea would penetrate one-half further into the crust of the earth, and thus present along its base a most formidable line of proximity with the fused and explosive metals of the interior. We may thus, also, perceive on what a tottering equilibrium the devoted dwelling-place of the Cainites was suspended. During nearly the whole period of its existence, the penal fire sent forth its convulsive prodigies, as if to repress the growing wickedness of man—but in vain. Mighty memorials of these tremendous earthquakes pervade the whole masonry of the antediluvian earth, from the deep carboniferous limestone to the uppermost tertiary beds. After many a disregarded premonition, however, the disruptive consummation arrived, the deluge rushed over the subverted lands, and a more stable terraqueous equilibrium ensued. Yet, for some time, the residuary dihaline waters would soak freely down into the still yawning crevices of the crust, and provoke fresh eruptions almost rivaling those of the primeval ages. To this epoch obviously belong those vast lava torrents of extinct volcanoes in France, Germany, Italy, Hungary, &c., of whose activity there is not a traditional vestige; probably because the eruptions occurred before the posterity of Noah had colonised those western countries.

'The second fossil enigma, which the superior depth of the primeval seas enables us completely to solve, is of still greater interest than the first to the natural history of the earth. "In the organic beings buried in the shelly strata," says Humboldt, "every thing astonishes, and nothing can be explained as to the climate which gave them birth." To the many proofs of this proposition formerly given, we shall add a few decisive documents.

'The observations made during our four Arctic expeditions, viz., the one under Captain Ross, and the three under Captain Parry, afford, according to Professor Jameson, the following general facts and inferences:

'That, previous to the deposition of the coal formation, as that of Melville Island, the transition and primitive hills and plains supported a rich and luxuriant vegetation, principally of cryptogamous plants, especially the ferns, the prototypes of which are now met with only in the tropical regions of the earth. The fossil corals of the secondary limestone, also, intimate that before, during, and after, the deposition of the coal formation, the waters of the ocean were so constituted, as to support *polyperia*, closely resembling those of the present equatorial seas.

'That previous to, and during the deposition of the tertiary strata, these now form regions supported forests of dicotyledonous plants, as is shown by the fossil *Ulmus*

tyridinous woods met with in connection with these strata in Baffin's Bay, and by the fossil wood of Melville Island, Cape York, and Byam Martin Island.—(*Edin. Phil. Journ., New Series, vol. II., p. 105; and Captain Parry's Third Voyage.*) Captain Parry observed only twelve or thirteen species of plants growing on Melville Island, among which the only one belonging to the tribe of shrubs was *betula nana*, which was there a creeping vegetable, not rising two inches above the ground. No amphibias, or reptiles, exist in these Arctic regions. The frog alone is seen, but further to the south.

'The heat applied beneath the seas, in exciting the internal motions of the aqueous particles, caused an equal distribution of warmth throughout the whole body, and in every possible direction. Though the stanting sunbeams, therefore, should have proved ineffectual to produce in the ancient Arctic regions, even under their diminished counteracting extent of evaporation, a sufficient warmth, yet the hot currents from the bottom, not only of the Arctic grounds themselves, but from the more southern sea-beds, would, by the laws of liquid equilibrium, flow towards the pole in exchange for its colder aqueous particles, and thus maintain a temperature commensurate to a vigorous vitality of the polyparies and shell-fish. The effect of subterranean fire in heating a vast body of water even to the boiling point, and the steam over it under compression much higher, is well related by Mr. Bald, in his 'Memoir on the fires that take place in collieries.'—*Edin. Phil. Journ., July, 1828.*

'The circulation of a body of waters thus rendered tepid by subagent heat, was the most direct method of diffusing a genial soft climate over all the contiguous lands. The efficiency of this process will be readily appreciated by the modern horticulturist, who has learned to heat his vineries, &c., with economy and precision, by circulating hot water in a series of iron pipes distributed through them.

'Under such circumstances as we have now detailed, that vegetation would luxuriate, which Mr. König and Professor Jameson have so fully recognised amid the circumpolar rains of the ancient earth. The chilling influence of damps, even in the Arctic zone, is well shown by the fact, that, during foggy weather, the thermometer falls on the Greenland seas, in summer, to the freezing point of water, and there remains stationary till the sky becomes clear.'—P. 498.

Upon the other numerous illustrations which Dr. Use has given of his views of Geology, we have not room to enter; but we can assure our readers, that though not always original, they are frequently ingenious, and, with few exceptions, highly interesting.

NIEBUHR'S HISTORY OF ROME.

A Vindication of Niebuhr's History of Rome from the Charges of the Quarterly Review. By Julius Charles Hare, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.
Μηνυνο το το κωλίσωρ θπδωρ δυδλίσ. 8vo., pp. 63. Taylor. London, 1829.

Our readers have been thrown into a very different society of books and men from that which we have commonly encountered in England, if they have not met with persons who make it the business of their lives to divest themselves of every feeling which belongs to us peculiarly as individuals. About the most remarkable tendency of many among the more intellectual of our countrymen is that which inclines them to empty all outward distinctions of the inward law which gives to them in the concrete their character and unity, and reduce them to a mere chaos of interchangeable accidents. Thus the world is left without a God or a purpose; thus it is attempted to educate men into exemplifications of a theory; and nations are thus judged by a standard which makes no account of peculiarities in mind, position, destination, or in history as the exposition of all these. This propensity, we fear, we cannot very clearly explain to those who are so happy as not to have experienced it; but to those who have experienced it, and who are not still subject to it, there needs no other evidence of its own evil nature. In politics, indeed, we think it must be obvious to almost every one that most English writers have left the history of the world without any general meaning or shaping principles. And the persons who in this day and country have

moralised on this subject, have, for the most part, made their works a mere farrago of complaint against kings, priests, aristocracies, democracies,—all the instruments, in short, that have ever served to maintain society, as if in so doing they were libelling any thing but human nature, and God's providence, which latter, however, they seem to think of infinitely little importance.

To this bias of our speculative politicians it is owing that we hear of theories of government founded purely on dogmas. The moral law of the conscience can alone be conceived, in relation to man, as universal and necessary; and to rear our scheme of civil polity upon a similar basis, in contempt of history and national character, can lead to nothing but social confusion. The attempt thus to build up governments on abstract rights was the madness of Rousseau, and the sin of the French Revolution. The attempt to raise it on abstract expedients is the folly of a considerable class of our English reformers, and bids fair to be the curse of our generation. Under pretence of making politics philosophical, it really destroys their very essence; and, professing to arise from superior capacity and penetration, it is, in almost every instance, the symptom of an utterly immature, or a miserably perverted, mind. These reflections we should have thought sufficiently obvious to all those who study modern politics and philosophy, and who neither prate, with Mr. Gale Jones, of the rights of man, nor rave, like the explicit Mr. Bentham, and the implicit Duke of Newcastle, about the will of the people. 'The Quarterly Review' has undeceived us.

There is one book fit, above almost any that we know, to counteract, as regards history, the mischievous inclination we have spoken of, the History, namely, of Rome, by Niebuhr. This writer has done far more than any one of his popular English rivals towards fulfilling the business of an historian, and this in a case in which that business is of peculiarly difficult performance. There probably has never been so complete an exposition as his work affords of the spirit which governed a great people; and there assuredly has never been any of comparable merit, the materials for which were so obscure and contradictory. It may also be affirmed, (what, indeed, is to the wise involved in our previous assertion,) that this author is remarkable for the earnestness and reverence with which he regards whatever is in principle strong, permanent, sacred; that he views laws and institutions, and the ancient honours of nations, as aids and symbols of the morally good and lasting; and that he uniformly considers the annals of the world as records of the divine wisdom which rules it. At the same time there is an allusion or two in the book, from which it may be inferred that Niebuhr doubts whether every letter, as it now stands, in all the parts of the Mosaic narrative, must be held as inspired, and above critical examination. He has denied the accuracy of one very unimportant statement, (relating in no degree to any scriptural personage, doctrine, miracle, or prophecy,) which, if it were allowed to be an interpolation, might as easily, and with as little loss, be separated from the context of the Bible, as a weed or a cobweb might have been by the wind brushed from a pinnacle of the temple. Upon this, upon a hint that all mankind are not descended from one stock, and upon a ludicrously false assertion as to Niebuhr's political opinions, a writer in 'The Quarterly Review' has founded a virulent and impudent attack on the great historian of Rome, and the two distinguished and excellent persons who have done their country the benefit of translating the second edition of his work.

One of these gentlemen, the Rev. Mr. Hare, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, whom no one who has had any opportunities for forming a judgment, can name but to honour, has published a short pamphlet in answer to the Reviewer. Much of his defence relates to Niebuhr, scarcely any to himself. He proves the inaccuracy (we

wish to be moderate) of the critic in almost every word of the passage in question; and, above all, he exhibits, in the fullest light, the wretched fraudulence and baseness of spirit in which it must have originated. In the first place, 'The Quarterly Review' has before contained a detailed review of Niebuhr in direct contradiction to the present effusion. Secondly, Mr. Hare considers the charge that Niebuhr has, at any time, been a political incendiary, which no one who has read the two editions of his work, or either of them, could ever for a moment have believed, or, one would think, have dared to utter. The accusation is refuted, in the pamphlet before us, by innumerable testimonies drawn from all the life and writings of the historian. The complaint that the translators have not criticised the obnoxious passages in the original, as, says the Reviewer, they have done with regard to other passages, is then despatched by a plain denial that they have in any case done so; and for the accuracy of Mr. Hare's assertion we are perfectly willing to pledge ourselves, having the good fortune to be familiar with the volumes to which both the charge and the defence relate. The remaining portion of the work refers, principally, to the assertion that Niebuhr is a 'pert, dull scoffer.' The reviewer has not produced a single passage to justify this slander, and his opponent refutes it by abundance of external testimony; and, above all, by extracts from Niebuhr's writings, which could no more have come from a scoffer than 'Paradise Lost' from Mr. Dibdin, the 'Pensées de Pascal' from Voltaire, or 'Hamlet' from Mr. Peake or Mr. Barrymore. These fragments have hitherto, we believe, been entirely unknown in England: they exhibit a kind, still more than a degree, of patriotic feeling and public wisdom, which might well be a lesson to us, with which the great Englishmen of old would have proclaimed an eager sympathy.

The defence is complete and triumphant; and, instead of drawing, as we had designed, a short contrast between the spirit of Niebuhr and that of the doctrines referred to in the beginning of these remarks, we will extract from it the concluding paragraph which must be far more effectual to our purpose than any thing we could ourselves offer:

'It is not to be borne, I repeat, that a man like Niebuhr, when a criticaster wants to discharge the foul words his mouth is crammed with, should be subjected to opprobrious language: if misales of this kind are cast, it must not be with impunity. In all his writings there is a moral dignity, and an enthusiastic and almost passionate love of freedom, and justice, and truth, combined with a sagacious conviction that these are the only never-failing principles of political wisdom, and with a statesmanly farsightedness in discerning the influence of institutions, and the manifold workings of time in moulding the character of a people, all which seem hardly to belong to a writer of these days, when scarcely any eyes pierce beyond the husk of things, and the great majority are busied in counting the prickles upon it. His intellect and his soul are rather those of an ancient, and have little in them of the modern except the accumulations of our knowledge and the lessons of our experience. And, in real life, among those who know him well, the admiration entertained for his prodigious learning and unrivalled ingenuity, is only on a level with the esteem and affection inspired by the warmth, the generosity, the frankness, the singleness, and the simplicity of his heart. Again and again have I been told, that it is impossible to know him well, and not to love him. What his religious faith may be, I know not: that is to say, so far as regards the peculiar doctrines and mysteries of Christianity; for that his faith in God's superintending providence and retributive justice is vivid and vivifying, I have shown. Thus much, however, I do know,—that it is very possible in Germany, under the present aspect of religious feeling and knowledge, to unite a fervent faith in Christianity, and a hearty love of it, with considerable doubts and scruples about the historical value of certain passages in Scripture. Indeed, the Reviewer himself can hardly be ignorant of this, inasmuch as he refers in the same note, part of which I have extracted, to a work containing abundant proof of it, by the great ornament and glory of the Reformed Church in Germany, Schleiermacher, a man in whom we find an almost unprece-

dented combination of the profoundest, and subtlest, and most penetrative philosophy, with an intense and pervading piety. Thus much, I say, I know; and, even if I did not know it, I would still strive to act after the spirit, as well as after the letter, of that divine precept, so full of love, and yet accompanied with such a fearful warning, which commands me not to judge. If Niebuhr is not a sincere and thorough Christian, I hope and trust he may become so; and I will not do any thing to deter him, by joining others in railing against him for falling short of a justifying faith, and by exemplifying the unchristian manner in which a person calling himself a Christian may behave. For of one thing I feel perfectly sure: with that kind of religion which manifests itself chiefly by evil-speaking, lying, and slander, Niebuhr never has held, and never can hold, any communion.—Pp. 59, 60.

We had also intended to say a few words as to what manner of man we conceive the Quarterly Reviewer to be; but, on reflection, we prefer to quote a few sentences from a postscript by Mr. Thirlwall, brother translator with Mr. Hare:

'Whether the Reviewer or myself has formed the more correct estimate of Niebuhr's work, is a question I would rather leave to more competent and impartial judges than the foregoing pages have proved the Reviewer to be. But, when he deprecates the drudgery in which I have wasted my time, he uses a word which, perhaps, he and I are in the habit of applying to very different cases. Intellectual labour, voluntarily undertaken for the purpose of communicating to others what has excited feelings of the warmest delight and admiration in ourselves, appears to me no fit subject either for shame or regret, and, therefore, not to deserve a term that implies any thing in the remotest degree connected with either. That such has been my motive in the present instance, I may profess with the greater hope of being believed, because no other at least is more obvious; and those who are best acquainted with the circumstances of the case will be most ready to admit, that, if I had acted on any calculation of profit or reputation or advancement, I should indeed have to reproach myself with a *crude and dangerous speculation*. On the other hand, intellectual labour, prompted and directed by no higher consideration than that of personal emolument, appears to me to deserve an ignominious name: nor do I think such an employment the less illiberal, however great may be the abilities exerted, or the advantages purchased. But I conceive such labour to become still more degrading, when it is let out to serve the views and advocate the opinions of others. It sinks another step lower in my estimation, when, instead of being applied to communicate what is excellent and useful, it ministers to the purpose of excluding from circulation all such intellectual productions as have not been stamped with the seal of the party to which it is itself subservient. But when I see it made the instrument of a religious, political, or literary proscription, forging or pointing calumny and slander to gratify the malice of hotter and weaker heads against all whom they hate and fear, I have now before me an instance of what I consider as the lowest and basest intellectual drudgery. I leave the application of these distinctions to the Quarterly Reviewer.—Pp. 62, 63.

IRVING'S SERMONS.

Sermons, Lectures, and occasional Discourses. By the Rev. Edward Irving, M.A., of the National Scotch Church, Regent-square. 3 vols., 8vo. Seeley. London, 1829.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Irving is the sort of person likely to change the eccentric manner which it hath seemed good unto him to adopt, and we have here accordingly all the well known characteristics of the style of the preacher of the Caledonian Chapel,—rendered, perhaps, more prominent and obtrusive by the straining and effort after effect, which are more conspicuous now than when the author was surrounded by the crowds of the fashionable world, and visited by strangers, as one of the lions of the metropolis. We do not intend in this brief paper to enter into a detail of the many glaring defects and the occasional beauties with which these volumes are fraught. We shall content ourselves with selecting one or two passages in which these characteristics are most obviously manifested. Mr. Irving is known to wage unceasing war against the literary and scientific pursuits of the age; but, with all his prejudices, we were scarcely

prepared to hear him asserting, in the very face of history, and even of common sense, that the study of *astronomy, chemistry, physiology, and natural history, leads directly to atheism*. That we may not be accused of misrepresenting his sentiments upon this point, we shall give his own words:

'In respect to the heavens and the earth, whose regular and unchanged motions have made them to be worshipped in all ages, from the Chaldeans of old down to the scientific men of the nineteenth century, it is necessary for me to believe that there is a time coming, when they shall, of mere will, be changed and removed like a scroll; for new heavens, and a new earth, and a new condition of men and things, which shall come into being when our glorious head is revealed from the place of the right hand of God, where he is at present hidden. Otherwise for want of a manifested will, we should all become Atheists. For all astronomers, who have looked upon the steady and unchanging motions of the heavens, from the time of the Chaldeans to that of the French Institute, have, in the end, become idolaters and worshippers of them. Why? Because they seem unchangeably fixed under the law of cause and effect, and the spirit of man acknowledged unchangeableness to be an attribute of God only; and to guard against this, it is revealed not only that they were created, but that they are to be changed in the time of the bringing in of the Great Head of Creation. So have the chemists done in these latter times, and, I may say, the physiologists, and all manner of naturalists, who have no other God than that piece of matter, the constancy of whose law of cause and effect they are observing: and thus hath science become to them a religion. And why? Because, being under the law of cause and effect, it exhibits no unaccountable changes, or vicissitudes; no acts of simple will; it makes no discoveries of a will without a cause, are absolute and unconditional with the cause of itself. And therein a religion is distinguished from a science, that it proceedeth out of a will, and addresses itself to a will.—Vol. i., p. 123.

Surely Mr. Irving can never have perused the lives of any of our great philosophers, of whom we cannot at present recollect a single individual not distinguished for genuine piety and reverence for religion. Amongst astronomers, the names of Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Hally, and Newton, will at once occur; amongst naturalists, Ray, Derham, Newventytt, and Lesser; amongst physiologists, Galen, Harvey, and Haller; amongst chemists, Boyle; and amongst general philosophers, Lord Bacon, and Bishop Berkely, were all distinguished for their piety and religion. Mr. Irving is somewhat more correct in the contrast which he has drawn between the character of our peasantry and our manufacturing population, though here also he has dashed in a few of his caricatures, and exhibited the smarting wounds which he has received in his conflicts with an uncompromising press:

'How much sweeter, gentler, and opener to the light, and to affection, the reverential spirit of the Scottish peasantry, and of the well-instructed part of the English peasantry, preserveth their souls,—than doth the levelling, equalising, all-censuring and all-judging spirit of our manufacturing people, taught in newspaper lore; those political statesmen, no longer choosing to be called peasantry, but operative classes. What a difference there is between these two characters! The character of these self-sufficient, loquacious fellows, with whom our manufacturing towns are filled. Which cometh chiefly of this, that the one revereth all men in their places, and honoureth especially those to whose care the welfare of a nation is committed; is humble in his ideas of himself; never dreams of being able to judge those above him, to dispute it with a man of learning, or doctor of the church; to handling state questions, or sit in judgment upon kings:—to all which, and much more, the other, thinking himself quite equal, becometh vainer and more empty than the peacock, chattereth like the magpie, and, like the mocking-bird, sitteth all day long mocking, and mimicking every fowl of a deeper and sweeter song. This irreverence is the beginning of pride, the parent of cruelty, and cruelty of all destructiveness; while, on the other hand, reverence of a superior in place, in person, in mind, in honour, and in dignity, is the beginning of meekness, of humility, of docility, and of every gracious disposition. Nor is there any one thing against which this nation, against which man-

kind, have now more to be on their guard,—no one thing which is so effectually scourging the soil of the world, and making it spew forth the seed of the word,—which is so selling men to infidelity, and binding them over, under strong indentures, to Satan,—as this spirit of irreverence, which, in the vigour of the mind, is called criticism; and, reviewing which in the region of politics, is called radicalism; and, in the region of the church, thinking of oneself, where it produceth what is commonly called personal—but is, in truth, selfish—religion, that is no religion, but the religious esteem of ourselves.—Vol. ii., p. 747.

Amidst some little bombast and obtrusive effort conspicuous in the following passage, there are occasional gleams of genuine eloquence, sufficient to show, that, had Mr. Irving not been misled by affectation and bad taste, he might have written more worthy and more lasting productions than he has hitherto published, or, in all probability, will now be able to execute, tainted, as he appears so hopelessly to be, by a wayward and incorrigible perversity of style. There are few readers, we think, after perusing this passage, who will not agree with our opinion:

'One mountain climbed, another ariseth before me, and another, and there is no end of the labour. I do but get deeper into the bowels of this charmed land, and lose more and more my own liberty, and my own country, and my own being. I am hurried and hastened along with a multitude, who hurry and haste they know not whether. I could wish again for the ignorance and inexperience of my youth; for certainly I grow daily more hardened, and more cold, and more shrewd, and more artful. I am made familiar with deception, and trained to endure it, to conform to it. And what do I reap as the fruit of these earnest and laborious sowings? I reap a great increase of care, a heap of worldly pleasure. But, where is conscience gone? Where are those ingenuous thoughts with which my life commenced; the blushing of of shame, the ardours of enthusiasm, the artless simplicity, the free and delicate honour, the tender and romantic affections, the chivalrous purposes, the gay and glorious morning of my life? Where is that poetry, and the romance, and the beauty with which my early soul did invest all things? Ah! and have I reaped the loss of all these fascinations? Have I resigned this attendant angel, whom I wooed in youth, for the worldly beldam who now sits heavy upon my aged breast, and drinks the life-blood of my heart? There is hardly a wider difference between an angel and a demon, than there often is between a young man entering the world in all the rich exuberance of youthful spirit, fullness of a joyful heart, and pastime of a simple and innocent imagination; and the same being, after he hath been well drudged in Mammon's workshop, worn and wearied out with the chances of life's lottery, if not fretted and maddened at the great gaming-table of ambition. Which difference you know, brethren, better than I can describe it; for mine has been as the inland lake, compared with that boisterous sea on which you have had to steer your course. And yet I am not ignorant (as who can, who hath fairly grappled and wrestled with the world) of the fearful havoc it maketh upon the fair person of a man; which may well be likened to a brave and martial troop of soldiers riding into the field of battle, in all the freshness of morning strength, with military glees and brave banners, burnished steel, and warlike minstrels, and the troop returning slain, weary and sorrowful, covered with their own blood and the dust of the ground; and as such a troop which hath been defeated and disgraced, routed and put to flight, so is every company of men whom you may fix upon, after having contended in this world's contests, to what they were when they entered into that conflict, more dreadful to the spirits of men than ever was any battle by sea or land to their bodies.—Vol. ii., p. 562.

Upon the peculiar doctrines maintained by Mr. Irving, particularly his interpretation of Scripture prophecies, we shall not at present enter.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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MORE WORDS ON THE MODERN ORATORS.

WHEN, in our last Number, we maintained that the oratory of modern times exhibits a marked inferiority to that of the ancient world, and endeavoured to show what causes had operated to prevent modern genius from developing its strength in those powerful exertions of eloquence and rhetoric which used to move the minds of Grecian and Roman men, we did not mean to assert that this decline of oratory was caused by any general decay of men's mental energies. The strength is yet in us; but circumstances have induced us to put it forth in a different direction. The strong feelings which make men eloquent, the fancy that gives form and life to the thoughts that have been kindled within, and the skill that teaches the orator how to express his own feelings so as best to excite the sympathy of his auditors,—all these exist in modern as in ancient times. But such has been the change in the institutions, such the consequent changes in the feelings and wants of men, that oratory has no longer the power which it had, and consequently has been neglected by those who do not find their account in cultivating it. The orator produces little effect on the opinions of his hearers, the writer much on those of his readers. It is now, therefore, the custom for those who wish to work on men's minds to print instead of speaking their thoughts. We are less skilful now than in former times in the use of a weapon which has lost half its efficacy; and oratory has declined very much for the same reasons that have made men worse archers, since the use of the bow has been superseded by the introduction of fire-arms.

We have, therefore, always felt that it was highly possible that at any time oratory might be revived, if men should find it necessary to become orators. And we are not, therefore, at all surprised that the very first week which has elapsed since our remarks on the decline of oratory, has seen eloquence rise, like the phoenix from its ashes, and wing its way above the highest flights of the Roman and Grecian eagle. We are not surprised that oratory has re-appeared among us, because its return has been preceded by that of the feeling and wants which make orators. And we do not hesitate to say, that we are not in the slightest degree surprised at the sudden blaze of rhetorical light that has burst upon us, because we expected it—because we felt that the Catholic Question, which had been the parent of so many metaphors, so many bursts of genuine eloquence, must, before the arrival of the term to which it is drawing, raise us up some noble monument of Anti-Catholic oratory.

We have always supposed that the restoration of oratory would proceed from the Anti-Catholic party. The object of rhetoric is to produce persuasion independently of strict reasoning; that is, to offer arguments or appeals to the feelings of an audience in such a manner as to excite a sympathy of feeling without convincing the judgment. The effects of the rhetoricians, as has been justly said, begin where those of the logician end. Now the Anti-Catholic party, from the very complete contempt which they have always entertained for logic, have had the singular advantage of being able to bestow their undivided attention on the rhetorical part of their speeches. It is obvious that those who have no logical arguments to offer, and who endeavour to persuade men of that which they themselves have no reason for believing, must require the greatest degree of oratorical skill, and are, therefore, most likely to display it in the greatest quantity.

Eloquence, or the art of expressing the feelings, which we have, or pretend to have, is the most important ingredient in rhetorical power. And in this, also, the Anti-Catholics possess great advantage. For, as the conventional language and habitual dissimulation of the higher classes has almost divested them of any power of expressing

their feelings with energy, true eloquence is, in general, to be found only among the lower orders, who are in the habit of expressing their opinions with a fearless simplicity of language. But, as the very lower orders have, unfortunately, no seats in either House, the only approximation to their eloquence is to be found in that party in the two Houses, which professes to take the opinions of the lowest orders as its guide, and has succeeded in acquiring much of the feelings, vocabulary, and intellectual habits, of the most uneducated orders.

For these reasons, we were not at all astonished at the eulogiums which were bestowed on the late wonderful speeches of Mr. Sadler and Sir Charles Wetherall. The first of these gentlemen has lately been introduced into the House of Commons, not as some young men are, in order to advance *themselves*, but in order to advance his *cause* by the singular combination of the wisdom of a sage, and the ardour of a novice. It appears from his own account, that he has long exercised a mysterious influence on the fortunes of his country, inasmuch as he confesses that he was mainly instrumental in destroying the stability of Mr. Canning's Administration. The talents of Sir Charles Wetherall have not been hid under a bushel. The style of his oratory has long been known to an admiring country; but we did not know till the evening of Wednesday last, or rather till the succeeding morning, the height which he could reach in the sublimest flights of his genius.

It is not for us, however, to attempt to give our readers a detailed criticism on these wonderful ebullitions of the oratorical spirit. When we have carefully reperused all the finest orations of the ancient and the modern world, and all the best theories that have been advanced on the subject of rhetoric, then, and not till then, shall we give a matured opinion on these grand orations. But, in order to arouse the attention, and, in a certain degree, to guide the judgments of our readers, we shall give them the deliberate criticism of the 'daily and hebdomadal sources of intelligence,' in the order of time in which they appeared; because it will be pleasing to remark, that, as the esteem in which works of great genius are held, increases with every addition to the time which mankind has for reflecting on them, so the last week has been a type of future time, and the fame of Sadler and Wetherall has grown with the growth of men's intelligence, and acquired strength with the advance of time.

We will confess that there has been considerable diversity of opinion on the subject of these speeches, and that, while one party has extolled them as the noblest efforts of human genius, their opponents have spoken of them with an equal superabundance of contempt. But it has lately been maintained by very ingenious critics, that, in judging of a work of art, we ought to consider only its merits, without any attention to the defects with which they may be intermingled. We carry this principle further. In order to form a correct estimate of merit, we should take the opinion of those who judge most favourably. Our time and our limits will not now allow us to give such copious extracts as we could wish from the Constitutional papers. In our next Number, we shall collect the progressive series of periodical panegyric. For surely a large succession of articles might well be devoted to so important a subject. The reading public will be anxious to analyse the revival of oratory. And above all, those who feel the greatest admiration for the beauties of ancient rhetoric, will linger with pleasure to gaze on the spectacle of the Muse of Eloquence reviving from the sleep which too much resembled death, and awakening to a new life and a brighter beauty in the virgin embraces of a Sadler, or the maturer endearments of a Wetherall.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

SCENE FROM A DRAMA.

Alfred.—Here, Bertha, let us seat ourselves awhile Upon this flowering bank, which fairy hands Have cushioned with soft mosses. Ha! a wild rose, Peeping from out its home in th' tangled hawthorn, Looks as it recognised a sister blush On your fair cheek, my Bertha. Come, fond rose! Ere morning thou must die; but thou shalt shed Thy sweetness here, fading, as suits thy beauty, On kindred beauty's bosom.

Bertha.—Now a truce, At least for one short hour, to flattery. Have you no tale of old romance to tell? No legend of the phantom-peopled past, When th' wizard Fear, and his wild goblin crew, Wrought their strange miracles? Methinks each stone Of this fantastic ruin seems a tablet Storied with curious records, rudely writ In th' hieroglyphic characters of time. Canst not decypher them?

Alfred.—Yes, we may read— The vulgar eye may do't—pathetic plaints Of faded glory, and the dusty doom Of all our earthly greatness; touching hints At blank oblivion; epitaphs on pride; Sorrowful lectures on morality.

Bertha.—This savours more of th' moral than the tale.

Alfred.—Is it too gloomy? Oh, then let me turn Mine eyes on you, and straightway do I find A smiling antidote to mournful thought. There, all things speak of death; but gazing here, Death seems impossible. For how, my Bertha, How can I look upon your face and call The worm your sister, or the grave your home? The summer bloom on those unsoiled cheeks, The lively glancing of those cheerful eyes, That pleasant smile now rippling o'er your lips, (Stirred from their stiltiness by some breeze-like thought),—

Do these tell aught of death? Do they not rather Speak joyously of everlasting life, And love and loveliness unperishing? Oh! young-eyed Beauty doth immortal seem, Charmed with a heavenly spell, from which e'en time, The grand destroyer, and his angel Death, Shrink powerless.

A. V. E.

LINES.

THE trees wear a sunny gleam,
And their leaves are dancing fast
To the running of the stream,
And the music of the blast.
There is one cloud overhead,
Which the gentle wind has kiss'd,
And has on its substance fed,
Till it breaks in shattered mist.
Every vapour has been driven
From this palace of the day,
To the eastern skirt of heaven,
To meet Night upon her way;
As the gathered shades that sleep
In a banner's folds, have fled,
When in one majestic sweep
That bright banner is outspread;
As the rout and flying fear
Of an army, and behind,
Like a sword upon the rear,
Hangs alway the chasing wind;
As a tempest-scattered fleet,
When along the distance fine
Every vessel goes to meet
The horizon's level line;
As the hideous coil of night
Fear, and suffering, and crime,
When we wake to broad daylight,
In the full of summer time.
All beneath the empyrean,
Bird, and beast, and insect gay,
As of old uplift their Pean
To the conquering King of Day:

Yet, I learn that Nature's treasures,
Gentle wind and sunny air,
Which she gives, and never measures,
Which are near us every where,
Like the household flowers that lie
Unregarded at our feet,
Like the daisy's golden eye,
With the tear of morning wet,
Like the heath-flower on the moor,
Hung with purple bells all round;
That mayhap, at twilight hour,
May ring out a fairy sound,—
All are vain, nor will reveal
Aught of glory to our sight,
Save harmoniously we feel,
Save we bring our own delight.
Thus in melody of wave
And of wind, that murmurs by,
We can hear no music, save
What our tuneful hearts supply.
For we owe to Nature nought
But the outward forms alone,
From within the light is brought,
And the splendour is our own.

T.

TO A LADY,

('Tra bella, e buona, non so qual fosse più,')

Who, not having fulfilled her promise to meet me at a
certain festival, afterwards sent me a note of apology.

I.

AHI vera donna! Or dal tesasso inganno
Riconosco, chi sei: la gran vaghezza,
Ch' angelica mi parve, o fugge, e spezza
Quel caro laccio di soave affanno.

Collo, ch' i neri anelli un marmo fanno,
Tocco, che più di se l'anima apprezza
E voi, begli occhi di fatal dolcezza,
Che feci io mai per merit' tal danno?

Tu pur, notte spietata, or vieni, e dille
(Che senza testimon nol crederia)
Com' io guardava a mille visi, e mille,

E sospirava—e dissi in foco suono,
'Mille non sono, quel ch' una saria.'
Va, traditrice; e non sperar perdono!

ON THE SAME,

When suffering under severe and protracted illness.

II.

PIETÀ! Pietà! gran Dio, deh volgi omai
L' impietosito sguardo: il bel sembiante
Le luci giovanette, e vaghe, e sante,
Non merta, no soffrir dell' empio i guai.

'Mortal, mortal, che delirando vai',
Rispose quel del trono sfolgorante,
'Ve', com, ogni dolor, par che si schiante
A' puri di Gran Fede augusti rai.

Alma beata è questa! E se pur l' ange
Nel fior degli anni suoi cotanta pena,
Io la sostengo—e questa man la mena!

Coel lo spirito umil, cui nulla frange,
(O speme di virtù solda e serena!)
Beve l' amaro nappo, e mai non piange.

ON THE PROTESTANT BURIAL GROUND AT ROME,
AS SEEN BY MOONLIGHT.

III.

Know ye the Cestian* tomb of olden time
Still pointing to its own Italian blue?
And have ye felt those reverent thoughts sublime,
That ever from yon semicircle of new

And alien graves, rise on the soul, and climb
The top of Reason's sovereignty. Strange hue
Of nature's holiest sorrow is there, and chime
Of Roman bells ringeth a music true.

Many lie 'neath the sod. Some died in joy,
But more, methinks, whose paining hearts did
burst

With various influxes of life's annoy.

* The pyramidal monument of Calus Cestius is the most prominent object in the foreground of the cemetery.

Young bard, whose lay was of Endymion,
Here is thy rest: the world has done its worst;
Calm, like that fabled youth, sleep on beneath the
moon!

IV.

O NIGHTIER far, spirit of light and love,
Creative emanation from the mind,
Which in its wondrous solitude doth move
All things and thoughts that are; thou who didst
find

Earth all too bleak for passionate hopes that wove
In beautiful idea each lovely and kind
Object in land, or sea, or skies above;
Strong too with musical law man's legions
thoughts to bind—

SHELLEY, what marvel if thy course was brief!
Thou wert an earth-traced line of delicate light,
Barred by encroaching shades, that hate the
moon.

Here thou art laid. O ye, who seek relief,
In his high verse, from sorrow and dread, come
soon
Hither, and weep with me for him, who loved the
right!

JULIAN.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF EUROPE AND
AMERICA.

UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN.

Louvain, 13th March, 1829.

I MIGHT indite an octavo, or a quarto, and fail of accomplishing the object of your inquiries: you must, therefore, forgive me for confining myself to their main point,—a summary view of our University, especially as regards its existing state. I have a peculiar gratification in availing myself of this opportunity to make it better known amongst your fellow-countrymen; for, though it be greatly shorn of its utility and importance by the effects of a cumbrous and vicious organisation, the high literary rank it enjoyed in a former age, and the splendour of its ancient name, entitle it to the veneration of every enlightened individual, under whatever sky he may have imbibed a sense of the value so justly attached in our days to intellectual pursuits. But, before I enter upon the more immediate subject of this communication, I am in justice bound to confess to you, that it is indebted for whatever of merit or value it possesses to my learned and talented friend, the Baron de Reiffenberg,* who has evinced a readiness, beyond all praise or acknowledgment of mine, in supplying me with details, which I should probably have sought for in vain from other quarters. I can neither deny myself this recognition of the obligation he has so cheerfully conferred upon me, nor allow you to ascribe the sins and omissions of the succeeding details to any but their rightful owner. For these last, therefore, I am bound to take all the responsibility on my own shoulders: in every other respect,

Acceptissima semper
Munera sunt auctor quæ pretiosa facit.

Louvain was formerly the capital of the four provinces of the Duchy of Brabant, but was less celebrated as the residence of its sovereigns, than as the seat of a university, founded by John IV., Duke of Limburg and Brabant, in the year 1425. None, who are any ways familiar with the patriotic views for which the House of Orange has at all times signalised itself, will be surprised to learn, that this great step towards improving the intellectual state of the people of the Low Countries was ceded to the importunities of Engelbert of Nassau. Though at first restricted from teaching theology, the more general dissemination of a taste for learning, through the introduction of the art of printing in 1473, the patronage of

* Professor of Philosophy, and author of 'Archives pour servir à l'Histoire Civile et Littéraire des Pays Bas,'—'Eclésiastiques, ou Premiers Principes de Philosophie Générale,'—'Histoire des Pays Bas,' &c.

Philip the Good, and the splendid example of Erasmus, no less than the zeal and attainments of its teachers, raised the new University, within a hundred years from its first institution, to a rank scarcely inferior to that of Paris or Salamanca. The sixteenth century was the zenith of its splendour; at that time it possessed four colleges, endowed with extraordinary privileges, an extensive library, a botanical garden, and an anatomical theatre, and was frequented by six thousand students. In more recent times, the narrow spirit of a bigoted Government became extremely detrimental to its prosperity, and confined its intellect within the lifeless framework of the middle ages. Towards the close of the last century, it was Louvain, therefore, which opposed the most determined resistance to the violent reform which Joseph II. attempted to introduce within its walls; it was Louvain which openly revolted against his measures for introducing a freer and more tolerant system of public instruction, for divesting the clergy of temporal power, and compelling that clergy to acquire those more enlightened views in religious matters which should render it worthy of its elevated functions! 'His intentions,' observes De Reiffenberg, in his 'Histoire des Pays-bas,' 'were commendable; but there is a wrong way of setting about a right purpose; and such was precisely the mode which Joseph apparently preferred.' The priesthood declaimed vehemently against the establishment of a general seminary at Louvain, which stripped the heads of dioceses of the right of instructing their clergy in theological learning. And the same University, which had denounced the episcopal schools, in the years 1749, 1758, and 1784, now aided zealously with the clergy. The rector and seven-and-twenty members of the University body were dismissed, and the faculties of law, medicine, and the arts, were transferred to Brussels. No reform can be effectual for which men's minds and habits are unprepared: the violence with which Joseph imposed wholesale amendments upon his subjects, ensured their failure; and in no quarter were his projects more obstinately contested than among those theologians who, at the self-same moment, afforded a proof of the success which might have attended milder and more gradual measures on his part, by denying the temporal power of the Papacy, in answer to the famous questions raised by the English Ministry in the year 1788.

The irruption of the revolutionary hordes of France occasioned the entire dissolution of this University. At a subsequent period it was replaced by a Lyceum, and after a total interregnum of four-and-twenty years, was re-instated, by a decree for the organisation of the higher department of instruction, issued on the 16th of September, 1816, as one of the three Universities of the southern provinces of the Netherlands monarchy. Ghent and Liège are the others. The plan on which they were then formed was an adaptation of the mixed systems of the Dutch and German Universities. They were divided into four faculties, Philosophy, the Physical and Mathematical Sciences, Medicine, and Jurisprudence: and were privileged to confer the two degrees of 'Candidate' and 'Doctor,' and three initiatory grades, styled, *rité*, *non sine laudibus*, and *summa cum laude*.

The academical authority is vested in a rector, chosen annually, and assisted by an academical senate, to whom no external jurisdiction is confided. The general administration rests in a council, composed of private individuals, appointed by the sovereign, and termed the 'College of Curators': it is they who confer the professorships, decide all disputes, and interpose in all questions of discipline.

As respects tuition, freedom is the governing principle; no classical work is prohibited; the sciences to be taught are merely indicated, nor is any obligation imposed upon the professor, excepting the necessity of developing the history, divisions, and leading methods of his subject: in

other words, the methodology and encyclopedia of the science he teaches. The pupils are free agents, whom it is wished to habituate to habits of civil life; nor are there any colleges or boarding-houses, but for such as are designed for the ecclesiastical state. For this latter class, the 'Philosophical College' was instituted in the year 1825. Here they pass through a preparatory course of ancient and modern literature, history, philosophy, the physical and mathematical sciences, and canon law. This institution has been the object of the most illiberal and frantic attacks on the part of the Catholic clergy.

The courses we have had during the late winter session, have consisted, as regards the faculty of the Sciences, of 19, delivered by six professors; in Jurisprudence, 12, from five professors; in Philosophy, 33, from eight professors and three lecturers; and in Medicine, 12, from four professors and one anatomist. Besides these, extra lectures have been delivered on Pædagogogy, or the Art of Teaching, the attendance upon which is obligatory on all who are intended for the profession of public teachers.

The number of students, who matriculated at the opening of the session, 1828-9, were, in the Sciences, 83; Jurisprudence, 162; Philosophy, 98; Medicine, 71; and for the Philosophical College, 271: forming a total of 685.

The number who obtained the degree of 'Candidates,' were 129; namely, in the Sciences, 31; Jurisprudence, 29; Philosophy, 45; and Medicine, 17:—and the degree of 'Doctor' was conferred on 55; namely, in the Sciences, 2; Jurisprudence, 26; Philosophy, 3; and Medicine, 24.

The classification of the students by provinces will stand thus:—Northern Brabant, 211; Southern Brabant, 208; Limburg, 42; Guelderland, 5; Liège, 39; Eastern Flanders, 22; Western Flanders, 19; Hainault, 123; North Holland, 3; South Holland, 4; Zealand, 1; Namur, 28; Antwerp, 68; Utrecht, 1; Overysel, 2; Groningen, 1; Luxembourg, 104; and Foreigners, 4.

Our 'Library' contains about 80,000 volumes, and is to be increased annually with the leading journals and publications in all languages. During the academic year 1827-8, it received an accession of 874 works, comprising 3,600 volumes.

We have a Cabinet of Natural History, consisting of about 10,000 specimens,—a physical cabinet, chemical laboratory, museum of anatomical preparations and surgical instruments, and theatre of anatomy, which is most perfect of its kind. The clinical hospital is superintended by two salaried students; and the botanical garden comprises hot-houses constructed with great skill and elegance, and affording specimens of the rarest exotics, which could not flourish with greater success in their native climes.

The University publishes every year one or two volumes in quarto, under the title of 'Annales Academiæ Lovaniensis.' These contain the orations of the rector upon going out of office, and of such professors as have been recently inaugurated; details of the lectures; a necrological notice of the functionaries who have died during the year; and the successful prize-essays of the students throughout the universities and colleges of the Netherlands. The officers of the University themselves have not slumbered at their posts; the fruits of their industry were, last year, nineteen works, besides essays which have appeared in the transactions of the several societies with which they are connected.

Our body politic is dependent upon the Minister of the Home Department, who is assisted by an Administrator of Public Instruction. This office was formerly filled by Baron Falck, our present Ambassador at your Court, whose zeal was eminently conducive to the advancement of learning and science: he is a man of considerable literary attainments, and has proved, on all occasions, the advocate of rational improvements. In acknowledging the claims he has upon our grateful re-

membrance, it is impossible to forget those of his estimable Secretary, M. Van Ewyck.

You may be surprised to learn, that the language adopted as a medium for general instruction is the Latin. Many others, besides myself, have objected, very strenuously, against this custom, although it may, after all, be the best means of supplying the want of a vernacular tongue, and harmonising the studies of individuals, who would be otherwise severed by a medley of all sorts of dialects, besides French, Flemish, Dutch, Friesish, and German.

As your universities are unacquainted with the *Candidates'* degree, I should mention, that it is seldom of any weight beyond our academical confines. It is, in fact, a preparatory step to the obtaining of a doctor's degree, and must be accorded by the faculty in which a pupil has studied, one year before he becomes a candidate for that degree. The expense of the several degrees is as follows:—Candidate in the Literæ Humaniores and the Sciences, 50s.; and in Law or Medicine, 4l. 4s. Doctor's degree in the Literæ Humaniores, 5l.; and, in the other faculties, 8l. 8s.: and the cost of all special examinations is 50s. for each.

The remuneration to the Professors, for such lectures as it is obligatory upon them to deliver, is fixed at 1l. 5s. for a course given twice a-week, and 2l. 10s. for a course given more than twice a-week, throughout the academical year. The student pays a matriculation fee of five shillings, which carries him through the year; and a foreigner may matriculate after passing through an examination before the faculty of letters; but neither native nor stranger can be admitted, if he have been expelled from any other university.

Out of the funds annually assigned by the state in support of our Universities, of which I recently sent you the details,* there are appropriated salaries to each of our ordinary professors of 170l. a-year; and I cannot consider it an unwise regulation, that the further recompense of their labours should be made dependent upon their success in promoting the prosperity of the University at large. This further recompense consists in an equal re-partition amongst them of the sum received for bestowing academical degrees, after the proportions reserved to the University, the rector, and the secretary, have been deducted; and of a tenth of all fees of matriculation received by the rector. Another source of emolument to them is found in the delivery of such extra courses of lectures as are sanctioned by the curators. After thirty years' services, they become entitled to an addition of one-fourth to the amount of their regular salary; and, after they have attained the age of seventy, they are entitled to the assistance of an extraordinary professor, still retaining their previous salary and emoluments. Upon their decease, their widows and children receive pensions, until re-marriage in the one case, or the age of one-and-twenty in the other, which vary, according to the deceased professor's standing, from 42l. to 84l. per annum.

As an encouragement to assiduity and talent, each of our four faculties annually proposes two subjects each for essays in Latin; and the successful candidates are rewarded with gold medals of the value of 4l. 4s. each, which are conferred upon them, in public assembly, by the rector, after he has pronounced his valedictory oration. Nine-and-twenty, also, of the more indigent class of students are aided by pensions, provided by the state, of 17l. a-year. These, at the discretion of the rector and curators, may be continued for any term of years not exceeding six; but not unless the professors, under whom the pensioners are studying, give a unanimous testimony to their application and good conduct.

The accession of the new rector, styled 'Rector Magnificus,' takes place on the 1st of October in each year: he is elected from the faculty next in

rotation to that from which the rector of the preceding year was chosen, is presented by the senate, and appointed by the sovereign.

In respect of the expense of education within our walls, that will vary according to the objects a student may have in view; but you will be enabled to form a sufficiently accurate idea as to this point, when I observe that the four years' course in Jurisprudence, inclusive of the fees for a doctor's degree, does not exceed 812 florins, or about 17l. per annum.

It is now eleven years since this University, as well as those of Liège and Ghent, have risen from their ashes; and yet their success has neither corresponded with the expectations of the country, nor the liberality of the state. Public opinion points at the vices of their organisation; their decrepitude has been assailed even in the bosom of the Legislature; they are deficient in energy, and devoid of moral influence, and are neither in harmony with public opinion, nor capable of impelling it.* This is not the place for investigating the sources of so deplorable a state of things. But a most important step has been made towards remedying it. The vigilance of a patriotic Government has been roused; and a commission has been appointed to inquire into and ameliorate the defective system, which has rendered these institutions so unworthy of the free country and enlightened age to which they belong. We may look forward with hope and confidence to the results of an inquiry, directed by two individuals of such eminent experience, soundness of principles, and intelligence of mind, as my friend, De Reiffenberg, and the illustrious jurisconsult, Warnkoenig of Liège. Our good King has honoured both himself and them by his choice.

D. C.—x.

THE MUSEUM OF THOUGHTS.

II.—AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SCHLEGEL.

A cabinet in a museum ought generally to contain more than one specimen; but, when the specimen is massy and valuable, it may sometimes be allowed to stand alone. The great critic on dramatic poetry intended at one time to compose a work on the history of epic poetry: and the following observations on Homer show how admirably fitted he was for executing it. They do not indeed profess to give a complete and exhaustive character of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey'; they were written incidentally, and for a particular purpose, as a portion of an elaborate review of Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea,' but they display more knowledge of Homer, and throw more light on him, than scores of volumes constructed with that specific intention have done. It is much to be deplored, that a man fitted, almost above all other men, by his endowments and his acquirements, for giving the world a 'solid and orderly' history of poetry, should have been tempted to abandon the task: for do what he may in Sanscrit literature, he will never do a tenth part of the good he might have done by such a history.

If we wish to understand Homer, we must begin with entirely discarding all the current notions concerning the nature of epic poetry, which have been propagated by the practice of later authors, and by the theories of critics. Homer has received the unmerited honour of being called the father of the epic poetry, which has been so exemplified and described: and as the epopée, artificially hatched up, though it be out of groundless theoretical assertions, and the mistakes of what was meant to be imitation, has been pronounced to be the noblest, the most comprehensive, and the most splendid creation of poetical genius, so the simple old bard is usually placed at the head of those who have written such epopees. The investigations which have recently been carried on with so much acuteness by Wolf, touching the origin and history of the Homeric lays, have luckily given us a fixed point, from which our consideration of Homer's poetical character may proceed in a totally opposite direction. If the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' be made up of several parts originally independent and of considerable size, which, wherever there seemed to be any gaps between them, have been pieced together by

* 'Essai de Réponse.' Bruxelles, 1828.

* Vide 'Athenæum,' No. 72, p. 157.

the insertion of shorter passages, and that too at times with but little skill, it will turn out that, while people have always been wondering mainly at the admirable construction of those two poems as wholes, they have been setting up a merit foreign to Homer, as his chief excellence, a merit which did not belong to the Homeric age, and, from its intellectual condition, could not belong to it, and which, moreover, does not exist to any thing like the supposed extent. So unfounded is the well-meant complaint, which one often hears from the admirers of Homer, that *Wolfs* doctrines have made a breach into the sanctuary of the venerable bard, and that they threaten to tear Homer to pieces: whereas, on the contrary, these very doctrines have been the means of freeing his lays from the alien bonds which hold them together. Measure, proportion, and order, merits which Homer himself extols in song, (*Od.* viii. 489, 496,) are discoverable in the very smallest portions of the two poems, while in the great complicated body of the *‘Iliad’* and *‘Odyssey’* one often loses sight of them. A man who, though he was any thing but a competent judge on matters of poetry, and especially of ancient poetry, still had such penetration that he often hit the truth, even where the subject lay far beyond his sphere, Voltaire says of Homer: *Malheur à qui l’imiterait dans l’économie de son poème! Heureux qui peindrait les détails comme lui!* Not that an epical rhapsody can exist, any more than other kinds of poetry, without some principle of poetical unity. Only we must not look for this principle in a conception of the understanding wherein most critical writers look for it, and by so doing entirely lose the distinction of lyrical, epical, and dramatical unity. The reason will not be satisfied with any thing less than that pervading completeness, where there is a reciprocal determination of all the parts by the whole and of the whole by the parts: and this highest kind of poetical unity was attained to by the Greeks, in the organisation of their tragedy, which was perfectly independent and complete within itself. The writing of epic poetry does not pertain to the reason, which in the Homeric age was far from having been sufficiently trained, to demand any thing of the sort from a poetical work: it is only a unity with reference to the imagination: that is to say, it does not result from any thing within, but from the horizon or outline which confines the subject within a visible and definite boundary. Hence, it is impossible to lay down any rule for determining the extent of an epic poem: it may be enlarged and extended, until the point where the multitude of objects presented to the imagination surpasses its power to grasp them: and so the only reason given by Aristotle—although he tried to subject epic poetry to the rules of tragedy—in order to show that Homer had done well in not embracing the whole of the Trojan War in one poem, is, that if he had done otherwise, the poem would not have been easily comprehensible (*εὐνοητόν*). On the other hand, the unity of an epic poem is divisible; small portions of the *‘Iliad’* and *‘Odyssey’* are possessed of it: episodes of a few lines, such as *Il.* iv. 372—398, may be regarded as complete epic poems; and such episodes are probably for the most part abstracts of larger ones which no longer exist. Thus, instead of there being any necessity for using violent means to combine a number of separate rhapsodies into a larger whole, there was a harmony and a living connection between them from the very nature of legendary tradition: and this readiness to split into parts, and to combine into wholes, is a property natural to the class, as is implied in the very appropriate name of *ῥαψῶδες ἐπὶ* given them by Pindar.

Were the subject of an epic poem a single indivisible action, it is plain that this capability of partition and augmentation could not be compatible with its nature: but that subject is always manifold: the material of an epopee are incidents, events. Aristotle says, it is the property of epic poetry to have a plurality of fables: *ἐποποιεῖν τὸ*

πολλόμυθον. Metaphysical events, indeed, wherein men took no active part, or where the part they took was not in keeping with their character, would hold out little attraction to the mind. Still it is certain, that, in endeavouring to explain any occurrence, we do not regard the impulses and motives of deeds as originating in man himself and dependent upon him, but as wrought in him from without: so that we do not separate them from the aggregate mass of the powers of nature, as something distinct and opposite. Accordingly, that which is done by man in real life, does not become an action in the strictest sense, that is to say, an exertion of force in consequence of a free resolution of the will, except when it is the result of reflection: and poetry cannot express this, save by bringing the agent before us with all the workings of his soul. This is not the place for answering the question, whether the idea of the freedom of the will can be manifested in poetry otherwise than by giving a definite shape to the force which resists it; and whether it be possible to exhibit man exerting such a power of self-determination as no external force can overcome, unless by placing him in opposition to an inevitable determination from without, that is, to destiny: such a discussion would lead almost of necessity to an examination of the Greek tragedy. The hint, however, in *‘Wilhelm Meister,’* on the difference between novels,—which have, or ought to have, a great analogy to epic poems and dramas,—will excite every inquisitive critic to further reflection. ‘In a novel, (it is there maintained, *B. v. c. 7.*) the objects represented should mainly be sentiments and events,—in a drama, characters and actions. Chance may be allowed to have free play in a novel: Destiny, on the other hand, can only have place in a drama.’ How entirely the whole course of the story in the Homeric poems is swayed by chance—even in the passages where something like the decisive interposition of a superior power is introduced, as in *Il.* viii. 66—77,—is not to be mistaken.

The difference then between epic and dramatic poetry, which some writers on esthetics have classed together under the name of pragmatical poetry, declaring them to be substantially the same, would seem to be—at least if we confine our attention to what epic poetry and tragedy actually were among the ancients—somewhat deeper than the outward form, in something else than the circumstance that the one represents its personages as speaking, while the other tells us what befalls them. Indeed, it is quite futile attempting to deduce the highest rules for these two kinds of poetry, from the idea of a narrative and of a dialogue. Such an attempt could only be successful on the supposition that art were nothing further than a passive imitation of nature, into which she has unfortunately been too often degraded. But, inasmuch as art has the principle of activity within itself, and its business is to give nature a new form according to the laws of human thought and feeling, poetical narratives and poetical dialogues must take the bent of their character from the spirit of that kind of poetry to which they are subservient. The reference to common reality, which is never more than a subordinate consideration, only takes place when the point in question is to give the representation that degree of truth which is required by the principles of art. In the ancient tragedies, the personages have often long relations to tell: in Homer, they are introduced almost perpetually as speaking; and in lyrical poems we meet both with narratives and dialogues: but how thoroughly different is the style of each according to the class of poetry it finds a place in! An epic is just as remote as a tragic dialogue, which is its exact opposite, from a merely natural one: both are shaped down to their minutest parts, so as to assort with the character of the beautiful whole they belong to.

We now and then hear people talking of Homer’s enthusiastic boldness, of the impetuous

uncontrollable fire of his genius, very much as if he had been a dithyrambic poet, or animated with prophetic inspiration. This notion seems to have arisen from the confounding the theme of his lays with the person of the bard. His heroes, it is true, have vehement passions; but he himself appears perfectly dispassionate: what he relates must excite the feelings of every reader capable of feeling; but to his own he never gives utterance. Like a purely contemplative being, he stands above his heroes and above his gods, regulating and sustaining the world that lives in his mighty verse with the impartiality and tranquillity of an angelic spirit, that is, of perfected humanity. Within the compass of his mind, as beneath the brightness of a sunny sky, every thing finds its appropriate place, and is seen in its true light. In a word, the Homeric epic is a calm representation of objects in a state of progress. It is never a representation of objects at rest, or what is called a poetical picture. This is so foreign to Homer, that, when he has to describe a thing, he does it in such a way that objects at rest are set in motion; as is the case with the figures on the shield of Achilles: although this occurs in the latter and later songs of the *Iliad*, and the Homer from whom the first rhapsodies proceeded would hardly have introduced an episode of such length in which there was so little movement. The poet’s mind being thus elevated above all violent sympathy, and never disturbed by any momentary excitement or exhaustion, it sets all the parts of his subject after a certain sort on an equality, and grants them all an equal right to be represented: those which are of less importance, but necessary to the unbroken progress of the story—such as getting up, going to bed, eating, drinking, the washing of hands, the putting on shoes, clothes, and arms, and so forth—are never thrust aside, but occupy the space that belongs to them close beside things of the greatest moment. The measure of time, such as it is in real life, is suspended; and every thing is arranged in a poetical succession, so regulated that each shall have the distinctness requisite for the display of its beauty: that which is permanent, if the imagination can exhaust it at once, occupies but a single instant in the representation, while that which fleets rapidly away is arrested, until the life concentrated within it has been completely developed. Never does the song come to a standstill; nor is there ever any unseasonable hurrying forward: throughout there is the same constant and unvariable, the same measured, harmonious, and beautiful motion. The bard dwells on every moment of the past with the same undivided interest, as if nothing had gone before and nothing were to follow; and thus every thing awakens the vivid feeling it would call forth, if it were living and present before us. At every moment, accordingly, we find a gentle excitement accompanied by its immediate gratification; and the realm of epic poetry is like the garden of Alcinoüs, where the fruits ripen in uninterrupted succession, and each in its due time drops of its own accord from the tree into the hand of the person who would enjoy it.

Such being the internal and spiritual rhythm of epic poetry, the verse peculiar to it is only the expression and audible image thereof. Aristotle calls it the staidest and most majestic of metres, *σπασμωδία καὶ δοκιδέστατος τῶν μέτρων*. The Greek hexameter has neither a falling rhythm, like the trochaic tetrameter, which therefore bears us along with the sweep of passion (*καρτερικὸν, ὀρμητικόν*); nor a mounting rhythm, like the iambic trimeter, which, while it is striving regularly upward, evinces a stout resolve and seems as it were ready for action (*πρᾶκτικόν, naturem rebus agendis*); but it hovers steadily between the two, being equally inclined to pause and to move onward; and hence it can carry the hearer, without wearying him, at a middle height, to an immeasurable distance. Its variety, which must have been far less prominent when the

verses were originally sung to a uniform strain, is merely a secondary matter. The question, why such a simple material form can be allowed to recur an infinite number of times amid all the rich variety of an epical subject, while no Pindaric ode, however narrow its theme may be, can do without very complicated strophes, might be a perplexing one to those who, in the theory of metre, start from the principle of imitative harmony, and thereby in this point also would make the artist a mere copier of nature. If, however, metre, considered in the most general light, abstractedly from all particular purposes, be the manifestation of that which remains constant in the midst of the changing; if it express the identity of the poet's consciousness; it is plain that the identity should be more strongly discernible when the mind is in a state of the clearest self-possession and distinctly separated from the objects of its contemplation, than when it is transpierced and labouring with emotion. Outward objects do not impose the laws of art on the human mind, which merely uses them as its materials; but the mind imposes them on those objects: and it is the same with regard to metre. Aristotle remarks with great justice that the iambic verse has most of the tone of common conversation (*λακτικὴ ἀμικρία*), from which the hexameter is far removed; that the latter is suited to a narrative poem; and that it would not be fitting to compose an epic in any other metre or in a mixture of metres, as for instance, the narrative in hexameters, and the speeches in trimeters. Nevertheless he extols Homer, because he says as little as possible in his own person, and always after a short preface immediately introduces a man or a woman speaking. How could these remarks be reconciled? unless a dialogue in epic poetry ought to be so far divested of its natural qualities, as that its unsteady flightiness should be charmed and restrained till it partake in the uniform tranquillity of the whole representation.

Since the speeches occupy far the largest part of the Homeric lays, it is a great matter toward getting a correct notion of this class of poetry, to understand their character rightly. Even in the shortest and most passionate of them a nice analysis would be able to point out something whereby they are epicised. In the more prolix we find all the essential qualities of the whole rhapsody visibly expressed. There is no perceptible striving after a main purpose, even if there be such a purpose on the occasion and subject matter of the speech: that which prepares the way for what is to follow, seems still to stand where it is, entirely for its own sake: there is the same tarrying progress, the same vivid realising minuteness of details, the same placid regularity, the same easy transitions and loose connection, which are the general characteristics of epic poetry. This, too, is the way in which we must take the compound epithets and the episodes: in impassioned speeches, if the representation were to be regarded as a mere copy of nature, they would be extremely faulty, and they have often been very ignorantly censured. The readiness of the epic bard to indulge in episodes, whenever they can be tacked on agreeably, results from his never letting the subject get dominion over him: hence, even at the most critical moments, he can easily find leisure to bring some object that invites him from afar, immediately before the imagination. What has been said of the Homeric speeches and episodes, is also true of the similes: they are not mere instruments, but are allowed to expand freely within their beautiful well-rounded outlines, and are as it were epopees on a diminutive scale. Even in the manner of arranging and combining the words, which is the clearest, the easiest, and the most pleasing conceivable, may the epic mode of connection be discerned; and the language, with its minute pleonastic particles, and the polysyllabic richness of its inflexions, seems made on purpose to express the continuous gently gliding

flow of the thoughts. One instance among others of the astonishing consistency with which this poetry, the offspring of a happy instinct, was by the same instinct brought to perfection, is, that the figure of speech, which uses the present tense instead of the past, a figure so natural to a lively narrator, and to which even Virgil has recourse almost incessantly, does not occur a single time in the whole of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Apollonius likewise abstained from it, because he preserved the Homeric form, although its spirit was extinct, and it was no longer any thing but a mere form, with greater fidelity than Virgil. He is weak and cold: that which Homer passes over the most cursorily has more life in it than the passages most fully worked out by Apollonius. Indeed, it was the practice of the later epic poets to take a great quantity of mythical materials to construct works of an inconsiderable size: the secret for unfolding the germs of beauty had been lost.

Virgil created a new and totally peculiar species of epopee, marked with the emphasis which belonged to the Roman character. He, far more than Homer, has been the prototype of the moderns; and in him the difference between the pure original epopee, and that mixed species to which we give the name, may be strikingly exemplified. Passing over the more artificial construction of his whole poem, and the attempt to subject the action to the laws of dramatic necessity, we look in vain in the *Æneid* for anything like the placid rhythm of the Homeric style. Virgil betrays or affects a sympathy with his subject; and even falls into the mannerism of uttering exclamations to his heroes or about them, see iv., 408. His diction has great solemnity, majesty, and splendour, with which he tries to clothe even common things; while Homer's language, on the contrary, is strong, but simple, without any thing of pomp or exaggeration, and only ennobs objects by the fulness with which it exhibits them. The calmer speeches in Virgil are rhetorical, the more impassioned are mimical; that is, they give a direct imitation of the turbulence and disorder of a soul agitated by passion. In passages, where his subject leads him to be calm, he is more or less Homeric, especially in the account of the games in the fifth book: but he is quite the reverse in the justly admired story of Dido, a tragic fragment, which has not only less of Homer's spirit, but more of the spirit of modern times than any other part of the poem.

In the foregoing remarks on the Homeric epic poetry, I have purposely abstained from saying any thing of its mythical element, and of all that is merely natural and local in it; for I have been speaking of that which is essential to it, not of that which is accidental. The modern imitators of Homer, indeed, have thought differently; but one need not be surprised that they should appear not to have possessed the faculty of discriminating the representation from the thing represented, the form and style from the subject-matter; seeing that the writers of theories on epic poetry, who are always referring to Homer as the highest authority, have been so palpably devoid of it. The essence of epic poetry has been said to lie in the heroic, in the marvellous, in the sublime, in the importance of the action, in the magnitude of the poem, in the dignity of the characters, in the gravity of the style, in I know not how many other things. Most especially has it been made an indispensable requisite, that an epopee should contain something of the marvellous; by which it was meant, that there should be the interposition of superior beings. Now in the ancient tragedies the gods appear frequently: they contend for and against the hero, as in the *Eumenides*; or the whole scene lies among the gods, as in *Prometheus*. And yet one cannot say that these scenes are marvellous in the sense in which the word applies to the incidents in Homer; because in them both gods and men are standing and acting within the same sphere of necessity: in Homer, on the contrary, the interference of the gods seems

to be still more a matter of chance than the conduct of the men. If the marvellous, as Aristotle says, arises chiefly from that for which we cannot give a reason (*διὰ τὸ ἀλογον συμβαίνει μάλιστα τὸ θαυμαστόν*), from that which is beyond the course of things intelligible to our understanding, then assuredly there could but be an abundance of it in Homer's age. For very little was then known touching the concatenation of causes and effects in the operations of nature; and accordingly they were supposed to be carried on by living beings: man had not yet elevated himself to the consciousness that he has the full power of determining his conduct by his own free will; and therefore he ascribed his resolutions to the influence of the gods. But who determined the will of the gods? it would look as if they would want another race of gods for that purpose; and so on to infinity. If the will of the gods, who were represented so completely like men, could be conceived to be self-motived and independent, the will of man might be conceived to be so likewise. It has been remarked with perfect truth, that Homer's heroes are less great than they otherwise would be, because so much of what they do is not their own act. If we fancy that the trouble taken by the Olympians in their behalf, and against them spreads a halo of higher dignity around them, we have not yet transported ourselves sufficiently into the Homeric way of thinking. In those days the gods took part in the very commonest business of life; they were so cheap, that Autolycus was adorned with thieving and perjury by the favour of *Hermes* (*Od. xix. 396*); and even beggars had their gods and their *Erinnyes* (*Od. xvii. 475*). Who will deny that the intensely fascinating irrationality of Homer's theology has embellished his poems with the richest blossoms of beauty, and that it is admirably suited to the wild and joyous life of his heroes? But ought we to vie with Homer in that which was a gift of his age? Ought we to put our faculties to the rack in order to produce something like it in despite of ours? Mythology, as distinguished from historical tradition, can only be favourable to poetry when it has an actual existence; that is, when it has sprung up as mythology, as the spontaneous poesy of the human race in its childish attempts to endow all nature with the feelings and the forms of humanity, and when it is still subsisting as a popular belief. A mythology can never be the arbitrary invention of an individual. Owing to this cause, the chivalrous and magical legends of the middle ages, which were nothing else than the images wherein the adventurous spirit of the times clothed itself, when they are introduced into the romantic heroic poems, have the advantage of possessing a vivid reality and popular truth, such as the artificial tissues of marvels devised for modern epopees can never attain to. Even Virgil should have served as a warning example, how little is to be effected by the interposition of the gods when it is no longer a matter of popular belief, and so does not belong to that picture of the universe which the poet's imagination frames out of the world he lives in. Yet modern writers of epopees have been studious above all things to have plenty of the supernatural: they have not only fabricated this, but have gone after the extraneous, and have at length lost their way in hell and in heaven. The only thing still wanting is, a thoroughly extramundane epopee. Their works in consequence have been confined to the learned, and have never sounded from the lips of the people, with the exception of the '*Jerusalem Delivered*,' the fate of which has been very peculiar in this respect; whereas Homer was of all bards the most popular, because his poetry sprang from real life, centered in it, and flowed back into it.

These observations may, perhaps, startle those who are wont to look on the Homeric epopees as the summit of poetry, as the highest insurpassable flight of human genius: an opinion which still keeps its ground in spite of the new-fashioned

notion of transforming the Greek minstrel into a savage child of nature, a rude northern bard: for it sorts well with the sentimental complaints about the miseries of civilization, to regard poetry as a gift of nature, which is inevitably destroyed if it be cultivated. The Greeks themselves seem to have placed Homer at the head of their poets, from a very natural confusion of that which is most venerable with that which is most perfect: and who, in truth, would be comparable to him, were a single man the sole creator of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey'? But the harmony which pervaded the intellectual character of the Greeks, would of itself lead us to suppose that their poetry must have kept the same pace with the sister arts and the other exercises of their powers: and history shows us how it mounted from the easy copiousness of its epical age, to the energetic individuality of the lyrical, and at length, by the perfect blending and fusion of the two, reached the harmonious completeness and unity of the dramatical. If lyrical poetry may be compared with youthhood, and dramatic with manhood, epic poetry combines the open heart of childhood with the experience and clear-sightedness of old age. The beauty of epic poetry is of the simplest kind, and thus it would naturally be the first to be invented after those crude rhythmical effusions, which did not arise so much from the free play of the mind as give relief from the oppressive necessity of venting overpowering feelings. Sober-mindedness is the earliest of the muses that help mankind onward in their endeavours after civility: for it is in this state that man first acquires the full consciousness of his humanity. It is not consequently as the highest or most excellent kind of poetry, but as a kind which is pure, and genuine, and perfect, that epic poetry will retain its value for ever: and on account of its simplicity it may be enjoyed just as mere nature is, by such as have no feeling for art, which with works of perfect art, such as those of Sophocles, is impossible.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

CHAP. IV.—VISITS TO THE PARSONAGE.

(Continued from page 172.)

MRS. MORDAUNT was a tall, bilious-faced woman, with a look of cunning which she had evidently cultivated because she fancied it denoted a woman who knew the world, and a look of self-complacency which showed that all her knowledge had not prevented her from believing that she was the most important person on its surface. Her daughter was a huge girl of five feet eleven, with a coarse face, diffuse figure, massive ankles, and splay feet. It is reported of Jekyll, that, when he was on a visit at Melcove, he saw her approaching the extremity of a field, and preparing with all delicacy to pass into the adjoining one, whereupon he was heard to exclaim, "What an awkward gait for a lady, and no style!" I rather think the joke was made by one of the parish wits, or, if it was coined by the great jester, it must have been one of his forensic facetiæ, done up for country use; but it certainly describes very completely all that was remarkable in Miss Susannah Mordaunt. The evanescent peculiarities of her character would be an excellent subject for an ambitious artist to signalise himself by describing; but a sign-painter like myself must be content to follow the example of a celebrated predecessor, who, seeing that the horses and chariots of Pharaoh were drowned in reality, very properly buried them under a deep coat of green paint in his picture.

'I have been so longing to see you, Mr. M'Kinnon, and I have been thinking of calling I do not know how often; but, what with one business and another always interfering, I have not been able to find a day. You know the poor Wil-beaches have been staying with us the last six

weeks,—a little longer than was quite convenient,—(in a whisper, as if she was afraid that Mrs. Wilbeach, who lived somewhere in Yorkshire, should overhear her;) and on Thursday, after we had got rid of them, our coachman sends word that one of the horses is out of health, and must positively have several days' rest.'

'Yes, Mr. M'Kinnon,' interrupted Miss Mordaunt, 'you cannot think what a provoking man he is: we might as well be without a carriage as be prevented using it when we want it, and so I told papa; but he treats the coachman a great deal more like a master than a servant.'

'My dear, how you run on; when you are a little older you will know, (with her woman-of-the-world wink,) gentlemen, and ladies too, are always governed by their servants, and so they ought to be. You know it is quite out of the question, Mr. M'Kinnon, for any lady, who is not very experienced, ever to procure a good servant, who does not consider it her perquisite to manage the house and sell the candle-ends.'

'Are these privileges conceded to the domestics at Hernby Cottage?' inquired Mr. M'Kinnon.

'No, Ma, that I am sure they are not,' said Miss Mordaunt; 'I am sure there is not a single servant in the house who would dare to move a finger, if she thought you were within an hour's walk of her.'

'Hush! my love. To be sure I have had a little experience; I believe I know how to manage tolerably well both my servants and my children; but it is not every one that can do this: there is your cousin Charles.' (Miss Mordaunt thought it behoved her to blush at the mention of an old playmate; she was some time in making her attempt to do so, but at last succeeded to admiration.) 'I tell his father not to keep too tight a rein upon that young man. It never answers with young men, Sir,' added the lady, forgetting her subject in her anxiety to show her knowledge of mankind. 'Though I have not seen him for several years, I am quite sure, now Charles is at College, he is doing very wild things; I have no doubt he rides his horse about Oxford without a saddle, and with his head towards the tail, as he used to do; and I dare say he half-kills himself with sucking oranges at the pastry-cooks' shops, and boxes with the other young men of the College in the street till his face is all black. He was such a quarrelsome boy. I assure you, Mr. M'Kinnon, it is the most difficult thing in the world to manage either footman or coachman, housemaid or cook, son or daughter, but most of all the last.'

'I should not have thought that Mrs. Mordaunt's experience would have borne her out in that remark. If it does, her methods must be extraordinary indeed, which have been crowned with such extraordinary success.'

Miss Mordaunt tried again to blush; but she only succeeded in a simper, which made her mouth as awful as a popular songstress in the agonies of 'The soldier tired.'

'Yes,' said her mother, 'I certainly have taken some pains with Susannah during the vacations; and, what, I believe, I may pique myself upon still more, I had the wit to find out an admirable school for her.'

'School!' said M'Kinnon, 'do you really recommend schools?'

'Nothing, I assure you, can be done without them. It is quite impossible that any girl who has been educated at home, can acquire that ease of manner, that perfect *tong de soyceatè*, which is so essential to any one who is to live in the world. Besides, where is a girl to get subjects for conversation; what does she know about the things that other people are talking about? Nothing at all, does she, Susannah?'

'No, Mamma; indeed, she does not. You know, the other day, when Colonel Johnson called upon us, he was telling Lucy Courtenay, who was

brought up at home, about Mrs. Jordan; how beautifully she acted in the character of Portia: there sat poor Lucy, not knowing what to say, and yet looking as if she wanted to say something, and mumbling some silly question or other about a casket and boy's clothes; but I, who had read Goldsmith's History of Rome, knew very well who Portia was; so I came to her relief, and asked Colonel Johnson how Mrs. Jordan looked when she was eating the fire. Now, if I had not gone to school, I should not have known that Portia was the wife of Brutus, or that she ate fire, or any thing about the matter.'

'You see there are considerable advantages in the boarding-school system, Mr. M'Kinnon.'

'Very considerable, Madam,' said M'Kinnon, inwardly chuckling at this unexpected illustration of the intellectual benefits to be derived from the system, being so nearly on a par with the moral ones. 'And I think you must allow, that a girl brought up at home, always wants that —' (*Aside.* 'What is that French phrase, child? I don't mean *tout ensemble*, nor yet *bel esprit*.')

'*Je ne sais quoi*,' said Miss Mordaunt rather indignantly.

'Yes, *je ne sais quoi* is the word. What an expressive language the French is, Mr. M'Kinnon! I was saying that a young lady is very seldom a *je ne sais quoi* who has not been at school.'

A peculiarly silent smile, as Mr. Cooper would express it, played upon the worthy Rector's features, and Susannah looked rather discomfited. Throwing herself into one of her easy, school attitudes, she remarked, that 'certainly the inexplicable grace of manner, as well as the *façon de parler*, were wanting in those persons who had not enjoyed the kind of education which her mother had so kindly procured for her.'

'I am sorry, ladies,' said Mr. M'Kinnon, 'that this is one of the points upon which even the greatest authority has no weight with me. Not even the arguments of Mrs. Mordaunt, not even the practical exception which Miss Mordaunt furnishes to my general rule, can convince me that a boarding-school is not the very worst place ever devised for the intellectual culture and the moral discipline of females. When may I hope to see my old friend, Mr. Mordaunt?'

'Why, he is just now so much engaged with this volunteer corps of his, that he is not able to see any body. By the bye, Susannah, we are to give the officers of the corps a cold collation at three; so, my dear, we must positively run away.' And with one of those formal leave-takings by which ladies are accustomed to indicate their displeasure at those men who are not gentlemanly enough to be overcome by their arguments, Mrs. Mordaunt and daughter withdrew.

THE TURKISH CATECHISM.

If the theological temperament of the Turks be estimated by the veneration with which they regard Mohammed el Berkewi's Confession of Faith, it will appear to stand on much higher ground than those who esteem themselves wiser in their generation have been disposed to allow. We do not hazard this hint at a venture: on the contrary, even the most prejudiced will agree with us, after perusing the subsequent heads of the Musulman faith, that the Turkish clergy and laity entertain in general a just and natural sense of the Creator's attributes.

'1. We acknowledge and confess that to Almighty God alone belong worship, honour, and adoration, that there is none other God besides him, or equal to him; that he is removed far above human weaknesses and imperfections; that he was not born nor begotten; that he has neither wife, nor son, nor daughter; that such as these are accidental circumstances, which never did belong and never can belong to him, the Everlasting; that he is neither in heaven nor on earth; that he has no abiding place; that there is for him neither a right hand nor a left, neither a fore-part nor a hinder part, neither an above nor a beneath; that he is invisible, and has neither

form, nor size, nor colour, nor parts; that his existence has neither beginning nor ending; that he depends upon himself and upon none else; that his nature is unchangeable; that he endures neither disease nor misfortune, and is unacquainted with hopes or fears; that he was before the world began; that he has no wants, but is omnipotent; that, if he so willed it, he could destroy the earth in one moment, and, at his pleasure, recal it into existence in another; that it is to him one and the same thing, whether he create the smallest fly or the seven heavens and the seven globes; that none has power over him, but that he is over all and cares for all; that he is affected by no impulse from without, and is unaffected by good or evil, happen what may; that, if all infidels had faith and all the godless became devout, he derives no advantage from it, nor, if all mankind were sceptics, would he endure prejudice thereupon.

'2. We acknowledge and confess that God is endued with life and wisdom; that he is omniscient; that he has equal knowledge of the hidden as well as the visible things of heaven and earth; that he can count the numbers of the leaves on the trees, of the seeds of the harvest, and the sands of the sea; that there is nothing, of which he is not informed, since his intelligence comprehends all things whether in part or in whole; that his apprehension extends both to the past and the future; that he knows both the outward and the inward man, what passeth in man's heart and what issues from his mouth; that the sensible and the invisible world lie equally exposed to his view; that it is his alone to know hidden things,—such only excepted as are blessed with his revelations; that he is without forgetfulness, negligence or error; that his knowledge is as eternal as his being.

'3. We believe and confess, that he is endued with hearing; that he hears all sounds, whether weak or loud: though we whisper into our neighbour's ear in so low a tone that none shall hear us, yet we are heard by God.

'4. We believe and confess, that God seeth all things; that, in the darkness of the night, he seeth the black ant as it crawls over a black stone, and heareth the noise of its tread. But what he hears, that he does not hear by the ear, neither that which he sees does he see by the eye; for he has neither ears nor eyes.

'5. We believe and confess that he is endued with the power of willing, that he doeth what seemeth best to him, that nothing happens but what he willeth, and that none hath power to appoint what he shall do in any event; that every worldly circumstance, whether it be good or evil, is the work of his will; that it is he that ordereth the faith of the believing and the piety of such as fear God; but that, if such were his pleasure, both the pious and the believing could be rooted out; that he ordereth in like manner the unbelief of the unbelieving and the ungodliness of the ungodly; and that, without he so willed it, there would be neither unbelief nor ungodliness; that the smallest fly cannot move its wing without the Almighty will; that, what we do, we do only according to his will; that all that he wills, comes to pass, inasmuch as, if it did not come to pass, it would be manifest that he was not omnipotent; and that, if he so ordered it, all men might believe, or if he willed the contrary, all men might be unbelievers.

'If it could be questioned, why it is not the will of God that all mankind should be believers, but it is his will that some should be misbelievers, the answer is, none must seek to inquire why God wills or does that which seemeth best to him. He alone is judge; it rests entirely with himself to will and to do according to his good pleasure. But whatsoever he doeth, that thing is wise and proper, and puts the understanding of the children of Adam to shame. If he create misbelievers, and wills that they should continue in unbelief, if he call serpents, and scorpions, and unclean animals into existence, in short, if he wills that any thing evil should exist, he is instigated by motives of wisdom and goodness, of which it is not needful for us to be informed, but by which it is our duty to feel assured that he is swayed. Finally, we confess, that the will of God is as eternal as his being.

'6. We believe and confess that God is almighty; that he is capable of effecting what he predetermines; that, if it pleaseth him, he can awake the dead, and endow a stone or a tree with utterance and motion; that he can create, and form, out of gold and silver, a thousand heavens such as now exist, and a thousand globes such as that which we inhabit; that he can annihilate both heaven and earth, and call them anew into being; that he can command the waters to flow backwards, and, as they flow, convert them into silver; that he can transport his creature in one moment from

east to west, raise him from the face of earth into the seventh heaven, and remove him back again to the spot whence he was taken; and that his power, past and to come, is as eternal as his being.

'7. We believe and confess, that God is gifted with speech, and that he does speak, though not with the tongue, as we speak; that he addresseth some of his servants without any intermediate agency, in like manner as he spoke unto Moses, and unto Mohammed in the night when he ascended into heaven, and on other nights, and that he speaketh to other men by the mouth of the angel Gabriel.

'8. We believe and confess that the Koran is the word of God, and that it is eternal and uncreated.

'9. We believe and confess that these seven attributes of the God of gods, to wit, Life, Knowledge, Hearing, Seeing, Willing, Power, and Utterance, are everlasting; that they dwell in the Deity as unchangeable and never-ending attributes.

'10. We believe and confess that God is endued with creative powers; that it is he who hath called all things into being, and that there is none other Creator besides him; that he is the cause of the actions of men and animals, of their motion and their repose; that it is he who worketh in man all virtues and vices, good and evil, belief and unbelief; that it is he who maketh the hand to move, the tongue to speak, and the eyes to open and close; that it is he who maketh the fly to move its wings and feet, and to buzz through the air; that it is he through whom we have our being and from whom proceeds our every deed, through whom the animals receive life, and from whom they derive their actions; by whom the heaven and the earth, and all that is therein, have been created: that it is he who supplies all created things with food, and sends life, and death, and diseases, and provides the means of recovery; that it is he who hath commanded that, when the hand touches the flame, it should be sensible of heat and be consumed, and when it touches snow it should become frozen; that he has power to will, that a man should be thrown into the fire, and not be consumed, like as Abraham sat on the fire of Nimrod,* and was not devoured; or that he should sleep upon the snow, and endure no cold, but perspire and dream dreams. God ordains that fire should burn and snow should freeze; but it is not fire which burns of itself, nor snow which of itself freezes; but these are operations wrought by the Almighty hand.'

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

THE new opera of 'Il Messicani,' which at its first performance was listened to with impatience, had a second trial on Saturday; and from the result we may confidently assert, that, although an overture, which we believe to be Beethoven's, had been summoned to its assistance, the good nature of the public will not be put to a third test. It is, in fact, nothing else than a selection from Pacini and other 'maestri,' apparently hastily arranged by Bochsa, with a composition or two of his own added.

It has ever been deemed impracticable by all good judges in such matters to produce any pleasing effect in an Opera attempting to combine various styles, and there needs no better proof to attest the correctness of such a musical dictum than the specimen of Saturday.

A pitifully trivial plot served to connect the whole, and even the 'libretto' was puzzled to make aught of a confused tale of petty Spanish and Peruvian warfare, with the common incident of a mutual passion existing betwixt the son and daughter of the hostile chiefs. Two duetts, the one beginning 'Barbaro no!' in the prison scene between Orosimbo and Alonzo (Donzelli and Pisoni) and the other 'Nell abbracciarti (o caro,' by Alonzo and Laura (Blasis) in the second act, are certainly pretty compositions, and were very spiritedly executed; but the accompaniments throughout are wretchedly poor and meagre, and the whole so intolerably heavy as to weary the moderate 'dilettanti' in the theatre before the end of the first act.

It is but justice to add that Pisoni, Blasis, and Donzelli did their utmost; and, if their singing alone could have supported the opera, it would not have been condemned.

Really, if La Porte understood his interests, he would at this period of the season have brought forward something of a higher order.

Drury Lane.

NAUGHTY Miss Phillips! Naughty Miss Phillips! What god or what manager can have induced you to lay aside the veil of Isabella, and the night attire of

* A Mohammedan tradition.

Imogen, for the hat and feathers of Lady Townly? Did they really persuade you, that you would increase your reputation as a lady-like actress, by appearing in the character of a woman of fashion? Did they tell you, that the notions of Vanbrugh and Cibber respecting female grace and refinement, must have been more exquisite than those of the link-boy? They lied: (we are sorry to use such strong language in talking to a lady, but on this point it is necessary to be firm); and we repeat it—they lied. Isabella, Imogen, Juliet, Miranda, Beatrice, Viola, Desdemona, Cordelia, Ophelia, Perdita, Portia, Nerissa, Ann Page, Lady Macbeth,—why, there is not one among them but is fifty hundred thousand times more of a lady than Lady Townly is. And this is merely speaking of their outward distinctions, their mere social merits; for, if the question were about womanly merits, the comparison would lie, not between these we have named, but between Lady Townly and Doll Tearsheet; and, for our own poor parts, we think the latter far the more perfect woman of the two. Desist therefore, by all means, Miss Phillips, from this rash and iniquitous attempt. Do not make it your low ambition to excel in that vulgar thing called genteel comedy. We were sorry that you succeeded so tolerably, rejoiced whenever you clearly departed from the intention of the author, and were quite in ecstasies when we saw you that once, in contradiction to the whole spirit of the piece, you absolutely forgot that you were not a woman—but Lady Townly. Next time, if you should neglect our advice, we hope you will be much more unsuccessful.

The rest of the actors went through their parts well, with the exception of Young, whose Lord Townly was on the whole a failure. The family of the Wrongheads were extremely well represented by Farren, Harley, and Miss Love; and John Moody, in place of its old representative, Blanchard, was undertaken by Liston, who was altogether too good for his part. That most stupid of all stupid persons, Manly, received all the justice to which it was entitled from Cooper. The services of that indefatigable actor were needed towards the close of the evening, to intercede for the life of a piece which was produced for the first time, and which received a somewhat premature sentence of condemnation. His prayers were listened to; but we imagine that the piece expired the same evening, as we have not seen any bulletin of its health in the bills.

Covent Garden.

THE novelty of this Theatre has been the production of an operatic melo-drama, called 'The Ranz des Vaches, or Home, Sweet Home.' Chiefly owing to Madame Vestris, Keely, and Miss Goward, who, both in singing and acting, exerted themselves to the utmost, the piece was successful much beyond its deserts. The music is by Bishop, and, therefore, need not be criticised; the plot is from the French, and, therefore, ought not to be analysed.

English Opera House.

ONE of those 'trifles light as air,' almost without plot, character, or incident, which, on the English stage, serve only as a shoeing-horn for the stolidities of Liston; or the songs of Miss Love, drew forth in the last *swirl* at this theatre, as unequivocal expressions of mirth, as could be compatible with that polite philosophy of muscle characteristic of so well-bred an audience. The whole dramatic interest of the piece was comprised in the sad series of disgrace and mortification endured by Old Poudret (M. Perlet), a per-ruquier of *ci-devant* celebrity, at the hands of his cre-whilecustomers, and upstart rivals since that era. The whole exterior, as well as interior, arrangement of heads had been turned topsy-turvy by the Revolution. The eloquence with which the ancient *artiste en cheveux* recalls the glories of a by-gone age, must, if any thing can, excite a blush in those degenerate Frenchmen, alike regardless of historical recollections and hair-powder, of hereditary wig and wisdom. At last, however, the charms of Poudret's niece effect a union between antique and modern art, the classic majesty of the old and the romantic sagacity of the new school, the Socratic precepts of the veteran per-ruquier and the active energies of the youthful Alcibiade. 'La Parti de Chasse de Henri Quatre' affords an occasion for French patriotism to display itself in plaudits at the 'counterfeit presentment' by Perlet, of that sovereign whose undying claims on national remembrance have so happily superseded the vain glories of the 'Grand Monarque.' English eyes, however, may be excused from gazing with rapture on phizzes 'bearded like the pard,' and pates feathered like those of hearse-horses; nor must English yawns be disallowed from adding solemnity to the patriotic sayings of the virtuous Sully.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Author of 'Private Education,' 'The Poor Girl's Help,' 'Early Education,' 'The Youth's French Guide,' &c., &c., has in the press, 'Leonora, or the Presentation at Court,' being the first of a series of narratives called 'Young Ladies' Tales.'

In the press, an Essay on the Deaf and Dumb, showing the necessity of medical treatment in early infancy, with Observations on Congenital Deafness. By J. H. Curtis, Esq., Surgeon Auriat to the King.

The Poetical Sketch Book, in one volume, by T. K. Hervey, including a third edition of his celebrated poem, 'Australia,' will be published in a few days.

Schiller's William Tell, closely translated from the German, is just ready.

The Rev. Wm. Kirby, M.A., F.R., and L.S., &c., &c., has in the press Seven Sermons on the Temptation of Christ, grounded on those upon the same subject by the learned Bishop Andrews.

A small volume of Sacred Poems, by Mary Anne Browne, author of 'Mont Blanc, Ada, and other Poems,' dedicated to the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford, will be published very shortly.

A second edition of Wilmot Warwick, by his friend Henry Vernon, is announced; as is also the preparation of a new volume for the press.

Edward's Botanical Register; or, Ornamental Flower Garden and Shrubbery; continued by John Lindley, Esq., Professor of Botany to the University of London, &c. Volume one of the new series is in the press.

Just published, Gædipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, with English Notes, Questions, &c. By the Rev. J. Jones, D.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

In the press, and shortly will be published, Ein Deutsches Lesebuch; or, Lessons in German Literature; being a choice Collection of amusing and instructive Pieces, in Prose and Verse, selected from the Writings of the most celebrated German Authors, with Interlinear and other Translations. By J. Rowbotham, F.A.S.S.L.

A Novel of the 'De Vere' class will shortly, we understand, appear, entitled 'D'Erbine; or, the Cynic,' and which is likely to excite great interest in the fashionable and literary world. The scene of one of the volumes is, we are informed, entirely laid in Italy; and the vivid but natural descriptions of that beautiful and interesting country and of Italian society which it contains, combine to render it a work of unusual interest. The feelings of a misanthropist are also portrayed in that superior style of argumentative conversation which has obtained so much celebrity for the author of 'De Vere' and 'Tremaine.'

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

- Rev. W. D. Willis's Sermons for Servants, 12mo., 6s.
Rev. C. F. Watkin's Sacred Poems, 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Dr. Gervino on the Diseases of Children, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Amesbury on Fractures, 2d edition, 8vo., 1s. 6d.
Flora Medica, vol. 1, 8vo., 11. 16d.
James's Family Monitor, 12mo., 2d edition, 5s.
Barker's Discourses on Revivals in Religion, 12mo., 3s.
Thornton's Councils and Cautions for Youth, 18mo., 3s.
The Youth's Calendar, by B. H. Draper, 22mo., 1s. 6d.
Horatius, new edition, 48mo., 6s.
Browning's History of the Hugonots, 2 vols., 8vo., 11. 1s.
Bloomfield's Manual of Family Prayer, new edition, 1s. 6d.
Index to Bloomfield's Glossaries to Æschylus, 8vo., 3s.
The Groom's Oracle, by J. Hinds, 7s.
Country Attorney's Guide, 2d edition, 9s.
Schulze's William Tell, translated from the German, 1 vol. 18mo., 6s.
Lingard's History of England, 8vo., vols. 11 and 12, 11. 4s.
Hewlett's Scripture History for Youth, 2 vols. 16mo. engraving, maps, &c., 18s.
Shuttle's Flowers of Fancy, 8vo. 12s.
Dr. Andrew Thompson's Sermons, 8vo., 12s.
Scott's Discourses on Religion, 2d edition, 8vo. 12s.
The History of Initiation, by George Oliver, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Oliver's Lectures on Freemasonry, 2 vols. 8vo., 21s.
Fenelon's Pious Thoughts, 32mo., 1s.
Fenelon's Pious Reflections, 32mo., 9d.
Fenelon's Pious thoughts and Reflections, 1s. 9d.
Ecarté on the Salons at Paris, 3 vols. 8vo., 28s. 6d.
Higginbottom on the Nitrate of Silver, 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Middleton's Memoirs of the Reformers, 3 vols. 18mo., 12s.
Bloomfield's Lectures, second edition, 8vo., 10s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

March.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 16 34	30	29.57	E.	Clear.	Cumulus.
Tues. 17 33	39	29.28	W.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.
Wed. 18 35	37	29.41	S.	Ditto.	Cym.-Cirr.
Thur. 19 31	56	29.39	S.to SW.	Ditto.	Cirr.-Cum.
Frid. 20 55	49	29.43	SW high	Ditto.	Cirrostratus
Sat. 21 49	40	29.56	E.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Sun. 22 45	42	29.74	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cirr.-Cum.

Nights and mornings fair. Freezing during the night on Monday and Tuesday, and in the mornings of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Tempestuous wind early on Friday morning.

Highest temperature at noon, 58°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Apogee on the 17th.
The Moon eclipsed invisible on the 26th.
Sun entered Aries on 26th, at 9 h. 57 m. P.M.
Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 16° 18' in Pisces.
Venus's ditto ditto 15° 6' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 27° 27' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 10° 37' in Aries.
Length of day on Sunday, 12 h. 14 min. Increased, 4 h. 29 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 58" plus. Logarithmic sum. of distance, 9.99848.

This day is published, in 1 vol. 8vo., 10s. 6d. bds.,
HISTORY of RUSSIA, and of PETER THE GREAT. By GENERAL COUNT PHILIP DE SEGUIE.
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Just published, by Smith and Son, 137, New Bond-street, in royal 8vo., price 31s., dedicated, by permission, to the Right Honourable Robert Peel, Part the First, of

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ, comprising the Works of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters; with an Account of their Lives, a copious description of the principal Pictures they have produced, the prices at which they have been sold in public sales, both on the Continent and in England, and by whom engraved, with other incidental remarks. By JOHN SMITH, Dealer in Pictures, late of Great Marlborough-street.

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'The "Foreign Quarterly Review" deserves the first place in our notice, because the idea of this class of works originated with its founders. It seems to us the best edited periodical in this country; and we should think no Review, monthly, quarterly, or weekly, can exert so much labour to its conductor. The mixture of subjects is admirable. Not only is there no preference shown for one country above another, no French, Italian, German, or Spanish Ascendancy visible anywhere, but what is much more difficult, the books selected from each of those languages, are those which are best calculated to illustrate the spirit of the different nations from which they have issued. This and some other points of merit, and it is very skillfully combined with the other, less expected by a philosophical reader, but highly important with a view to the pleasure of the "general," giving us the work of the English and a pleasant interest.'—*Athenæum*, January 7.

'The opinion we highly approve, that this periodical was decidedly the best edited, and one of the best written Reviews in this country, has not been changed by a perusal of the present number.'—*Ibid*, March 4.

'We wish to point out to our readers an article in "The Foreign Quarterly Review," No. VI., on the Arts and Manufactures of France. All real lovers of information—all persons interested in the true sources of national happiness—will be obliged to us for referring them to this, the first article of the new number. The quantity of instruction to be derived from it is only to be equalled by the brevity of the article in which it is written. The characteristics of this Review are the utility of its objects, and the care and readiness with which they are followed up; every thing is weighed, balanced, and serious.'—*Speaker*, January 31.

'The articles in the present number of "The Foreign Quarterly" are, we think, well selected and written with good taste and judgment; they have a fitting and proportionate length to the subject; and in most of them that learning is displayed which is the only true one, i.e. an accurate information of the matter of which they treat.'—*Ibid*. 'The fact is, we can recommend every article in this number. If the Editor brings out many such numbers, his Journal will vindicate to itself a very eminent rank among European literary journals.'—*Edinburgh Evening Post*, February 7.

'If the attributes of utility be the standard by which we ought to decide the merit of a work of this nature, it will not admit of a moment's question that the present number of the "Foreign Quarterly Review" is the best which has yet appeared. A majority of its articles are written on subjects of great practical utility; and, in almost every instance, the writer displays an intimate acquaintance with all the details of his subject, and discusses it in a masterly manner.'—*Edinburgh Evening Post*, Feb. 20.

'The present number of this most promising Patagonian Periodical is the most useful number we have yet seen.'—*Sun*, Feb. 2.

'The opinion which has been already formed of this work, the present specimen is calculated not only to sustain, but to elevate. It is a pleasing peculiarity in it, that, while it is distinguished by the possession of one or two great and prevailing characteristics, every number that has yet appeared is remarkable for a distinctive tone and prominent features, that greatly enliven and increase the value of the whole. The present one may, *par excellence*, be named the number of utility and facts.'—*Glasgow Free Press*, Feb. 11.

No. VII. will appear early in next Month.
Published by Treuttel and Wurtz, Treuttel Jun., and Richter, Foreign Booksellers to the King, 30, Soho-square.

London: Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning, by WILLIAM LEWIS, at the Office, No. 4, Wellington-street, Strand.

FRENCH CHARACTERS.

By A FRENCHMAN.

No. I.—THE JOURNALIST.

THE features of the Journalist are as characteristic and peculiar as those which make up the physiognomy of the painter, the poet, or the musician. In the estimation, perhaps, of a majority of his readers, and certainly in his own, he is a more remarkable individual than any of these. He is the oracle of taste, the arbiter of fashions, the expresser of the wants of his country, the redresser of the wrongs of the administration, the dispenser of every kind of reputation; in fact, to use his own magnificent phraseology, a phraseology ratified by the trembling verdict of his ultra enemies, he is *unus pro omnibus*. It would be a deviation from all the ordinary laws of nature, if authority so extensive, an eminence so indisputable, were held without its appropriate incumbrances; and it would be strange, indeed, if the Journalist, who is brought into conflict with all the prejudices, passions, and *amours propres* of his age, were not able to make out a catalogue of miseries as ample and as heart-rending as any other of the unfortunate beings who possess greatness and pay the tax for it.

There is, in the first place, that which comes daily upon him, the duty of filling his columns. Is this a light thing in the eyes of those who find it an easy matter to devour a whole newspaper in the privacy of their tea and toast? Oh! let them reflect for a moment upon the agony which that newspaper may have cost its producer! Think of the importunate cravings which are ascending into his ear from the journal of tomorrow, before its insatiable predecessor of today is half satisfied! Think of the melancholy intelligence brought to him just at the moment that his mistress or his dinner is expecting him—that three columns are still wanting! Think of the wilderness of the disappointed man, as he sits down to compose; amidst *Minerva*, a panegyric upon some leader of opposition, or a denunciation of the Jesuits! Think of the rage with which, at the end of half an hour, he tosses aside the abortive article, and steals the requisite supply from the store that was treasured up for the use of the following day; the necessities of which he will in vain seek to satisfy by drawing a similar accommodation-bill upon the next! And think of all his continued day after day—no moment of cessation, no possible hope that the paper will at last shake into the habit of editing itself—nothing but a dull, monotonous, interminable prospect of tasks, eternally filled and eternally re-appearing; destiny of which that of the Danaides presented feeble and inadequate type!

But is there no bright haven in the distance which, though but dimly seen through the long and gloomy vista, yet reveals itself ever and anon in the eye of the Journalist, and assures him that his hope which comes to all is not yet denied to him? May he not hope, after a probation of some long twenty years, at last to repose in the easy-chair of the Academy, or the pillow of popular immortality? No! the doors of the Academy are shut, and but once have they opened to receive a Journalist into the Council of Forty. But perhaps is immortality which has rewarded Moliere and even for their exclusion from this worshipping assembly may be destined as a consolation to him. No! there is no immortality for him: for twenty-

four hours his insect thoughts live, flatter, and are observed; the next day comes, and they are gone; the paper, with its wit, its wisdom, its angry denunciations and quick replies, has vanished out of the recollections of men. The milliner sends home a hat for his wife, with a dozen pins penetrating his last best *bon mot*; and his first-born (what double anguish to the feelings of a father!) presents him with a peppermint lozenge, cleaving to the fragment of a leading article!

Then there is the horrible fatality which compels him always to write on some theme which is at variance with the feelings of the moment. Is he in remarkably good humour with mankind? He has to describe some horrible catastrophe or to comment on some deep atrocity. Has a beloved wife just presented him with a pledge of their affection? He must draw up a necrological notice. Has he been ordered a course of diet by his physician? The fumes of an electoral feast shed their fragrance over his composition. Is he labouring under a terrible fit of spleen? He must narrate some burlesque exploit with a smile, much like that which, according to Horace, moved the lips of Ixion in sympathy with the lyre of Mercury.

When at last the cruel requisitions of the desk are satisfied, the Journalist sallies forth into the air of heaven. All nature is lying in deep quiet beauty around him,—but what is nature to the Journalist? A long leading article. All the rich expanse of cloudland, with its magical hues, presents to his eye so many varieties of type: the scent of violets which is weighing down the air, reminds him of the steam from hot-pressed paper; the smoke is the only thing that brings real delight with it; for it rises in columns. The sensations with which the fresh air fills him, burn to be expanded into an article; the value of the deeper feelings with which the sight of nature fills him, is determined by the quantity of letter-press which they will occupy. In short, a savour of *periodicity* there is about the man. But then behold him among his fellow-men. What lively sympathy does he display in all that concerns humanity! With what rapture that broken leg has inspired him! A duel? How delicious! A real positive murder! He will die himself of ecstasy before he can carry home to the printing-office the harvest of pathos which he has gathered for the food of his sentimental subscribers.

In societies of every description, the Journalist is at home. They are a moving panorama, in which he observes all the manners, the little-nesses, and the conceits of his age. What a feast for a man of observation! How delightful to pin down in his cabinet of curiosities so many rare specimens of grotesqueness and absurdity! But a cruel thought interrupts these reflections. His most admirable parodies—his best caricatures, will be looked at by the subjects of them—and not recognised! nay, perhaps some person of the old regime will shake his venerable side over a portrait of himself, drawn to the very life, or some young coxcomb against whom he has conceived a particular spite, will be the first to draw the attention of the public to a sketch meant for him, but which will thenceforth pass for a mere fancy-piece.

Great is the authority of the Journalist in all matters pertaining to the drama. To him, therefore, the green-rooms respectfully open their doors; and, shortly after the appearance in his

papers of some malicious epigrams against some male or female performer, he makes use of his privilege. Straightway there is a universal charge of 'opening his columns to the shafts of jealousy'—of having admitted the one charge, that every one knew to be false, against the individual in question, or having betrayed the grossest ignorance of all the rules of the drama. Soon, however, the scene changes; and the actor, reflecting rather on the possibility of his turning his powers to right account in the future, than of his having misused them in the past,—becomes at once the most perfect of courtiers,—Orestes forgets his madness, and adopts a conciliatory tone,—Agamemnon is to the last degree submissive,—Egistheus lays aside his poniard, and offers his snuff-box,—and the Furies put on the most bewitching air in the world. To all such blandishments, however, the inexorable Journalist must be deaf. He receives his wages from the public; and, if he is induced by the most tempting bribes to flatter any tastes or prejudices but his own, he is cast off as an unprofitable servant.

Next to a Minister of State, the most extensive correspondent in the world is 'The Journalist.' Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, all contribute to fill his desk. The amusement of these communications, however, is alloyed with a sad leaven of stupidity and bad penmanship; not so his personal interviews! There is, indeed, a rich harvest of entertainment and human experience. Listen in all its grandeur—variety in all its richness—charlatanism in all its infinity. Now a deputy or peer of France coming to entreat for the insertion of a speech, (the manuscript of which, with its thousand interlineations and *varies lectiones*, he therewith presents to the Editor,) which he had improvised at the tribune; now a philanthropist revealing in confidence to the Journalist, whom he conjures not to communicate the fact to the public, that he was the author of that act of anonymous benevolence which had excited so much admiration, and the merit of which had been erroneously assigned elsewhere; a publicist with an article upon some recent brochure, written with the most paternal feeling, and a recently damned playwright, who wishes the public to understand that the furies, which ignorant people had imagined predominant, were really drowned in a tumult of applause.

Then in the anti-chamber is the crowd* of artificers, candidates for the honours of publicity. The tailor holding up his new Quiroga—the hatter with a choice specimen of *sans moullets*—the culinary artist with a tempting novelty in truffles. Nor is art in its more ambitious forms less subservient to him. The designer has struck off a likeness, which, as it suppresses all those peculiarities of form and feature that establish a distinction between the Journalist and the Apollo, can scarcely fail, if there is gratitude in man, to secure him a column of patronage. A pupil of Michalon is there, and the hair of the man of letters expands into rich profusion of glossy curls; an *artiste pedicure* appears, and the firm step of the Journalist is no longer impeded by the presence of corns or chilblains. Even the animal magnetist forms a party of the levee—eager to overcome the great man's scepticism, and promising by his incantations to compose him

* This peculiarity is owing, we presume, to the majority of the French papers appearing without advertisements.—Ed.

into a slumber, as sweet and sound as ever overtook his readers under the lulling influence of his own columns.

And now, to quit this laughing vein, and at once to speak of the Journalist in the character in which he delights to speak of himself. In other respects, he may be a very vulgar person; but, when he assumes the office of interpreter of national feelings and advocate of national rights, his office is converted into a high and honourable priesthood. Few persons in the state have an opportunity of displaying so many high public virtues; upon none certainly does a more terrible responsibility rest. Ill enough, alas! have the duties which his situation enjoins upon the French Journalist been too often performed. In the times of the Revolution he was at once the fiercest counsellor, and the most active agent, of popular fury:—when the public were mad for blood, singling out the victims—when they were satiated, plying them with stimulants. But the ferocity of 'l'ami de peuple' was not wonderful in the days of Marat, and Robespierre, and Collot d'Herbois. It would have been strange if at such a period, when justice and humanity could find no sanctuary anywhere, they had found one in the journals.

Under the Empire, journalism was an apostleship without a commission—a mere vent for disgusting panegyrics upon the tyrant, and impudent lies about the *grande armée*—a vocation without virtue, without respectability, without decency.

The era of a representative government is the age of gold to the Journalist. Since its establishment, he has become the confident of the people in all its most intimate feelings, the echo of the national conscience, the sentinel of public liberty, whose duty is to cry *qui vive?* to all the abuses, all the usurpations of power. It is owing to this augmentation, at once, of the power and the dignity of the Journalist, that some of the greatest men in France, without derogating from their rank, without degrading themselves in the eyes of the most scrupulous, have been able to appear as writers in the public journals. Such are the Chateaubriands, the Daunous, the Keratrys, the Benjamin Constant, indefatigable warriors in the good cause: whose pens have been almost as useful in defending our youthful institutions against the assaults of feudalism and jesuitism, as the bayonets of our brave soldiers, after the Duke of Brunswick's manifestos, were in repelling the legions of European tyrants who had conspired against our infant liberty.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Menageries: Quadrupeds described and drawn from living Subjects. Being Vol. I., Part I., of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 12mo., pp. 432, with numerous Woodcuts. Knight. London, 1829.

This is the first of the series of works promised by the Useful Knowledge Society, to have been ready last November, and to have been published by Murray; but the delay always incident to the movements of a committee, has enabled Mr. Murray, (with whom, it would appear, a final arrangement for the publication could not be effected,) to get up a rival series of works as soon as the Society. We are not displeased at this circumstance; for the rivalry will probably produce works of greater merit on both sides, than might have appeared if the field had been under the exclusive cultivation of one of the parties. Whether this has had any influence upon the work before us we cannot undertake to say; but it has evidently been done with great care, being accurate in detail, replete with varied and frequently recondite and original anecdote and illustration, and composed in a style every where popular and frequently polished and eloquent. It is not to be concealed that the reputation of the weekly treatises of the Society has been losing ground, in consequence of want of skill in the selection of

subjects, and, in several instances, in deficiency of execution; but this loss of character is likely, we think, to be triumphantly retrieved by 'The Menageries,' which is as different from the common books on natural history, as the interesting treatise of the Society on animal mechanics is from the common books on anatomy and physiology.

The work has, in fact, been composed in the spirit so well described by St. Pierre in his '*Memoire Sur la Menagerie*,' when contrasting the actual study of nature with the perusal of books, or the examination of Museum specimens:

'Those,' he remarks, 'who have studied nature only in books can see only their books in nature; they look upon the natural world only to find therein the names and characters of their systems. If they are botanists, they are satisfied to have discovered a plant of which some author has spoken; and, having assigned it to the class and the order which he has pointed out, they gather it, and spreading it between two sheets of grey paper, they sit down content with their knowledge and their researches. They do not form a herbal to study nature, but they study nature to form a herbal. It is in the same way that they make collections of animals that they may learn their genera and their species, and treasure up their names. But can he be a lover of nature who thus studies her wonderful works? How great a difference is there between a dead vegetable, dry, faded, discoloured, whose stems, and leaves, and flowers are crumbling to powder, and a living vegetable, full of sap, which buds, flowers, gives forth perfumes, fructifies, and sows itself again, maintains a universal harmony with the elements, with insects, with birds, with quadrupeds, and, combining with a thousand other vegetables, crowns our hills, and adorns our river banks! Can we recognise,' he goes on to ask, 'the verdure and the flowers of a meadow in a hay-stack? or the majesty of the trees of a forest in a bundle of faggots? The animal loses by death even more of its characteristics than the vegetable; for the animal has received a more vigorous portion of life. Its principal qualities vanish; its eyes are shut, its pupils are dim, its limbs are stiff; it is without warmth, without motion, without feeling, without voice, without instinct. What a difference between the animal that enjoys the light, distinguishes objects, moves towards them, calls the female, couples, makes its nest or lair, brings up its young, defends them from their enemies, congregates with its kind, and gives music to our meadows! Do you recognise the lark, gay as the breath of morning, who "at heaven's gate sings," when he is suspended from the beak upon a bit of packthread; or the bleating sheep and the labouring ox in the well-dressed limbs of a butcher's shop? The best prepared animal only offers a stuffed skin and a skeleton. The life is wanting, by which he was classed in the animal kingdom. The stuffed wolf may preserve his teeth, but the peculiar instinct which determined his ferocious character is gone, and he then scarcely differs from the friendly dog.'

We were much pleased with the following just and pertinent remarks upon the means of awakening interest, which occur in the Introduction:

'The first step in the successful communication of any branch of knowledge is to awaken the attention of the mind to the object, or assemblage of objects, to which that branch of knowledge applies. Without a habit of attention to the things around them, men walk about in the world with their eyes half-shut; for they are insensible to all but the commonest external appearances, and have no perception of the minuter peculiarities, which distinguish one class of objects from another, of the beauties of their structure, or of the harmonies of their arrangement. Take an example; engaged as we are in the ordinary pursuits of life, in our business, and in our pleasures, it is but rarely that we bestow attention upon those most stupendous works of a ruling Providence, the sun, the planets, the myriads of stars, of which it might be thought that the bare contemplation would awaken in us a feeling of unbounded wonder and admiration. It is only when some singular appearance of those vast and glorious bodies presents itself, when we behold an eclipse or a comet, that the greater number of us have our attention excited to the objects with which the science of Astronomy is conversant. It is at such moments that the accidental awakening of our attention should be seized upon by us, to acquire the particular knowledge relating to the circumstance by which the spirit of inquiry was roused; for we may reasonably entertain a conviction, that if we refer to some intelligent instructor, or seek for an ex-

planation in some proper book, we shall not only satisfy ourselves upon the point in doubt, but be led forward to feel an interest in many other details which would lay the foundation of a scientific knowledge of the laws which govern the heavenly bodies. This would be to acquire the habit of bestowing attention upon a subject which we had previously disregarded; and we should find this habit a source of infinite amusement and instruction, not confined, as we might have thought, to those who survey the heavens from splendid observatories, and with the help of the most perfect glasses, but equally capable of affording delight, and being of use, to the way-faring man, who plods onward to his home, and to the labourer, who rises to his work before the morning star has disappeared. There will be delight wherever there is this habit of observation. But the habit will not come, if we do not cultivate the spirit of inquiry.

'It is precisely in the same way that a naturalist, by constantly observing the peculiarities of animal life, acquires the readiest perception of the differences in the structure and habits of the great variety of living beings; and he perceives in each of them qualities which a less practised observer would entirely overlook.'—P. 5.

In some instances animals seem to depend in a great measure upon man; yet, on considering the relative situations of both, they will be found, with few exceptions, existing independent of him, and that he is more indebted to them for their services than they are to him for his protection and support. The chief objects for which we require the aid of animals are, for food, clothing, vigilance, and strength. Though the two former are highly essential to our comforts, they are not indispensable; the vegetable world supplies them in abundance, and the companionable qualities, watchfulness and swiftness, of the dog might be dispensed with. It is the strength of animals that makes us sensible of our own weakness. By their power we build our dwellings, effect an intercourse with distant places, obtain much of our food, and the fuel of our hearths. A state of civilisation requires, as an indispensable requisite, these things and others, rendering most manifest our obligations to the animal world. Animals were created before man; but some of them were apparently endowed with their useful and valuable properties for his comfort and assistance. He gives them food and shelter in payment of service, attending them with diligence and care; yet the well-being of the creature, had it continued wild, would not have required it; indeed, most of them live longer and have more enjoyment in a wild and unrestrained state than when they are domesticated. By art and for profit, he has, in many instances, altered the very nature of the animals which he has subdued and tamed. The following curious instances, illustrative of this, are given in the work before us:

'All associations between animals of opposite natures are exceedingly interesting; and those who train animals for public exhibition know how attractive are such displays of the power of discipline over the strength of instinct. These extraordinary arrangements are sometimes the effect of accident, and sometimes of the greater force of one instinct over the lesser force of another. A rat-catcher, having caught a brood of young rats alive, gave them to his cat, who had just had her kittens taken from her to be drowned. A few days afterwards, he was surprised to find the rats in the place of the drowned kittens, being suckled by their natural enemy. The cat had a hatred to rats, but she spared these young rats to afford her the relief which she required as a mother. The rat-catcher exhibited the cat and her nurslings to considerable advantage. A somewhat similar exhibition exists at present at Broderip. There is a little menagerie in London where such odd associations may be witnessed upon a more extensive scale, and more systematically conducted than in any other collection of animals with which we are acquainted. Upon the Surrey side of Waterloo-bridge; or, sometimes, though not so often, on the same side of Southwark-bridge, may be daily seen a cage about five feet square, containing the quadrupeds and birds which are represented in the annexed cut. The keeper of this collection, John Austin, states, that he has employed seventeen years in this business of training creatures of opposite natures to live together in content and affection; and those years have not

been profitably employed? It is not too much to believe that many a person who has given his halfpenny to look upon this show may have had his mind awakened to the extraordinary effects of habit and of gentle discipline, when he has thus seen the cat, the rat, the mouse, the hawk, the rabbit, the guinea-pig, the owl, the pigeon, the starling, and the sparrow, each enjoying, as far as can be enjoyed in confinement, its respective modes of life in the company of others—the weak without fear, the strong without the desire to injure. It is impossible to imagine any prettier exhibition of kindness than is here shown. The rabbit and the pigeon playfully contending for a lock of hay to make up their nests; the sparrow sometimes perched on the head of the cat, and sometimes on that of the owl, each its natural enemy; and the mice playing about with perfect indifference to the presence of the cat, or hawk, or owl. The modes by which this man has effected this are, first, by keeping all the creatures well fed; and, secondly, by accustoming one species to the society of the other, at a very early period of their lives. The ferocious instincts of those who prey on the weaker are never called into action; their nature is subdued to a systematic gentleness; the circumstances by which they are surrounded are favourable to the cultivation of their kindlier dispositions; all their desires and pleasures are bounded by their little cage; and, though the old cat sometimes takes a stately walk on the parapet of the bridge, he duly returns to his companions, with whom he has so long been happy, without at all thinking that he was born to devour any of them.”—P. 20.

The inference which is drawn from this appears to us to be no less just and beautiful than it is profound.

“This is an example, and a powerful one, of what may be accomplished by a proper education, which rightly estimates the force of habit, and confirms, by judicious management, that habit which is most desirable to be made a rule of conduct. The principle is the same, whether it be applied to children or to brutes.”—P. 20.

Instead of commencing with the lion, as is usual in popular works on natural history, or with the ape and monkeys, as Linnaeus does, the work before us begins with the dog, from the consideration, we suppose, that this animal seems designed by its natural habits to be peculiarly the servant and dependant of man, to be fed with him, housed and caressed, and receiving more of his care than any other animal which falls under his dominion.

“He associates with him in his pleasures, is identified with and enjoys them with his master; living with him, he acquires the high bearing and freedom of his lord; feels he is the companion and the friend; reports himself as a partaker of the importance and superiority, we might almost say, of the sorrows and pleasures, of the man; is elated with praise, and abased by rebuke; submissive when corrected, and grateful when caressed. His anxiety and tremor when he has lost his master, and with himself, is pitiable; when deserted by his lord, he becomes the most forlorn of animals, a never-failing victim to misery, famine, disease, and death. His ardour may excite him at times, until overpowered by fatigue; but he is not stimulated by pain, or menaced to attempts beyond his natural powers. View him in all his progress, his life will be found to be an easy, and frequently an enjoyable one; and, though not exempt from the afflictions of age, yet his death, if anticipated, becomes a momentary evil. When in a native state, he is a wretched creature, a common beast of the wild, with no innate magnanimity, no acquired virtues; has no elevation, no character to maintain, but passes his days in contention and want; is base in disposition, mean in body, a fugitive, and a coward.”

Amongst the numerous original anecdotes of the dog introduced, we were particularly struck with the following:

“All dogs can swim, although some dislike the water, and take to it with difficulty at the bidding of their masters. The bull-dog would appear the least likely to combat with a heavy sea, as the Newfoundland dogs often do; and yet the following circumstance is well authenticated:—On board a ship, which struck upon a rock near the shore during a gale, there were three dogs, two of the Newfoundland variety, and an English bull-dog, rather small in growth, but very firmly built and strong. It was important to have a rope carried ashore, and, as no boat could live for an instant in the breakers towards the land, it was thought that one of

the Newfoundland dogs might succeed; but he was not able to struggle with the waves, and perished. The other Newfoundland dog, upon being thrown overboard, shared a similar fate; but the bull-dog, though not habilitated to the water, swam triumphantly to land, and thus saved the lives of the persons on board. Among them was his master, a military officer, who still has the dog in his possession.”—P. 48.

The work abounds with anecdotes of similar interest respecting dogs, wolves, foxes, jackals, hyenas, lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, and cats; from which, if we could spare room, we should be glad to enrich our pages, but must content ourselves, for the present, with the following:

“Mr. Southey, in his ‘Omniana,’ relates two instances of dogs who had acquired such a knowledge of time as would enable them to count the days of the week. He says, ‘My grandfather had one which trudged two miles every Saturday to cater for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well-authenticated example. A dog, which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food upon Friday. The same faculty of recollecting intervals of time exists, though in a more limited extent, in the horse. We knew a horse, (and have witnessed the circumstance,) which, being accustomed to be employed once a week on a journey with the newsmen of a provincial paper, always stopped at the houses of the several customers, although sixty or seventy in number. But farther, there were two persons on the route who took one paper between them, and each claimed the privilege of having it first on the alternate Sunday. The horse soon became accustomed to this regulation; and, although the parties lived two miles distant, he stopped once a fortnight at the door of the half-customer at Thorpe, and once a fortnight at that of the other half-customer at Chertsey; and never did he forget this arrangement, which lasted several years, or stop unnecessarily, when he once thoroughly understood the rule.’”—P. 56.

This anecdote suggests the remark which must, we think, strike every reader who peruses it,—that the use of the plural pronoun *we* appears not a little incongruous, inasmuch as the fact could not well have fallen under the cognizance of the whole Society, and not even of one of their committees. The case is very different from that of reviewing, in which it is usual to employ the first person plural; for here is a fact coming, there can be little doubt, from an individual, for the authenticity of which the Society thus becomes pledged; and this instance is by no means a solitary one. Should any of these facts be subsequently disproved, it would place the Society in a very awkward predicament. The same principle of making the Society appear as the authors of all the books published under their sanction, imposes an injurious restraint in the detail of facts or the expression of opinion, so very obvious in all their publications, that it completely dissolves the fiction of their being the joint productions of the members, which is indeed impossible. It would be a decided improvement, we think, to write these works in the first person singular, and publish them either with or without the names of the respective authors,—still under the sanction of the Society, though not in the present fictitious form, which can impose upon nobody of the least penetration.

We cannot conclude our review without taking notice of the very superior execution of the cuts. The figures of the animals purport to be portraits; and, as we have seen almost all of the individuals from which they have been taken, we can attest their admirable fidelity. Accuracy has been studied more than picturesque effect, but even in this respect they are very superior.

THE UNKNOWN.

The Unknown. 2 vols., 12mo. Paris, 1829.*

ONE should have loved, have fought for liberty, and suffered in its cause, have been cast by political storms upon a foreign land, have endured evil, have lived in destitution and misery, in order thoroughly to understand the book that we have just closed, and sympathise in its sad and mono-

* By a French Correspondent.

tonous lamentations. Here is no intrigue—few if any great events to affect the mind or strike the imagination. Only four actors appear upon the scene, which is a faithful history of the impressions of a whole life: and these are, a young female, loving as she is beautiful; an old emigrant, the courageous defender of a tottering throne; an Italian, a furious demagogue and an implacable foe to all mankind; and, last of all, a young man, enthusiastic and virtuous, whom the excesses of the *ancien régime* have thrown into the ranks of freedom, who fights for the cause of the people, and whom anarchy deprives of an idealised mistress. The last of these pours into the bosom of a village pastor the troubles that have shortened his life, and begs a priest, the minister of the God of mercies, to apply the balm of consolation to his wounds. He does not say where was his country; but it was France. He does not mention his name; but an illustrious family prided itself in him as its only hope. In the hour of his birth, he lost his mother; and scarcely had he verged on adolescence, when his father was taken from him. A revolution—he does not say which—but it was that in which the ancient race of the Capets was dethroned—the French Revolution—had just dawned upon the world. Europe was divided into two grand parties: on one hand, the admirers of authority, of blind faith—of that which is; on the other, the advocates of reason, of investigation—of that which is intrinsically best. With these, were necessarily associated liberty, the love of knowledge, the desire of the perfectionment of their species; with those, passive obedience, dread of innovations, and fixed notions. The choice of the Unknown—for this is our hero's adopted name—was not wavering; he had received his first principles through prejudice, the rest from reason: and thenceforth he embraced the cause of liberty with as much ardour as he had formerly shown for its rival.

“Courage,” says he, “is required to resist force, and it is often required not to resist conviction. Some strength of mind was perhaps necessary thus to contradict opinions so recent, and openly declare my change of creed.” In vain did I repeat to the members of the party which I had abandoned, that they could not tax with levity and feebleness of reason a young man for throwing up a cause to which his birth only had attached him, who had till then done nothing but draw just consequences from an erroneous principle received in prejudice, and who now, after having, by the force of his understanding, analysed the principle and conquered the prejudice, had reared a fresh superstructure on the basis of evidence. All was useless; the spirit of party had condemned me without a hearing. Who does not know the fierce resentment with which the aristocracy and squirearchy punish those of their members who disown their colours? They see cowardice in all desertion; and the decrees of a fantastical honour, of which they preserve the code, smite with their anathemas every deserter of opinions imposed, as they say, by birth.

The Unknown resolved to answer his adversaries: to enlighten men, to achieve the rank which he thought he merited in public opinion, the necessity of occupying his activity, and of pouring out his heart—such were the motives which made him take the pen. Like all our young writers entered yesterday on their career, the Unknown did not want for ideas; his thought, long turned back upon itself, had accumulated them in his head; but also, like all who are composing their first work, abundant as were the ideas, it was requisite to clothe them with words, and the labour of expression he found supremely difficult. At length he finished, and published a work which betrayed the apostle of toleration and equality. Royalty and aristocracy were still ascendant; he was imprisoned, which increased his hatred of absolute power, and made his love of liberty more ardent.

One day, when his captivity was ended, chance guided his wandering course across the fields. He came to a chateau in ruins: ‘A pile of clouds in the west veiled the last rays of the twilight: an impetuous wind rang through the pinnacles of the

towers, in long-continued whistlings; and the funeral cry of the screech-owl appeared to redouble its sadness. It seemed to the Unknown that he was about to discover some mystery of horror: his whole frame shuddered; when an unexpected voice shouted in his ear, 'Death or liberty!' He turned round, and, by the light of a sepulchral lamp, recognised the altered features of a friend, a man whose history, wrapped in darkness, was unknown to him, but whom he well knew that acts of signal injustices had made sick of the society of man. This was the Italian. The Unknown threw himself into his arms, and pronounced his name with a cry of joy. 'Silence,' replied the former, in a low but emphatic tone, 'silence disturbs no mysteries.' He then drew him into the ruins; and the Unknown was quickly initiated in the secrets of one of those societies which were at that time conspiring for the overthrow of tyranny.

'How unjust is the pretence of those who favour the existing order of things, to impute it for crime and cowardice in the friends of liberty, to labour in the shades of secrecy! They seem to say to them: "Dare to attack us openly, and measure your strength with us. You dare not do it: then you are the feeble: then you are in the wrong." What a conclusion! Though the side of truth be the weaker, must it therefore be less the side of justice?'

'For the rest, it were a very gratuitous concession to grant that the side of liberty, of justice, and of truth, can ever be in the minority. The immense majority of the nations that still groan under unjust fetters, is composed of men who, though not in a situation to know where freedom and justice may be found and how attained, nevertheless long after them with all their powers, and long implicitly for whatever may lead to and preserve them. Few men possess the lights necessary to arrive with certainty at these results; and, if any one has a right to govern, to guide the people, that right resides in themselves.'

The assembly into which the Unknown was received, was the centre of a vast association, the branches of which spread themselves on every side. The Italian exercised great influence in it. His rude and fitful eloquence acted strongly on the mind. With a severe and unrelenting character, a persevering will, a powerfully organised head, he ruled supremely over all about him. The number of adherents increased daily. Long had the tempest growled in secret: it burst forth. 'We were not,' says the Unknown, 'the authors of the explosion; but the heralds who gave the signal for the encounter. The avalanche was prepared: the least shock was sufficient to set it in motion. This impulse was given, and power was suddenly extinguished. Liberty and truth arose, strong as evidence and simple as a great man.'

A legislative assembly was convoked, of which the Unknown and his friend formed a part. This was the Constituent. There is a pleasure so intoxicating in opposition, when, strong in public opinion and elated by the favour which surrounds the brave and the oppressed, it arises to put down tyranny and arbitrary rule, to vindicate justice and truth, that the Unknown could not escape from its captivating lures. He helped to burst the chains of the people, and purge the abuses of feudalism. But his enthusiasm had a bound: his thirst of public good was quenched. The old oppressors had resorted to oppression, because it was attempted to prevent them from oppressing. The people, enraged by their resistance, loaded them with the whole weight of their resentments. A second assembly, the Legislative, succeeded to the former. The ambitious and fanatical urged on the multitude in the career of crime; and, while the Unknown, like all generous souls, ever on the side of the people, forgetting the errors of the great stricken ones, undertook their defence, the multitude, misled by the Italian and demons of his class, included the victims and their champion in one common curse. The Unknown would have made an appeal to humanity, but in vain; the language of justice and of reason was ignored. Then, disenchanted from a liberty which took the form of licentiousness, his

soul full of bitterness, he withdrew himself from an ungrateful country, who proscribed the defenders of her cause.

He landed on the shores of a great empire, which he does not name; but it was the United States. 'Several men assisted to unload the vessel. One, already bowed with age, bent beneath an enormous burden: he staggered. Why did he start and turn his head? Why was fear depicted in his ebony-hued visage? Behind him went a man of a stupid and hard-hearted look, who, with a threatening gesture, said to him, "Get on, slave!"' The Unknown came seeking freedom, but he found slavery. 'Great God!' he exclaims, 'have I then crossed the sea to witness in this place the last degree of human degradation,—to hear the execrable word which no one even of our tyrants would dare to utter?' He fled: his last illusions were destroyed. His progress was without aim, for no where did a friend await him; without curiosity, for no one was with him to participate in his sensations. He came to a country entirely new, in the midst of a people of an unknown tongue. His last resources he applied to the purchase of a boat, a sail, and oars. He was on the verge of famine. He turned waterman, and became the companion of men gross and ignorant. Their tranquillity, which he could not share—their sleep, which he did not enjoy—their life, confined to the positive limits of the present, moved his envy. He had made trial of the world, and found not a single friend in it; glory, and remained obscure; liberty, and anarchy was triumphant. In his hate of civilization, which had wrought him only evil, he doomed himself to exile in the midst of a semi-barbarous tribe. 'No more dreaming,' he exclaimed: 'the time for waking up is come. No more of the ideal: henceforth I give myself to the positive of existence.' And, in order to break with this world, in which all his hopes had been deceived, he determined on establishing with those who surrounded him a community of existence: he resolved on a family, and chose a wife.

The marriage was fixed for the eighth day. Behold him applauding himself for having bound himself by a great resolution, flattering himself that he should meet, in domesticity and the society of a virtuous woman, with the happiness for which nature created man. 'Love! Ah! without doubt,' said he to himself, 'when all other faiths fail or are extinguished in the clouded breast, the faith of love may survive alone, and save us from despair. Doubtless, that, which is the immense source of human life, can resuscitate all our vanished illusions. Glory herself, that evanescent chimera, may present new charms, in the features of a beloved woman, with a crown in her hand.' Yes! these reflections are just; but to realise them one must love, which the Unknown did not. 'Doubtless, the man who has never looked beyond brute nature may burn for an associate, whom she has made like to himself. Is not the bear, in his den, made rampant with desire by the uncouth attractions of his ugly mate? But he, in whom education has developed the understanding, purified the taste, roused the imagination—such a one requires in love a companion, whose nature is equally modified by education, to whom he may alike owe the purest delights of the soul and the liveliest of the sense,—who, clothing herself with seducements, fascinations, and illusions even, to satisfy the possibly chimerical wants of the imagination, may convert to his happiness all that factitious supplement of existence which without her would remain a supplement of pain, may fill the immense void of his desires, respond to his every thought, enchant his every power, and, in a word, compose the half of his whole being.' These conditions, so necessary to the existence of true love, the Unknown was far from finding in his affianced bride. Sometimes he endeavoured to make her understand the language of reason and delicate sentiment. The stupid gaze of her big eyes, the besotted expression of her bloated fea-

tures, soon made the weary part he had undertaken insupportable. He was seized with an invincible repugnance to the ties he was about to form, and reflected with disgust on the creature who was to be his wife. Instead of love, he felt a pure hatred for her. A union so ill-assorted, and formed under such auspices, appeared to him a hell on earth: he would have preferred death; and, resolving to recede from his engagement, on the eve of his intended marriage, he stealthily quitted the wild region to which he came for an asylum and a wife.

He became the subject of despair; and death was about to end his existence, when chance brought him into precincts inhabited by an angel of virtue and of beauty. The father of this interesting creature had been the friend of the father of the Unknown. The troubles of France had driven him from his native soil. But he left his sovereign behind: he had just learned that perils of every kind threatened the royal head: he determined to lend him the support of his arm. But he wanted a protector for his daughter, and he made choice of the Unknown. He disclosed to him his plans: the Unknown wished to participate in the dangers of them. But their motives were different: neither of them sought to stem the torrent of the Revolution; the old man wished to prevent the assassination of his King, the young one to gain the heart of Zelia.

They all three set out, and arrived in the 'great city,' by which Paris is intended. The night before, the head of the monarch had fallen beneath the revolutionary axe. The man whom the Unknown had formerly called his friend had been one of the most furious abettors of this atrocity. Ever faithful to his barbarous system, he fomented every outbreak of fury, was associated in every bloody measure, and claimed his part in every crime. The Unknown had avoided seeing him, when, one day crossing one of those vast and sumptuous squares which the reign of terror had almost transformed into deserts, a man passed near, who cast on the Unknown and on Zelia a dreadful look. This was the Italian: sentence of death had just been pronounced on the old man and his daughter. They determined to fly that bloody city: they had no time to spare. On the morrow, the Unknown went out early to finish the preparations for their departure. In returning, he perceived a placard on a pillar, which appeared to have attracted the curiosity of the crowd. Involuntarily he drew near. Among many unknown names, those of Zelia and her father caught his eye. It was a proscription list. Struck with dismay, his first impulse was to fly to them; but, yielding to a confused reflection, he ran to the residence of his former colleague.

"Hullo, there," said he, "what want you?" "I described to him, with the accent and disorder of despair, my love for Zelia. I told him the news I had read. I reminded him of our former friendship, and implored his all-powerful protection for my beloved. While speaking, I had seized his hand, which remained motionless, while mine were trembling with agitation. A hideous sneer succeeded to a hideous smile.

"Thou art truly incorrigible," said he; "wilt thou eternally believe in friendship, in pity, in humanity, and in all these fooleries? The wretches! It was through them that I ceased to be a man, and they want me to be humane! At length thou rememberest me, dost thou? I'll tell you what you are. When happy, you forget—what do I say?—you disown those whom you used to honour with the name of friend, and run to them as soon as you need their assistance. But I have not forgotten thee! Ah! thou comest to call up our former friendship! Dost thou not remember that I told thee once it was founded on our common misfortunes—that, if ever thou shouldst be fortunate, thou wouldst become to me the most abhorred of mortals? And this Zelia, whose love proves thy happiness, for whom thou dardest to implore me, art thou aware that I knew her long before thee? It was to her that, five years ago, in my country, still a stranger to myself, I ventured to address a word of love; it was she whose horror and disdain revealed to me all the atrociousness of my fate; it was she who inspired me with the first

thought of the design which I am now accomplishing. She and thyself are the only mortals for whom I still feel a remnant of hatred. Now is it satisfied: she shall die, and thou shalt live. Thou troublest me—begone!"

"No; she shall not die. I will expose to the people your baseness and atrocity. I will make them blush for their credulity and their sanguinary weakness."

"Thou wilt betray me, sayest thou, in spite of the secrecy thou didst swear! Ah! who will believe thee? Thou wilt gain nothing by it but thy own destruction. If thou desirest that so much, thou mayest go. As for the others, it is already too late. This moment thy Zelia dies."

"She dies!" cried I; and, darting from the hiding-place, I flew to our abode."

In crossing a square, he came in contact with a crowd, which, in a motionless and breathless stupor, appeared to be gazing at some great spectacle. By his side passed two men half naked, carrying off the bloody and mutilated body of an old man. He raised his eyes. On a scaffold raised in the centre of the multitude, he saw Zelia. She had recognised her lover: she stretched out her arms towards him, and wafted him a last salute. The Unknown darted forward: the astonished crowd opened before him: he pierced through the guards, arrived at the foot of the scaffold, and the head of his affianced bride came rolling to his feet.

Reduced within two or three columns of our own paper, the subject which we have analysed wants neither dramatic interest nor action. But, dispersed, as it is, over more than four hundred pages, mingled with long religious, moral, and political dissertations, it will seem cold and languid to the mass of readers; to those who look for graceful ideas and not strong thoughts; to those who, having no experience of the miseries of exile or the enthusiasm of liberty, cannot know how much truth there is in the impressions of that man who devotes himself to the cause of the people, sacrifices to it his name, his fortune, and his prospects, receiving in exchange the death of what he holds dearest in the world; who, moreover, does not apostatize from his principles, or bring discredit on a cause which, though the miserable may have soiled it for a moment, is, nevertheless, the cause of reason, of justice, and of sacred humanity.

MISS BROWNE'S REPENTANCE.

Repentance; and other Poems. By Mary Ann Browne, authoress of Mont Blanc, Ada, &c. 12mo. pp. 118. Longman. London, 1829.—[Unpublished.]

ARISTOTEL remarked that those who were proclaimed conquerors at the Olympic games in early life, were seldom heard of after the day of their triumph, their begun career having been checked or stopped short by the powerful influence of praise operating as a paralyzing spell upon all future effort. By keeping an eye upon the history of those youthful conquerors, the great philosopher found, that some of them were contented to subside upon the fame they had acquired; that others did make new efforts, but, from a vain confidence in their proved abilities, permitted those of inferior powers to excel them; and that a third class had their ardour irretrievably damped by their friends unjustly expecting to excel themselves. The same remarks hold good now with respect to young aspirants in the walks of literature; for few of those who give early promise of superiority fulfil the hopes entertained of their powers of genius, and chiefly for the reasons assigned above two thousand years ago by the prince of the Grecian philosophers. The following is a vivid picture of these effects of success upon a poetess of the present day as drawn by herself, and we cannot too urgently impress the lesson which may here be read upon the attention of the young lady whose volume is now under review:

'I drank the madd'ning cup of praise; which grew
Henceforth the fountain of my life; I lived
Only in others' breath; a word, a look,
Were of all influence in my destiny;
If praise they spoke, 'twas sunlight to my soul:

Or censure, it was like the scorpion's sting.
And yet a darker lesson was to learn—
The hollowness of each; that praise which is
But base exchange of flattery, that blame
Given by cautious coldness, which still deems
'Tis safest to depress; that mockery,
Flinging shafts but to show its own keen aim;
That carelessness, whose very censure's chance,
And, worst of all, the earthly judgment passed
By minds whose native clay is unredeemed
By aught of heaven, whose every thought falls foul
Plague spot on beauty which they cannot feel.'

L. E. L.

Heavy, indeed, is the guilt, and terrible the responsibility, of these friends of young authoresses, who, merely because they are authoresses and young, praise their writings without stint or measure; or, if they exercise any discrimination at all, select for the most fulsome panegyric the passages which are the most gaudy in style, the most meretricious in sentiment, and who labour to confirm them in all the vices of thought and style which will prevent their unfortunate protégées from ever rising above the need of their mischievous patronage. As far from us be this most criminal practice as the equally dangerous and more mean ambition of wounding the feelings of those who are more susceptible than the majority, just because they are more worthy. The following lines prove, we think, that the authoress before us, who has already deserved well of the public, if she escape the miserable effects of that 'maddening cup,' to which her contemporary alludes so pathetically, and if she endeavour, with all her might, to cultivate her genius for herself, may become the kind of poetess that her best friends would wish her to be:

LESSONS.

'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'—*Shakespeare.*

'Let us go to the hall, where the red wine flows;
And roses and myrtles are gaily wreathed;
Where many a cheek with its deep joy glows,
And the sweet, sweet music of lutes is breathed.
Ere morning comes, the scene will be fled;
Faded will be the dream of bliss;
The song will be hushed, and the roses dead,—
Is there nought to be learned by this?

'Let us go to the shore, where the sea shells lie,
And the sand with weeds and wrecks is strown;
Where over the rocks the cold waves fly,
And make their hollow and sullen moan!
Those desolate things were cast away
From the false breast of the raging seas;
And there they are sadly left to decay,—
Is there not a lesson in these?

'Let us go to the wood, where the hawthorn blows,
When its leaves in the soft spring time are green;
When its mantle around it the woodbine throws,
And the pearly flowerets peep between;
Oh, we shall find a moral in them,
Thus with the leaves deceitfully twined;
Decking awhile the thorny stem,
Yet dropping off with the first rude wind!

'Let us go to the fields, when the storm is o'er,
And the rain-drops sparkle like stars at eve;
When the thunder peal is heard no more,
And the ocean's bosom hath ceased to heave:
Then we shall see the rain-bow bright,
From the gloomy clouds and the sunshine wrought,
Shedding on all things its coloured light,—
Something, surely, by this is taught.

'Let us go to the graves, where our loved ones are,
And let us choose the midnight time,
When the heavens are glorious with many a star,
And silence and grandeur raise thoughts sublime;
And as we look from the mouldering dust,
Up to the cope of the beauteous sky;
So shall our spirits ascend, in their trust,
To the Holy Spirit that dwelleth on high.'

THE SLEEPERS.

'THEY are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Children wearied with their play;
For the stars of night are peeping,
And the sun hath sunk away;
As the dew upon the blossoms
Bows them on the slender stem,
So, as light as their own bosoms,
Balm sleep has conquered them.'

'They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Mortals compassed round with woe,—
Eye-lids wearied out with weeping,
Close for very weakness now;
And that short relief from sorrow,
Harassed nature shall sustain,
Till they wake again to-morrow,
Strengthened to contend with pain.

'They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Captives in their gloomy cells;
And sweet dreams are o'er them creeping,
With their thousand coloured spells.
All they loved! again they clasp them,—
Feel again their long-lost joys!
But the haste with which they grasp them,
Every fairy form destroys.

'They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Misers by their hoarded gold;
And in fancy now are heaping
Gems and pearls of price untold.
Golden chains their limbs encumber,
Diamonds seem before them strown;
But they waken from their slumber,
And the splendid dream is gone.

'They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment—lightly tread,—
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by those sleepers' bed;
Other hopes have all forsaken,
One remains, that slumber deep;
Speak not, lest they should awaken
From that sweet, that saving sleep.

'They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Thousands who have passed away,
From a world of woe and weeping,
To the regions of decay.
Safe they rest the green turf under;
Sighing breeze, or music's breath,
Winter's wind, or summer's thunder,
Cannot break the sleep of death.'

Amongst the other pieces in the volume, we were most delighted with 'The Clouds,' 'The Things of the Waters,' 'The Place of Rest,' and 'Trust in Heaven,' all of which exhibit the same piety and simplicity.

THE PENTATEUCH.

Heber's Sermons in England. Murray. London, 1829.

DURING the last half-century, the authenticity of the Pentateuch has been a question much bruited among the German divines. It is hardly necessary to mention, that Volney roundly asserted that the whole work was a compilation made after the return of the Jews from Babylon; and that Hobbes and Spinoza have discriminated between the historical and legal parts, referring the former to Ezra or Hilkiah, and the latter to Moses. The controversy has long lain dormant in our own country; and, as nobody has doubted, every body has believed: and, indeed, a most fearful cry of heterodoxy has been raised against any who, wishing to find in another language what ignorance or prejudice has denied to their own—a just and fair criticism of this interesting question—have even hinted to what is called our 'religious world,' the possibility of such a doubt being entertained. We were, therefore, much pleased to find this subject the head of a discourse, when we opened a volume of 'Heber's Sermons in England.' It is with a grateful melancholy we receive a new posthumous work of a good man lately taken from us; we regard it as, in some degree, a living and acting substitute for the holy presence of the departed mind. We know that in Bishop Heber there could be nothing of proud assertion, nothing of ignorant and unchristian bigotry; and the very commencement of the sermon on which we offer these cursory remarks, proved us right.

'It is true, indeed, and it is an observation which it is wise as well as candid to bear in mind, that the faith in our Lord Jesus may be satisfactorily defended by the internal and external evidence of the New Testament alone, though we should abandon as spurious or apocryphal the volume of the law and the prophets.'

If, then, the very total rejection of these

records does not necessarily involve a scepticism in the Christian faith, how much more vain and impertinent is the accusation, when brought against those who judiciously apply the canons of criticism to these books, and without attempting to derogate one tittle from the prophetic authority, the poetic inspiration, or even (in all important points) from the historical credibility, merely claim a right of examining for themselves, how far the Bible has been affected by those external circumstances which have left such deep marks on every other ancient literary production. A far more dangerous ground in the New Testament has been safely trod by Marsh, and Eichhorn, and Gratz, and Hug, and the revered Schleiermacher, and we all know how beneficially.

Had, however, Bishop Heber treated this subject as fully and as clearly as it merits, we should have contented ourselves with recommending this volume to the perusal of all our Christian readers; but we are sorry to say that we feel compelled in a certain degree to qualify this recommendation. The view Heber has taken is at best a very crude one: there is in it nothing objectionable of commission, but a great deal of omission; and, widely circulated as this book will be, it is our duty to point out some of these deficiencies, thereby warning its readers not to consider this question as in any way decided by this discourse, but rather advising them, with it in their hand, to apply all their own powers of thought and critical acumen to the subject, and to remember that the required investigation is far deeper than any here entered into.

There seems to have existed in the mind of the Bishop a great confusion with regard to the objections he professes to confute: he could not but be aware that the belief that Ezra compiled the book we now have, from authentic and existing records, is widely different from the supposition (which, indeed, we do not think worthy of contradiction) that Ezra was the *inventor* of this new code; yet we find these sentences following close upon one another:

"Though both Ezra and Nehemiah repeatedly mention that book of the law, which Ezra read and expounded to the people; and they never intimate that he had himself compiled the work in question from the songs of the ancient bards, or the traditions of the wise men before the captivity; will it be said that Ezra was the re-builder of a decayed superstition; that it was necessary for him to support his new code by the venerable name of Moses, and to merge the vanity of an author in the darker pride of a successful impostor?" &c. &c.

Now, the second case is well confuted by some very evident argument, but the first is left unopposed, except by the simple assertion that the fact is not intimated; and here Heber ought at least to have taken some notice of Ezra vii. 11, where he is specially called, (and the title is applied to no common priest,) 'a scribe of the words of the commandments of the Lord and of his statutes to Israel.' Again:

"Ezra and Nehemiah speak of the book of the law, as of a composition with which those to whom they write had already been long familiar."

Who denies that the Jews had some book of the law long before this time? But the question is, was that book the Pentateuch? In page 113, a sort of summary of the arguments against the instrumentality of Hilkiah in composing any part of the book concludes with,

"It is evident that it was no new work which, in his days, the high priest discovered in the temple; nor could Hilkiah have, by any possibility, been the forger of a volume which, many hundred years before his time, had been read by Joshua and David."

We ask again, who denies this? But, allowing it (as, in fact, it is asserted in the Bible) to be an old work found by the Priest by mere chance, the Bishop has given us no explanation of the dilemma into which we fall. The book must either have been in substance known to the Jews or not: if the former, what is the meaning of

Joshiah's terror and contrition at the discovery, (Kings ii. 22,) his public reading of it to the people, (Chron. ii. 34,) and his public celebration of the event? (Chron. ii. 35.) If the latter, what are we to think of that state of society where the religious and civil codes, the divine authorities for all their most trivial ordinances and institutions, their rule of right and wrong, not only in affairs of moment, but in concerns of every-day life; the national annals, the revealed will of God, were suffered, not only to pass into disuse, but to be actually *forgotten*, and to be named after a lapse of years as a thing newly found, and that, too, when a college of priests existed, whose sole duty it was to take care of this very law. This point, and many others of a similar nature, provoke the gravest and most serious inquiry. Our limits will not permit us to enter upon any attempt to elucidate these difficulties, either by any efforts of our own, or by retailing the sound investigations of German critics. Bishop Heber, worthy as he was of the palmiest days of English divinity, kindred-minded as he was to such of the past as Taylor, or Hooker, or Leighton, has treated this subject somewhat, we will not say, too lightly, but too superficially: perhaps it is not at any time fit for a pulpit; it requires too continuous a chain of thought, too much balancing and keeping and rejecting; we could, indeed, wish that Coleridge would give us something more distinct on the question than glimmered forth in his 'Aids to Reflection': he must have studied it deeply, and thought on it long, and the world would be thankful for his contemplations. Perhaps we may, in another number, allude to some facts in the following sermon on 'The Character of Moses.' All the rest of the book is (can we say more?) what we expected. 'Respect due to Antiquity' is a holy vindication of ancestral feelings.

THE NAVAL OFFICER.

The Naval Officer; or Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay. 3 vols. Colburn. London, 1829.

A PRINCIPAL difference between authors who have made the delineation of human character the subject of their labours, between Shakspeare and Byron, Goëthe and Kotzebue, the author of 'Saint Leon' and 'Caleb Williams' and the author of 'The Naval Officer,' is, that while the former consider that consistency is natural and, therefore, necessary, all the latter as determinately provide for the interest of their story by the inconsistency of their characters: and their success which has waited upon the gentle labours of the two first-named authors of the latter kind has seemed to afford proof of the propriety of their practice; a circumstance which, we conclude, has acted upon the author of the work before us, as it has upon some hundred young gentlemen whose ambition of being *Great Inconsistents*, the writings of my Lord Byron aroused. Like the Laras or Giaours, Mr. Francis Mildmay, the naval officer, first wins upon our feelings by being the most consummately heartless scoundrel that ever stopped short of positive crime, and then reconciles himself to the consciences of all moral readers, not indeed as his Lordship's heroes do; but by making acquaintance with a dignitary of the Established Church, reading certain pages of a religious book which the Bishop lends him, becoming a Christian and marrying Miss Somerville, the heroine of the story. As a development of character, this novel is contemptible; as a collection of interesting descriptions, for which its story and the circumstances of its hero afforded very excellent opportunities, we are also compelled to say that it is far from being what it might have been in the hands of an abler artist. A short analysis of the story must suffice. Mr. F. Mildmay, a gentleman of large property, after having been sent to a school, where the folly of the master and the avaricious disposition of the mistress at length plant every description of

vice in his breast, in place of all the virtues which previously existed there, 'discovers that there is no schoolmaster in the ship, and that the midshipmen are allowed a pint of wine a day,' and, after much reluctance on the part of his father, is sent to sea. Here he becomes, by a series of tyrannical oppressions on the part of some older and stronger midshipmen of the mess, confirmed in his evil feeling, and gradually becomes as corrupted as a weak disposition can be by the practice of a man-of-war in port. The ship is in action at Trafalgar; a few lines of the description of this affair we extract:

"One of these proved to be English, and our captain seeing her between two of the enemy, bore up to take her in tow: at the same time, one of our ships of the line opened a heavy fire on one of the French line of battle ships, unluckily situated in a right line between us, so that the shot which missed the enemy sometimes came on board of us. I was looking out of the bow-port at the moment that a shot struck our ship on the stern between wind and water. It was the first time I had ever seen the effect of a heavy shot; it made a great splash, and, to me, as I then thought, a very unusual noise, throwing a great deal of water in my face. I very naturally started back, as I believe many a brave fellow has done. Two of the seamen quartered at my guns, laughed at me. I felt ashamed, and resolved to show no more such weakness.

"This shot was very soon succeeded by some others not quite so harmless: one came into the bow port, and killed the two men who had witnessed my trepidation. My pride having been hurt that these men should have seen me flinch, I will own that I was secretly pleased when I saw them removed beyond the reach of human interrogation.

"It would be difficult to describe my feelings on this occasion. Not six weeks before, I was the robber of hen-roosts and gardens—the hero of a horse-pond, ducking an usher—now suddenly, and almost without any previous warning or reflection, placed in the midst of carnage, and an actor in one of those grand events by which the fate of the civilized world was to be decided.

"A quickened circulation of blood, a fear of immediate death, and a still greater fear of shame, forced me to an involuntary and frequent change of position; and it required some time, and the best powers of intellect, to reason myself into that frame of mind in which I could feel as safe and as unconcerned as if we had been in harbour. To this state I at last did attain, and soon felt ashamed of the perturbation under which I laboured before the firing began. I prayed, it is true; but my prayer was not that of faith, of trust, or of hope—I prayed only for safety from imminent personal danger; and my orisons consisted of one or two short, pious ejaculations, without a thought of repentance for the past or amendment for the future.

"But when we had once got fairly into action, I felt no more of this, and beheld a poor creature cut in two by a shot with the same indifference that at any other time I should have seen a butcher kill an ox. Whether my heart was bad or not, I cannot say; but I certainly felt my curiosity was gratified more than my feelings were shocked, when a raking-shot killed seven and wounded three more. I was sorry for the men, and, for the world, would not have injured them; but I had a philosophic turn of mind; I liked to judge of causes and effects; and I was secretly pleased at seeing the effect of a raking shot."—Vol. i. pp. 87—91.

To these specimens of moral development, add the following, and our midshipman is prepared for all the scenes of villany which he afterwards figures in, p. 94.

"Soon after the action, we were ordered to sort out with duplicate despatches. One morning I heard a midshipman say, 'he would do his old father out of a new kit.' I inquired what that meant, was first called a green-horn for not knowing, and then had it explained to me. 'Don't you know,' said my instructor, 'that after every action there is *sort out*—canvas, rope, and paint, expended in the warrant-officer's accounts, than were destroyed by the enemy?'

"I assented to this on the credit of the informant, without knowing whether it was true or false, and he proceeded.

"How are we to have white hammock-~~clothes~~, sky-sail masts, and all our finery, besides a coat of paint for the ship's sides every six weeks, if we don't expect all these things in action, and pretend they were lost on board, or destroyed? The list of defects are given in to the ad-

miral, he signs the demand, and the old commissioner must come down with the stores, whether he will or not. I once was in a sloop of war, when a large forty-four-gun frigate ran on board of us, carried away her jib-boom, and left her large fine weather-jib hanging on our fore-yard. It was made of beautiful Russian duck, and, to be sure, didn't we make a gang of white hammock-cloths fore and aft, besides white trousers for the men? Well now, you must know, that, as we make *uncle George* suffer for the stores, so I mean to make dad suffer for my traps. I mean to lose my chest overboard, with all my 'kit,' and return home to him and the old woman just fit for the fashion."

"And do you really mean to deceive your father and mother in that way?" replied I, with much apparent innocence.

"Do I? to be sure I do, you flat. How am I to keep up my stock, if I don't make the proper use of an action like this that we have been in?"

"I took the hint: it never once occurred to me, that if I had fairly and candidly stated to my parents that my stock of clothes were insufficient for my appearance as a gentleman on the quarter-deck, that they would cheerfully have increased it to any reasonable extent. But I had been taught artifice and cunning; I could tell the truth where I thought it served my purpose, as well as a lie; but here I thought deception was a proof at once of spirit and of merit; and I resolved to practise it, if only to raise myself a trifling degree in the estimation of my unworthy associates. I had become partial to deception from habit, and preferred exercising my own ingenuity in outwitting my father, to obtaining what I needed by more straightforward and honourable measures."—Vol. i. pp. 94—96.

We shall not follow the author through all the succeeding events, partly because they present little variety, being all on board ship, and partly because we think they might have been very frequently expressed in a less coarse style. We except the following passage:

"Early on the second morning of our departure we made Cape de Gaete. As the day dawned we discovered four sail in the wind's eye, and close in shore. The wind was light, and all sail was made in chase. We gained very little on them for many hours, and towards evening it fell calm. The boats were then ordered to pursue them, and we set off, diverging a little from each other's course, or, as the French would say, *déployée*, to give a better chance of falling in with them. I was in the gig with the master, and, that being the best running boat, we soon came up with one of the feluccas. We fired musquetry at her; but, having a light breeze, she would not bring-to. We then took good aim at the helmsman, and hit him. The man only shifted the helm from his right hand to his left, and kept on his course. We still kept firing at this intrepid fellow, and I felt it was like wilful murder, since he made no resistance, but steadily endeavoured to escape.

"At length we got close under the stern, and hooked on with our boat-hook. This the Spaniards unhooked, and we dropped astern, having laid our oars in; but, the breeze dying entirely away, we again pulled up alongside, and took possession. The poor man was still at the helm, bleeding profusely. We offered him every assistance, and asked why he did not surrender sooner. He replied, that he was an old Castilian. Whether he meant that an earlier surrender would have disgraced him, or that he contemplated, from his former experience, a chance of escape to the last moment, I cannot tell. Certain it is, that no one ever behaved better; and I felt that I would have given all I possessed to have healed the wounds of this patient, meek, and undaunted old man, who uttered no complaint, but submitted to his fate with a magnanimity which would have done credit to Socrates himself. He had received four musket-balls in his body, and, of course, survived his capture but a very few hours.

"We found to our surprise that this vessel, with the three others, one of which was taken by another of our boats, were from Lima. They were single-masted, about thirty tons burthen, twelve men each, and were laden with copper, hides, wax, and cochineal, and had been out five months. They were bound to Valparaiso, from which they were only one day's sail when we intercepted them. Such is the fortune of war! This gallant man, after a voyage of incredible labour and difficulty, would in a few hours have embraced his family, and gladdened their hearts with the produce of honest industry and successful enterprise; when, in a moment, all their hopes were blasted by our legal murder and robbery; and our prize-money came to

our pockets with the tears, if not the curses, of the widow and the orphan!"—Vol. i., pp. 142—144.

After much active service, he returns home on the death of his mother; soon quarrels with his father, and, leaving the house, falls in with a company of strolling players, among whom there is a very pretty and interesting girl, whom Mr. Frank Mildmay seduces. In the mean time, he has attached himself to a Miss Somerville, and become, through her family, reconciled to his father; and in his conduct to whom we find him to be as great a rascal as could be expected. After joining the company of players for Eugenia's sake, being recognised by his father on the stage, he goes to sea again, leaving his mistress *en route*. After a thousand scenes in which folly, profligacy, and bravery, are conspicuously displayed, dangers and repentance, safety and fresh guilt, Mr. Mildmay, now a lieutenant, falls in with an American vessel, and remains as it were prisoner on board, till he is rescued by an English frigate, which takes the American. The chase is interesting, but reminds us of the vast superiority of that in Mr. Cooper's novel of 'The Pilot.' With the prize, Lieutenant Mildmay goes back to England, and, after more profligacy and fresh repentance, a quarrel with Miss Somerville, and a meeting with Eugenia, falls in with a bishop who converts and marries him to Miss Somerville. We are inclined to think the author of this novel a man of more talent than taste. Much of what he describes he does with considerable success, and in so natural a manner as to induce us to believe that it is the result of personal observation. Bating the utter heartlessness of the hero, and the very unnatural reformation which takes place of his character, the novel is a good one: we should, however, have preferred it, if much of the coarseness which we observe in it had been omitted; it surely was unnecessary. There is a little disposition observable to carp at aristocratical captains, which we also wish had been avoided; but, with the exception of these errors, we have been a good deal amused by 'The Naval Officer,' of whom we will now take leave with a last extract. It describes the scene which immediately led to the hero's last quarrel with Miss Somerville.

"It was, indeed, a case of singular calamity, for a beautiful young creature to be placed in. She was only in her three-and-twentieth year—and, lovely as she was, nature had scarcely had time to finish the picture. The regrets which subdued my mind on that fatal morning, may only be conceived by those who, like me, have led a licentious life,—have, for a time, buried all moral and religious feeling, and have been suddenly called to a full sense of their guilt, and the misery they have entailed on the innocent. I sat down and groaned. I cannot say I wept, for I could not weep; but my forehead burned, and my heart was full of bitterness.

"While I thus meditated, Eugenia sat with her hand on her forehead, in a musing attitude. Had she been reverting to her former studies, and thrown herself into the finest conceivable posture of the tragic muse, her appearance would not have been half so beautiful and affecting. I thought she was praying, and I think so still. The tears ran in silence down her face; I kissed them off, and almost forgot Emily.

"I am better now, Frank," said the poor, sorrowful woman; "do not come again until after the wedding. When will it take place?" she inquired, with a trembling and a faltering voice.

"My heart almost burst within me, as I told her, for I felt as if I was signing a warrant for her execution. I took her in my arms, and, tenderly embracing her, endeavoured to divert her thoughts from the mournful fate too evidently hung over her; she became tranquil, and I proposed taking a stroll in the adjoining park. I thought the fresh air would revive her.

"She agreed to this; and, going to her room, returned in a few minutes. To her natural beauty was added on that fatal day a morning-dress, which more than any other became her; it was white, richly trimmed, and fashionably made up by a celebrated French milliner. Her bonnet was white muslin, trimmed with light blue ribbons, and a sash of the same colour confined her slender waist. The little Eugenia ran before us, now at my side, and now at his mother's. We rambled about for some time, the burthen of our con-

versation being the future plans and mode of education to be adopted for the child; this was a subject on which she always dwelt with pleasure.

"Tired with our walk, we sat down under a clump of beech-trees, near a grassy ascent, winding among the thick foliage, contrived by the opulent owner to extend and diversify the rides in his noble domain. Eugenia was playing around us, picking the wild flowers, and running up to me to inquire their names.

"The boy was close by my side, when, startled at a noise, he turned round and exclaimed—

"Oh! look, mamma, look, papa, there is a lady and a gentleman a-riding."

"I turned round, and saw Mr. Somerville and Emily on horseback, within six paces of me; so still they stood, so mute, I could have fancied Emily a wax-work figure. They neither breathed nor moved; even their very horses seemed to be of bronze, or, perhaps, the unfortunate situation in which I found myself made me think them so. They had come as unexpectedly on us as we had discovered them. The soft turf had received the impression of their horses' feet, and returned no sound; and, if they snorted, we had either not attended to them, in the warmth of our conversation, or we had never heard them.

"I rose up hastily—coloured deeply—stammered, and was about to speak. Perhaps it was better that I did not; but I had no opportunity. Like apparitions they came, and like apparitions they vanished. The avenue from whence they had so silently issued received them again, and they were gone before Eugenia was sensible of their presence."—Vol. iii. p. 202—206.

ATLAS OF GRECIAN HISTORY.

Numismatic Atlas of Grecian History. By Benjamin Richard Green. Priestly and Weale. London, 1829.

This is a work of a novel character, and its conception, we may predict, will be appreciated alike by the medalist and the historian. The medalist will find depicted with fidelity and elegance, and arranged with perspicuity, an unbroken series of coins, the detached portions of which he would otherwise have been compelled to seek out laboriously from different cabinets; and the illustration afforded by the plan to the period of history it embraces, calls for the peculiar thanks of the student, who, by its means, will be enabled to form the 'chain of memory' with a living and brilliant succession of links, instead of being driven, as heretofore, to the lifeless data of a chronological table.

We regret that our limits preclude us from laying before our readers such an exposition of the work, in its details, as, to do it justice, would be required. We will attempt, however, a brief reference to its more striking features.

Mr. Green has divided his subject amongst the states of the ancient continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa. In the first of these, we find Sicily, Epirus, Macedon, Illyria, and Thrace.

Asia in two divisions. The first contains, Caria, Mysia, Bithynia, Paphlagonia, Galatia, Cilicia, Cappadocia, and Pontus, including the Cimmerian Bosphorus.

In the second division of Asia, are Judea, Cammagene, Edessa, Armenia, Parthia, and Bactria.

Africa contains Egypt, Numidia, Cyrene, and Mauritania.

Some details of the Syracusan coins, and the manner in which they have been arranged and applied by Mr. Green to illustrate his historical views, will sufficiently demonstrate the object and the result of his tract, without repeating the similar course which he has adopted on the Continents of Asia and Africa, and their respective kingdoms and subordinate divisions.

The Syracusan coins differ little in their character from those of other European monarchs. They comprise a great variety, and in beauty of execution they rival any extant. The usual symbol is a figure of Victory guiding a chariot, as on the coins of Galo and Hiero II.; on the obverse, the heads of Ceres and Proserpine, who were the deities worshipped on that fruitful island. Silver coins have been ascribed to Dio-

nysius II.; but, as much doubt exists respecting their authenticity, they are omitted. They are inscribed with Phœnician characters, and probably were struck by the Carthaginians. No coins of Agathodes have yet been found with his portrait. Those of Thicetas are all of gold.

Mr. Green has pursued a similar course of research and exhibition on Epirus, Macedon, and the other European kingdoms, as enumerated at the head of our article.

In the Asiatic division, as divided into two parts, the coins of more historical character are those of Alexander the Great's successors; as Antigonus, Demetrius, Ptolemy, Cassander, Seleucus, and Lysimachus.

The coins of Cappadocia are all of silver, and, as arranged by Mr. Green, are valuable in regulating the succession of the dynasty which the conquest of Eumenes had partially interrupted.

The coins of Pontus are all of great rarity, existing in silver only prior to Mithradates the Great, who has left them of both metals: a hind feeding forms his common symbol.

We have implicitly adopted Mr. Green's corrected orthography of this prince's name, on the authority, to us indisputable, of such being the reading of the word on all the coins where it occurs, with a single obscure exception,—an instance, in passing, of the practical service of the study.

The second part of Asia presents us with Syria. It is a tempting article, and merits all the display which a much larger periodical work could admit.

Mr. Green has historically arranged the coins to mark the eventful period of its history; but the work alone can enable the reader to appreciate the value of his research and learning.

Parthia has deserved the attention of Mr. Green, having originally consisted of a colony of Scythians, who established themselves in the country east of the Caspian Sea, and continued for many centuries little known; but, in the division of the Macedonian empire, it became the share of Seleucus; and, in consequence of some internal oppressions, Arsaces, a man of obscure birth, but possessing great activity and talents, acquired a party about him and saved his country. He then founded the Arsacian Dynasty, and the name became the regal title, whilst the dominions were greatly extended; for it comprised, at length, all the countries between the Caspian Sea and the Indian Ocean, and extended westward to Asia Minor. This dynasty subsisted for five centuries, and was then incorporated into the Persian Empire, bearing the designation of Sassanidæ.

Under the division of Africa, Egypt naturally claims the historian's first attention, whether in composition or by medallion illustration; yet it appears that few coins were struck there prior to the third century B. C., when the country, having been conquered by the Greeks, its coins, in many respects, resemble the Grecian ones.

From the Ptolemies we descend to the last of that race, the celebrated Cleopatra, sister of Ptolemy XII.; and, after her reign of thirteen years, Egypt became a Roman province, and presented few events worth historic notice.

The coins of the Ptolemies, and those of their queens, (the Syrian excepted,) form the most beautiful monarchic series extant: many of them are unrivalled in execution; and the gold, both in size and number, exceed those of any other kingdom. The symbol of an eagle on a thunderbolt was adopted by Ptolemy I.; and this and the cornucopia are the uniform types throughout the series. The vast Egyptian brass coins were probably common to many of the kings. They invariably represent the head of Jupiter on the obverse, and an eagle for the reverse, with the simple legend, 'Basilæos Ptolemaion.'

Mr. Green has added a useful table of the different sizes and value of the Grecian coins.

The historical part of this valuable work is, as

it ought to be, a mere sketch, intending to urge the readers, if they may be so called, to inquiry, research, and reference, to comparing with more ancient works in a different shape. The erudite character of the undertaking will necessarily impede that rapid and extensive circulation which such works deserve, and which eventually it must achieve by its own intrinsic value. It seems to us that if it should find its way into some of our better schools, where the masters are liberal as well as learned, its value will be speedily circulated; because several young people may be employed at the same time, and without confusion, in examining these coins of ancient classics, whilst others will quickly produce the testimonies familiar to their daily occupation to determine their applicability: and we hope, too, for the sake and reward of that merit which, sooner or later, in this learned and liberal country is always acknowledged and rewarded in that best manner—the approbation of the wise and benevolent—that our brief sketch of this excellent work may attract the notice of the elder brethren in critical operations, who have greater space for the elaborate display which we think is due to the work, and also more tact and *pratique* in apportioning the distinct part of this elegant chronology.

The plan adopted in the arrangement of these medals in the Atlas is, we think, excellent. It presents at one view, on several successive sheets of drawing-paper, a chronological and contemporary series of the coins of the several monarchies of Europe, Asia, and Africa, which we have already mentioned, forming a perfect illustration of Grecian history. They commence A.M. 3504, with the kingdoms of Macedon and Sicily, and continue for 750 years, down to the era of the Roman Emperor Decius; omitting, however, all notice of the Roman Emperors, excepting where their portraits occur as reverses on the coins of those provinces which were subject to their empire, but which had a distinct Government of their own; such as the Cimærian Bosphorus, Edessa, &c.

We understand that Mr. Green intends hereafter publishing a similar numismatic work illustrative of Roman history, should he meet with encouragement: and we sincerely hope that this desirable project may not be suspended by any deficiency of patronage from the public. Mr. Green, in addition to the volume of descriptive letter-press, has given with the coins a marginal table of the principal events of general history during the period we have mentioned, which much increases the interest of the work. Many of the coins selected by Mr. Green are very rare, and some of them unique. They are drawn on stone in an exquisite manner; and from the useful way in which the whole has been conducted, they are no doubt faithful and spirited copies of the originals. The number of the obverses and reverses amounts to nearly 700.

Where there are so many claims to merit, a judicious and appropriate selection is very embarrassing,—particularly as our paper warns us that we are nearly approaching the limits which we may not transgress; but we will mention a few of the most striking coins.

The Macedonian series is generally good: we particularly admire a coin of Alexander III., or Magnus; the head is very fine. The reverse, a figure of Jupiter seated, is admirably executed; the outline of the figure, the drapery, every stroke in short, though on so small a scale, is perfectly free and distinct. Philip V. is also a good head; Antigonus I. is a fine countenance; the reverse is an Apollo seated at the prow of a vessel. In Epirus, a silver coin of Pyrrhus has attracted us; it is copied from one in the British Museum. There are also many beautiful specimens among the Syracusan coins: we may select Hiero II., and the reverse, a figure of Victory guiding a chariot. The Ptolemies and their queens are almost unexceptionably good; the heads are admirable portraits; the reverses are generally either

an eagle standing on a thunderbolt or a cornucopia: these eagles, like their prototypes, are all noble birds, and the variety of tasteful ornament displayed in the cornucopias is exquisite. We prefer the heads of Ptolemy I., II., and VII., and the heads of Arsinoe and Berenice. We cannot say much in favour of the celebrated Cleopatra, that star of historic beauty, which so influenced the then lords of the world; nor does the bust, accompanying her own, of her last all-devoted lover, realise the image with which we had previously beguiled our fancy of 'the curled Anthony.' To Berenice and Arsinoe, who flourished 250 years before her, must be assigned, according to the Egyptian chart, the palm of female beauty and loveliness: their portraits are unrivalled models for the artist. But we must terminate our levee: surrounded by so many royal and illustrious claimants, we scarce know how to dismiss them unnoticed into the obscure imprisonment of a portfolio. There are a few Judean medals, very interesting as illustrative of history, though not as specimens of art. There is also a distinct table of the bronze coins of the Seleucidæ, which contains many attractive pieces.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Green without expressing our thanks to him for some very pleasant hours spent in even a slight examination of his attractive work, as every page presents an abundant field of instruction and amusement.

MANUAL OF SCIENCE.

The Manual of Science and Literature, and Weekly Register of the London Mechanics' Institution. Nos. I. and II.

This publication is one of the signs of the times. As its title professes, it is addressed to the operative classes; but the subjects of which it treats, and the respectable tone and manner which it assumes, render it fit and instructive reading for all ranks. We observe Reports of Dr. Birkbeck's lectures on Fire-Escapes, and on the Application of Animal Power, and Mr. Dakin's lecture on Galvanism, as severally delivered at the Mechanics' Institution; articles on the intended Metropolitan Improvements, drawn, we should imagine, from official sources; notices on the Fine Arts, and other papers of general interest. If such works as this become popular and form a substitute for the trash addressed to the working classes of society, by the weekly press in general, it will, indeed, afford a striking evidence of the improving moral state of the population, of the advantage of institutions such as that to which this periodical professes itself to be the organ.

Picture of the last Protestant House of Lords.—Mr. Jones, R. A. is engaged on a painting representing the last Protestant House of Lords. Arrangements were made in the House on Thursday for affording the artist a convenient situation, whence he might take the necessary sketch. The portraits of the Catholic Peers will be introduced, but as expectants, not as forming part of the Legislative Assembly. The commission to paint this picture proceeds, it is said, from Lord Petre.

Steam-Vessels.—It appears, from returns made by order of the House of Commons, that the total number of steam-boats or vessels belonging to all the ports of Great Britain, is 310, and the number of tons 36,374. Vessels belonging to Government are not included in this account. Of the number in the return, 57 belong to the port of London. It also appears that 16 steam-boats are now building.

Mr. Aldini, of Milan, has invented a dress of asbestos, covered with metallic gauze, by means of which the wearer can traverse with impunity the flames of a large fire, for the purpose of rescuing individuals and of preserving property.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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THE MUSEUM OF THOUGHTS.

IV.—NOVALIS.

A good book should be full of mind: the mind should be incessantly revealing itself therein, or at least should be frequently re-appearing anew in an altered form. It must not be content with coming forward once, at the beginning, as is the case in many a philosophical system.

Every body in whose mind a real disposition to reflection is predominant, and whose object is not merely to acquire a knowledge of this thing or that thing, must be perpetually progressive. Very many learned persons are devoid of any such disposition. They have learnt to draw conclusions and inferences, as a shoemaker learns to make shoes, without ever troubling themselves or taking it into their head to investigate the principle of their thoughts. Yet no good is to be done in any other way. With many the disposition lasts only for a while. It increases and decreases; it often decays with the advance of age; it often dies away on the getting hold of a system, which was only sought for in order that the seeker might dispense ever after with all the labour of reflection.

The highest purpose of intellectual cultivation is to give man a perfect knowledge and mastery of his own inner self, to render our consciousness its own light and its own mirror. Hence there is the less reason to be surprised at our inability to enter fully into the feelings and characters of others. No one who has not a complete knowledge of himself, will ever have a true understanding of another.

Before the exercise of abstraction, all things are one; but this one is a chaos: after the exercise of abstraction, all things are again united: but this union is a free combination of independent self-determinate beings. What was a mob has become a society; the chaos has been transformed into a varied world.

Experience is the proof of theory, and conversely. The same inadequateness which we find in the application of mere theory, and on which practical men are so fond of expatiating, occurs likewise in the reasoning application of mere experience; and it is perceived intelligibly enough by the true philosopher, but with the acknowledgment that such must necessarily be the case. The practical man is induced by this to reject mere theory altogether, and never suspects how problematical it is, what would be the answer to the question: whether the theory exist for the sake of the application, or the application for the sake of the theory?

The narrower a system is, the surer is it to please men of the world. Thus it is among this class that the system of the materialists, the doctrines of Helvetius, and those of Locke, have met with the greatest applause.

In the age when men first found out how to exercise the judgment, every new opinion it pronounced was a discovery. The value of this discovery was in proportion to the number of cases it would bear upon, and of results it would lead to. Maxims, which to us now-a-days seem extremely common-place, could not then be hit upon without an extraordinary degree of intellectual activity. It required genius and acuteness to employ the newly-found instrument in, the detecting of new relations. Above all did it excite admiration, and attract the notices of every sensible person, when it was directed toward that which is most peculiar, most interesting, and most universal in human nature. Thus originated those collections of gnomes which have been so highly esteemed in all ages and among all nations. It may easily come to

pass that our present most ingenious discoveries may in course of time experience a fate like theirs. A period may possibly arrive, when all these will be as common-place as moral apophthegms are now; and when new and loftier discoveries will be engaging the restless spirit of mankind.

Our intellectual instinct is singularly blended or compounded of mystery and knowledge.

Common logic is the grammar of a higher language, or of thought: it embraces merely the relations of notions to one another, the mechanics of thought, the pure physiology of notions. Logical notions bear the same relation to each other, as words without thoughts. The dealings of logic are only with the dead body of the intellectual system. Metaphysics on the contrary are the pure dynamics of thought: they treat of the original intellectual powers: their dealings are with the bare soul of the intellectual system. The relation borne by metaphysical notions to each other is like that borne by thoughts without words. People have often felt surprise that the two sciences have continued so pertinaciously in a state of imperfection: each of the two went on its way alone; every where there was something wanting; nothing was quite right in either. From the very beginning attempts were made to combine them, as every thing in them pointed out their affinity: but every attempt failed, because one of the two was always a sufferer, by being robbed of its essential character. The product was always either metaphysical logic, or logical metaphysics; but neither was what it ought to be. Nor did physiology and psychology, mechanics and chemistry, fare better. In the latter half of the last century there arose a new and more violent agitation than ever: the hostile bodies made head against each other with greater force than formerly; the fermentation was excessive; it was followed by tremendous explosions. At present it is asserted by some, that somewhere or other a real interpenetration has taken place; that the seeds of a union have been sown, which will grow by degrees, and incorporate all things into one indivisible form; that this principle of eternal peace is penetrating irresistibly on every side; and that soon there will be but one science and one spirit, as there is one prophet and one God.

The mere discursive thinker is a scholastic. The true scholastic is a mystical subtilizer: he constructs his universe out of logical atoms: he does away with living nature, to set up an artificial fabric of notions in her stead. His ideal is an infinite automaton. Over against him stands the mere intuitive poet. The latter sees all things in the gross: he hates all rule and definite form: he can find nothing in nature but the wild impetuous operations of its vital powers: all seems alive to him; but without anything like law: every thing is the work of chance; every thing is marvellous. His mind is purely dynamic. Thus the spirit of philosophy first begins to stir in masses entirely separate from each other. In the second stage of civilisation these masses come into contact, in a variety of ways. As it is from the combination of two infinite extremes that the finite and contracted arises, so here spring up eclectics without number: the time of misunderstandings arrives. He whose sphere is the most contracted is in this stage the person of the greatest importance, the consummate philosopher of the second period. This class is entirely confined to the real present world, in the strictest sense of the word. The philosophers of the first class look with contempt on those of the second, saying they are a little of every thing, and accordingly nothing, and holding their opinions to be the results of their weakness and incapacity for consecutive reasoning. On the other hand, the second class regard the first with pity, and charge them with an enthusiasm which has all the absurdity of madness. Now, though

the scholastics and alchemists appear to be totally severed from each other, while the eclectics appear to be united, yet the very reverse is the case. The former are indirectly all of one mind on the essential point, namely, the absolute independence and the infinite tendencies and reach of speculation; they both start from the universal: whereas the eclectics are at variance in the main, and only concur in certain derivative conclusions. The spirit of the former is infinite, but uniform; that of the latter finite, but manifold: the former have genius, the latter talents; the former ideas, the latter contrivances; the former are heads without hands, the latter hands without heads. The third stage is attained by that artist, who has at once the intuitive power of genius, and can make his own nature the material for his genius to work on. He perceives that the original separation of the independent philosophical powers arises from a separation existing in the depths of his own being, the very continuance of which implies the possibility of a reconciliation and a union; he perceives that, heterogeneous as those modes of action are, he possesses in himself the ability of passing from one to the other, of changing his polarity at will. Thus he discovers that they are both of them necessary constituents of his mind, and that there must be some one common principle in which both are united. Hence he concludes that eclecticism is nothing but a result from the imperfect defective exercise of that power of transition. He regards it as more than probable, that the ground of this imperfection lies in the weakness of the productive imagination; in its being unable to keep itself suspended and contemplate itself in the moment of its going over from one faculty to the other. The complete representation of that true spiritual life which this act would bring before the consciousness, is philosophy in the highest sense of the word: and this is the birth-place of that vital reflection, which, if cultivated with assiduous care, will afterward expand of itself into a spiritual universe infinite in the variety of its forms, being the seed and the germ of an all-comprehending organization. It is the beginning of an interminable process by which the mind will penetrate through every part of itself.

Sophists are persons who, keeping a look out for the weaknesses and the mistakes of philosophers, try to turn them to their own account, or to employ them for some unworthy and unphilosophical purpose. So that, in fact, such people have nothing to do with philosophy. If they profess to be unphilosophical from principle, they are to be regarded as the enemies of philosophy, and to be treated as such. The most dangerous class amongst them are those who are sceptics out of pure hatred for philosophy. Other sceptics may in part be very estimable persons; they are the forerunners of the third period. They have a genuine gift of philosophical analysis, and only want a spiritual mastery and concentration; they have the requisite capacity, but not the self-impelling force: they feel the insufficiency of preceding systems; no one of these is able to vivify the whole of their spiritual nature: they have a correct taste, but are devoid of the needful energy of a productive imagination. They are of necessity polemical. All eclectics are sceptics at the bottom; the more they embrace, the more sceptical are they: which last remark is confirmed by the fact, that the men of the greatest and soundest learning in former times have confessed at the end of their lives that they knew the least.

To philosophize is to dephlegm, to vivify. Hitherto, in the examinations of philosophy, people have begun with striking philosophy dead, and have then anatomized and analysed her. They fancied the component parts of the *caput mortuum* were the component parts of philosophy. But every effort to reproduce what had been slain, to recombine what had been dissolved, has always failed. It is but lately that an attempt has been made to observe philosophy in a living state; and

there may come a time when by so doing we shall acquire the art of making philosophies.

Applicableness is the criterion by which many would try the value of philosophy. There are those who would make a trade of philosophy, as well as those who revere it as an art. Another criterion of the same kind is communicableness: philosophy must admit of its being taught and learnt. Yet another like criterion is involved in the axiom, that philosophy must contain nothing anti-conventional, that it must fall in with the prevailing form of religion, the prevailing state of manners, of opinions, and so forth. A similar axiom requires, that philosophy should not overstep the limits of sensible knowledge: another, that it must have nothing to do with poetry: yet another, that it must not come within the reach of ordinary men; must have a language of its own, and dwell no where but in the schools. No, says another; on the contrary, it must be amusing, must be familiar with the mechanic and the peasant, must be perfectly common and easy, always at hand, and useful on every occasion; it must have no religion, and must shrug up its shoulders at morality; it must have an answer for every question, and that answer a full and circumstantial one: it must know something of every thing. Thus every body, in what he asks for, puts forward the favourite wish of his heart, the wants of his nature, the peculiarities of his character: and one need only know a person's philosophy, to have a pretty good knowledge of what he is. Many change their philosophy, like their servants, or their wishes. At length they conceive a hatred against every kind of it, and make their choice for the last time, and for ever. Now they think they are rid of philosophy, and they are more than ever in the clutches of the demon, who feeds them well and takes good care of them, in order some day to have a delicate morsel of them. Another well-meaning herd of people keeps clear of all these temptations. They never venture to seize this Proteus and hold him fast, because they do not know him. The cleverer among them are sure that what is said of Proteus must be an idle-headed fable; they never saw him or felt him, and positively deny his existence: the better subjects do they make him.

The primary philosophical act is self-destruction: hereby alone do we gain an entrance into the new world of philosophy; and this is the object which the disciple of philosophy must direct all his endeavours to accomplish.

Philosophy, like all synthetical sciences, mathematics for instance, is arbitrary. It is an ideal self-discovered method of observing the mind, of arranging it, and so on.

Analysis is the art of divination, or of invention, reduced to rule.

All ideas are related to each other. A family likeness amongst them is what we call analogy. From comparing several children together one would be able to divine the peculiarities of their parents. Every family springs from two elements, which become one, through their nature, and yet at the same time against it. Every family contains the germs of an infinite race of peculiar human beings.

Philosophy is fundamentally anti-historical: it proceeds from the future and the necessary to the present, and the real: it explains the past by means of the future, whereas history does the very reverse.

The meaning of Socratism is, that philosophy is everywhere or nowhere, and that we may without much trouble discover our latitude in all places, and find what we are seeking. Socratism is the art of finding the position of truth from any given spot, and thus of accurately determining the bearings of that spot with reference to truth.

Philosophy is in fact home-sickness,—a longing to be at home wherever we are.

True philosophy proceeds by the method of exhaustion, which comprehends the method of inversion. When we are studying nature, it refers us to ourselves, to internal observations and experiments; and when we are studying ourselves, it refers us to the outer world, to external observations and experiments: which outer world, when philosophically contemplated, is an inexhaustible storehouse of symbolical indications. It teaches us to look upon nature, or the outward world, as a human being; and convinces us that the only way in which we can and are meant to understand any thing whatever, is the same in which we understand our own selves and our friends and those about us. We now see the true bonds of union between the subject and the object; we see that there is also an external world within us, the connection of which with our own inner self is analogous to that between the external world without us and our outer self, and that these two external worlds are united in the same manner as our inner self with our outer self; and that consequently it is only by thoughts that we can perceive the interior and the soul of nature, as it is only by sensations that we perceive her exterior and her body.

True philosophy is a perfect combination of realism with idealism: it rests upon a higher faith. Faith is inseparable from idealism.

Error and prejudice are weights, indirect stimulants to such as are active and able to bear every weight. But the weak are rendered still weaker by them.

To know a truth thoroughly, one should some time or other have controverted it.

Falsehood from a higher point of view has an aspect yet far worse than its usual one. It is the basis of a false world, the first link in an inextricable chain of errors and entanglements. Falsehood is the source of all moral and physical evil.

There is no such thing as philosophy in the concrete. Philosophy is, like the philosopher's stone, or the quadrature of the circle, merely an object which the man of science must of necessity set before himself; it is the ideal of all knowledge. The only concrete sciences are mathematics and physics.

There are certain internal visions, which seem to have a totally different character from all others; for they are accompanied by a feeling of their necessity; and yet there is not the slightest external cause for their existence. It will sometimes seem to a person as though he were engaged in a conversation, and some unknown spiritual being were leading him on in a wondrous manner to unfold the thoughts of which he has the firmest conviction. This being must be a being of a higher order; for it carries on an intercourse with him of such a kind as no being fettered by the laws of matter could do: it must be a homogeneous being; for it treats him as a spiritual being, and only excites him to spiritual activity. This higher self bears the same relation to man that man bears to nature, or the sage to the child: and man yearns to become like it, even as he strives to make nature like himself. This fact cannot be demonstrated; every one must learn it from his own experience: it is a fact of a higher order, and he alone who rises above his fellows will meet with it: still we ought to endeavour to fit ourselves for its taking place within us. Philosophising is the carrying on an internal dialogue of this kind; it is in fact the process of an internal revelation, the arousal of our real self by our ideal self. The determination to philosophise is a summons to our real self, commanding it to reflect, to

awaken, and to become a spirit. Without philosophy there is no true morality; and without morality there is no philosophy.

They who seek after philosophy in true fellowship, are engaged in a common expedition to a beloved world; and they relieve themselves by turns at the front posts, where the greatest exertion is needed to overcome the resistance of the element they are flying through. They follow the sun, and tear themselves away from the spot which by the laws of the revolution of our globe is involved for a while in cold and darkness and mist.

In every system some one idea, some one observation, or some few, have always thriven more than the rest, which they have either dwarfed or stifled, and they are often left standing quite alone. In framing a system of the spiritual world, we should seek after ideas everywhere, and give each its peculiar soil and temperature, the nourishment best suited to it, and the neighbourhood it most enjoys, so that in this way we may fashion, as it were, a paradise of ideas: this is the only true system. Paradise was the ideal of the earth; and the question, where it lies, is not without its meaning. It is as it were spread abroad over the whole earth; and therefore it is so difficult to recognise it. Its scattered limbs are to be re-united, its skeleton to be completed anew: this will be the regeneration of paradise.

We seek after the plan of the world; we are ourselves that plan.

Whatever strikes a man who is educating himself, as most difficult, is the very thing on which he ought to try his powers, until he is able to lift and move it with ease and dexterity: thus he will grow fond of it; for we are always fond of a thing when it has cost us trouble to gain it.

One must never confess to oneself, that one loves oneself. The veiling this confession in secrecy is the vital means for preserving this love true and everlasting. The first kiss in this spiritual intercourse is the first principle of philosophy, the origin of a new world, the consummation of an internal union to the growth of which there is no end. Who can help deriving pleasure from philosophy, when its germ is a first kiss?

The higher philosophy treats of the marriage between nature and spirit.

Idealism is nothing but true empirism.

POETRY.

It is a weary hill
Of moving sand, that still
Shifts, struggle as we will,
Beneath our tread.
Of those who went before,
And track'd the desert o'er,
The foot-marks are no more,
But gone and fled.

We stray to either side,
We wander far and wide,
We fall to sleep, and slide
Down far again.
As through the sands we wade,
We do not seek to aid
Our fellows, but upbraid
Each others' pain.

I gaze on that bright band
Who on the summit stand
To measure and command
The space on high;
And, with despairing pace,
My way I could retrace,
Or, on this desert place,
Sink down and die.

As we who toil and weep,
And in our vigil sleep
The path o'er which we creep,
They had not seen,
They had not seen.

They must have taken flight
To that serene height,
And won it by the might
Of wings from Heaven!

Alack! I have no wing,
My spirit wants that spring,
And Nature will not bring
Her help to me:
From her I have no aid,—
Her light-enwoven shade,
Her streams and stars upbraid
My misery.

SONG.

To cliff and peak the falcon flies,
The eagle sleeps in stormy skies,
On icy rocks the vulture dwells,
The blackbird pipes in woodland dells,—
But Love, the flutterer of the breast,
Can it find on the earth a home of rest?

No falcon mounts on wilder wings,
No gurgling thrush so sweetly sings;
'Tis now the soft and shiny dove,
And now the thundering bird of Jove;
And, chained and caged, its pinions droop,
As a hawk's that no longer can soar or swoop.

BRANDANE.

THE LAST SONG.

GONDOLIER, from thy roaming desist,
A while let thine anchor be thrown,
Seek not other shores, but, oh list
To echoes that wake on thine own.
Thy voyage, Gondolier, hath begun,
And bright beams its course on thy view,
So mine own glittered once,—but 'tis rue,
And Death gathers round me—Adieu!

Yet I too once danced on a wave
As pure and as tranquil as thine,
And the birds and the blossoms ne'er gave
A welcome more joyous than mine.
But I wandered, like thee, from repose,
I sailed, fairer prospects to view,
And storms from their slumber arose,
And Death gathered round me—Adieu!

W. H.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

A VILLAGE CHARACTER.—CHAP. VI.

(Continued from page 190.)

I SHOULD have been able to record many more visits, all undertaken with the same benevolent anxiety as those already related, to conquer Mr. M'Kinnon's obstinacy, and rescue his little daughter from her impending fate, had it not been for a circumstance which I wish, for the honour of Melcove, I could suppress all mention of. One of the fair confederates (I have promised that her name shall not transpire) proved a deserter to the general cause, and divulged the whole plot to M'Kinnon. She accompanied the traitorous communication with a recommendation either to leave the village till the storm should be blown over and the new governess fairly installed in her functions, or to barricade his door against all intruders.

This dishonourable occurrence took place the very day which was signalled by the calls of Mrs. Baddersly and Mrs. Mordaunt; and the only additional visit with which Mr. M'Kinnon was honoured, was one from Mrs. Holland, the wife of a neighbouring valetudinarian. She brought with her, two puny, shrivelled daughters, each of them endowed with one of those pale countenances which not even the poet's intercession can persuade us to call fair, and argued for two mortal hours in favour of her own and her husband's excellent schemes for averting complaints in the spine, liver, lungs, &c., mentioning innumerable instances of young ladies who had almost perished from their mothers not watching the first indications of their fearful disorders, and appealing con-

stantly, for the success of her own experiments, to the corpse-like figures beside her.

Somewhat tired of all his lectures, and considerably sickened by this last, he heard with a dismay resembling that which Bishop Hatto must have felt when the approach of the retributive army of rats was announced, that a new detachment of the enemy was marching against him. Circumstances made it impossible for him to leave Melcove, and he knew the disposition of its inhabitants too well to believe that with such an object in view they would be deterred by any plea on his part of business from invading his sanctuary. In this extremity, my duty as a faithful biographer compels me to state the fact. He fell into a temptation to which he had never before yielded, gulped his moral scruples, and ordered his footman to return the fashionable answer to all inquirers. For some days the callers gazed with astonishment and awe at the servant, as he uttered the lie with that smiling visage and pursed lip which indicate the satisfaction of a country footman at being promoted to the performance of a duty for the first time, which a city footman performs by nature. But Miss Stemwith was not to be so denied: she was one of those ladies who, by wearing cropped hair, stiff collars, and boots, by being always on horseback and speaking loud, get the universal reputation in country villages of being characters, and are always spoken of by their kind neighbours, as very clever women, but so odd! though, where the character resides, except in the crupper, or what cleverness they have abstracted from the oddity, their panegyrists might find it difficult to explain.

'Is your master at home?'

'No, Ma'am.'

'Thomas! do not lie: your master is at home; you need not show me to the study, I know my way perfectly.—Aye, M'Kinnon, my dear fellow, how are you? So you had yourself denied to me; but, my dear friend, I know your hiding-place.'

'It certainly was my fault that I was denied to the world; my misfortune, that I was denied to Miss Stemwith,' said Mr. M'Kinnon.

'Ha! ha! very pretty, very flattering, indeed. Why, M'Kinnon, you have improved vastly since I took you in hand; a little stiff in your gallantry still. Something of the old leaven still about you; but this will wear off when you have lived a few years longer. So, you are writing your Sunday sermon, on the duty of speaking the truth, I suppose; apropos, of some verse in Ezekiah—'

'You mean Ezekiel, I presume, Miss Stemwith?'

'Oh yes, very likely; but don't interrupt me, because I was going to remark what strict moralists you parsons are, who make your servants tell lies that you may have time to finish sermons about truth!'

'Why, Miss Stemwith,' said Mr. M'Kinnon, clearing his throat, 'it must be confessed, strictly considered, that even the understood, and therefore only partially deceptive, falsehood of not at home, falls within the range of prohibited offences; but seeing—'

'Oh yes, seeing it is convenient, it is quite proper. I agree with you entirely, only I really have not time just now to hear the first head of your sermon. I always hear sermons with most advantage in my own pew at church. By the by, how awfully cold the church is! One death, at least, I have known to have taken place in the parish, in consequence of the deceased performing her religious duties too strictly.'

'A death!' exclaimed M'Kinnon; 'I will have hot air introduced immediately. But who can have died from such a cause?'

'The story is a melancholy one. Poor creature! she had only been confined the week before, and eight little creatures are left to lament her loss.'

'Only a week after her confinement; and she

came to church! What imprudence, yet what piety! My dear Miss Stemwith, who was it? She must have been a friend of—'

'A very intimate one. I have often heard you speak to her, and once very lately—the recollection will be painful, but yet salutary to you—rather more harshly than is usual to you. Your remark was thought to have preyed very much on the poor thing's spirit.'

'Impossible! I cannot have done so, I have not done so—it is barbarous to talk in this way. If I have, I will do all I can to redeem my offence by providing for the motherless children.'

'Four of them, alas! are already provided for. The case must be investigated by the coroner; but there are strong suspicions in the village that they met their death by foul means.'

'And you expect me to believe that this has happened in my parish, in the village of Melcove, from attendance at church?'

'It is true, upon my honour as a lady. The very last Sunday, from a cold caught in your church, died Mrs. Shakleton!'

'Mrs. Shakleton! It is true, I did address her with some severity a few days back about her treatment of a poor little girl in her service. Oh! I shall never forgive myself, and she was good enough to come to church in those dangerous circumstances to hear me.'

Miss Stemwith burst into an outrageous fit of laughter. 'Oh! my dear M'Kinnon, you are too much for my nerves, you will positively put an end to my miserable existence. For mercy's sake, ring the bell for Thomas to carry me out—Mrs. Shakleton confined last week! Why, the woman was seventy-five three birth-days ago. I said Mrs. Shakleton's pug; and Miss Stemwith fell back in her chair again convulsed. 'However, to quit this painful subject, and cast upon another scarcely less painful to me, what is the name of this new animal that you are importing into our hemisphere?'

'You mean the name of my daughter's governess.'

'To be sure I do! What is one to pay for seeing her? Could I get an early peep by an extra half-crown? But seriously, Mr. M'Kinnon, am I to lose all hopes of promotion in consequence of the change in your plans?'

'Oh! by no means, Miss Stemwith: Miss Corrie does not undertake to educate Ellen in stable accomplishments. The post of instructress in that department of my household is still vacant, and by whom could it be filled more advantageously than by Miss —'

'Oh, my dear Mrs. George!—addressing the advanced guard of a detachment which had defiled round the back-garden of the parsonage, and had already been reconnoitring Mr. M'Kinnon and his guest through the study windows—'How are you, Mrs. George? and Emily too, and my little friend the Colonel! Well, how many of you are coming. The three Misses Millstones, and Augusta Courtenay; and therefore, of course, the honourable Francis—no, I declare it is Frederick Rivers. If there are many more behind, I shall give up counting.'

'You see we are besieging you in form,' said Mrs. George; 'what do you think of our insolence in surprising you and Miss Stemwith in a *tête-à-tête*?'

'Why,' said Miss Stemwith, not allowing the Rector to reply, 'I am bound in candour to say, that your intention was most exceedingly unreasonable. M'Kinnon was, at the time we caught a glimpse of you, making me a deeply interesting proposal. When we saw you entering, delicacy prevented me from listening any longer to the flattering tale.'

'My dear Miss Stemwith,' exclaimed M'Kinnon, how—'

'I protest, indeed, I cannot let you make your declaration before all this large company. I

should not have alluded to the circumstance at all, except that it was quite in vain to conceal any thing from our friends who must have observed the singularity of my being admitted into your presence-chamber when all the rest of the world were excluded. So I have made a virtue of necessity, and confessed the whole. Don't look so jealous, Julia Courtenay. It is not my fault that I am preferred to the rest of my sex.'

'Why, you must be aware, Miss Stemwith,' said the lady addressed, that, when such a beau as Mr. M'Kinnon is snatched away so unexpectedly, it must be a severe blow to us all.'

'Unexpectedly, my dear! Gracious Powers! how blind womankind are! Why, had you never observed the looks of intelligence passing between us as I sat in my pew and he was in the reading-desk? and did not you hear that we had arranged to meet each other by accident in the cottages, where our benevolent hearts, pouring their generous sentiments upon a common object, naturally drew nearer to each other? and did you not see me blush the other day—'

'Oh, no, indeed I have not,' said Julia, laughing, 'nor ever since I had the good fortune to know you.'

'No, really,' said Mr. Frederick Rivers, 'a friend of Miss Stemwith's would never say she was guilty of that. I am afraid that that last remark must throw some doubt upon the rest of the narrative.'

'There's my little pet Rivers—he has a right to complain of his old flame even feigning an attachment to any other object, after the tender vows that have been exchanged between us. Pray, Sir, why have you not called upon me since you came into this neighbourhood?'

'Really, Miss Stemwith, I have been only here two days, and my regiment—'

'O yes, of course, your regiment; but I did not mean to draw upon myself and this worshipful company the horrors of a long apology, with the inconvenience of causing you to invent a great many naughty stories; and, moreover, I have not yet found time to tell M'Kinnon the real purpose of my calling upon him.'

'I shall be rejoiced to hear it, Miss Stemwith,' said the Rector.

'Well, then, I must inform you I did not come here to amuse, but to instruct you. I hear that most of the ladies of this celebrated village of Melcove have been pouring in upon you their experience about the best way of making little children into women, and that they have all converted you, (see what a character you have got, old gentleman!) and, consequently, that you are going to have fifty-two governesses, each from a separate county, because one lady tells you that the Gloucestershire women have such a talent for bringing children on, and another that Yorkshire is the only place where you can get a person who will properly educate your daughter in good faith and the niceties of English pronunciation; and a third, that Ellen will positively turn out a vixen, if you do not fetch her an instructress from the principality; that, after that, she is to try the schools all round; and last—and you must not be offended if I say worst of all—you mean to take her into your own hands, to see if you cannot spoil her as well as any of them.'

'Miss Stemwith, are you speaking extempore?' rejoined Colonel George.

'No, Colonel; I hold in my hand the notes of the speech you ought to have made at the mess-dinner the other day.'

'What speech, Miss Stemwith?'

'Why, the paper says, Colonel George was then drunk, but he did not return thanks. But I dare say he returned thanks the next morning for being drunk; for, had he been sober and attempted a speech, he would have made a melancholy business of it. However, I will let you alone if you do not interrupt me. What was

I talking about? All the ladies who have called upon you hitherto to give you lessons, have brought their daughters with them, have they not?'

M'Kinnon nodded assent.

'Now it so happens that I have no daughter; and, consequently, the only instance to which I can appeal for the efficacy of my system of instruction, is to my highly respected self. You all know me; and, though you all abuse me and say that I am singular and outlandish, and affect oddities, and though I now and then offend all of you a little, I know that in your hearts you all like me. I am quite certain that you all feel that I am the Corinthian capitol of Melcove society. You cannot do without me: I know that if I were to quit Melcove it would be blotted out of the map of Europe. Well, such as I am, such have I been made by the education I recommend to your adoption. My father was a humourist and a system-monger. He was continually reading, and every new book converted him to the faith which it preached. This lasted about a week, and always gave way to one exactly opposite to that he had abandoned. By the by, is it not a pity, M'Kinnon, that gentlemen cannot give their cast-off theories to their grooms along with their coats, instead of throwing them away to be of no use to any one? You may easily guess what was made of poor me. I was the little wretch on whom all my father's experiments were to be tried; the clothes-horse on which all his moist speculations were hung to dry. One day, it was a mighty original notion to teach me Latin; the next, that was useless, and chemistry was the only subject worth a woman's attention. Now he took it in his head I was to be accomplished; two months after, my harp and piano were put up to auction. He was quite convinced on Monday, that I ought never to be seen in a party; on Thursday, he made up his mind that society was the element in which a woman should exist. Things went on in this way till I was twelve years old; about that time, my father and I made the discovery, or rather, I believe, my precocious talent a little anticipated him in it, that there was, after all, a much better plan than any which he had yet thought of—that was, to give me no education at all. From that time, my system became steady and consistent. I went where I pleased, said what I pleased, did what I pleased. Nobody thought me any thing, but I learned a great deal; I learned what very great fools men and women are; how very easy it is, only by showing that you have a proper sense of your own worth, to make every body else acknowledge it too; and how easily one may get pardoned for any breach of decorum, provided one only makes it a rule to be constantly committing them. I do not want friends, witness this respectable company; but, if they all deserted me, I could do very well, whilst my best friend, my Adolph, is spared to me, which reminds me that I have kept that dear friend waiting a considerable time; therefore, ladies and gentlemen, good morning. Like Sir Peter, I leave my character behind me; you may use it as roughly as you like; and Mr. M'Kinnon, if you desire that the mantle of Annette Stemwith, when she is too old to wear it, should descend upon the shoulders of Ellen, I have told you how you may accomplish your work.'

The conversation, after Miss Stemwith's departure, related, of course, chiefly to that lady, except that Julia Courtenay wished very much to know whether the governess came from a respectable family in reduced circumstances, or whether she was a governess born; and that Amelia Mills earnestly hoped she would not have red hair, as she had known an instance amongst her own acquaintances of a little girl's own tresses acquiring that tint from association with a person in that unfortunate case. I am not aware that any remarks were made which intimately affected the interests of the little person whom I propose shortly to present to my readers as my acknow-

ledged heroine. That very night, the long expected governess arrived, bringing with her a letter from Mrs. St. Clair, the sister of M'Kinnon, which I shall insert, because I think it a shorter method of presenting Miss Corrie to my readers, than by a personal introduction:

'MY DEAR BROTHER,—The lady whom I mentioned to you in my last letter will be the bearer of this. If one-fourth of the qualifications are really found in her which the person from whom I first heard of her assures me that she possesses, I am perfectly certain you will applaud my choice. She is, I am informed, deeply acquainted with the female character, and has minutely studied the motives by which women in general, and children in particular, are likely to be actuated. She sees the necessity of children being employed, as she knows, when idle, they are always liable to evil impressions; and she will spare no pains in introducing every kind of knowledge into the young mind. She entertains a due sense of the decorum, and propriety, and deference, to the opinion of the world, which it is so necessary to inculcate in the time of youth; and I am happy to add, in answer to an inquiry in your last letter, that she is strictly orthodox, and never omits to instruct her pupils in the principles of our religion. She is a woman of experience, and acquainted with the temptations to which our sex are liable, and, therefore, is eminently calculated to be the guide of a young lady at that period of her life when she has reached the dangerous pass between infancy and womanhood. She is accomplished, but does not value herself nearly so much on this secondary excellence, as upon the possession of those useful qualities which become most when accomplishments begin to sink in our esteem; and she will teach her pupil to consider her accomplishments rather as a means than an end. She will bestow her principal attention, at first, upon her pupil's memory, because she is aware how dangerous and how cruel it is to task the reason before it has acquired any strength or consistency. Finally, she has a fine poetical mind; you know how I value that distinction. In the few conversations I have had with her, I soon discovered that our sentiments on this subject were perfectly congenial, and that she sympathised most deeply in my admiration of the beautiful simplicity of Hayley, the exquisite tenderness of Della Crusca, and the delightful fragrance of the Botanic Garden. But I have no occasion to enlarge; I shall conclude, therefore, with hoping that your experience, and that of your daughter, will confirm all the pleasing expectations I have formed of Miss Corrie.—Believe me, my dear brother,' &c.

CONCERT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE REFUGEES.

THE Concert given on Thursday last, in Guildhall, for the benefit of the Spanish and Italian Refugees, met with the greatest success. Upwards of 2,000 tickets are said to have been distributed, and the benevolent individuals by whom the Concert was projected, will have the gratification of redeeming from destitution many a friendless and despairing exile.

This interesting performance was under the very able direction of Sir George Smart. The first act consisted of sacred music from the works of Handel, Mozart, &c., performed by English singers; and the second chiefly of modern Italian music of Rossini, &c.; sung by the principal vocalists of the King's Theatre, an excellent arrangement, by which much interest, novelty, and variety, was most successfully exhibited. No less than twenty-four pieces were performed, of which the following is a brief sketch:

No. 1.—Handel's grand chorus in the Coronation Anthem, 'The King shall rejoice'; only a part of this was selected, which was judicious, it being rather a heavy piece.

No. 2.—Scena, Mr. E. Taylor, 'The fall of Zion,' from Paisiello. Mr. E. Taylor deserves and obtains much credit for his adaptation of old religious music to English words, and thus adding something like novelty to the stock of Oratorio music; but the perfor-

mance now noticed was rather sombre, dull, and uninteresting, especially as a composition.

No. 3.—Air, Miss Wilkinson, 'Lord! to thee,' from Handel's *Theodora*. This lady would have performed much to our satisfaction, (and that of her experienced auditors,) had she sung this chastely and without additions and interpolations, as Bartleman used to do; besides that, she spoiled the effect of the allegro, and distressed the orchestra in the accompaniment, through an evident affectation in breaking the time. Music is now so much better understood and valued than formerly, that singers are not expected to take the liberty they were accustomed to do in that respect. She made her shake also upon the wrong note, a practice, we understand, she is unfortunately in the habit of.

No. 4.—Beethoven's grand chorus, 'Hallelujah to the Father,' from the *Mount of Olives*. This magnificent composition went beautifully, excepting that the choristers hurried a little in leading the fugue.

No. 5.—Air, Mr. Phillips, 'Honour and Arms,' from Handel's *Oratorio of Samson*, also extremely well performed and much applauded.

No. 6.—Recit. and Air, Miss Paton, 'If guiltless blood,' from Handel's *Susanna*. This lady was received with considerable acclamation, and her performance was very chaste and correct.

No. 7.—'Rex tremendæ majestatis!' Mozart's sublime chorus in G minor from his *Requiem*, followed by the

No. 8.—'Recordare,' sung by Mrs. W. Knyvett, Messrs. W. Knyvett, Horncastle, and E. Taylor. This beautiful quartett was led off by the clarionets and violincellos in a delightful manner, and was altogether well exhibited, excepting only a fatal E flat instead of E natural, sung in a tenor solo by Horncastle, at the words 'Et latro sem exaudisti'; trifling as this may appear in description, it had a remarkably blighting effect at the instant of performance.

No. 9.—Scena, Mr. Braham, 'The Battle of the Angels,' composed by Bishop. In the introductory recitative, Mr. Braham sang a little out of tune, but recovered his pitch in the song, which is a clever composition, apparently written to suit Braham's voice and peculiarities of singing; for example, Bishop has afforded him a striking opportunity of exhibiting his highest A natural, in a loud and striking manner, *exactly* as he does in Handel's recitative, 'Deeper and deeper still,' at the word 'madness.' The last movement is quite 'à la Rossini,' as to mannerism and accompaniment, with an episode in slower time, much resembling Dr. Clarke's song 'Marmion.' But the whole piece went off extremely successfully, excepting only the ranting, roaring cadence, with which Braham has concluded his songs a thousand times, and always in the most possible taste; 'Tis true, 'tis pity; 'tis pity, 'tis true.'

No. 10.—Air, Mrs. W. Knyvett, 'What though I trace,' from Handel's *Solomon*,—a perfect, chaste, and excellent performance.

No. 11.—Trio, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Messrs. W. Knyvett and Horncastle. 'The Lord will comfort Zion,' and Chorus, 'O sing unto Jehovah,' introduced by Mr. Gardiner in the *Oratorio of Judah*, and adapted by him from the compositions of Haydn. There was nothing very striking in this exhibition, either in condemn or approve; it was rather common-place.

No. 12.—Recit. and Air, Miss Paton, 'From mighty Kings,' from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. All the brilliancy, gaiety, and charming effect formerly produced by Mrs. Salmon, in this song, (her special *chef-d'œuvre*), would have been successfully imitated by Miss Paton, had it not all evaporated in her transposing it from its proper key A natural, into A flat! How her Ladyship could have been so ill advised, or rather that she was not advised to the contrary, we wonder at, and lament!

No. 13.—Handel's grand double chorus, 'From the censer,' out of his *Oratorio of Solomon*, concluded the act; and, perhaps, his 'Hallelujah' or *Hailstone chorus*, would have appeared better for a finale.

'The morning lowers, and heavily in clouds
Brings on the day, the great, the auspicious day,
Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.'

These lines were applicable to the early morning of Thursday last: not only so, but even a heavy snow-storm be-withered London in the most gloomy manner; however, at noon, the glorious sun shone brightly out, and was doubly welcome and delightful by the force of contrast. Typically of this, so did Weber's romantic, delicious, and original overture to *Eurandee*, No. 14, shine brightly out, as a commencement to the second

act, forming a striking contrast of modern composition, to the heaviness of the ancient, exhibited in the first part of our concert.

No. 15.—Horsley's exhilarating glee, 'See the Chariot at hand' carried on the effect; and the performance being wholly vocal, produced a delightful variety after the full overture. It was well performed by the Knyvett, Horncastle, and Phillips, and reminded us of the old glee-singing days of Bartleman's concerts, when that sort of minstrelsy was carried to an extent in all concerts that became rapid, insipid, and tiresome; on the contrary, this single specimen was quite in good taste, and showed the hand of him who put together the performance in so judicious a manner.

No. 16.—Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, 'Il soave e bel contento,' from Pacini's 'Didone Abbandonata.' This, our favourite vocalist, ushered in the Italian school, and she sang as delightfully and perfect as usual. The accompaniments were beautifully executed also, by Nicholson (flute), Willmann (clarinet), Mackintosh (bassoon); and when we unfortunately lose these excellent professors, with Lindley and Dragonetti, we may never expect to 'look upon their like again,' at least not collectively.

No. 17.—Aria, Signor Donzelli, 'Ah! si per voi,' from Rossini's *Otello*. This is the song he sang at the first Philharmonic Concert, (see 'Athenæum,' No. 71, page 140,) and all therein stated may be applied upon the present occasion.

No. 18.—Aria, Madame Pisaroni, 'Elena' from 'La Donna del Lago.' The transposition of this song from E natural to E flat, considerably deteriorated the effect; but Pisaroni exhibited the counter tenor part of her voice to advantage; her graces and cadences are appropriate, well imagined and well executed; but her general performance is more clever than interesting.

No. 19.—Spanish National Air, Mr. Braham, written expressly for the occasion, arranged by Gomis. Of this, the less said perhaps the better, as a musical work.

No. 20.—Aria, Madame Camporese, 'Parto, ma tu ben mio,' from Mozart's 'La Clemenza di Tito.' This was the first appearance of Madame Camporese since her return to England, and her reception was flattering in the extreme: the plaudits were long, loud, and enthusiastic, and particularly so from that quarter likely to be most gratifying; namely, the Orchestra. All the leading professors who for so many years witnessed and assisted her successful performances at the King's Theatre and elsewhere, were anxious to pay a tribute not only to her worth, as an excellent and delightful vocalist, but to her lady-like behaviour, urbanity, and uniform good conduct. It may be needless to say that the particular piece was quite perfectly performed, that it is one of Mozart's most delightful songs, that Willmann's clarinet accompaniment was as usual unrivalled, and that, in fact, Camporese and Willmann were the very couple Mozart could have desired to do justice to his elegant and graceful composition.

No. 21.—Tersetto, Madame De Vigo, Miss Wilkinson, and Signor Donzelli, 'Cruda sorte,' from Rossini's 'Ricciardo e Zoraida.' This magnificent and beautiful specimen of Italian modern music would have been more successful had the vocalists understood each other better: they all showed high blood, but did not go well together in harness.

No. 22.—Aria, Mademoiselle Blasia, 'Bel raggio' from 'Semiramide,' a very successful and good performance; but it created no particular sensation, nor attracted much notice, from its similarity of character to the many other productions of Rossini's that had preceded it.

After this, the following performance was promised in the programme, viz. Spanish song, Madame De Vigo, 'El Bajelito,' to be accompanied on the harp by Mr. G. Holst, composed by Garcia. There was poor Madame De Vigo, there was the manager, Sir G. Smart, there was the expecting audience, there were the stewards with their wands, and there was the harp, but there was *not* any harp player! The reason of this great man's absence remains unexplained; and we trust he will not be suffered soon again to trifle with his engagement in a similar manner.

The Conductor is so clever a man of business, and the whole concert from its regularity and exactness so fully evinced it, that it was a pity any circumstance should have blotted it. However, most probably the omission was no loss, and Mr. G. Holst has by this time very likely heard of the affair in no measured terms.

No. 23.—Duetto, Madame Caradori Allan and Madame Pisaroni, 'Lasciami! non l'ascolto' from Ros-

ni's 'Tancredi.' This did not go quite well: Pisaroni sang a little too flat frequently; and the piece would have been better if performed by male and female voices, instead of two so similar to each other.

No. 24.—Finale, Grand Chorus 'Discedi, O benefica,' from Mozart's 'Zauberflöte.' Thus concluded one of the very best concerts perhaps ever witnessed, exhibiting more variety of vocal ability, choice of subjects, and excellence of instrumental talent, than can frequently be amalgamated.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

We have often put to ourselves the question whether Mr. Martin's works will be objects of request in after-times; and, although on this point we entertain just as much doubt (and no more) as the mere arising of the interrogation implies, the answer has constantly been in the affirmative. We conclude, then, that the fame of Mr. Martin *will* survive the generation which runs with gaping wonder to gaze at his singular productions. If they do so survive, however, they will be sought after as extraordinary and eccentric performances, and as specimens less of excellence in the arts than of successful efforts at curious and peculiar effects,—as works of partial, not of general, merit. No man, probably, of cultivated taste will wholly approve them, or recommend them as models for imitation; yet neither, in candour, will he be able to withhold from them the degree of admiration ever yielded to performances which it lies within the power of only one man to conceive and execute. Mr. Martin, in his way, will, therefore, stand long, if not for ever, single. His manner is peculiarly his own: he need fear no rivals in his own age; no followers in subsequent times. None but men of considerable talents could attempt, with any chance of success, to tread in the path which he has traced; and, if a man above the standard of mediocrity make the effort, he will throw in a character and style of his own, which will establish a difference between his productions and those which suggested them. We desire no better proof of this than some of the works of Mr. Danby, and the new attempt of Mr. Roberts. Mr. Martin and Mr. Danby, rumour says, but with what truth we know not, entertain reciprocal jealousy, and tax each other with plagiarism. They may spare themselves the pain of any such unworthy feelings; for even in the certain character of sublimity, which is the point at which their mutual approach is nearest, the difference in the manner of the two artists is so discernible, that to none but themselves do they appear within reach of each other.

Mr. Roberts, in the new character in which he presents himself in the exhibition which we are about to notice, stands in a similar predicament with regard to Mr. Martin. It is impossible to view the large masses of architecture, the myriads of living beings which form the principal features of 'The Departure of the Israelites out of the Land of Egypt,' No. 7, without perceiving and acknowledging that the composition partakes in a degree of the character of Mr. Martin's works: and for the idea, we confess we think Mr. Roberts must be considered as indebted to Mr. Martin; but the resemblance, however, goes no further; the absence of the peculiar effect resulting from Mr. Martin's compositions is instantly perceived—no such effect, in short, appears to have been aimed at by Mr. Roberts, and therefore we are not obliged to view, in his new work, a proof of aspiration after rivalry with his brother artist: if he have so aspired, he must be pronounced to have failed in some respects, whatever may be his superiority in others. The principal merit of Mr. Roberts's picture consists in bold and accurate delineation, and in admirable effect of aerial perspective. Viewed in any other light than as a specimen of scene-painting, it sins extravagantly against most important laws of art, viz. propriety and truth. What signifies all this

crowding together of palaces and pyramids, except to expose a determination to produce an overpowering effect? Mr. Roberts might have displayed his learning, and heightened the effect of his picture, had he given to his temples and palaces more of the variety of colour with which it was the custom of the ancient Egyptians to enrich the members of their edifices.

From Mr. Roberts we turn to Mr. Stanfield, whose principal production in this exhibition is a large landscape, 'Erle Stoke Park, near Devizes, the seat of G. Watson Taylor, Esq. M. P.,' No. 188. This is a very attractive and pleasing picture. The gleam of sunshine on the distant prospect, illuminating the rich plain of the vale, from over which the thunder cloud is just retiring, and more feebly but with very happy effect, the whole line of hills which bound the view, is very skillfully managed. The composition of the foreground is less deserving of praise. 'The Coast Scene,' No. 36, by Mr. Stanfield, although a picture of smaller dimensions, displays no less ability than the work we have before mentioned. It is a very clever painting, and full of effect.

Before quitting the works of Mr. Stanfield, we may again place him and Mr. Roberts in juxtaposition, by drawing attention to two delightful little pictures in the water-colour room, both painted from sketches by Captain Grindlay, the one, 'Interior of the Cave Temple of India Subba at Ellora,' by Mr. Roberts, (No. 614,) the other 'Scene in Kattiawar,' by Mr. Stanfield, (No. 624.) Both are charming and masterly productions.

Mr. Glover, on this as on former occasions, has more pictures in the Gallery than any other exhibitor. Most of his works have, as usual, the peculiar character of the artist, which smacks too much of manner to be pleasing; others, while they possess the same fault, display, moreover, an attempt at particular effects which pall the taste by too frequent recurrence: at first, they keep the mind suspended between applause and disapprobation, so barely do they overstep the truth of nature on the one hand; yet, on the other, so much have they of palpable artifice, and so nearly do they border on affectation:—their repetition decidedly offends. The large picture 'Daphnis and Chloe in an Italian landscape, with the Palace of the Cæsars, &c.,' No. 43, is less stamped than some of Mr. Glover's productions with the impression of his peculiarities; but he seems to have had Claude in view in the composition of this landscape, and to have succeeded in calling to mind the works of that inimitable master just sufficiently to suggest a comparison unfavourable to his own attempt.

'Borrowdale, Cumberland,' T. C. Hofland, No. 32, is another large landscape, representing, with close attention to nature, a beautiful and well-selected scene; yet, from a certain tameness and want of energy, it forms by no means so agreeable a picture as the subject seems capable of having been made.

The works of Mr. J. Wilson, on the contrary, abound in the quality wanting in the performance just noticed; they are full of spirit and effect. 'The View on the Flemish Coast, near Ostend,' No. 94, and 'Crickeith Castle, North Wales,' No. 198, are very clever and highly attractive paintings.

Mr. R. B. Davis's animal pieces are all excellent; his various portraits of horses are perfectly drawn, and both in form and expression have great character and spirit; but the most successful performance of this artist is No. 113, 'Fox-hounds, just found, and getting together.' We are at a loss which to admire most, the autumnal tint, and the falling leaves of the season far advanced towards winter, or the animation of the hounds: as they come tumbling over the bank, they appear actually in life and motion. The ease and freedom with which the effects, in both cases, are obtained, are admirable.

Of the 'Heron alarmed,' No. 237, it is not too much to say, that this picture places Mr. Lane, as a painter of birds, in a rank with Mr. Edwin Landseer, in his animal pieces.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTGOMERY GALLERY.

AN exhibition under this startling title is now open at 209, Regent-street. It contains ten pictures painted by Mr. J. Rawson Walker, from the poem 'The World before the Flood,' of Mr. James Montgomery. The subjects chosen for illustration are the following: 'The Mount of Paradise;' 'Zillah's Bower;' 'The Patriarch's Glen;' 'An Earthquake at Sunset;' 'The Patriarch's Sacrifice;' 'Twilight;' 'The Tomb of Abel;' 'Conflagration by Moonlight;' 'The Prelude to the Deluge;' 'The Deluge.' The aim of the artist in the treatment of these subjects seems to have been to follow his text to the letter, where so to do was compatible with the art he professed; and to produce very elaborately finished paintings in a popular style. He may be pronounced to have succeeded, although in one instance, in which he has found it necessary to deviate from the original, the poetry of the idea has too evidently suffered by the change. The indulgently inclined will make due allowances, and admit the consideration of the acknowledged difficulty of representing the sublime imaginings of the poet's mind in an embodied form to the senses, in instances such as in the Deluge, where he finds that the painter has failed to depicture faithfully the 'Sun veiling his face in sackcloth.'

We are not in the secret of these illustrations or of the exhibition. It is certainly an anomalous case. If the pictures be painted by the artist on his own account, and from an impulse of enthusiasm for the works of Mr. James Montgomery, he is a most courageous speculator, and richly deserves encouragement for his spirit: if they be executed by commission from the poet himself, or his publisher, as ornaments for a new edition of 'The World before the Flood,' we sincerely congratulate Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Taylor, and the bookseller.

REIGNING PRINCES OF ASIA, 1828.

TURKISH EMPIRE.—Sultan Mahmoud II., the son of Sultan Abdul Hamed, born the 20th July, 1785; mounted the Ottoman throne upon the deposition of his brother, Mustapha IV., on the 28th July, 1808.

Egypt.—Mohammed Ali, born at Cavala, in Rumeilia, in 1769. (A.H. 1182.); a son of Ibrahim Aga; made a Pasha on the 14th May, 1805, in the room of Chorsid Pasha; confirmed by Sultan Selim III., on the 1st of August, 1806.

Bagdad.—Daud Pasha.

Moldavia.—John Sturza, a Moldavian Boyar, appointed Hospodar on the 16th July, 1822, and proclaimed at Jassy on the 21st of the same month.

Wallachia.—Gregory Ghika, [appointed Hospodar on the 16th July, 1822, and introduced by the Pasha of Silistria on the 21st of September of the same year.

VASSALS OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.—**Tripoli.**—Jussuf-Bey, appointed 1795.

Tunis.—Sidi-Hassan Bey, succeeded Hamuda Bey the 23d March, 1824.

Algiers.—Hussein, the son of Hassan, formerly Minister of the Interior; on the 1st March, 1818, he succeeded Dei Ali, who died of the plague. He is about fifty-four years of age.

Mecca.—Yahya, Sheriff, the son of Surur; on the 2d November, 1813, he replaced his uncle, Ghaleb, who had been deposed by Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and died at Salonica in 1818.

Yemen.—..... Imam, in 1815, succeeded Tamy, the chief of the tribe of Asar, who was taken prisoner by Hassan, an Arab, son of Calied, who was an ally of Mohammed Ali.

Sennaar.—Bady VII., the son of Tabl, the nine-and-twentieth king of the dynasty of the Funja, a tribe from the interior of Africa, which settled at Sennaar towards the close of the fifteenth century. In June

1821, Ismael, a son of the Pasha of Egypt, compelled him to recognise Sultan Mahmoud as his sovereign.

EMPIRE OF MOROCCO.—Muley-abd-er-Rahman, Sultan, succeeded his father, Muley Solymán, the 28th November, 1822.

KINGDOM OF ABYSSINIA.—Isa Guarlu, of the Solymán dynasty, who have occupied the throne in uninterrupted succession from the year 1268. He resides at Gondak; the real power, however, is monopolised by the independent chiefs, Ras Weled Selassey, Ras Gabri, Guxar, Ras Illao, Lihban, and Goga.

MUSCAT.—Seyud Said, Imam, succeeded his father, Seyud Sultan, about the year 1801. He is the third descendant of Achmed, son of Said, the founder of this state.

PERSIA.—Feti Ali Shah, of the Turkish race of the Cadjars; before his accession, his name was Baba Chan; he is a son of Hussein Kuli Chan; was born in 1768; and succeeded his uncle, Aga Mohammed Chan, in 1796. Presumptive heir, Abbas Mirza, born in the year 1785.

AFGHANISTAN.—The reigning family derives from Ahmed Shah Abdali, a branch of the Saducis. The present king's title is Shah Duri Duran. After the death of Timour Chan, on the 20th May, 1793, his sons contested the succession, and ultimately divided the kingdom amongst themselves. In 1826, Yar Mohammed, Chan of Pishaner, and Purdil, Chan of Kandahar, expelled their brother Dost Mohammed Chan, who reigned in Cabul.

BILUDSHISTAN.—Mahammed Chan, about forty-six years of age, succeeded his father, Nasser Chan, in June, 1795.

BALCH.—Was subjugated in the year 1825, by Mir Murad Bey, who drove out Nedjeb Ullah Chan, the governor appointed by the King of Cabul.

BOKHARA.—The great Chan of Bokhara and Samarcand, Bakhhar Chan, succeeded his father, Mihr Hyder Chan, in 1826. The interregnum of his brother, Mihr Hussein, did not last more than four months. Seyud Atalik Bey, father-in-law of Mihr Hyder, is Governor of Hissar.

BADAKSHAN.—Mirza Abdul Gharul, son of Mohammed Shah, resides at Faehabad, a town which must not be confounded with Badakshan, which lies to the north of it.

CHARASM.—Rahman Kuli Chan succeeded his father, Mohammed Rahim Chan, in 1826. The title of these sovereigns, who are descendants of the Usbeks, is 'Tukair Chan.' Their residence is at Chiwa.

CHINA.—The name of the reigning family of the Mantahus is *Ta-tsing*, 'Purer of the Pure.' Even in China the actual name of the present Emperor is unknown; he is the second son of his predecessor, who died in 1820. The title of honour peculiar to the government of the existing sovereign is *Tasu-Kwang*, or 'Splendour of the Understanding.'

JAPAN.—The Cobo, or Emperor, began his reign in 1804. His name is not made known to his subjects whilst he occupies the throne. The year 1811 was the eighth before his 'Nengo' Bunwa, a title of honour which is attached to his government.

N.B.—M. St. Martin, to whom we are indebted for the preceding details, is anxious that their defects should be supplied, and will be grateful for any information, which those more conversant with the subject may have the kindness to transmit to him.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

THE sluggish direction of the affairs of the Opera, which has been made visible in the failure, absolute or comparative, of some of their most hopeful performances, seems now about to be succeeded by an activity forced upon the managers in self-defence. The revival of 'Ricciardo e Zornide' was accompanied by signs of this improvement. The best strength of the present corps dramatique was called into action; great attention has been paid to the getting up of the Opera, in all its departments: to this may be added a still higher praise; viz., that with such a *become* as this in store for the wearied appetite of the public, it was not brought out for their enjoyment, until every part was thoroughly prepared, even though at a risk of their becoming nauseated, in the mean while, with the imperfect representations of previous operas. 'Ricciardo' is fresh in the memory of every one, and yet none should be content with their recollections; for in the day of Toso and Brizzi, it was but a shadow of what it is at present. Having, as we acknowledge, a certain sly and undefinable *penchant* for Madlle. Blais, it will

not be surprising. In our eyes, she appears the best representative of the captive Zoraida that has appeared on our stage. Though her voice is of thin volume and uncertain strength, and its fluency by no means commensurate either with her taste, or science, or endeavour; yet the *can amore* character of her singing covers a multitude of sins, and the malcontents may look far and long before they discover, any where, such tenderness, and delicacy, and true musical feeling. Between Mesdames Pisanoni and Brizzi, who have appeared in the same character of Zoraida, there is a wide and undoubted interval: which has the vantage ground, need not be explained; and, having said, (as a matter of course) that the former lady performs her present part with magnificent skill and power, it may also be added, for the information of the curious in such matters, that the splendour of a particularly 'rich attire' has, in this instance, gone far to disguise those personal disadvantages which do no mean injury to our enjoyment of her general accomplishments.

But, to complete this 'musical triad,' what a noble and delicious key-note have we in the rich performance of Signor Donzelli! He is the successor of Torri, and naturally throws a vein of brilliant beauty into the mass of the composition, which carries with it a luminous reflection extending even to the farthest boundaries of the performance.

We have to complain of the process by which the opera has been squeezed into one act. If this has been done out of courtesy to the ballet, we are orthodox enough to deny the justice of its being so compelled to truckle, and contrast itself as if to a superior, though it appears there has been a spirit of reciprocity between them, inasmuch as 'Massaniello' has been pinched into the limits of two acts by means of a temperate system and tight lacing.

Signor Curioni should not be forgotten, more especially as he signalled himself beyond precedent in the well-known duett, 'Ricciardo! che veggio' the latter part of which, the 'Ah! nati è ver noi siamo,' was as full of sweetness and as precise a performance of the music set down, as the composer himself ever dreamed of. The celebrated and incomparable tenor 'Cruda sorte,' which alone will be an eternal monument to Rossini's fame, was executed with great vigour, and is uniformly anchored. But to us it seemed very far from being so perfect as many of the less observed pieces in the opera; at least, the effect was so clearly the only end in view that the real gracefulness, and much of the real expression, were absorbed in the hurry, and noise, and unnecessary violence of the final passages. However, by the suffrages of all, it is a grand performance, and, with little further to particularise, it may be well now to confess our acquiescence in this general eulogy.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'—*Comus*.

I.—ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—*Genesis*.

1.—ANIMAL MECHANICS.

Swimming of Fishes and Flying of Birds.—Flying modifies all the actions of birds, swimming those of fishes. In these kindred qualities, both classes stand apart from quadrupeds, and the other land animals. Swimming and flying are, in truth, only the same act performed in different fluids. The effective instruments, organs and movements, which produce or modify these acts, are similar, or, at least, analogous. From this remarkable relation, we may expect to find many secondary analogies between the habits of fishes and birds. The wing of the bird, and the fin of the fish, differ much less from one another, than might be supposed at first sight; and hence the ancient Greek and Roman naturalists, as well as many in later times, have called them by the same name. Both present a considerable surface relatively to the size of the animal, which it may enlarge or diminish at pleasure. The fin accommodates itself to these expansions and contractions, because it is composed like the wing, of a soft, flexible membranous substance; and when it has received the size suited to the immediate want of the animal, it presents, like the wing, a resisting surface, it acts with precision, it strikes with force, because, like the instrument of flying, it is stiffened with small cylinders, solid, hard, and nearly inflexible. Though unprovided with feathers, it is sometimes strengthened with scales that possess the same texture as the feathers of a bird.

The weight of birds does not greatly exceed that of

their own bulk of air; the density of fishes is very little different from water, especially that of the sea. Birds are furnished with an organization, which renders a great volume very light. Their lungs are very largely developed; great air bags are placed in the interior of their bodies: their bones are hollow and perforated, so as to receive with ease into their cavities the atmospheric fluid. Almost all fish have a peculiar bladder, which they can expand with air at pleasure, without adding sensibly to their weight.

The tail of birds serves as a rudder, and their wings are perfect oars. The back and belly fins of fish may be also compared to powers which regulate and direct, whilst the tail, with its lengthened caudal fin, strikes the water like an oar, and communicating impulsion to the animal, is the mainspring of its rapid movements. We may, therefore, affirm, that birds swim in the air, and fishes fly in the water. The atmosphere is the ocean of the first; and the sea that of the second. But fishes enjoy their domain much more fully than birds; for they can traverse it in every direction,—rise to the very surface, sink into the abyss, or repose themselves in any part of the fluid itself.

2.—ANIMAL CHEMISTRY.

Effects of Heat and Cold on Animal Tissues.—If, in a severe frost, a cabbage be completely frozen, and instead of thawing it in cold water, it be put into water lukewarm, although of no higher a temperature than some of those in which the cabbage grew, it will presently become rancid. So, if a joint of butcher's meat, after being hung, as some joints may be, several weeks, when in a frozen state, be thawed in a warm room, it will very quickly become putrid. Again, if a person with a frozen limb be brought into a room of a common temperature, for the limb to thaw in, instead of causing it to thaw by rubbing it with snow, the limb immediately mortifies, which effects are produced by the too quick application of heat, although only of common degrees of temperature.

3.—ANIMAL ECONOMICS.

Domestication.—Apes and monkeys, notwithstanding their social instinct and intellect, are yet so violent and irritable, as to be incapable of all useful subjection. Among carnivorous animals, the seals, together with various species of the dog tribe, would be the best adapted to attach themselves to us and serve us. M. Cuvier suggests, that the seal might be trained for fishing, as the dog for hunting. Several animals peculiar to South America, having but very feeble means of defence, will, as that country is peopled, gradually disappear from the face of the earth. After other illustrations, the writer concludes, that all domestication is founded on the propensity which animals have to live together in herds, and to attach themselves to one another. We obtain it only by enticement, and principally by augmenting their wants and satisfying them. But we could only produce domestic individuals, and not races, without the concurrence of one of the most general laws of life, the transmission of the organic or intellectual modifications by generation. Here one of the most astonishing phenomena of nature manifests itself to us, the transformation of a fortuitous modification into a desirable form,—of a fugitive want into a fundamental propensity,—of an incident habit into an instinct. This subject is assuredly worthy of exciting the attention of the most accurate observers, and of occupying the meditations of the most profound thinkers.

4.—SAURIOLOGY.

Discovery of the great Dragon of Antiquity.—M. Colini, director of the Cabinet of the Elector Palatine, was the first to describe a genus of Saurian reptiles, characterized by the excessive elongation of the fourth toe in front, to which animal M. Cuvier has given the name of *pterodactyle* (wing-toed.) It was found in one of the marly stones, foliated, grey, and sometimes yellowish, of Aichstedt, which abound in dendrites, and animal petrifications.

It is hardly possible to doubt, says M. Cuvier, that the long toe served to support a membrane, which furnished the animal, over the whole length of the fore-leg, with a much more powerful wing, than that of the dragon, (*Draco Volans*, Lin.) and at least equal in strength to that of the bat. This ancient animal could fly with a vigour proportional to its muscular power; and then it could make use of its three short toes, armed with crooked claws, to suspend itself from trees. We have, here, an animal, which, in its osteology from the teeth to the extremity of its claws, presents all the classic characters of the saurians, or lizards. There is no reason to doubt of its having also had their generic characters in its integuments and soft parts; of its having their scales, organs of circulation, generation,

&c. But it was, at the same time, provided with the means of flying; an animal which, in a standing posture, could make little use of its fore-legs, if it did not keep them always folded up, as birds do their wings, which could, however, also employ its small fore-toes for hanging itself to branches of trees, though its posture of repose must have been usually on its hind feet, just like that of birds. It must, moreover, have held its neck reverted, as birds do, to prevent its enormous long head from upsetting its equilibrium.

From these data, it would be possible to figure it in the living state; but the picture we should form would be most extraordinary, and would appear to those who had not minutely followed out its anatomical structure, as the offspring of a distempered imagination, rather than a natural production. Something very like it may occasionally be seen in the grotesque paintings of the Chinese; or it may have been the original of the great dragon of antiquity, an idea which is far from improbable.

Library of George Hibbert, Esq.—The sale of this Library has excited very great interest, and the Bibles and Classics have brought high prices. The competition between the agents of certain Royal and noble collectors, and a few rich and tasteful private individuals, has on several occasions been severe.

Castiglione il Cortegiano (Venet. Aldo, 1545), having at the end a Sonnet, by Tasso, in his own handwriting, and at the beginning the most curious single printed leaf in existence, being the printed challenge which was circulated and stuck on the Church-door in Venice, by the admirable Crichton, in the year 1560. It is printed in the large Italic type, used by Paul Manutius, and, most probably, by him, as his friendship for Crichton is well known, sold on Wednesday in Mr. Hibbert's sale for one hundred and five guineas. This extraordinary volume was once in the sale Catalogue of Fenn and Whitmore, at Charing Cross, for ten shillings and six pence, where it was purchased by Mr. Singer, in the sale of whose books, some years back, it was bought by Mr. Hibbert, for thirty guineas. A translation of the challenge, which is unique, was published by Mr. Hibbert in *Constable's Magazine*.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Rev. E. G. Marsh's *Seventeen Sermons*, 8vo., 9s.
Natural History of *Enthusiasm*, 8vo., 6s.
An Explanatory View of the Doctrine of the Trinity, &c., by the Rev. T. G. Tolley, 8vo., second edition, 6s.
Wright on Friendly Societies, 8s.
Short Sermons on Important Subjects, by the Rev. J. Edmondson, vol. 2, 8vo., 8s.
Apostolic Morals; or, Tales of the Table, Kitchen, and Larder, 8vo., 8s.
Chapters on the Physical Sciences, 12mo., 6s.
Macnish's *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, third edition, 12mo., 6s.
Baxter's Reformed Pastor, with Essay by the Rev. D. Wilson, 12mo., 4s.
Leigh's Road Books of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in box, 18mo., 39s.
Leigh's New Pocket Road Book of Scotland, 18mo., 8s.
Sherwood's *Fairchild Family*, tenth edition, 12mo., 5s.
Marriott's (Harvey) *Sermons*, fourth course, 8vo., 12s. 6d.
The London Dissector, eighth edition, enlarged, 7s. 6d.
Practical Observations on Ventilating and Warming, second edition, with plates, 8vo., 15s.
Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, with Essay by Thos. Erskine, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Illustrations of the Lepidopterous Insects of all Countries, by Captain Thomas Brown, F.R.S.E., &c., &c., No. 1, 8s.
The First Half Volume, price 2s., of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge:—The Menageries; Quadrupeds, described and drawn from living subjects.
Bell's System of Geography, with Maps and other Engravings, parts 1 and 2, 7s. 6d. each.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	April.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Darwin at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 30	44	42	28. 91	N.E.	Moist.	Cirrostratus Cumulus.
Tues. 31	32	34	28. 90	Drizzle.	Rain, P.M.	—
Wed. 1	38	30	29. —	N to S.W.	SNOW.	—
Thur. 2	35	31	29. 14	N to N.W.	SNOW.	—
Frid. 3	40	34	29. 36	N.W. to W.	Fair Cl.	—
Sat. 4	48	43	29. 40	S.W.	Drizzle.	—
Sun. 5	52	45	29. 92	Drizzle.	Showers.	—

Nights and mornings generally fair.

Highest temperature at noon, 55°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun in mean distance on the 30th.

Jupiter stationary on the 31st.

The Moon in Perigee on the 3d.

Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 3° 34' in Aries.

Jupiter's ditto ditto 15° 14' in Jupiter.

Saturn's ditto ditto 27° 36' in Cancer.

Sun's ditto ditto 16° 36' in Aries.

Length of day on Sunday, 15 h. 10 min. Increased 5 h. 36 m.

Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2° 27' plus. Logarithmic

um. of distance, 9.00107.

Just published, No. II., of
THE CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, by H. Hughes, 14, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, price 2s.

This day is published, in 1 vol. 8vo., 10s. 6d. bds.,
HISTORY OF RUSSIA, and of PETER THE GREAT. By GENERAL COUNT PHILIP DE SÉGUR.
 By Treuttel and Wurtz, Treuttel, Jun., and Richter, 30, Soho-square, London.

Of whom may be had, lately published, the 6th ed. in 2 vols., price 10s., or in 1 vol., demy 8vo., price one guinea, in boards, of **COUNT SÉGUR'S HISTORY OF NAPOLEON'S EXPEDITION TO RUSSIA IN 1812**.

This day is published, price 2s. 6d.,
A VINDICATION OF NIEBHUR'S HISTORY OF ROME from the CHARGES of 'THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.' By JULIUS CHARLES HARE, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Printed for John Taylor, Bookseller and Publisher to the University of London, 30, Upper Gower-street; and sold by Duncan, Paternoster-row; Hessey, Fleet-street; Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly; and all Booksellers.

This day is published, in 8vo., price 2s.,
AN ESSAY ON THE EFFECT OF THE REFORMATION ON CIVIL SOCIETY IN EUROPE. By WILLIAM MACRAE, Minister of the Gospel, Stirling.
 'Tis the cause of man.'—*Copper's Task*.
 Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

••• The Professors of Marischal College, Aberdeen, along with the other trustees of the late Mrs. Blackwell, prescribed in 1836, as the subject of her Biennial Prize Essay, 'What has been the Effect of the Reformation on the State of Civil Society in Europe?' and an outline of the above Essay obtained the prize. The author, from the peculiar aspect of the times, has now been induced to publish it, and in preparing it for the press he has made so many additions, as to render it almost a new work.

NEW WORKS.
 Just published by Edward Bull, New Public Subscription Library, 36, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.
CONVERSATIONS ON INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY, or a Familiar Explanation of the Nature and Operations of the Human Mind, 3 vols. price 10s.

'They contain much excellent matter for every age; to the young they are invaluable.'—*Literary Gazette*.
THE MANUAL FOR INVALIDS. By a Physician. Price 9s.
 'A valuable, cautious, and sound treatise on health, and the means of preserving it.'—*Atlas*.
THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY. 3 vols. third Edition, is now ready.

'These Tales are valuable illustrations of English manners.'—*Times*.

NEW FORMS.
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THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH. Price 6s.

In the press,
THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK. By T. K. HEAVY. Including 'Australia.' To be elegantly printed in one volume, illustrated by Fladen.

FAMILY SAVED FROM SHIPWRECK.
MESSRS. MOON, BOYS, and GRAVES, have the satisfaction of informing Subscribers and the Public, that the ENGRAVING, representing a FAMILY SAVED FROM SHIPWRECK, Painted and Engraved by JOHN BURNETT, is now ready for delivery. This Print, so characteristic of one of those Scenes which are of such frequent occurrence on our coast, achieved by the intrepidity of British Sailors, is dedicated, by special permission, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

The above Print is engraved in line, and the size of the plate is 26 inches broad by 21 inches high. Prints, Two Guineas; Proofs, Four Guineas; Proofs on India Paper, Five Guineas; Proofs before the Letters, of which a few only are taken, Six Guineas.

London: published by Moon, Boys, and Graves, Printers to the King; 6, Ball-Mall; of whom all Mr. Burnett's other Works may be had.

THE ORIENTAL HERALD for APRIL, Conducted by J. S. BUCKINGHAM, contains, among other Articles, equally interesting to Oriental and General Readers:—*American Export Trade to China*—Comparative Estimates of the Surface and Population of the Globe—My Mother: by Mrs. Blythe—Commercial Differences between Great Britain and America: New American Tariff—To Myrrha—Voyage on the Nile, from Cairo to the Cataracts, No. II.—The Last Time of Babylon—Case of *Habeas Corpus* in India—The Banks of the Lee—The History and Doctrine of Buddhism—A Learned Judgment—Excursions in South Africa, No. I.—Reflections on the Present State of British India—Political Condition of the Free-Coloured Inhabitants of the Island of Trinidad—Description of Bushire, the chief Sea-port of the Persian Gulf—Moravian Lullaby—Progress of Colonial Reform at the Mauritius and the Cape of Good Hope, as regards the Treatment of the Slave Population—Letter on the Indian Trade—Importation of Inferior Tea by the East India Company—Proceedings at Birmingham relative to a Free Trade with India—Proceedings at Bristol—Proceedings at Wakefield—Steam Mail Packet to India via the Cape—Seizure of an Indian Trader in the Thames for the violation of the Company's Charter—Letters from Bombay: Anecdotes of Lord William Bentinck—Letter from Bombay: Sonnet: The Stoic—Debate at the India House on the East India Writers' Bill—Civil and Military Appointments, Promotions, and Changes in India—Births, Marriages, and Deaths—Shipping Intelligence—General List of Passengers.

Printed for the Editor and Proprietor, and sold by W. LEWIS, at the Office, No. 4, Wellington-street, Strand.

NEW MUSIC, published by A. PETTET, 144, Oxford-street, opposite Bond-street.
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WE, the undersigned Bankers, Merchants, Traders, and other Inhabitants of the City of Bristol, and its vicinity, being deeply impressed with the importance of extending the commercial relations of this Country with the East Indies, China, and other Countries to the Eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, request your Worship will call a Meeting of the Inhabitants of this City and its Neighbourhood, for the purpose of taking this important subject into consideration, and that your Worship will be pleased to preside on the occasion.

Bristol, 20th March, 1839.

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 Mich. Hinton Castle
 G. E. Sanders
 Charles Hare
 Jos. F. Alexander
 A. G. H. Battersby
 A. Moens
 John Tomlinson
 Geo. H. Ames
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In compliance with the foregoing Regulation, I hereby convene a PUBLIC MEETING of the Inhabitants of this City and its Vicinity, to be held at the Guildhall, on Wednesday the 15th day of April next, at twelve o'clock at noon precisely, for the purpose of such Requisition expressed.

Bristol, March 27, 1839. JOHN CAVE, Mayor.

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NOTICE is hereby given, That the Public may view the Tunnel every day (Sundays excepted) from Nine in the Morning until Six in the Evening, upon payment of One Shilling for each person. The Tunnel is lighted with gas, is dry and warm, and the descent is by a safe and easy stair-case.—By order,

CHARLES BUTLER, Clerk to the Company.
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ABROAD.—A YOUNG MAN, aged 21, wishes for a PERMANENT SITUATION ABROAD, has no objection to any Country or Climate, knows French perfectly, both speaking and writing, having lived two years in France. Book-keeping by double or single entry, and is well acquainted with business in general.—For testimonials of character, good conduct, and the strictest attention to business, he will refer to a commercial house of the first respectability, who have always placed the greatest confidence in him, and where he has lived the last four years.—A letter addressed to B. A. N., 15, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, will meet with immediate attention.

FREEMASONS' HALL.—Mr. BUCKINGHAM has the honour to announce, that he will deliver his COURSE of LECTURES on the PAST and PRESENT STATE of the EASTERN WORLD, at the FREEMASONS' TAVERN, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, commencing on MONDAY the 18th of APRIL, at Half-past Seven o'clock in the Evening precisely, and continuing the same throughout the remainder of the Week, from Half-past Seven to Half-past Nine o'clock of each Evening.

The following will be the order of the Countries described:
 Monday—Egypt, and its splendid Antiquities.
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 Wednesday—Mesopotamia, Babylonia, Persia, & their Remains.
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 Friday—The Holy Land, and its Scriptural Illustrations.
 Saturday—Commercial Resources of the Eastern World.

It should be observed, that these Lectures are not readings of any Manuscript Papers, or even Notes, but are rather EXTENSIVE SKETCHES, descriptive of the various countries named, classified in such a manner as to be perfectly intelligible to those who have never before given their attention to the subject. They have been found, therefore, wherever they have yet been delivered, to be as agreeable to ladies and their families as to gentlemen; and audiences of great numbers, and of the highest rank of society, have attended them, and expressed their most unequivocal and unanimous approbation.

Admission to any Single Lecture, Five Shillings.—Tickets for the whole Course of Six Lectures, a Guinea; to be had at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; at Mr. Edingham Wilson's, Royal Exchange, City; at Messrs. Sharpey's, 33, Old Bond-street; at Mr. W. H. Smith's, (next door to the Crown and Anchor Tavern), 152, Strand; and at the office of 'The Oriental Herald,' 4, Wellington-street, Waterloo Bridge.—Books, containing the Heads of all the Lectures, with a Sketch of Mr. Buckingham's Life, Travels, and Writings, to be had of all Booksellers, price One Shilling. It is strongly recommended that this Sketch should be perused before the Lectures are commenced.

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AUTOGRAPHS.

We have no intention to usurp the functions of Mr. Caretairs, or to lecture our readers on the improvement of their penmanship. Our typographer laughs bitterly at the notion while he prints the words! We make as little pretension in theory as in practice to any especial calligraphy; and this not from Hamlet's notion,—who

'Once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair;—'

but from a slight flaw either of nature or instruction,—which one spot is a happy foil to our otherwise immaculate perfection. With questions as to the clerly beauty of handwriting, we have now nothing to do; and marry, there are reasons for all things. We wish rather to discourse on the transcendent, and, as it were, Sibylline art of judging the character by the penmanship. We remember that in our days of youthful and enterprising 'vanity,' we studied the art of palmistry, partly, indeed, from some lurking impulse of credulity, but chiefly moved by the consideration of the soft white little palms which would in consequence of our skill be unresistingly yielded to a deliberate scrutiny. Forty years have since elapsed, and we fear that we should be no more excited than a first-rate physician, by feeling the most delicate fingers in the world tremble in our grasp, and seeing through our spectacles the thin blue veins quiver, while our eyes should read the history of the heart that shook them. Alas! we travel between youth and age,—a road which has seldom been understood by means of maps or guide-books; and they, perhaps, are most enviable who are not doomed to learn its windings by experience.

Chiromancy, however, and the other fantasies of exuberant boyhood, have long been laid aside for graver and more appropriate studies. Among these is the art of discovering the character from the handwriting.

How often in dreams do we fancy that waking existence is a dream! None are so prone to accuse others of being visionary as those who never do any thing but see visions. A touch of genuine and consistent thought is at variance with their own state of mind; and the madmen asseverate that their keepers and physicians are insane. The sooty-faced Narcissus exclaims, that the fountain is black, because its pure brightness faithfully reflects the sable of his own features. And thus it is, that if we apply any principle, however generally admitted, to a case which it is not commonly seen to influence, we are accused of fancy, and folly, and paradox. Every one either openly asserts, or unconsciously takes for granted, that nothing exists without a cause; and we are generally informed that it is the business of investigation to discover causes and their modes of action. There are, however, a dozen of examples at hand of matters which, if we attempt to study in this way, we are at once warned off by the conservators of common-sense, and denounced by the oracles of society. Among these subjects, the one with which we have at present to deal is that of *handwriting*.

It is absurd, as it seems to us, to imagine that any exertion of intelligence can want the impress of the mind from which it proceeds. Writing is one of the very commonest of our actions, and it connects itself immediately with all our thoughts and feelings; and if chance be, as is most certain,

'the unaccountable name of nothing,' above all, must it seem absurd that the most habitual operation of the civilised mind should be subjected to no law, and empty of all meaning. There are accordingly persons who have endeavoured to trace out and describe the relation between the written and the living characters; and though we shall not borrow very much from their writings, we trust that their example will be held as some justification of our attempt.

We have before us a considerable number of autographs, and on a few of these we propose to make some brief observations.

Here is a long letter of VOLTAIRE. How regular, how clear, how careful, with how few marks of individuality of character! Here is scarcely a trace of imagination or of feeling; no hurrying earnestness, scarcely a single letter completely and roundly formed, and a sort of contemptuous dash or pig-tail at the end of many of his words, full of scorn and impertinence.

HEYNE is in his writing exactly what he was in reality: firm, upright, formal, with some angularity, and a good deal of eccentricity. Every word looks as if, in inditing it, he had overcome no less difficulties than those which beset his life.

The next letter is MADAME DE STAEL'S. The writing is hasty and irregular; and its imperfection seem as if it proceeded from eagerness and carelessness, rather than from inability to exhibit her mind, or the want of any to exhibit. There is throughout the penmanship a singular mixture of weakness and strength; and he must be a novice in *billet-doux* who does not perceive, at a glance, the warmth, boldness, and decision of her mind.

Then we find a letter of FRANKLIN to M. Nogaret, which we will transcribe:

'Passy, April 9, 1781.

'SIR,—I received duly the elegant present of your poetical works. I thank you much for the pleasure I have had in perusing them. I should have made this acknowledgment sooner, but intending to request your acceptance of my *Opuscula* in return, I have been retarded by the bookbinder, who has not yet dressed them decently enough to appear at Court. With great regard, I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

'B. FRANKLIN.'

This was written by Franklin in his 75th year. The hand is of a mercantile character, and as flowing, clerk-like, and complete as possible. All is regular and formal; and there are in his dashes, flourishes, and spaces, abundant tokens of that personal vanity wherein Franklin was by no means deficient.

A long letter of CHRISTINA of SWEDEN exhibits a very characteristic penmanship. The lines are crooked and irregular, and full of the marks of haste; the letters large, dashing, angular, imperfect, and ill-connected. The writing must strike every one as indicative of pretension, vanity, carelessness, and passion, and very meagre in feeling.

Here are a few lines from the pen of the YOUNG PRETENDER, as weak and full of failure as his life.

Next, we have a letter of ROBESPIERRE, fellow townsman of Vidocq, (both were born at Arras,) and a more celebrated rascal than he. In this writing we see but little attention to details, and yet no openness or grandeur in the forms. Yet the execution is freer and better than the conception. There is no elegance any where, nothing like a flourish except at his own name. It would seem that he had no pleasure in beauty

or ornament not connected directly with his own importance. Nothing can be conceived more opposite to boldness and exuberance of mind; and though the letter is very short, and not a public one, it contains several corrections of words, which indicate a certain study of effect. One fancies the writing to be full of cunning and meanness.

The next is a note of MARMONTEL'S, written when he was sixty-eight. It shows great attention to detail, and extreme clearness. There is a good deal of feebleness in the elemental forms of the penmanship. But the aspect of the whole is agreeable, even, and gentlemanly.

A few lines by CALVIN are as bold, energetic, and decided as possible. Many of the letters are ill-conceived, but they are executed (like Servetus) with the utmost determination and vigour. It seems as if he had thought of nothing but going right on to the end of his design, and stamping his name on it when completed; and the effect, though abundantly strong, is rough and hurried. There is no ornament whatever.

The following letter of CARNOT'S is curious, and little known in England, and we, therefore, transcribe it. Of the handwriting we have nothing to say. The letter was addressed to Napoleon in January, 1814.

'SIR,—Aussi long-temps que le succès a couronné vos entreprises, je me suis abstenu d'offrir à votre Majesté des services que je n'ai pas cru lui être agréable. Aujourd'hui, Sire, que la mauvaise fortune met votre constance à une grande épreuve, je ne balance plus à vous faire l'offre des faibles moyens qui me restent. C'est peu de chose sans doute, que l'effort d'un vrai sexagénaire, mais j'ai pensé que l'exemple d'un ancien soldat, dont les sentimens patriotiques sont connus, pourroit rallier à vos aigles beaucoup de gens incertains sur le parti qu'ils doivent prendre, qui pourroient se laisser persuader que ce serait servir leur pays que de les abandonner.

'Il est encore temps pour vous, Sire, de conquérir une paix glorieuse, et de faire que l'amour d'un grand peuple vous soit rendu.

'CARNOT.'

We have before us a few lines by RAPHAEL, which are as peculiar and as beautiful in point of penmanship as could be expected from him. It is round, bold, clear, and graceful; and a feeling of the beautiful seems to have been present to him in the formation of every letter.

Next is a letter of SIR WALTER SCOTT, of which the handwriting is chiefly remarkable for its manly and unpretending character. It bears the impress in every letter of a strong and well-developed character.

A long letter from QUEEN ELIZABETH to Henry IV. of France, is as flighty and complex in penmanship as she was in mind. It displays considerable energy and great eagerness of character; but much also of uncertainty, confusion, inconsistency, and ostentation.

We then find a MS. of FENELON,—the first page of 'Telemaque.' Most of our readers must recollect with horror those weary words, 'Calypso ne pouvoit se consoler du depart d'Ulysse.' How often have they put us in need of consolation! How often have we thumbed them; how often, alas! drenched them with our sorrows! We can scarcely see them even in the handwriting of Fenelon without a feeling of detestation. The writing, however, is fair and pleasant. Rather feeble, indeed, and meagre, but clear, regular, and elegant.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney, Knt., with a Life of the Author, and Illustrative Notes. By William Gray, Esq., of Magdalen College and the Inner Temple. 8vo., pp. 329. Talboys. Oxford, 1829. [Unpublished.]

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY is one of those delightful writers of the olden time, who, as Lord Bacon beautifully remarks, 'are as the stars which give little light because they are so high.' Few, indeed, read, and still fewer study, the works which it has lately become the fashion to laud with praises no less indiscriminate than the neglect and contempt with which they were visited by the smooth, pithless sentence-mongers of the last century. No body who pretends to literature is unacquainted with the name of Sir Philip Sidney, a name which sounds of chivalry and all that is noble, elegant, and romantically pastoral; but how many of those who pretend to talk about this splendid mirror of English knighthood, this youthful hero of lofty bearing—accomplished as a gentleman, erudite as a scholar, endowed with the glowing spirit of poetic genius, and all under the control of high-toned principle and pure morality; how many, we ask, of those flimsy pretenders, those mere butterflies of modern literature, have ever read a line of the 'Defense of Poesie,' or 'The Arcadia'? Every schoolboy can relate the anecdote of Sidney's almost unparalleled self-denial, upon being mortally wounded in the battle of Zutphen, when he gave away, untasted, to a poor soldier who was dying beside him, all the wine which his attendants had procured for him with great difficulty. But the literary works of this flower of English chivalry are seldom to be met with, except in the study of some kindred spirit, or on the shelves of some antiquated library. It was a shrewd remark of Voltaire, that the fame of Dante was increasing, and would increase, in proportion as his works were less read; and so it has been, there can be little question, with the works of such authors as Sir Philip Sidney. But we are not disposed, in this particular instance, to impute the neglect so much to the actual character of the works themselves, as to the form in which only they could hitherto be procured. The latest edition of the 'Defense of Poesie' was published by White, in quarto, and 'The Arcadia' has always been printed in folio or quarto. Now, though certain species of new works, such as Parry's *Polar Voyages*, or a Poem of Robert Montgomery's, may appear, by means of broad leadings, and broader margins, sufficiently light to be exhibited upon a fashionable drawing-room table, or to set off the cases of a fashionable library, 'The Arcadia,' or the 'Defense of Poesie,' in quarto, space them out with leadings and margins as you will, can never be brought within the flickering atmosphere of what is denominated light reading. The air of antiquity in the very titles, speaks so unequivocally of sound sense or quaint sentiment, profound remark or fairy pastoralizings, that the skimmer of a fashionable poem, or the devourer of the last new novel, will be repelled, rather than attracted, by the very excellencies which, in the simplicity of our hearts, we might probably imagine would command the unqualified admiration of all.

Such being the state of literary feeling, at least in the more numerous circles of society, we confess that we owe not a little, as admirers of Sir Philip Sidney, to the editor of the pretty volume now before us, which, in form, is as light and fashionable as could be wished; while it contains (besides a well-written memoir of Sidney by Mr. Gray) the chief of his best works, and a considerable number of his hitherto unpublished letters. Of these we shall now proceed to give a brief account.

The life of a man so public as Sir Philip Sidney was in his day, and whose memory is interwoven so imperishably with our history, does not require

us to gather from the memoir before us a dry abstract of dates, a mere chronicle of year by year. Presuming that our readers are, or ought to be, acquainted with the outlines of the life of one of the most remarkable men of which our country can boast, we shall merely advert to a few of the incidents which Mr. Gray has treated with novelty, and, we may add, with taste, learning, and ingenuity.

Sir Philip Sidney was married to the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, who, besides other lady-like accomplishments, was distinguished for 'extraordinary handsomenesse;' yet Mr. Gray is of opinion that she never acquired more than the respect of her husband, whose affections had been pre-engaged by Lady Penelope Devereux; but the match had been broken off by some family disagreement. She was afterwards married to Robert Lord Rich, but Sir Philip Sidney commemorated his love for her under the feigned names,—Philo-clea in 'The Arcadia,' and Stella in the poems of Atrophel.

For the mode, says Mr. Gray, 'in which he has acquitted himself of his task in this latter instance, as far as moral feeling and propriety are concerned, Sidney has incurred the indignation and severe censure of Mr. Godwin, who, while he maintains that the series of songs and sonnets embodies "some of the finest examples in this species of composition that the world can produce," cannot tolerate the "making a public exhibition of such addresses to a married female, speaking contemptuously of the husband, and employing all the arts of poetical seduction to contaminate the mind of the woman he adores." Mr. Godwin refers particularly to the fifty-second sonnet, and to the second and tenth songs, for the most flagrant specimens of the "grossness and carnality which he considers himself bound to reprehend." These stanzas we have read over again and again; and, though we imagine we may arrogate to ourselves as acute moral perceptions as belong to the apologist of Mary Wolstonecraft, we cannot perceive any of that shocking sensuality against which his virtuous fervour has been aroused and directed. No criminal intercourse was ever imputed to the parties, neither did their conduct or flirtations excite any sentiments of reproof in the age when they occurred. Nay, Sir Philip himself declares, that he "cannot brag of word, much less of deed," by which his charmer could be construed to have encouraged his flame; and the unhappy course of their loves, and the notoriously brutal character of Lord Rich, may be received as some excuse, if not as a perfect justification, of the passionate, yet rarely indecorous, regard which Sidney continued to express in his verses for the object of his earliest and most vehement attachment.'

But, though we cannot admit, for a moment, that the poetry of Sidney is debased by the vile alloy of licentiousness and pruriency, we are not blind to many other vices with which it may most justly be charged. Our author was styled by Raleigh the English Petrarch; and, without doubt, he derived many of his faults, as well as excellencies, from the bard of Arezzo, whom he frequently imitated, both in his manner and in the exaggerated turn of expression. It was from this foreign prototype that he was probably smitten with the love of antithesis and conceit, and the other absurdities in which our best writers of sonnets then abounded.—P. 43.

Could we have spared room, we should have inserted all the pieces objected to by Godwin, to show the justice of Mr. Gray's defensive remarks; but we must rest contented with one which we give entire.

'The Second Song.'

'Have I caught my heavenly jewel
Teaching sleep most fair to be?
Now will I teach her, that she,
When she wakes, is too too cruel.

'Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmed,
The two only darts of love,
Now will I, with that boy, prove
Some play, while he is disarmed.

'Her tongue, waking, still refuseth
Giving frankly, niggard no.
Now will I attempt to know,
What no her tongue, sleeping, useth.

'See the hand which, waking, guardeth,
Sleeping, grants a free resort.
Now will I invade the fort,
Towards Love with loss rewardeth!

'But, O fool! think of the danger
Of her just and high disdain;
Now will I, alas! refrain:
Love fears nothing else but anger.

'Yet those lips, so sweetly swelling,
Do invite a stealing kiss,—
Now will I but venture this,—
Who will read, must first learn spelling.

'Oh! sweet kiss! but ah! she's waking;
Low'ring beauty chastens me:
Now will I away hence flee:
Fool! more fool! for no more taking.'

In a quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, which attracted the deepest attention, not only over England, but in every court in Europe, Sir Philip Sidney exhibited, in the most spirited manner, his sense of his own dignity, and vindicated the rights and independence of an English commoner. As the story is remarkable, on more accounts than one, we shall give it as it has been taken by Mr. Gray from the scarce and curious volume of Lord Brooke:

'Sidney being one day at tennis, a peer of this realm, born great, greater by alliance, and superlative in the prince's favour, abruptly came into the tennis-court, and, speaking out of these three paramount authorities, he forgot to treat that which he could not legally command. When, by the encounter of a steady object, finding unrespectiveness in himself, (though a great lord) not respected by this princely spirit, he grew to expostulate more roughly. The returns of which style coming still from an understanding heart, that knew what was to be due to itself and what it owed others, seemed (through the mist of what lord's passions, swollen with the wind of his faction, then reigning) to provoke in yielding. Whereby the less amazement or confusion of thoughts he stirred up in Sir Philip, the mere shadows this great lord's own mind was possessed with; till at last with rage (which is ever ill-disciplined) he commands them to depart the court. To this, Sir Philip temperately answers, that if his lordship had been pleased to express desire in milder characters, perchance he might have led out those that he should now find that would not be driven out with any scourge of fury. This answer (like a bellows) blowing up the sparks of excess already kindled, made my lord scornfully call Sir Philip by the name of puppy. In which progress of heat, as the tempest grew more vehement within, so did their hearts breathe out their perturbations in more loud and shrill accent. The French Commissioners, unfortunately, had that day audience in those private galleries, whose windows looked into the tennis-court. They instantly drew all to this tumult; every sort of quarrels sorting well with their humours, especially this; which Sir Philip perceiving, and rising with inward strength, by the prospect of a mighty faction against him, asked my lord with a loud voice, that which he heard clearly enough before; who (like an echo that still multiplies by reflections) repeated this epithet of puppy the second time. Sir Philip resolving in one answer to conclude both the attentive hearers and passionate actor, gave my lord a lie impossible (as he averred) to be retorted; in respect all the world knows puppies are gotten by dogs, and children by men. Hereupon those glorious inequalities of fortune in his lordship were put to a kind of pause by a precious inequality of nature in this gentleman; so that they both stood silent awhile, like a dumb show in tragedy, till Sir Philip, sensible of his own wrong, the foreign and factious spirits that attended, and yet, even in this question between him and his superior, tender to his country's honour, with some words of sharp accent, led the way abruptly out of the tennis-court, as if so unexpected an accident were not fit to be decided any further in that place. Whereof the great lord, making another sense, continues his play, without any advantage of reputation, as by the standard of humours in those times it was conceived. A day Sir Philip remains in suspense, when hearing nothing of, or from the lord, he sends a gentleman of worth to awake him out of his trance; wherein the French would assuredly think any pause, if not death, yet a lethargy of true honour in both. This stirred a resolution in his lordship to send Sir Philip a challenge. Notwithstanding, these thoughts in the great lord wandered so long between glory, anger, and inequality of state, that the lords of her Majesty's Council took notice of the differences, commanded peace, and laboured a reconciliation between them. But needlessly in one respect, and bootlessly in another. The great lord being (as it should seem) either not hasty to adventure

many inequalities [against one, or inwardly satisfied with the progress of his own acts; Sir Philip, on the other side, confident he neither had nor would lose or let fall any thing of his right. Which her Majesty's Council quickly perceiving, recommended this work to herself. The Queen, who saw that by the loss or disgrace of either she could gain nothing, presently undertakes Sir Philip; and, like an excellent monarch, lays before him the difference in degree between earls and gentlemen; and the respect inferiors owed to their superiors; and the necessity in princes to maintain their own creations, as the degrees descending between the people's licentiousness and the anointed sovereignty of crowns; how the gentleman's neglect of the nobility taught the peasant to insult both. Whereunto Sir Philip, with such reverence as became him, replied, first, that place was never intended for privilege to wrong: witness herself, who, how sovereign soever she were by throne, birth, education, and nature, yet was she content to cast her own affections into the same moulds her subjects did, and govern all her rights by their laws. Again, he besought her majesty to consider, that although he (Oxford) were a great lord by birth, alliance, and grace, yet he was no lord over him, (Sir Philip,) and, therefore, the difference of degrees between free men could not challenge any other homage than precedence. And by her father's act (to make a princely wisdom become the more familiar,) he did instance the Government of King Henry VIII., who gave the gentry free and unreserved appeal to his feet, against the oppression of the grandes; and found it wisdom, by the stronger corporation in number, to keep down the greater in power: inferring else, that if they should unite, the overgrown might be tempted, by still coveting more, to fall, as the angels did, by affecting equality with their Maker.—P. 20.

So bold, just, and spirited an expostulation as this with so proud and unforgiving a princess as Queen Elizabeth, shows more of the sterling uprightness and conscious dignity of Sir Philip than, perhaps, any other incident in his life, or passage in his writings. From this we can fully appreciate and believe as unexaggerated, what Lord Brooke says of him in another place, namely, that though he had lived with Sir Philip and knew him from a child, yet he never knew him other than a man: 'with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his every play tending to enrich his mind; so as even his teachers found something in him to observe, and learn above that which they had usually read or thought. Which eminence by nature and industry, made his worthy father style Sir Philip in his hearing (though I unseen) "lumen familiæ sue." This, we may remark, is one of those very rare instances in which paternal partiality was not in the smallest degree deceived, for Sydney was all, if possible more than all, that a fond father could have wished him.

As the old antiquarian Aubrey says, 'Sir Philip Sidney possessed not only an excellent wit, but was extremely beautiful in person, his hair not being red but of a dark amber colour; and, though he was of undoubted courage, he scarcely seemed masculine enough for a knight.' 'He was much at Wilton,' continues Aubrey, 'with his sister, and at Ivy Church, (anciently a pleasant monastery, which adjoins to the park pale of Clarendon Park,) situated on a hill that overlooks all the country westward and north, over Sarum and the plains, and into that delicious park (which was accounted the best in England) eastwards. It was heretofore a monastery; the cloisters remain still; it was called "Cænopium Edrosium." My great uncle, Mr. T. Browne, remembered him; and said that he was wont to take his table-book out of his pockets, and write down his notions as they came into his head, when he was writing his "Arcadia," (which was never finished by him,) as he was hunting on our pleasant plains. He was the reviver of poetry in those dark times, which was then at a very low ebb, *exempli gratia* the pleasant comedie of "Jacob and Esau," acted before King Henry the Eighth's grace, where, I remember, this expression, "that the pottage was so good, that God Almighty might have put his fingers in't; Gammer Gurton's Needle," &c.;

and in these plays there are not three lines but there is "by God," or "by God's wounds." He was of a very munificent spirit, and liberal to all lovers of learning, and to those that pretended to any acquaintance with Parnassus; insomuch that he was cloyed and surfeited with the poetasters of those days.' In the first rank of his poetical friends, we may name Spenser, though Mr. Gray remarks, that the common story of their acquaintance having commenced on the publication of 'The Faerie Queene,' is utterly untrue. No less apocryphal is the anecdote which describes Sir Philip as being so much enraptured with reading Spenser's delineation of "the cave of despair," as to order him, after perusing a few stanzas, a payment of 50*l.*, and that, continuing to read, he extended the bounty to 200*l.*, which he directed his steward to pay the poet immediately, lest he should bestow the whole of his estate on so charming a poet. But Mr. Gray thinks there may be a better foundation for the literary traditions, that the death of Sir Philip prevented Spenser from completing his splendid poem, by depriving the author of both the means and the spirit to complete his design. It is almost universally supposed and admitted, that Spenser intended to represent his friend, Sir Philip, under the character of Prince Arthur.

We cannot spare room to go into the consideration of the works here judiciously collected by Mr. Gray,—a task the less necessary as they must be familiar to all true lovers of our olden literature; and to others we cannot too warmly recommend the perusal of the volume itself. Among the hitherto unpublished materials, we find several original letters of considerable interest, of which we shall extract the first, as copied from the Cottonian MSS.

'To the Right Honourable and my singular Favourite, the Earle of [Leicester].'

'Righte Honourable and my singular good Lorde and Favourite,

*'Although I have at this present little matter worthy the writing vnto your Lordshippe, yet beinge newlie returned from my poll[ish] iournei, I woulde not omit anie occasion of humbly performinge this dutie. Wherefore, I hum[bly] beseeche your L. to take these few lines in good parte, which I wryte rather to continew this [duty]. I ow vnto you, then for any other thing they may containe in them. The Emperour, [Maximilian II., of Hungary,] as I wrate laste vnto your L., hathe these two yeares continuallie pretended a iourney to Prage, wh[ic]h it is thoughte shall, in deede, be performed, to the greate contentation of that kingdome, wh[ic]h otherwise seemed to bende to disobedience. There it is thoughte his son shall very shortlie be [elected] kinge, whom likewise the Emperour seekes by all means possible to advance to the kingd[om] of the Romaines, and for that purpose desynes to call an Imperiall Diet in Francfort, the [place] appointed for the elections; but it is thoughte the electours will rather choose an other for this nexte ensuinge Diet, which is saide shall be sommer followinge at the fur[thest], and then there is no hope of election. Not beinge at Francfort, it is likely it shal [be held] at Regenspurg, where I believe the Emperour will demaunde far greater summes of mo[n]ey then will be grawnted unto him. Though the peace betwixt the Turke and him [is not] as yet, as far as it is knowne, perfittle concluded; yet it is thoughte the Turke will rath[er] proceede by sea then this waie, and as the Frenche Ambassadour hathe writtne, means * * * insite the Pope's territorie, perchaunce his conscience moueth him to seeke the benefitt of * * * jubilee. I hope as the Spaniards alreddy begin to speake lower, so the Pope's holiness will have leese leisure to ministere suche wicked and detestable counceills to the Chris[tian] princes as hitherto he dothe. Owt of Frawnce yowr L. hathe the aduertisements fu * * The Prince of Condé is retired to Basill, where he liueth in companie with the Ad * children, beinge frustrate of a greate hope he had conceaued of suckowr owt of Jerma[n], wherein many and wise men do impute greate faulte to the Prince Casimire, the Cow[n] Palatine's seconde son, in so muche that to write to yowr L. plainely, he is beaullie sus[pected] to be corrupted by the Frenche. His father certainly is as virtuous a prince as liueth, [but] he suffereth himselfe too much to be gouerned by that son. This I thoughte my dut[ie] to write as haneing heard it in a very good place, and muche affect-*

tioned to the tr[ew] cause. The Polanes heartily repente their so far fetcht election, beinge now in suche case [that] neither they have the kinge nor any thinge the kinge wille so many others had promised * * * besides that their is lately stirred up a very dangerous sedition, for the same ca[use] that hath bredde suche lamentable crimes in France and Flandres. Now the [sedition] is reasonably wel appeased, but it is thought 'twill remaine so but a while. I have no other thinge worthy the writing at this presente to your L., wherefore I humbly cease with my dailie and moste bounden praier, that it please the Eternal to continew and encrease yow in all prosperitie. Frome Vienne, this 27th of Nouembre, 1574.—Your L. moste obedi * * *

'PHILIPPE SIDNEY.'
(P. 294.)

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. 38. A Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway, part of Sweden, and the Islands and States of Denmark. By Derwent Conway, Author of 'Solitary Walks through many Lands.' Constable and Co. Edinburgh, 1829.

As we have been compelled, very much against our inclination, to speak hardly of the historical pictures of 'Constable's Miscellany,' we hasten, with great pleasure, to do justice to the little volume before us, which is as good-tempered and pleasing as the works to which we have alluded were false, frivolous, and ferocious. This journey through Norway and Sweden is the production of our friend Derwent Conway, whom we accompanied some months ago, with great satisfaction, (for it is given to critics to achieve impossibilities,) in his 'Solitary Walks through Many Lands.' As the object of that work made it clearly impossible for him to be very particular respecting any one of the 'many lands,' his journal was, of course, not exhausted by his former production; and, out of what remained untouched of it, he has manufactured the very pleasing narrative of his excursion through those much-containing, little-visited regions, Norway, Sweden, and Lapland. That a traveller in countries which are almost as little known to the general as some of the most beautiful spots in our own country, should be content to publish his lucubrations in duodecimo, and a cheap miscellany for the use of the humble classes, is evidence of a modesty as praiseworthy as it is rare; and we are very glad to have the opportunity of proving to our readers, a man may see strange sights, and meet with amusing adventures, and yet not write a quarto. We cull our extracts at random.

The Woods.—A Farm House.

'Those who have never been in any other than woods of small extent, and adjacent perhaps to the abodes of men, have no conception of the silence and solitude which pervade the greater forests. The former are full of little birds, in whose very aspect there is gladness, and in whose chirpings and clear notes there is no touch of melancholy; and being associated, too, with gardens and lawns, and with our very parlour windows, mirthful rather than gloomy images are awakened by their presence: but no images like these, nor any such associations, belong to the forests of the North. There no little birds hop from spray to spray,—no gay melody is in the air,—the rustling among the bushes does not denote the presence of the tuneful thrush, but of some wild and solitary animal, with which man has no associations. An eagle or a heron rising from a dell, or soaring above a lake, augment rather than detract from the feeling of solitude, because they are birds of solitude, and never visit the habitations of men.

'In the outskirts of the forest I saw a few squirrels, but, as I got farther into the interior, I lost them. I observed none of the deer tribe, nor indeed have I ever chanced to see any species of deer in the Norwegian forests. In one part of my route, there were evident marks of an extraordinary tempest, though not of very recent occurrence. Many trees lay prostrate, broken about ten or twelve feet from the ground, and large branches were strewn to a considerable distance. The trees had all fallen one way,—and from this circumstance, as well as from there being no marks of fire, I concluded that a hurricane had been the cause of destruction.

'My journey was in one sense fatiguing; for although I was seldom obliged to swerve from a direct

path, it was frequently necessary to climb very steep and rocky acclivities, and then to descend into deep dells; indeed the whole of the forest was a succession of hill and valley, which, in obedience to my compass, I traversed almost in a straight line. I noticed some gigantic trees, not less I am sure than 120 feet high, and of extraordinary dimensions in other respects. No stream of any magnitude intersecting this forest, the worth of the timber is probably not equal to the expense of carrying it to market; and from this cause, I found the trees of greater dimensions than in most of the forests which I afterwards passed through.

I had walked, as nearly as I could guess, about twelve miles, during the last four of which I had been constantly ascending, when I emerged from the forest, and found myself in a range of hills, the lower part of which I had been traversing, and which rose on either side to a considerable elevation. It was not necessary, however, in obeying my compass, to ascend higher, as the pass in which I found myself ran north-east. It was now past seven, and as I had walked upwards of thirty miles, through a rugged country, I determined, in another hour, to stop for the night, if before that time I did not reach any habitation. The valley soon began to descend, and at the first open point I saw a river beneath, about two miles distant, with a road along the bank. Every traveller, be his zeal what it may, prefers a bed within doors, to the softest moss that ever carpeted a hill-side; and thinking it not unlikely that some house might be at no great distance, if what seemed a road should prove to be one, I mended my pace, and soon reached a rapid and tolerably large stream, skirted by a road on the opposite side. Here I deviated from my compass, proceeding up the bank of the river, and, after another hour's walk, I was rewarded by the sight of a few houses upon the opposite side, to which I soon made my way, by wading across the river, which was scarcely knee-deep. It was then not quite nine o'clock, so that the inhabitants had not retired to rest, and they were soon made aware of the approach of a stranger, by the loud barking of several dogs, one of which I had some difficulty in coaxing into forbearance, until his master's authoritative voice restrained his zeal. An old pleasant-looking man welcomed me, addressing me first in High Norse, and then in Danish, which I knew sufficiently to convey in it the simple information whence I came; and where I was going, and that I was an Englishman, with a few lesser et-ceteras. I was conducted to a comfortable chamber on the ground-floor, in which a very old woman was seated in a high-backed chair, apparently in a lethargy. I soon discovered that she was blind; but when the old man informed her that a stranger had arrived, she held out her hand to me, and called to Wilhelmina, whom I afterwards found to be her granddaughter, to get something for me to eat. A tall fair girl immediately entered, who, having received direction from the old woman, left the room, and soon returned with a plucked fowl, which was instantly popped into a kettle; a table was then laid, and the fowl, when ready, was placed before me. I presume every one knows that a fowl is as tender, if boiled the moment it is killed, as if it be kept the regular time laid down in the culinary authorities. My entertainer was the substantial Tellemarken proprietor; he and his aged wife, and this granddaughter, resided in one house; and his son and daughter-in-law, with their children, excepting Wilhelmina, resided in another house close by. The natives of Tellemarken are considered to be the least polished of the Norwegians, and are said to have preserved, along with their ancient costume, much of their ancient manners. Their dress is, indeed, sufficiently grotesque; but I saw nothing in their manner different from that of any other people who have mixed little with the world, and who, upon that very account, exercise the virtue of hospitality more freely, because with less suspicion. The road into which my journey had led me, was a cross road from the southern coast to Bergen. The Mios Vand, I was informed, lay not more than twenty-four miles from this spot; but if I wished to double the north point, or head of the lake, the distance would be considerably more, and there was no house of any kind in that direction, the country being entirely uncultivated, the head of the Mios Vand running into the mountains which separate Tellemarken from Bergenhuus. I had a great desire to penetrate still farther into this range, both because of a tradition (at present I believe it can be called nothing better) of a waterfall 900 feet high somewhere in the Hardanger Field, and because the range, comprising the Fille Field, the Sogne Field, and the Lang Field, I had always understood to be more characterised by sublime scenery, than the better known and more travelled Dovne Field. But my entertainer told me, I had no

occasion to go farther than the head of the Mios Vand, which would sufficiently satisfy my curiosity. Of the waterfall he had never heard. It may easily be believed, that, after the fatigues of the day, it was a welcome proposal to retire to rest;—and it was not long before I was, in fancy, among the gorges of the Hardanger Field.—Pp. 90—94.

Marriage Party.

'Next morning, after a refreshing sleep, I was ready to set out by six o'clock. My host mounted me upon one of his best horses, and his son mounted another, to conduct me across the Nid ford, and as far as a lake, which he mentioned as about a Norwegian mile, long (seven miles English,) and lying about two miles farther than the river, and parallel with it. After a few minutes ride, we reached the bank of the river, which, even at this distance from the sea—certainly not nearer than 130 miles—I found deep and rapid. Without the kind attention of my Tellemarken friend, I should have found some difficulty in crossing it,—an attempt which, even at the ford, and on horseback, required some nerve. It could not properly be called a ford, because, in the middle of the river, it was necessary to swim. We passed, however, in safety, and continued our ride due east to the lake I have spoken of, which we came in sight of in about half an hour. Before coming in sight of the lake, we had heard the report of one or two guns, and something like the distant roll of a drum; and, upon arriving at the height which overtopped the lake, we discovered the cause of these sounds. Two rowing boats were gliding over the water, not far from the bank where we stood, full of gaily dressed country people. My companion immediately knew it to be a wedding party; and a loud halloo turned the boats' heads towards shore, while we trotted down the bank to meet them. The party was going to a church higher up the lake, and on the opposite side; and, as I was told I should save two hours' walk by taking a seat in the boat, I willingly accepted the proposal, more from a desire of seeing how these things were conducted in Norway, than from a wish to shorten my journey. The first thing that struck me was, the gilded coronal upon the head of one of the women. She was the bride; and in almost every part of Norway, if the marriage be among the country people, the bride invariably wears a gilded crown, made of some kind of stiff paper. This is, as far as I could learn, meant as a symbol of chastity; and I have since heard of instances, in which the crown has been torn from the head of a bride, who was known to have no just title to wear it. The boat in which I was seated took the lead;—in it were the crowned bride, the bridegroom, and six persons, four women and two men, whom I understood to be the nearest of kin; three fiddlers, a drummer, and a person with a kind of pan-pipe, were seated at the prow. In the other boat were eight persons, also relatives, and another drummer. One person also in each boat had a gun. The stillness of the morning, and the quiet repose of the water and the surrounding scenery, was in strange contrast with the noisiness of the bridal party. The orchestra played, and the party sung alternately; and sometimes both exercised their powers at once. The drum kept up its never-failing accompaniment; and every two or three minutes, a *feu-de-joye*, and then a loud shout, drowned for a moment the other testimonies of rejoicing. All the men were dressed in the Tellemarken jacket, girdle, and breeches, and, with their short knives stuck in their girdles, looked rather like a party of pirates, than of "wedding guests." The crown was the only distinction of the bride. All the women were dressed neatly and cleanly; and it was evident, that the whole party was less or more under the influence of corn-brandy. I must, however, do the bride the justice to admit, that she was almost, if not altogether, an exception; the bridegroom, on the contrary, seemed to be the most intoxicated of the party. In Norway, a perfectly sober bridal among the country people was never known. Their marriages invariably take place on Sunday. The party assemblies on the Saturday, and the whole night is spent in feasting and dancing, until the time arrive for setting off to church; nor does the feasting end with the marriage ceremony, but is continued one, two, or three days afterwards, according to the circumstances of the parties. As many of the guests sleep in the bridegroom's house as can be accommodated, and the rest are distributed among the neighbours, to be in readiness for a renewal of the feast. Every bridal guest in Norway brings the bride a present; in many parts of Norway, a keg of butter is the usual present; and if the marriage takes place in the winter season, salted or frozen meat is also considered an acceptable gift.]

'We had not farther than three miles to row, so that we were not an hour in accomplishing the voyage. I was, of course, obliged to return the civility shown to me, by joining in the festivities as far as I was able, now and then tasting the corn-brandy, and joining in the songs, which, by the way, were a strange medley, some of them being drinking songs, and others hymns and psalms. How simple and beautiful a scene would this have been—a happy bridal party gliding over the calm Norwegian lake on a summer's evening—had not inebriation disfigured the picture!—Pp. 104—107.

Scene among the Mountains.

'It was scarcely noon when I took leave of the pastor. From the nearest point of the Mios Vand, he informed me I was scarcely ten miles, but from the head of the lake I was at least twenty. There was only one route from this place by which it was possible for me to reach the Mios Vand; and to find this route, I had to rely upon my own ingenuity and my compass. It was described to me as a series of mountain-passes, branching in various directions, but for the most part inclining east and west. It was possible to reach Kongsterg (from which there are direct conveyances to Christiania) by the foot, as well as by the head of the Mios Vand, and this without any formidable obstacles from either mountain or river; but when I fix my mind upon a plan of a journey, I never deviate from it, because it may be attended with some inconveniences; and besides, I was now in Bradsberg, the district in which the great waterfall is reported to be. Immediately upon leaving this place, I was enclosed among the mountains, which rose around me to the height of at least 4000 feet; and several whose summits I saw before me, must have been from one to two thousand feet higher.

'I here saw for the first time, growing in a wild state, that most lovely of flowers, the Lily of the Valley. It stood every where around, scenting the air, and in such profusion, that it was scarcely possible to step, without bruising its tender stalks and beautiful blossoms. I have not seen this flower mentioned in any enumeration of Norwegian plants; but it grows in all the western parts of Norway in latitude 59 and 60, wherever the ground is free from forest, in greater abundance than any other wild flower. In this day's walk, I could not avoid again remarking the exuberance of vegetation which summer calls forth in the 60th degree of latitude. Flowers of every description enamelled the earth, the wild fruits, strawberries, raspberries, and many other species of berries of which I know nothing, clustered the bushes, and were fast advancing to maturity. Trees, too, and various shrubs, hang in every crevice of the rocks; and upon examining the spot, it was impossible to discover whence they derived their nourishment. Had it not been for the extreme heat, my walk would have been full of enjoyment. The views were sometimes magnificent, always picturesque and ever changing. Little mountain tarns occasionally gleaned through the openings. At times, the noise of a distant cataract coming and dying away, filled the silent valley: then all was hushed again. Now and then, a sparkling, tuneful spring, welled, bubbling in your path. Sometimes a wandering cloud, sailing in the deep azure above, threw a momentary shadow on the sunny acclivities. Once an eagle, seeming a speck in the heavens, soared unutterably high, and then, with majestic swoop, sunk below a towering pinnacle; while at short intervals were heard, far upwards, the tinkling bells of the flocks, which were now enjoying their summer grazing among the mountains.—Pp. 109—111.

'In England, we are apt to form very exaggerated notions of the degree of cold which is experienced in the Northern countries. When there is little or no wind, intense cold is scarcely felt to be an inconvenience, provided one be suitably clothed; and during by far the greater part of winter, the weather is calm, so that even when the thermometer stands considerably below zero, one is able to move about comfortably, and even to enjoy the fine weather which so generally attends intense frost. Many an Englishman who walks abroad on a raw winter's day, dressed nearly in the same manner as in summer, suffers infinitely more from cold than he would in Norway, attired in his fur-cloak and eared-cap, and warm foot-gear. For my own part, I can safely aver this of myself. I have suffered ten times the degree of cold travelling on a stage-coach in England, in the face of a north-east wind, than I ever suffered in a sledge in Norway, when the thermometer has been forty-seven degrees below the freezing point, or fifteen degrees below zero. Sometimes, indeed, the frost is accompanied by wind, and then it is scarcely possible to stir out of doors; but in the southern parts of Norway, the combination

of a very intense frost, and a scarifying wind, is scarcely ever felt. It is true also, that in the depth of winter, the shortness of the days does not allow many hours of clear bright sunshine; but then the houses are not built like summer-houses, as many are in England; and stoves in the towns, and great wood fires in the country, and sometimes both, effectually oppose the power of the elements. There is not, in fact, a more comfortable abode than that of a substantial landholder, or a thriving merchant, on a winter's day in Norway. There are no cross airs blowing through the house, as in many of the unsubstantial dwellings in England; nor does one know what it is to have one part of the body scorched by the fire, while the other is suffering under the influence of cold; and I scarcely know any thing which can be compared with the luxury of sleeping between two eider-down beds.—P. 133—135.

Occupation of the Females.

'Eating and drinking is the great business of the Norwegians, the sole occupation of many, and the chief luxury of all; and it is owing to this that the condition of the Norwegian females is so much lower than it is in any other of the European countries. I have heard an English lady, married and settled in Norway, say, (not from her own experience, but from what she saw around her), that she would rather be a maid-servant in England than a *Frou* in Norway. And let me here mention a distinction between *Frou* and *Madame*, which is peculiar to Norway. In all parts of Scandinavia, excepting Norway and Denmark, every married woman may be called *Frou*, *Madame* being a more honourable appellation; but in Norway and Denmark it is otherwise. There, every shipper's or tradesman's wife receives the title of *Madame*, whereas that of *Frou* is the distinctive honour. Formerly, it was only the wives of noblemen, or superior officers in the army, who were entitled to be called *Frou*; but, by a late regulation, the wives of dignified clergymen, of doctors in medicine, and of persons holding certain offices under Government, are entitled to be so distinguished; and so much is this distinction prized, that I heard of an instance in which a gentleman purchased an office in Copenhagen, that his wife might be entitled to be addressed *Frou*. There is, perhaps, no occasion to apologize for this digression, as it contains some information, the want of which might lead the traveller into an error in etiquette, that might be prejudicial to him. But to return;—well might the English lady express herself as she did. Women even of the highest rank in Norway are slaves; the greater, indeed, the establishment, the greater the slavery, which is precisely the reverse of the condition of the females in England. Whatever the number of servants may be in the different departments of a Norwegian establishment, they are not entirely trusted to in any thing; the mistress of the house is still principal house-keeper, chief laundry-maid, and head cook. The cook-maid in Norway is not intrusted with any of the great operations in the art;—her duties are precisely those of the menial, who, in England, is designated a scullion. If a *Frou* be so fortunate as to have grown-up daughters, her duties are in some degree lessened. In a family with which I had constant intercourse, the two young ladies, *Froken*s, as young ladies of quality are called in Norway, had their alternate weeks in the cooking department; at least half of every day was spent in the kitchen; and she whose turn it was to do this duty, did not take her seat at the dinner-table with the rest of the company, but appeared when dinner was nearly concluded; and then with cheeks that would have made rouge be superfluous. I have mentioned elsewhere, that the duties of the ladies do not end with the cooking of dinner; the young ladies (if there be any) carry in the dishes, and if there be none, the mistress of the house. They also change the plates, wipe the knives, and perform every other office that is performed elsewhere by servants; but, in Norway, a servant is seldom or ever seen in the dining-room. The Norwegians would, indeed, consider it a disrespectful treatment, were they to employ servants to wait upon their guests. In one house where we occasionally visited, and in which there were no young ladies, two farmer's daughters, neatly dressed, always assisted the lady of the mansion to wait upon the company. A Norwegian lady might, indeed, be cited as a pattern to any English servant in the waiting department. She is constantly walking round the table, observing the wants of the guests, and supplying them. Nor does she, in general, partake of dinner with the party, but dines either before dinner is served, or after it is taken away. There is little of the comfort of an

English dinner-table in this; but daily custom at length reconciles one to it.

'But the duties of a Norwegian lady are not confined to preparing the dinner, and serving the guests. They have other domestic duties of a still more unfeminine character. When in Norway upon a subsequent occasion, I heard a young lady decline an invitation to pass a week with a friend, because it was slaughter-time. What should we think in England of a young lady who should make such an apology? But the apology requires explanation. Late in the autumn, just before winter is expected to set in, the establishment of a Norwegian family (especially if distant from any great market) is a scene of extraordinary activity and preparation; for it is at this time that the winter stores are provided; and this implies, in the first place, the slaughter of a great many animals. Then follow the various culinary operations; the salting of meat, the making of different kinds of sausages, and meat-balls for soup, and black puddings and white puddings, &c. &c.; and for all the various sausages and puddings, the meat is grated, and beaten, and seasoned—operations that require no inconsiderable time and labour. In all these matters the young ladies are the chief actors; so that it can scarcely be wondered at that the *Froken* refused an invitation because it was slaughter-time. But these duties are not only performed by ladies of all ranks in Norway, but are considered by them to be agreeable; and this season of slaughter and preparation is looked forward to as a time of more than common amusement. It can scarcely be supposed, that these habits should not influence the tastes and feelings of the female sex. Every young lady, and consequently every woman in Norway, is a *connoisseure* in gastronomy. There is no subject upon which a stranger will find a Norwegian lady so much *au fait* as in this. Indeed, I do not know any subject upon which a *Frou* or her daughters will descant with so much interest, or to which they will lend a more willing ear, than to the secrets of cookery, or the merits of a particular dish'.—P. 171—175.

TALES OF MILITARY LIFE.

Tales of Military Life, by the Author of 'The Military Sketch Book,' 3 vols. Colburn. London, 1829.

We have often spoken in no sparing language of the various corruptions which have been introduced into our literature by the race of fashionable novels. But they have engendered one great mischief which we take shame to ourselves for not having denounced with much greater earnestness and severity. The taste and feelings of the English public will revive, we trust, after a short time from the exhaustion which such sickly diet must infallibly occasion; but, will the *English language* as speedily shake off the villainous diseases with which they have infected it? More paltry affectations of phrase, more vulgar words imported from the club-house, or the kennel—more flagrant outrages upon the laws of universal grammar and of English grammar, we will venture to say, are to be found in these works than in all the volumes of all the Euphuists who have preceded them. It may, no doubt, be urged, as it has been urged, that it requires genius to corrupt a language as well as to reform them; and, if this were the case, it would be the extreme of nervousness to anticipate any permanent mischief from these violations of our tongue's chastity. But the proposition is far too universal. It is true of poetical and philosophical language—men of any less talent than Pope and Bolingbroke would scarcely have sufficed to corrupt the styles of writing on these subjects as they did. With our spoken language—the language of the drawing-room—the language of women—it is far otherwise. Men the most incomparably imbecile, the most supremely contemptible, may pour defilements into the well of pure English conversation, which a thousand filtrations will not extirpate. And it is precisely in this quarter that we tremble for the consequences that may result from the great circulation of these novels, especially among our countrywomen. The vicious diction which they propagate has no redeeming qualities. It does not sin against the preciseness of grammatical rules, in order that it may conform

more closely to the *lex non scripta* of idiom; it is vulgar, but not vernacular; it disregards, with foolish fastidiousness, the scrapings of our English soil, and diligently picks the garbage from every foreign dung-heap.

The most guilty of all these, in this respect, is Mr. Bulwer's 'Disowned,' and considering the large pretensions which the author of that novel makes to reading and philosophy, the crime is in him perfectly inexcusable. In the case of the author of the work before us, there is not this aggravation. He does not pretend to know much of literature or any thing of philosophy. But if he is a plain soldier, he was the more bound to write plain language; he should have written as the Duke of Wellington speaks; he should have avoided all affectation, and pay to his civil hearers the compliment of supposing that they can understand the phrases of the camp, without needing them to be translated into a miserable jargon, which he mistakes for the language of the city.

This is the chief complaint we have to make against the author of 'The Tales of Military Life.' In other respects, his tales are at least equal to the average of works of the kind. They contain some lively descriptions, and the stories are not wanting in interest. We extract from the first (which is perhaps not the best) story two or three of the most striking passages. The first extract will explain itself. The scene is laid at the time of Emmet's rebellion:

'At the conclusion of this communication the turnkey, with a knowing wink and nod of the head departed; so Mr. Ostin instantly availed himself of the hint which the fellow unconsciously had given: and, as he knew that, although his brother was in the king's uniform, and he himself a clergyman of the established church, both would be denied admission to see any person who was undergoing inquisitorial discipline, he determined to dissemble a little, in order to gain his point.

'Followed by Redmond and his brother, he approached the major, who, without moving from his seat, scanned them all over with a vulture's glance.

"I believe, Sir, you have got a prisoner in your custody, to whom a coat belongs which is now upon the back of one of your turnkeys," observed Mr. Ostin.

"Well, Sir; what of that?"

"It is rather singular; but the man to whom that coat belongs was engaged on the night of the 23d (as I am informed) with my brother, this young officer, who was severely wounded by him in Frances-street: he recognised the coat on the turnkey, and would like to see the man who stabbed him."

'The major's countenance became suddenly softened; he arose from his seat, and, bowing, replied,

"O, my dear Sir, I am very sorry that your brother has received a wound from the rascally villains: ay—see here, poor lad—his arm is in a sling—I hope it is not dangerous."

"No, Sir; the surgeon was of opinion that the wound would have proved mortal, had he been left without immediate assistance when he received the stab."

"Well, Sir," continued the major, "I am happy that I have it in my power to gratify your feelings on this point."

'Then, opening a window, he thrust forth his head, and cried out,

"Here, you Potts—is that done?"

"Yes, your honour;" roared a voice without.

"Open the door then."

'The major now motioned the visitors to go along with him, through a narrow passage; at the same time addressing Mr. Ostin thus:

"Now, Sir, your brother shall have satisfaction of the rebel-scurdrel that wounded him."

'Then, stopping half way in the passage, he turned familiarly, and holding the lappet of Mr. Ostin's coat, affected to whisper—

"We must be severe, Sir, with these fellows, or we should never do. Law is too mild for them—we should be all murdered in our beds, Sir, but for the tight hand we keep over them."

'He now advanced to a door, which, yielding to the iron hand of the aforesaid Mr. Potts, permitted

major to enter a yard, followed by Mr. Ostin, Redmond, and the ensign.

"There he is, Sir, in the middle—and a damned strong able fellow he was," coolly observed the major; at the same time pointing to one of three bodies which were hanging by the neck from a beam. The unhappy victims had no covering on their faces; and although their countenances were distorted by the last struggles of life and death, Redmond easily recognised the features of Carrol Watts!

"The major rapidly continued to talk.

"You see, gentlemen, I have settled him for you," said he, with a sardonic smile. "I would have only pitch-capped or flogged him, but that an old and worthy friend of mine, to whom the rascal had the impudence to send for a character, assured me that he was the worst of the whole pack of the rebellion of ninety-eight: so I wasn't going to let him slip off by a jury; for the evidence was of too slight a nature to hang him—he wasn't taken with arms in his hands. If we had sent all to be tried by a jury in ninety-eight, we should have done little or nothing. But—what is the matter with you, gentlemen?"

"The three visitors were alike pale, trembling, and horror-struck. Redmond's senses wandered, and he had only power to groan and stagger back from the sight, through the passage, while Gerrard Ostin was relieved from the cramp of his feelings by a flood of tears, which he covered by his handkerchief. Mr. Ostin alone spoke; and he, with difficulty, addressed the infamous abuser of the laws.

"And have you, Sir, the power of life and death over the unhappy men who may have offended against the laws of their country?"

"Offended against the laws!—eh!—Damn'd rebels—cut-throats—dogs. Have I the power, indeed!—that is a pretty question."

"Monstrous! But I will have this brought before the Government—this horrid murder."

"Murder! Poo—o—o—h. Murder, indeed! You seem to forget who you are talking to," said the major, with a sneer: "I'm damn'd sorry I let you in to see the fellow at all; and only I thought you were staunch, and not one of our half-bred Protestants, I'd have seen your reverence damn'd first. Murder, Sir!—ay, go to the Government; they can injure me—they dare not. I have been the very prop and pillar of their power."

"I will, at all events, publish to the world your atrocity," replied Mr. Ostin, with indignation.

"Publish!" exclaimed the major; "I defy you. Let me see a newspaper that dare even mention it—I'll soon have their types in the street, and their writers in the black hole. What do I care for you, Sir? I am Major Bludd, and the life and soul of the glorious and immortal party that will stick by me to the last. So, the sooner you quit this prison, Sir, the better."

"I am aware of that; but, Sir, I will again tell you, before I go, that you have murdered that man: he had only put his foot on shore the day previous to the insurrection, and, therefore, could not be supposed to be one of Emmet's gang."

"What! do you think, I will doubt the word of my old and respected friend?—a magistrate too,—who gave me his history! The very gentleman that he wrote to himself after he was taken! Poo!—There he hangs, and I wish all milk-and-water loyalists were there along with him!"

"Horrible! Horrible!" exclaimed Mr. Ostin, as he hurried out of the yard, to follow the youths who had left the dreadful scene of death, and fled to the barrack room.—Vol. i. pp. 129—135.

The following sketch of a remarkable man, whose portrait has been drawn so elaborately by Colonel Napier, will interest our readers:

"The apartment into which Allan was led by his commanding officer, for the purpose of being introduced to Sir John Moore, was on the ground floor of a miller's house, spacious, but encumbered with the utensils of the owner's trade, and miserably furnished. A particularly mild-looking and handsome man, apparently of about thirty-five years of age, was seated alone at a crazy oak table, gazing on a map which was spread before him. This was the commander of the forces. He was in his marching uniform—a plain blue frock coat over all—and bespattered with mud from head to foot; for the roads of that day's march which the army had gone, were very heavy, owing to the incessant rain that had fallen for the two preceding days. He was deeply intent upon the subject before him: his brow seemed oppressed, and his face pale with the fatigue of thinking. Although he had directed his aid-

de-camp to show in the colonel and Redmond Allan, he continued to gaze on the map; and, when they entered, replied to the former's complimentary inquiries, without raising his eyes, adding,

"Sit down, sit down Howard. I shall be ready to speak to you directly."

"However, a few moments only elapsed, when the General arose, and in the most cordial manner shook his friend the colonel by the hand.

"Permit me to introduce to you, general, one of my young officers, Mr. Allan."

"Redmond bowed, and felt some what agitated; but the affability and sincerity of heart which the manners of the chief displayed, at once restored him to his self-possession.

"I have heard of your talents, Mr. Allan, from my friend Colonel Howard," said the general; "and I hope they will prove as serviceable to yourself as to your country."

"My greatest ambition, general, is that they may be devoted to the service of my country and to your's," replied the young officer.

"Sir John Moore then requested both to be seated, and proceeded to open a portfolio, from which he took several drawings and plans; these he placed before Redmond Allan and the colonel, and having then sat down, commenced to expatiate on their merits and defects: discussion followed, and the result was, that Sir John was highly pleased with the promise given by the abilities of the young subaltern, while Colonel Howard felt all the satisfaction which could attend desired success.

"Young Allan was already a favourite with the general; he received his promise to appoint him to the quarter-master-general's department forthwith; and as the colonel and he took their leave, Sir John requested that both would dine with him, after the following day's march, on soldier's fare, when he would give full instructions to Redmond what particular duty he wished him to perform.

"Next day Redmond's name was in orders as acting deputy assistant quarter-master-general, and the young officer, having dined according to appointment with the commander of the forces, received his instructions to proceed to the river Carrion, in front of Sahagun, accompanied by an engineer officer, and attended by two dragoons and a Spanish guide, there to take certain drawings and plans. He was furnished with one of Sir John's best horses, and ordered to start at two hours before day-break the following day.

"With a caution from Captain Ostin not to go too close to the French lines, and a hearty shake of the hand, Redmond mounted, and set out on his new duty, through roads as dark and dreary as any December night could render them: the only means of keeping the road correctly was the tingling of the guide's little bridle bells which ornamented the head of his mule.

"At the end of the day's march, which was prolonged until four o'clock in the afternoon, they found themselves in the centre of the advanced cavalry, which was under the command of Lord Paget, and two days more brought them to a village, which they entered under cover of the dusk of the evening, and which was close to the banks of the river. On the opposite side of this river were posted the advanced sentinels of the French, but covered by small hills and wood from the view of the enemy.

"This village was deserted by the inhabitants—every house was tenantless. It was situated on a little hill, and could command a tolerably extensive view. From a dilapidated house, into which Redmond and the officer whom he accompanied cautiously crept to take up their quarters for the night, they could see the fires of the French camp, at the distance of a mile, on a range of heights to the left; and by the help of the telescope perceived the soldiers standing between them and the blaze, but nothing more—all else was darkness.

"The horses were all put up, and the dragoons, as well as the guide, enjoyed themselves at a blazing fire made by planks of wood procured in no very ceremonious manner by the latter, who, being acquainted with every spot in the village, knew where to put his hand upon whatever could be of use to himself or his comrades. In an inner room sat the two officers, regaling themselves with a canteen of wine before a bright and cheering fire, and arranging their plan of proceeding for the following day. Sufficient care was taken to obviate the chance of being discovered by the French sentinels from the light of their hearths, and having sat in conversation till midnight, they posted one dragoon outside the house to prevent alarm, ordering the

other to relieve him every hour; and wrapping their cloaks around them, lay down on some clean straw, procured after great labour by the guide, opposite the embers at which they had sat. Having listened to the occasional challenge of the French sentinels, which the stillness of night permitted them to hear, and thought of those scenes that usually brighten on the soldier's pillow when he shuts his eyes for rest, they fell into a sound sleep, which they enjoyed until an hour before day-break, when they were suddenly aroused by the call of the dragoons. They started up, and were already half informed of the cause of the intrusion by the countenances and manner of the soldiers, for the embers still burned brightly and lent sufficient light to the apartment. A few words acquainted them fully with the cause of alarm—several horse soldiers were at that moment in the village.

"Redmond ran to the window, and looking out, saw, by the light of the moon, which had dimly arisen, six mounted troopers, riding at a deliberate walk towards the cottage in which they stood. Whether the troopers saw Redmond, or took a fancy to the quarter which he occupied, is not certain; but scarcely had he withdrawn his head from the window and seized his pistols, when they rode up to the door and halted. The clattering of the horses' hoofs, the accoutrements and the arms, mingled with the voices of the men at the door, now convinced Redmond and his friend that a French patrol had surprised them, and all in the cottage determined to make the most of their situation, and defend themselves to the last before they would submit to be made prisoners. All the fire-arms were immediately loaded, and the two dragoons posted at one window, while Redmond and the other officer took up their position at another, the guide assisting generally as well as he was able. Two carbines and two pistols were about to cover their men—another instant would have killed or disabled four of the troopers outside, when one of them fortunately cried out—

"Abra el porto Pyzano."

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed the guide, "they are Spaniards—they are Guerillas—don't fire."

"This information was a relief to all parties. The guide thrust his head out of the window, and accosted the mounted men in Spanish; informing them that two English officers on duty, occupied the house. To this, however, the Guerillas replied, that if so, they had only to appear, and no further trouble should be given. The officers now directed the door to be opened, fuel was thrown on the fire in order to produce a thorough light, and the Guerillas dismounted to inspect the interior of the house.

"To Redmond's eye the appearance of the strangers seemed the personification of all that he had read in romance about Spanish and Italian banditti. Their dresses consisted of brown cloth, or olive velvet jackets, cut in the Moorish fashion, very short behind, and ornamented with a profusion of small convex white metal buttons; the sleeves tight, and united at the shoulders by red laces; the front open, displaying a closely-fitted cloth, or camelot, or leathern waistcoat. About their waists were thickly folded red worsted sashes, and broad leathern belts; their breeches were of brown cloth, short, tight, and laced at the knees with red tape. Some wore boots, broad and wrinkled at the top; others brown stockings, with drab leathern sandals, secured by broad red tape, which was crossed handsomely and highly upon the leg. Their heads were enveloped in red cotton kerchiefs, the ends of which hung down behind; and over the kerchief some wore a helmet, formerly French, but now the prize of the wearer—others the high, taper, black Spanish hat, ornamented by several circles of red tape, and the longest feathers of the cock-pheasant's wing; over their shoulders, scarf-like, hung the striped Moorish blanket; each man's hair was plaited into a long tail; their faces were half covered by dark thick mustachios and whiskers; their necks were bare; and they were well provided with arms, which, however, were more remarkable for ability and temper than for elegance or uniformity.

"As soon as the Guerillas saw the British uniforms of the officers and dragoons, they all placed their left hands to their brows in respectful salute, (their right hands held their naked sabres,) and apologised for their intrusion. Redmond and his companion received them with good humour; and, having ordered wine for their refreshment, entered into conversation with their chief in the French language, which was mutually understood.—Vol. ii. pp. 52—61.

Our last passage is, perhaps, the most powerful in the book. It describes an attempt to mur-

der our young hero, by the unlawful possessor of the Vandeleur property:

Carrol Watts now withdrew, and left Raven, who, flinging himself into a chair, groaned, folded his arms firmly, clenched his teeth, and began to chew the burning cud of reflection. He felt irresistibly borne onward to crime, in order to save himself and his former delinquency. Murder was somewhat abhorrent to him; but discovery was worse. No choice remained, and his fears urged him on with a rapidity that blinded every feeling but one. He turned it in his thoughts over and over, yet found only strength in his wicked project. At length the bitter hour was passed, and Watts returned.

"Come, Carrol," said he, as the latter entered, "I see by your countenance that you have become reasonable. You are a hot-headed fellow, Watts, but I do not like you the worse for that; soon excited, and soon appeased. Sit down, and taste old Heldershaw's brandy."

"No, I will not drink—let us to business," replied Carrol Watts, seating himself.

"Then I will drink, and to your health, Watts," said Raven. He then swallowed a full glass of the liquor, the effect of which was to improve his resolution.

"Now what am I to do, admitting that I agree to join you in this business?" demanded Carrol Watts.

"You know as well as I do," replied Raven, "that as the affair has come to his ears, the first step must be to remove him."

"Nothing can be done without it," observed Watts.

"Nothing," echoed the colonel—widening his eyes, approaching and placing his hand on the other's knee, in token of reciprocation—"nothing, my dear friend. He must be removed, otherwise I should fail, and your five thousand pounds, as well as the annuity, be lost."

"But how is it to be done?"

"Done! why—pooh! man, if you choose, that won't trouble us much."

Both paused and gazed at each other a few moments; Raven, searching, as it were, the countenance of Watts for a look which he might interpret to his purpose. He then continued—

"You know, Carrol, if you do that, there will be a bond between us stronger than human power can make—there will be a guarantee to you that will supersede the necessity of all deeds and lawyers."

"I understand you. In fact, you think he could be put quietly aside."

"Exactly so."

"And that my knowledge of your share in this deed would be my bond."

"Precisely; don't you see it? My dear fellow, it may be done."

"Yes; but I cannot do it."

"O, as for the doing—that is no matter; will you join and be secret? that's the great service which you may do."

"Then who is to do it?"

"Why, Watts, that question is easily answered; there are but two of us."

"Then you will do it?"

"I will: I only wish for your assistance and secrecy. Do you agree? Say the word—I have the plan prepared, and a check for five thousand pounds shall be your's to-morrow morning."

"Give me the check now," said Watts. "I do not doubt your sincerity; but that would clench the matter."

"I'll tell you what, Carrol," said Raven, after a short pause, "I can have no objection to give you the money now, only that you—*might* change your mind."

"No, no," returned Watts, "you need not fear: I am fixed. I am a man that may be depended on: but I am determined not to move a step in the business without a proof of your good intentions."

"Then—no matter—I'll make it a point of honour between us—you shall have the check."

Raven then drew from his pocket a blank check, took a pen, and having written out an order for the five thousand pounds, handed it to Watts, with an air of honourable confidence. Watts then took the paper, tore it carefully into two parts, and returned one part to Raven, saying—

"I will not have the money; I only want a show of security—something by way of written promise; I will keep the one half of the check, you shall keep the

other, and give me a memorandum on a slip of paper, that you will present me with the half which you hold on the day after to-morrow, provided a certain affair should occur—write it so; that will put an end to all doubts between us."

"To that I have no objection," said Raven, as he proceeded to write the memorandum. "I see you mean well, Watts. Believe me it will make us both happy for life; five thousand pounds is not a sum to be gained every day."

"You know, Carrol," said the 'worshipful' magistrate, "that unless evidence be forthcoming in any case of suspected crime, the law can take no hold of the person or persons so suspected. Well, there are only three people in existence that know any thing of the secret we wish to keep; these three are you, Heldershaw, and myself. Confidence begets confidence; I have confided in you, you have confided in me. In my plan I fear we cannot well do without Heldershaw's assistance; and I think we might trust her. In the first place, she may be unguarded if we do not; and, in the second, I shall be obliged to give her as much money to shut up her suspicious prate as to command her secrecy. Look you! the young man sleeps here to-night, and will also sleep here to-morrow night. Might he not commit suicide? there is nothing more probable than that an officer, having quarrelled with his colonel, and resigned his commission, might commit suicide. Do you understand?"

"I do; go on."

"Well, if Heldershaw be admitted into the business, she will take care that he shall sleep soundly during the night; she will infuse into his drink at night a sufficient portion of laudanum to seal up his senses, at least in sleep. You and I shall then go to his room, place one of his own razors beside him, or in his hand—as soon as it has—you know the rest!—then, Watts, we shall both enjoy security, affluence, and happiness."

"But—the razor—why use the razor? would not the laudanum be sufficient?" inquired Watts.

"No, by no means; it is doubtful—assistance might come—he might recover—it is not sure—nothing is more dangerous for us," replied his cautious 'worshipful'; "and," continued he, "to give the affair a still greater degree of probability, the empty vial in which the laudanum shall have been contained, must be placed on his table; then, you know, even if the stomach should be examined by the surgeons, no further light can be thrown on the matter; Burn's Justice supposes the very case. The inference will be that he took the poison himself—Don't you see, my dear fellow?"

"I do—I understand—but who shall use the—?"

"I perceive—you would not, of course, as you said, do the business—leave that to me. Now, Watts, this all appears very bold and desperate, I may say criminal, on my part; but when you consider that it is in self preservation—the first law of nature—that it is done, you will not think so. Here is not only the ruin of myself, but of Sir Edward, depending on it—and what is a life after all? Had he met a bullet at Corunna, he would have only died; and in this case, what more is it? I would not do it—by Heaven I would not do it, no more than I would kill myself, only that to leave it undone must destroy a fine property, ruin my high name, and the hopes of my son, Sir Edward. Do you think Heldershaw should be admitted to the affair?"

"I do—I think it would render the matter more certain."

"Then I will break it to her; and to-morrow evening will you come here to talk over the business further?"

"I will," replied Watts, as he arose to depart—"at seven o'clock I'll meet you."

Raven received him somewhat agitated at the approaching occurrence, which now he felt to be inevitable—to be beyond doubt, seeing that Watts was true to his appointment. Both sat down in the little apartment where they had communed the night before. After a short time, Mother Heldershaw appeared with a strong howl of punch, and with the exception that she spoke in whispers, her manner was as unaltered as if nothing extraordinary were the cause of the meeting. Her compliments to Watts, her praises of her punch, and her occasional allusions to the dreadful affair of the hour, were indiscriminately and unaffectedly mingled.

"I will not drink," said Watts; "it would unfit me for my work."

"Well, do as you like, Carrol," returned Raven, "but, for my part, I should be totally unfit for mine

if I did not drink; so, I say, "To our success," in a bumper."

"Ay, "To our success," in a bumper, I say too," cried Mother Heldershaw, as she swallowed the contents of her glass.

"You say he drank the coffee containing the laudanum," observed Raven to the hostess.

"Yes," she replied, "I took him a strong cup of coffee at nine o'clock, in which I put, you know, the drops: after a short time he called for another cup, and I gave him one of pure coffee. He then said he wanted to sit up for the purpose of writing letters; but rang his bell at ten o'clock, and said that as he felt very heavy, he would go to bed. I prepared every thing necessary, and took away his candles at half-past ten. He was then fast asleep."

"You are sure that the door is not fastened on the inside?" said Raven.

"It cannot be either bolted or locked."

"Then go again," hastily cried he, "on some pretence, to the room, and look closely to see if he be asleep now."

"I am sure he is asleep," returned the hostess, "but one cannot be too cautious: I'll go again."

So saying, she quitted the room, and returned in about five minutes.

"He is just as I left him before—as sound as a rock," said she, with a smile that would have honoured a fiend in its most diabolical work.

"Martha, you have not lost your determined spirit by campaigning in India," observed Watts.

"Not I: what business has a soldier's wife with being squeamish; if I had been so when I served with Sir Arthur Wellesley in the Mahratta war, I should have made a poor hand amongst the dead and wounded. What's one life?—why, the women of our regiment, who were worth speaking about, thought nothing of settling a hundred of the wounded Indians: ay, or a few of our own lads, if their watches or purses were good."

"Hark!" whispered Raven, "is there any body stirring in the house besides ourselves?"

"No, not a soul. I gave both the boy and girl a sufficient dose of egg-flip to send them a-snooring: it is the wind and the rain beating against the tiles and the windows that you hear."

"What o'clock is it?" demanded Raven.

"About half-past twelve," replied Watts.

"It is a dreadful night," returned the colonel, who was now evidently becoming fearful of his task. "This punch is not strong enough: give me a little brandy, Martha—Carrol, how do you feel?"

"Feel!" echoed Watts, "never more confident in my life; I seldom meet with disappointment in any enterprise I undertake."

An awful half-hour now slowly passed away. The conversation was whispered in broken passages, and long pauses took place between each observation; the storm increased without, and the blaze of the coal-fire, on which all silently gazed, purred loudly—no other noise disturbed the night. Raven now arose, and having swallowed a bumper of strong brandy, whispered a question in Mother Heldershaw's ear, to which she replied.

"Yes; I took it out of his dressing-case; and here it is."

At the same time handing him something under the table, which she had taken from her bosom. Raven could not hide the effect which this had upon him; he shuddered, and looked at Watts with an attempted smile, that appeared like moonlight on a grave; and walking towards the window, he looked out, observing with a shudder that the night was not only rainy, but very cold.

The moments slowly passed, until the clock in the lobby struck "one." A silence reigned for a few seconds; yet there was much language in the looks of all the parties.

"Carrol, that is the hour," whispered Raven;

"what say you now?"

"What say you, colonel?" returned Watts.

"Me! Can you doubt me? Think you I can let slip this opportunity, and meet my total destruction to-morrow? Oh! no.—Another glass of brandy, and then to save all.—Martha, go first; your shoes are off; that is right—and your's—so are mine. Come, Watts, be near me—close to me; but you need not be in the room, unless I should be opposed."

As they were leaving the apartment, he seized the arm of Watts, pressed it with an iron grasp, stopped short, and, with an impressive whisper, said,

"I will make it six thousand, instead of five, if the work be but well done."

Watts bowed, and they followed cautiously the steps of Mother Heldershaw, through the lobby, up three steps of a side stairs, and along another lobby; at the end of which was the room of the young officer.

The rain was dripping in big drops on the floor of the passage, and made a melancholy noise as it splashed; but this noise served to cover the accidental cracking sounds which their steps made on the old boards of the floor: the raging wind without, too, aided them much in this, for it whistled loudly as it passed, and shook the leafless trees behind the house into hoarse murmuring—it was a frightful night.

The woman was at the door; she stopped, placing her finger to her lip, and looking back towards her followers. Watts could perceive, by the light of the candle, which she held near her face, that, fiend as she was, the terrors of the moment were pressing on her; her eyes were glassy, her cheek pale, and her lips parched and withered. All stopped while she listened. She seizes the button of the door—the door slowly opens.

"Are you asleep, Sir?" said she, in a low voice.

No answer was heard. Twice she repeated the question, with the same effect. She then walked softly into the room some paces, and returning, left the door open. All paused again for a few moments, and held in their breath; they could distinctly hear the strong breathing of the intended victim.

"Let me go before you," whispered Watts. "I'll remain at the foot of the bed, to be ready, lest he should awake and overpower you."

A nod of the head and a squeeze of the arm were the tokens of assent. The woman gave the candle to Raven, and hastily, but softly, went back to the lower lobby. Watts looked at the colonel's face, and saw it pallid and perspiring, but still resolute. He then softly entered—Raven's foot cautiously followed. His worship placed the candle on the chair beside the bed—stood quiet a moment—Watts, also mute, at the foot of the bed. The sleeper's breathing was loud, and promised security. The magistrate looked around, placed the poison-vial beside the candlestick on the chair, and then coolly opened the blade, and tied a piece of tape upon its juncture with the handle, to prevent its yielding in the wrong direction from its intended work. A hurried blast of wind, and a pattering of the heavy rain, caused another pause—all was still again. The instrument was now grasped in the villain's right hand—his left on the curtain of the bed, which slowly drew aside—he fixed his eyes on his intended victim—he raised the blade, but looked back in caution—another moment—his arm is ready; but a voice of thunder roars out:—

"Vandeleur, arise!"

It was the voice of Watts. The trembling assassin started with a groan into the centre of the room; the door of a closet at the instant opened, and Captain Ostin, Corporal Magoverin, and two officers of police, ran out, lighted by two lanterns, while the rescued officer jumped from the bed.—Vol. iii. pp. 26—33.

SEPARATE EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL.

Testimonies in proof of the separate existence of the Soul in a state of self-consciousness between Death and the Resurrection. By the Rev. Thomas Huntingford, M. A., Vicar of Kempford, Gloucestershire. Accedit Johannis Calvinii. ψυχῆς ἀνεξαρτησία. 8vo. pp. 500. Rivington. London, 1829.

We have here brought into one view, and in a small compass, the opinions of a considerable number of eminent men, both Heathen and Christian, respecting the curious subject,—the state of the soul immediately after death—a subject, however, of which nobody can know any thing, and of course, all that has been written on the subject must be mere conjecture; ingenious, it may be and plausible, but still nothing more than conjecture. We agree with the learned Sir Matthew Hale, that 'the state of a Christian after death, and the privilege that with and by Christ, he shall then receive,' these are secrets that never lay within the reach or discovery of the light of nature. No more is discovered or discoverable unto us, than what it hath pleased the God of nature, in the Scriptures, to reveal and discover to us. So far we may go; farther than that we may not, cannot see. This is a learning that no other means can teach us than divine revelation; a continent that no other man can describe, nor any other light discover to us, but the Word of God himself. If we guide not ourselves by this thread, we lose ourselves in the discourse, or contemplation of it.

As to future existence, we have the testimony of the Scriptures, that we shall exist hereafter; though we are told very little of the *what* or the *how*; and apparently for this very reason, that we could not understand it if we were told. It is to be expected, therefore, that those who inquire into this *what* and this *how* must laud themselves in fancies unintelligible to themselves and to others. We accordingly find in some of the opinions here collected by Mr. Huntingford, several conjectures which are objectionable, in that their authors have endeavoured to be 'wise above what is written.'

Passing over what he has given from the ancient writers, as much too brief and imperfect, and indeed the worst part of the volume; the more modern authors whose opinions he has stated chiefly in their own words, are,—Sherlock, Addison, Calvin, Grotius, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, Sir Matthew Hale, Pearson, Beveridge, Jortin, Secker, Butler, Bull, and Watts. We were certainly much surprised at not finding in this list the names of Bishop Warburton, Dr. Cudworth, and several other English writers of celebrity, while the author's knowledge of foreign works on the subject seems exceedingly limited. He does not even allude to Witsius, Buddeus, Windet, Thomasius, Cardan, Jablonski, &c., not to mention the ancient Fathers.

NEW MUSIC.

The favourite Airs in Pacini's Opera, 'L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei,' arranged for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, by A. Diabelli, Book III. Boosey and Co.

This third book completes the work as Duets, and presents more variety than the former two; the first piece introduced is 'Squarciami il core, O Barbaro,' Duetto, an allegro moderato in F, common time, followed by a very delightful andante in A flat, 9-8 time. 'Su questa mon coacodi,' a pleasing aria andantino in D, 2-4 time; 'Fermati, Ottavia,' duetto, an allegro in C, with several episodical and clever movements; and, as finale, a striking presto in C minor, 'La Distruzione,' which, as it is to express that dreadful calamity which gives title to the work, seems well adapted to the purpose, and therefore bear a strong resemblance to Haydn's fine 'terre moto' in his 'Passion of our Saviour.'

A Fantasia for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced the popular Airs, 'The Light Guitar' and 'Festive Scene,' composed and respectfully dedicated to Henry Hamilton, Esq., by Bernard Lee. Mayhew and Co.

A very pleasing and flowing conversational piece, admirably adapted to the instrument, the flute especially. It is devoid of difficulty, and yet not so trifling as to be uninteresting. Barnett's two very favourite Boleros are ingeniously adapted; and to teachers of the flute, we presume the work will be singularly useful—to their pupils, very amusing.

'A Wanderer I,' sung by Mr. Sinclair, in the Opera of 'The Earthquake, or Phantom of the Nile,' the Melody selected and partly composed by John Sinclair. Dale.

With the exception of a single note, this very simple melody is written within the very limited compass of the two treble E's, a circumstance the more noticeable when we reflect upon the scope of Sinclair's voice. He therefore has, most probably, confined the air within these limits, in order to render it more generally available. It is a very easy and trifling allegretto pastorale in A, 6-8 time, and appears like a French air, selected from some vaudeville.

'Les Bagatelles,' No. I., containing a French Air, selected and arranged for the Piano-Forte, by J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co.

This is a mere trifle (as the title imports) of two pages for 1s., intended for school teaching; and we should not have deemed it worth notice, had not Cramer considered it worth adapting. He has inserted the leading fingering; and in its general arrangement, it resembles the most popular, and, at the same time, most insignificant piece perhaps ever published in a detached form, namely, 'Butler's Egyptian Air.' If Cramer's 'Bagatelle' meet with a similar circulation, it would be worth while to publish scarcely any thing else.

Mozart's Operas, arranged with Embellishments for the Flute, by Charles Sauts, No. II. Cocks and Co.

This is published in continuation of the work noticed by us in 'The Athenæum,' which commenced the present year (No. 63, page 8), and all the deserved

commendations there offered, may be justly applied to this the second Number. Twelve of the most admired pieces of Mozart's beautiful opera, 'Così fan tutte,' are well arranged, and well brought out; and although the greater part of the opera is condensed in this one book, the price is but 3s.

'My Father Land,' the admired Tyrolienne, sung by Mrs. H. Hughes, at the Adelphi Theatre, in the Popular Drama 'Monsieur Mallet, or my Daughter's Letter,' written by W. T. Moncrief, composed by John Barnett. Published by the Authors.

This is evidently a parody upon the composer's most successful ballad, 'The Light Guitar,' and being written within the very confined scale of eight notes (the same noticed above in Sinclair's song) must be very easy of performance by any one who sings at all. It exhibits the same pleasing cheerfulness observable in all Barnett's familiar ballads, and will, no doubt, meet with an extensive and deserved circulation. Mrs. Hughes exhibits a very pleasing tone of voice in her performance of it, at the Adelphi Theatre.

Hart's Thirteenth Set of Quadrilles, selected from Matthew Locke's Original Music in Macbeth, including the favourite Isabel Waltz, arranged as Duets for Two Performers on the Piano-forte, with an accompaniment for the Harp (ad lib.), by N. B. Challoner. Mayhew and Co.

This arrangement of Hart's popular Quadrilles must be singularly useful and acceptable;—for in large evening parties, where more ladies are assembled than can be formed into sets for dancing, and as all our accomplished countrywomen can play upon the harp or piano-forte, (or both,) all may be employed to the advantage of all, a convenience and pleasure we have satisfactorily experienced. The arrangement is unusually well made for the respective instruments (particularly the harp); and we hope this work will be followed up by an extensive continuation.

New Arctic Expedition.—It is understood that Captain Ross expects to be able to start on this new Expedition in the course of the present month. It is undertaken solely at the expense of Captain Ross and his friends; and the great novelty attending it is that steam is to be employed in it for the first time. Captain Ross goes out in the *Victory*, a steam-vessel of 200 tons burden, accompanied by the *John* of 320 tons, laden with fuel and stores for three years. The powerful steam-engine of the *Victory* is of the high-pressure kind, and will consume fuel of every sort, whether the wood to be found in many places on the coast, or the oil to be procured from the tenants of the deep; and the vessel is so constructed as to be incapable of destruction by the pressure of icebergs, the effect of which will be to raise up instead of to crush. The paddles, worked by steam, can also be taken off if necessary, and as once she can be rigged as a sailing vessel.

A Great Writer.—I require in him whom I am to acknowledge so, accuracy of perception, variety of mood, of manner, and of cadence, imagination, reflection, force, sweetness, copiousness, depth, perspicuity. I require in him a princely negligence of little things, and the proof that although he hath seized much, he hath also left much unappropriated. Let me see nothing too trim, nothing quite incondite. Equal solicitude is not to be excited upon all ideas alike; some are brought into the fulness of light, some are adumbrated. So on the beautiful plant of our conservatories, a part is in fruit, a part in blossom; not a branch is leafless, not a spray is naked. Then come those graces and allurements for which we have few and homely names, but which among the ancients had many, and expressive of delight and of divinity, *illicebra Venere*: these, like the figures that hold the lamps on stair-cases, both invite us and show us the way up: for, write as wisely as we may, we cannot fix the minds of men upon our writings, unless we take them gently by the ear. When our servants or trades people speak to us, it is quite enough that we understand them; but in a great writer we require exactness and propriety. Unless we have them from him, we are dissatisfied in the same manner as if the man who refused to pay us a debt were to offer us a present.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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HERBERT.

A TALE.

PART I.

THE lowliest heart is ever nearest unto God; and so was it with the young Lord Bellincourt. His boyish years were full of confused and stormy thoughts; but, as he grew to manhood, his mind became serene and strong, and he was no longer vexed by those self-begotten miseries which are often the mist of a summer morning, that indicate the glory to come, but which sometimes also deepen and burst into tempest. He found much gladness among books, and much study in the fields. The more he understood of men, the less he shunned them; and the more clear became his consciousness of his own nature, the more he learned to revere the ideal of humanity. The rich thought him strange, but the poor knew him to be kindly; and, while some conceived of his mind as of a quaint museum filled with rare fancies, and embalmed antiquities, and trivial knowledge won from our common earth, there were many who felt it to be a treasure-house filled with living symbols of joy and heaven-minded meditations, and overflowing with wealth on all the world.

He was the eldest son of the Earl of Marlow, who, when his heir had attained the age of twenty, lost his wife. The Countess left but one other child, a dumb boy, five years old, named Arthur. The Earl was now an old man, and was anxious that his son should marry. Sir William Clifford, who had wedded a cousin of the deceased Lady Marlow, lived in a distant part of the kingdom; and to him Lord Bellincourt went on a visit. His daughter, Louisa, was then about the young man's age, and a creature of the most intense beauty. Her dark eyes were fierce with splendour; and, when she wreathed her long black locks with flowers and with leaves of the elegant plant which bears her name,* and clothed herself in the airy garments which beseeemed a fancied wood-nymph, the power of her glance, and the haughty bearing of her imperial form, belied the humble gracefulness of her vesture and ornaments. She sought to dazzle and command the heart of Herbert; (for such was the name of Lord Bellincourt. And, in truth, he was too young and too sensitive to beauty, not to feel admiration and delight in the presence of such a being. But he did not love her. His visions were all of a happiness which can be enjoyed in the narrow cell, or under the green-wood tree,—which belongs to ourselves, and is a part of our nature; and the only pageantries which it gave him joy to fancy, were the good man's natural garbures, the bounties of the world to all, its skies, and woods, and rivers, and the symbols and triumphs of serene affections. She dreamed of the highest seats in the halls of princes, of power, and magnificence, and successful vanity; and between them there could be little sympathy. When he left the house of Sir William Clifford, the look of scorn and detestation bent on him by Louisa, gave to her exquisite features the expression of a sorceress, baffled by the spirit whom she had hoped to make her slave.

The Earl of Marlow received his son with the utmost indignation. He told Herbert that he was resolved the marriage between him and Louisa Clifford should take place, and added that he would permit no more delay than three months. Lord Bellincourt replied, that he too was resolved, and that nothing could ever induce him to wed her. His father commanded him to leave the house, and not to return until he could consent to yield obedience where it was due.

Herbert departed from his home a solitary wanderer. The pittance of which his father could not deprive him, amounted to no more than the income of a day-labourer; and like a labourer he determined to live. He betook himself to an obscure valley, hired a small cottage with a patch of garden, put on the dress of a peasant, and

began to try the strength of his philosophy in a mode of existence destitute of all the appliances which had adorned and enriched his former state. And his was a mind too well self-sustained to fail in the enterprise. Regular bodily labour in his garden improved his health. He studied the few old books which he now possessed more minutely and profitably than when he was surrounded by the myriad volumes of Lord Marlow's library. The earth appeared to him more various and living when he was compelled to make it his friend, than when he strolled along it with the consciousness of one of its masters; and, being driven to seek within himself for enjoyments to fill the place of those he had lost, he discovered in his own breast an ample store-house of brighter blessings than the palace in which he had lived, or the cities he had visited, could furnish. Herbert Winter,—for he laid aside his title with his condition,—was well known to the two or three yeomen, and the farmers, who with their families inhabited the valley. They had no suspicion of his rank; but they felt that he was of a different class and education from themselves, and they were gratified by the kindness and gentleness of his manner. He was eagerly sought for as a guest at their fire-sides; for he opened to them and their children a world of amusing and unpretending information, and the tales which he remembered or invented, and told in their cottages, brought wonder and delight to young and old.

So, for several years, he dwelt in the valley a happier man than Seged of Ethiopia. At a few intervals, in the earliest summer dawn, or in the clear night, he walked to the neighbourhood of his father's mansion, and wandered among those familiar paths of his childhood, and beneath those ancient trees planted by his ancestors. His recollection of the pleasant places of his youth, of the father who for so many years had fondly loved him, and of his buried mother, and of Arthur the helpless boy, breathed natural sorrow to his heart. But, when he thought of that despotism and untempered loveliness with which he had been required to wed, he blessed God that he was not Lord Bellincourt, nor the husband of Louisa Clifford. Her headstrong and selfish loveliness sometimes haunted his dreams, and looked at him through the foliage with tyrannous eyes; or, intently gazing at him, glided, he knew not how, amidst the mists of the morning along some forest glade. And he thought that he would rather be wedded to the humblest and least cultivated maiden of the valley in which he lived, than to that high-born and resplendent lady.

On one occasion, about three years after he had first become an exile from the halls of his ancestors, he lingered in the woods longer than he had ever stayed before, and taking a last look of the house, he saw his father on the lawn with Arthur by his side. The old man walked feebly, and laid his hand on the shoulder of the boy; and Herbert could distinguish his white locks glittering in the sun. Three years more passed away; and again he saw him seated in a chair on the terrace with a young woman standing beside him, and his son lurking, as if in fear, behind him. The young lord could perceive that the female was of a tall and striking figure, and richly dressed; but he could perceive nothing more. He abhorred the thought of being a spy upon his father, and turned to leave the woods. His last glance showed him the lady pressing the old man's hand to her bosom and then to her lips. Herbert saw no more; but in this there was abundant subject for reflection, and, to one less calm and self-relying than Herbert, for sorrow and alarm. He returned, however, to his narrow home, and the serene activity of his habitual occupations; and sometimes forgot, during many days, that he had once been called Lord Bellincourt, and that he was heir to wide domains and an ancient earldom. Wherefore should he think of these things, who was actual owner of the rich inheritance of earth, and the

beauty of heaven, and the unbounded and undistracted kingdom of a free, contented, and fruitful mind?

PART II.

FROM the time of his son's departure, the Earl of Marlow became more and more fretful and moody. He shunned the society of his equals, and was surrounded only by servants; for his son Arthur was in a great degree disabled by his misfortune from affording his father those pleasures of society which he refused to seek from without. The old man brooded in secret over the absence of Herbert; but his pride forbade him to recall the outcast: the enjoyment which he had been accustomed to derive from his intercourse with his neighbours was now replaced by the vulgar and servile flattery of menials; and the strong and highly-cultivated mind of the Earl rapidly decayed under their degrading influences. The affection and good temper of Arthur never diminished; but the impatience of his parent and the unhappy condition of the boy made communication between them difficult; and the presence of the dumb youth often served only to irritate Lord Marlow, by recalling to him the misfortune of his family.

After some years, the Earl shut himself up almost entirely in his chamber, and would scarcely ever consent to see his son. No one, except two or three favourite servants, could approach him without encountering an explosion of rage and disgust; and, while he was indignant at the cessation of any attentions which he had before received, the most flattering civilities were repaid with anger and contempt.

He was seated one day in his cabinet, when an attendant informed him that a lady desired to see him. 'I am too ill too see any one. I have nothing to do with ladies—tell her so, Martin; and let me hear no more of her.' The servant returned in half an hour looking confused and half frightened. 'What is the matter now? Are you determined to kill me?' 'My Lord, I am sorry to say that she will not go. She is a young lady, and looks like a person of distinction.' 'A person of distinction! Martin, you're a fool. Tell her I would not see her if she were Queen of England.' 'Yes, my Lord; but—but—but, my Lord—but—' 'But what, you idiot? Am I to be persecuted in my own house by adventuring mantua-makers? What is the matter, I say? Tell me at once, or you and she shall leave the house together.' 'She gave me a look, my Lord, that I would not stand again for any thing. I am sure she is a person of high rank, and she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw; and she sits in the library as if she were at home, and told me to desire your Lordship to go down to her.' The Earl was now nearly choking with rage. 'She—she—she—she thinks herself at home, does she? And I am to go to her? Martin, we will see if I am master in my own house. Let me say three words to her; and then she may force herself on me again if she pleases. Wheel my chair opposite to the door; and show her up.' 'Yes, my Lord;' and the valet departed on his errand, while the Earl wrapped his dressing-gown about him, pulled down his velvet cap till it shaded his eyes, and compressed his exuberant fury till he had made his trembling features a 'loft of stored thunder.'

In a few moments, Martin opened the door of the cabinet, while the lady advanced up the long gallery, and the Earl broke out at the top of his voice, 'Martin, call the footman. We will see. So this is the strumpet.' The lady moved forward with the utmost composure, and interrupted him by saying, while she threw aside her veil, 'My lord, I wished to save you the trouble of coming down to me; and, as you are an old friend, I have taken the liberty of waiting on you in your retirement. But you have not seen me since I was a child, and, perhaps, you do not remember me.' Such was the lady's introduction of herself to the Earl of Marlow. Her splendid

* In Spanish the verbena is called *La Luisa*.

beauty and exquisite manners delighted the old man; and the intelligent and brilliant conversation from which he had debarred himself for several years, now visited him with tenfold grace from the lips of so accomplished a woman. She remained his guest, and she was the person Herbert had seen beside his father. Ere many months, she became the Countess of Marlow. The Earl daily declined in health, and was soon entirely confined to his chamber. The Countess was constantly by his side, and, as much as possible, excluded Arthur from attending his father. This continued long; and, at last, it was supposed that the Earl was near his end. Nothing was known of Lord Bellincourt, and he was commonly reported to be dead, and the dumb boy could be but little obstacle to any designs of the Count. But a rumour of his father's approaching decease reached Herbert in his retirement, and he revisited the park that surrounded his former home. He was wandering through the forest-paths, in hope of meeting some one from whom he might obtain more accurate information, when he perceived a stripling lying at the root of a large elm, which covered him with its shade. He recognised his brother, and approached him. The boy had loved him much; but he thought it unlikely that he would discover the young nobleman in the simple peasant. He asked Arthur if he could tell him what was the state of Lord Marlow's health. The youth started at his voice, and, having looked at him keenly, turned away his eyes. He proceeded to act the feeble step and tremulous gestures of age, and then laid down his head as if on the pillow, closed his eyes, and groaned. He next mimicked the appearance and air of command of the Countess, and indicated how despotically she ruled the household, and how carefully she had kept him away from his father. But, as he explained by similar signs, he had, on the previous night, deceived her vigilance, and reached the bed-side of the patient. He then reverted to his representation of the Earl, and exhibited rapidly the interview between them; the affection of the old man for himself, his dread of his wife, and his fear of her intentions with regard to his helpless child. After this, the boy gave another anxious and searching look at the face of Herbert, and drew from his bosom a small miniature of him which Lord Bellincourt well remembered. With the aid of this, Arthur displayed his father's confession of penitence for his conduct towards his elder son, his earnest and almost desperate longing to see him once more before he should die, and his resolution to reinstate him, if possible, in his rights, and to secure them both from the machinations of the Countess, by giving into the hands of Herbert the papers, in the destruction of which consisted her only chance of success.

The elder brother took off the hat which concealed his brow, and pressed the dumb boy to his breast. He then, without waiting to change his dress, proceeded to the abode of his ancestors. The increasing danger of the Earl had thrown the house into confusion, and Lord Bellincourt, though in his peasant garb, made his way without difficulty by the assistance of his brother to the ante-chamber of the room in which his father lay. Here the servants attempted to withstand him; but, on telling them who he was, and his being recognised by an old female who had taken care of his childhood, they fell back, and he was close to the door when it was opened from within, and he was met by the Countess.

In the first moment of her surprise, she exclaimed, 'Lord Bellincourt!' and at the same instant he uttered the name 'Louisa Clifford.'

'The Countess of Marlow, Sir,' she answered, and would have opposed his advance; but the old man had heard the voice of his son, and she was startled by hearing the dying patient exclaim in loud and earnest tones, 'My son, my son! Thank God, you are returned at last!' Herbert rushed to his father, who wept and sobbed upon his

neck; and, when he had given him the key of the strong-box that held the most valuable of the family papers, he blessed him and his brother, and, without naming the Countess, fell back and expired.

THE QUERIST.

No. III.

Query 2. What are we to think of the grave dictum of Locke, 'that all the art of rhetoric, besides order and clearness, all the artificial and figurative application of words which eloquence hath invented, are for nothing else but to insinuate wrong ideas, move the passions, and thereby mislead the judgment, and so indeed are perfect cheats?'

A GREATER than Locke has laid down the characters which alone distinguish eloquence as an art, from mere empirical tricks and topics of persuasion. That the skill to recommend probabilities presupposes the knowledge and pursuit of truths—that the artful arrangement of resemblances is but a lower manifestation of the same unerring judgment which discerns the most minute shades of difference—that even the fraudulent use of moral ambiguities requires acute and scientific perception of the limits betwixt the regions of doubt and certainty, and that the mastery of art is unattainable, save by contemplating whatever is most sublime in the system of nature, by analysing whatever is most complex in man, and by adapting the forms and species of persuasive discourse to human tempers and capacities in their infinite variety—such are the axioms—such are the majestic endowments which it was Plato's to conceive and Burke's to realise.

It is asserted by the tribe of pseudo-logicians, who think themselves entitled to be offensive on this subject on the strength of such a name as that of Locke, that much unnecessary vagueness and diffuseness are inseparable from the use of all rhetorical ornament. Now, surely, it is painfully known to many, that of all the styles that owe their birth to the confusion of tongues, the most vague and diffuse is what is called the logical style. It must be vague; for it establishes no preference between one step in an argument and another: consequently, in the immense train of syllogisms involved in every argument, although it is impossible to write or speak them all, in the most mercilessly long discourse, yet a logician, out of the vanity or the conscience of his art, will introduce as many as possible; and his system gives him no rule for judging what link is more important than another. Hence result diffuseness and vagueness: for what prevents diffuseness and vagueness, except the fine instinct which enables a good writer or speaker to feel unerringly what points he must bring out in strong relief, and what he may leave quiet in the back-ground? Thus, in another less refined imitative art, light and shadow, well distributed, will save a world of outline; and that aerial perspective, for neglect of which no accuracy of outline can atone, will, if attended to, successfully devolve on the spectator's imagination the task of filling up those blanks which a bungling artist certainly would feel it his duty to cover over with his feeble, ineffective touches. What is called the logical style rejects, of course, this intellectual perspective and colouring. It substitutes for that effect, which it can never compensate, a hard, dry, and frigid verbosity; and, by endeavouring to comprehend the whole of a subject, ends commonly, like the boy with the figs, in accomplishing not even the least part of its intention.

It is evident that a style like this must be too diffuse; but an Aristotelian, possibly, may stare when he is told it must be too concise also. Such, however, is the case: for, as it already has been remarked, that not even the prolix propensities of a logician can bear him out in introducing all the syllogisms which are contained in any argument whatever, it is clear that some must be omitted. But, as he

will not learn that happiness of style which facilitates a reader or hearer's filling up for himself what the speaker or the writer may have left unfinished, it is plain that his omissions always must be perceptible as all the edification he can impart amounts to only what he brings out in explicit and direct statements. Unfortunate man! apparent inconsistencies unite for his deserved damnation. Even vices which it would really seem excluded each other, are yet combined in his chaotic intellect; and, worse than Colonel Charteris himself, whose insatiable avarice preserved him from prodigality, while exempted from hypocrisy by his matchless impudence, our logician is prolix without the praise of perspicuity, and elliptical without condensation.

'In aiming at a concise style,' says Dr. Whately,* 'care must of course be taken that it be not crowded; the frequent occurrence of considerable ellipses, even when obscurity does not result from them, will produce an appearance of affected and laborious compression, which is offensive. The author who is studious of energetic brevity, should aim at what may be called a "suggestive style;" such, that is, as without making a distinct, though brief mention of a multitude of particulars, shall put the hearer's mind into the same train of thought as the speaker's, and suggest to him more than is actually expressed. Aristotle's style, which is frequently so elliptical as to be dry and obscure, is yet often, at the very same time, unnecessarily diffuse, from his enumerating much that the reader would easily have supplied, if the rest had been fully and forcibly stated. He seems to have regarded his readers as capable of going along with him readily in the deepest discussions, but not of going beyond him in the most simple; i. e., of filling up his meaning, and inferring what he does not actually express; so that in many passages a free translator might convey his sense in a shorter compass, and yet in a less cramped and elliptical diction. A particular statement, example, or proverb, of which the general application is obvious, will often save a long abstract rule which needs much explanation and limitation, and will thus suggest much that is not actually said; thus answering the purpose of a mathematical diagram, which, though itself an individual, serves as the representative of a class. Slight hints, also, respecting the subordinate branches of any subject, and notices of the principles that will apply to them, &c., may often be substituted for digressive discussions, which, though laboriously compressed, would yet occupy a much greater space. Judicious divisions, likewise, and classifications, save much tedious enumeration; and, as has formerly been remarked, a well-chosen epithet may often suggest, and, therefore, supply the place of, an entire argument.'

The only argument of our pseudo-logicians which will at all bear the test of even the most hurried inspection, is, that bad and violent passions are excited in mankind by the employment of rhetorical artifices. Now, as such passions clearly must have previously existed in the breasts where they are worked on by the agency of rhetoric, the best method of extracting their virulence would be, not to abolish rhetoric, but amend education. Unless it can be shown that there are no good feelings to which the power of eloquence is applicable, it is idle, even if true, to assert that there are bad ones to which it has been oftener applied. Besides, is it true? Is it true that rhetoric has been often called in aid of evil passions? Is it not, on the other hand, unquestionably certain that logical artifices have been more frequently found available to the assistance of bad passions and their sinister ends. Is it not, in fact, by these latter that vile purposes are commonly maintained and justified?

One thing, at least, is undeniable: no rhetorical appeal can be made to any sentiments which an

audience is ashamed to acknowledge. Consequently, this excitement is most applicable to good, least applicable to evil emotions. Except in those cases where some popular prejudice, as appealed to by the rhetorician, (a case which calls for better education, in order that the prejudice itself may be eradicated,)—except in such a case, the evil passions will not endure the application of rhetoric. Suppose, now, an assembly actuated by selfish anti-social feelings, how would it sound for their ring-leader to talk to them after this fashion? 'A member opposite has dared to declaim on the distresses and complaints of the people. I will tell you of the more instant cravings of your own friends, families, and dependants. He has told you that the national prosperity, forsooth, would be advanced by the removal of expensive establishments, the abandonment of useless colonies. I will talk to you of nearer and of dearer interests. I will tell you of the scions from each noble stock who are nourished by this noble expenditure. I will tell you of the proud extent of patronage maintained from the forests of the Canadas to the gardens of the Cape. Are we threatened with plebeian discontent—resistance? Away with the base, ignoble apprehension! Will the heroes who have fought our glorious battles on the Continent refuse now to rally round their country's Constitution, and to shed the last drop of their true English blood, *pro aris et focis*, for church-rate and house-tax?' Would not such a speaker rather have recourse to logic, by a judicious use of the forms of which he might easily sooth his hearers with the semblance of a reason for their conduct, or, at all events, impose his sophisms on the ignorant many? Would he not demonstrate by a train of subtle reasoning

'Black not so black, nor white so very white;' and will a logical opponent follow over the ground, and assail, one by one, his positions? He might as well attempt to hold an eel by the tail. Every one topic, perhaps, of the enemy includes some little spot of falsehood or irrelevancy; if all these are to be followed and exposed in order, there will be no end or audience to the refutation. Besides, a dialectician can always wind himself out of scrapes by some cunning reservation, explanation, or equivocation, so long as his opponent is content to fight him with his own weapons, and on his own ground. But, as soon as one arises and gives voice to his sentiments with the eloquence inseparable from candour and sincerity, the whole train of adverse sophistry, ungrounded as it was in unperverted reason or feeling, is swept momentarily away, even from the minds of a partial and interested auditory, and the sophist sinks abashed beneath the true rhetorical spirit which he had not dared evoke in the defence of falsehood.

POETRY.

HIGH themes, dear friend, were ours, when last we spoke

Together, though the flashing waves that broke
Upon the sand beside us, with their light
By the fast sinking sun-beams made more bright,
Like living sparks shook by a lone priest's hand
Thro' the dark midnight, from a half-quench'd brand,
Made not a stranger contrast to the sighing
Of the sad woods and streams, than when defying
All auguries of present ill and pain,
Sorrow and suffering, thou didst say 'Again
Strong hope burns up within me, for mankind.
For though harsh tyrants have had power to bind
Freedom and truth in darkness, the quick hour
Speeds on with wings of lightning; and that power
Not based in love and wisdom, nor sustained
By unsubverted will which hath disdained
To aught submission, onward sweeps to ruin,
Building the growth up of its own undoing,
As doth that regal oak, which bears on high
Its sure destruction, twining treacherously,
Strong snaky folds, most bright and green to view,
But which, meantime, do gnaw its heart in two.
Yet they're scarce wise, having bound on the yoke,
To bind no firmer: were I yonder oak

I would throw off that ivy! Tho' I smiled
'Twas half in grief to think that one so mild
And good should share the world's inimicity;
For well I knew what thou hadst said would be
Sentence against thyself; that men would try
Tyrannous arts to crush thee; from the sky
Look thee in caves, cramp up thy blooming youth
In dungeons, for that thou didst worship Truth
With courage unabated: yet I smiled,
Joying to hear thee: for not me beguiled
Wise saws of fearful men, who coldly frown
On all that would be free; nor did I own
Their dull safe rule, more pleased to tread the ways
Of danger and contempt by thy high praise
And self-approval strengthened, than to drag
The chain which men call custom. Like a crag
O'er which salt breakers riot, in their rage
Drenching its lashed sides, and the wild winds wage
Keen warfare vainly, seeking to uprear
The deep foundations which the huge mass rear,
I in the midst had stood; sorrowing I strove
With those whom most on earth men use to love,
Parents, and friends, and kinsmen; they had cast
Me forth from their communion as the blast
Tosses abroad some withered branch, which, cleft
From its paternal stem, of life bereft
And verdure, wanders o'er the autumnal sky,
No joyful sight, but of mortality
And perished hopes sad emblem. Then I said,
'Thou hast given utterance to the thought which fed
My fainting soul in the waste wilderness.
Dear friend, it burned within me: to express
That feeling which, a lamp seen from afar
By wanderers in the desert, a new star
Rising in the East, upheld my fainting feet,
Was given to thee; and, therefore, 'tis most meet
That I should thank thee. For no vulgar words,
No soulless voice, fashion or use affords,
Were these, but earnest of a nobler faith,
Courage, and love, and hope, unquenched in death,
And strong determination which not ill
Nor good, failure nor triumph e'er shall quell!
Yes, in thy word is full assurance given
Of victory: and we that on have striven
Upheld by our own light, know that the rack
And storm, as by some magic evoked, will track
And blot their sun out, if but one man know
None but himself can crush himself: and so
Our firm faith in mankind hath power to light
A sign which shall endure, which thro' the night,
Like shepherd's watch-fire on a hill afar
Seeming to wanderers a new-kindled star,
Shall guide to life and safety!'

'We will hold
The cheering faith, thou saidst, 'which men of old,
Less graced perchance than we are, but more wise
Onward to press towards wisdom where it lies
Stored in the wealthiest caverns of our thought,
Gold-paven, diamond-columned where have wrought
High gods to raise the wondrous fabric, bright
With their art and its exceeding light;
This faith and hope will we hold fast, which they
Threw round them, not as scorning to obey
The anarchs of the crowd, for well they knew
That scorn and pride they needed to subdue,
But with high aims still struggling, little check'd
By pain or suffering or the world's neglect,
Till they laid hold on virtue, and were free
Despite the world?'—I said.

'These things may be
Alone thro' will confirmed; such as did feign
The old poets teaching how with toil and pain
And hope of respite the strong Titan strove
E'en thro' despair warring with furious Jove,
Till at the last he conquered. We must fight
The battle thus with suffering, and the might
Of patient yet firm purpose, not repenting,
Fearing, or changing aught, nor aught relenting!
And that we have the power ourselves to do
Freely our own great work, and onward go
In the rough path of freedom, still must I
Believe, not for the whole world's empery
Would I let go that sacred faith, or, aught
Overcome by terror, yield the cheering thought
That man can make his own great world, and reign
E'en in a dungeon o'er his own domain,
The master of his master and his chain.
Man by himself is man; if wealth or pride,
Poverty, the world's scorn, or aught allied
To outward being, induce his act, albe
Noble and just, and generous 'tis not free:
Man must be man trampling all outward things
Like steps to his own glory; as upspringing

Trampling the Eastern mountains the bold sun,
And builds his throne on them, till he hath won
The fight with darkness; then upspringing higher
Sits in the noon-day like a world of fire
Filling the earth with sunlight. So must we
Wage war with darkness if we would be free!
And most that darkness, which ourselves supply.
Yea. Be assured the perilous anarchy
Is all within us. Man is man's worst foe,
Letting himself most. What the world can do
Of good or ill we know, nor do we find
Its chains so powerful as our own to bind.
And therefore is it meet we should most strive
With our own hearts, certain that will can thrive
Only by constant warfare, gaining power
Like the old Athletes who did win the dower
Of more than mortal strength by greater toil,
Almost than man can bear: if we would spoil
Our tyrants of their ill-producing sway,
Building a better hope up, and a stay
For good men to uphold themselves, and thence
Truth's lessons thro' the waste of thought dispense,
We must subdue all that is not within,
By inward strength, teaching the man to win
Conquest from all that is not man, from fear,
From hope, and joy, and suffering; till he bear
Nought but the lamp which lights him to the good
He strives for, and the power, thus like a flood
By the sun's rays turned into surging gold,
Moving still on, by rough paths made more bold,
To leap and struggle, by no bound restrained!
'My thought keeps pace with thine,' thou said'st,
'well trained.

In that wise lore, which from one source we drew,
One fountain of pure waters, whose sweet dew
Gave life and freshness which might never fail
In frost or burning drought, but did prevail
O'er every form of ill.'

'And I must sorrow
To see mankind so much from darkness borrow
Wilfully, when the day-spring cleaves the night
With such exceeding splendour: in the blight,
Therefore, of their own thought they still must move,
Wanting no less the will to do, than love
Which must the will inform!'

'Thus,' said I, 'they
Their narrow base have ever striven to lay
For nature's wide foundations: in vain hope
To prison and confine the unbounded scope
Of her wise scheme, perchance untaught, that she
Knoweth no bound to the immensity
Of love whereon she buildeth. Therefore we
Have still a task most sacred, to defend
Like vestals in a temple to the end,
The fire which, burning on at length must spring
Into great heat and splendour, till it fling
Light thro' the darkness, as in ocean caves
Flames up the burning naphtha 'neath the waves,
Or in some tall cathedral the live spark
Leaps from the altar, kindling in the dark
And hidden corners, which in gloom did lie,
A brightness like the sun in summer sky:
Till starting the dull nations, it shall be
A seed of new-born strength and liberty!
This few now keep with love and gentle care,
In expectation of the hours which bear
To man a better being: yet most blest,
Enjoying now that light, which to the rest
Is yet to teach a higher aim of life,
Than now they deem it made for, lost in strife
And clash of worldly things, the mad turmoil,
Which those who riot on their brothers' spoil,
Still cherish: knowing not the hope of that
When interfused, breathes life into the flat,
Dull, profitless employments we pursue.
Oh happy are the men to whom the hue
Of that which doth surround them, tho' it change
From beautiful to hideous, seems not strange,
And e'en the foulest, but another dress
Which beauty wears: to whom a wilderness,
Where rank weeds grow, by their own inborn power
Made odorous, can appear a sunny bower
By rose, and eglantine, and lilies pale,
Curtained within a cool brook-wander'd vale,
Where the sweet forest minstrels their soft tale
Pour in the ear of evening.'

'Blest indeed,
In this life's waste, so overrun with weed!
Thou saidst and movedst on; for, while our speech
Insensibly had lengthen'd, the wide beach,
Grown indistinct in twilight, scarce did mark
The line 'twixt land and wave; and, low and dark,

The clouds hung o'er the ocean. 'Let us haste Ere our frail path be by the tide effaced, Which will our foot-marks hardly stop to spare More than the world our thoughts. And see how fair, Low hanging in the cradle of the sky, The Eastern Empress, lull'd by melody Of winds and waves, reposes. But slow clouds Move towards her like misfortune, and dense crowds Of ominous dark forms, upsprung behind, Cumber the pinions of the toiling wind, Blotting the stars, her handmaids.'

'Let them glide E'en as thou wilt, like sorrow,' I replied, 'Over a good man's hours; for well I deem That soon, more radiant than in fairy dream, Fill'd with her silver light those clouds shall seem, Making herself more beautiful,—as distress Borrowed from goodness its own loveliness, But deeper night from guilt; and it doth please Me well to mark the gentle sympathies Which man and nature share,—thinking the sky Heaven's star-sown pavement, with its harmony Of world with world rejoicing, the live ball Of earth, the unfathom'd ocean streams, and all That own thy love great nature, are to man A symbol and a sign, which they who can May read to their abundant cheer; there seeing The mystery of all their moral being In clearer lines to the mind's eager eye Fashion'd, than sorts with mere mortality. Oh! never will I praise their timid faith, Who deem that all these realms of life and death Are merely as they seem. Dull sense halts slowly, Following the spirit's track, which, pure and holy, Looks through the forms of nature, converse holds With genii of the universe, whose folds The angels that do love the wise uplift, Pouring deep knowledge down through many a rift In the pure spheres they rule. Oh! not in vain Rush forth the lightnings over Heaven's black plain, Nor cataracts dart from many a riven rock, Shaking the firm stone with the noisy shock Of their fierce onset. Let the man that will Unbuild their life, and, with unenvied skill, Call forth the spirit within them. Not to him, In sickness or in sorrow, shall the trim Of universal nature, putting on Fresh robes of green, to wanton with the sun, Bring consolation; but, with empty heart, In its own ice exulting, be, apart, Shall wend through all things, and find all things still Barren. Preserve me, nature, from such ill As heretofore winning sweet worship, done, In innocence and tenderness, by one Who hath sought and found. Still, therefore, will I love To track the wood-nymphs over hill and grove: The modest snow-drop which its head doth rear, Mild comrade of the crocus, when the year Smiles to the jocund spring, shall be a dome Where some sweet spirit of love still makes its home; And, on the mountains wandering, I will hear Spirits of the whirlwind, in their hot career, Whoop to the spirits of the floods, that leap, Shouting in joyful answer, from the steep,— Making one universal harmony Of earth and air, the waters and the sky! For this I love the forest, both when storms From the tall trees shake down the lifeless forms That once were leaves, and, when its woven shades, Tenderly intertwined, like two young maids Whispering soft pleasure on a summer-day, Soothe me to sleep-like rest. Well knowing that, they, And all created things, with me partake In joy, and life, and happiness, which make A brotherhood between us, so compact Of love and amity, that sensual act, Cold reckonings, hopes, or gains of selfish men, Fail ever our close bond to unweave again.'

SECEDERS FROM THE KING'S COLLEGE.

WITHIN the last two weeks, three persons—and one of them of some celebrity—have signified to the secretary of King's College their intention of withdrawing their patronage from that body. It was with great regret, and not without considerable surprise, that we heard fears expressed by persons of credit and respectability, that these pompous secessions may tend to defeat

the object which the projectors of this excellent institution have at heart. Our own notion of the effect which they would be likely to produce was very different: we believed, and we still believe, that the letters of Lord Winchelsea and Mr. Quintin Dick will tend more than any other event which could have befallen the infant institution, to promote its prosperity,—that they will confirm those who, like ourselves, have from the first expected immense good from its success, and will teach those who were doubtful, that their fears, however plausible, were groundless.

It may possibly be in the recollection of some of our readers, that, about six months ago, we divided the supporters of King's College into three classes,—the first consisting of those who had been stirred up to the undertaking merely by dislike of the London University and its authors; the second, of those who had adopted the mistaken notion that the separation of religion and theology implied an indifference to the former; and the last, of those who, rightly perceiving the real wants of such an institution, from the inadequacy of the London University, from its principle of excluding one branch of knowledge, to communicate all the teaching which it was desirable should be communicated to the inhabitants of the metropolis,—were qualified to lay down the PRINCIPLE of the new college, and to bring it to perfection. We did not deny—we could not deny that, along with much pure benevolence and sound wisdom, there was, in the motives in which King's College was originated, a leaven of weakness, and, what was worse, a leaven of uncharitableness, which might tend to corrupt and deprave the education communicated there. But we contended, that these bad elements existed but did not predominate,—that there was a strength and solidity in the other parts of the mass which must in time give them the ascendancy, and that, even if this were not the case, there is so little sympathy between these principles of spite and dissension and the principle of education, that, the moment the last was brought into play, they would disappear. Our prediction has been fulfilled sooner than we expected.

It is avowed in Lord Winchelsea's letter, with the straightforward honesty which distinguishes all that nobleman's declarations, that he connected himself with King's College simply because he believed its principle to be in opposition with that of the London University. This statement is made in the broadest manner: his Lordship does not affect to conceal that from the very first there was nothing particularly pleasing to him in the principle of King's College—he had always doubts about the advantages that would result from it; but it was not the principle of the London University—he imagined, though he could not exactly tell why, that their principles were in opposition: he hated the one, and therefore he embraced the other. He has now discovered that there are one or two points upon which the supporters of King's College are *not* at issue with the supporters of the University. He is hence led to suspect that the principles at work in the two institutions may not be exactly the reverse one of the other; and therefore he deserts King's College. Now, in all this we think his Lordship is perfectly logical. If we grant him his premises—if we admit that the business of the founders of King's College was, as many of them at the commencement of the undertaking both asserted and believed, to rear their institution upon the *non-adoption* of the *admitting* principle of the other University;—then, undoubtedly, every approximation, in point of feeling, between the members of the two bodies, upon any subjects, but above all upon any subject even remotely bearing upon religious toleration, does expose the new institution to eminent risk. In that case, its security would consist in its supporters being totally separated in feelings, in interests, and in pursuits, from those of the rival body; nay, there must be an utter suspension of all personal intercourse between them,—other-

wise there would be always a danger of some explanations taking place which would bridge over the chasm. We do not at all wonder that Lord Winchelsea, believing all this to be necessary, and yet knowing how utterly hopeless it must be to expect such a state of things in a metropolis where commerce, politics, or pleasure, are constantly drawing together men of the most opposite opinions, should not have been so sanguine about the results as were some of the other projectors of the institution.

If his Lordship of Winchelsea be right—if King's College rest upon a negative foundation—upon the mere fact of its being unlike the London University;—then we say most decidedly, his Lordship's letter is a deathblow to the project. The institution, having no self-sustaining principle—having nothing for which it is in itself valuable, must depend simply upon the support of opinion—of opinion at all times transitory and accidental, but then most, and most deservedly, so, when it is an opinion that is held together only by spite and rivalry. A system of credit so sustained would be shaken—would be overset by the smallest breath of rumour. An apple-woman fainting away at the corner of the street, produced a run upon a rotten bank ending in its failure; and the announcement that Mr. Quintin Dick, (we beg the apple-woman's pardon for the comparison,) means to withdraw from an institution built upon such a principle, might be more than enough to overturn it. Our faith is, that it has another principle—that it has a positive foundation to stand upon, and that these attacks against it by its supporters, by sweeping away the imaginary foundation, by showing the real foundation, and by thus compelling the builders to rear their edifice upon it, will mightily strengthen that which they are meant to destroy.

It is not our purpose to explain at length what is the ground whereon we believe this institution really stands, and in virtue of which it is entitled to public support. We have no occasion to recapitulate what we have said so often in former articles, that the condition of including in their system of education all branches of science was that which the new institution would be required to fulfil, just as the principle of including all classes within the scope of their system was the condition which the London University would be required to fulfil. Nor is it necessary for us to show, that neither Lord Winchelsea nor that 'brace of brothers bold,' the two Messrs. Dick, have even affected to accuse the founders of King's College of departing from this principle,—or that there is the slightest more reason to suppose that any one of these sciences will be taught inadequately than there was six months ago,—or that the one science of theology which will particularly distinguish King's College from the sister University, will not be taught according to the doctrines of the Church of England. What we are anxious, therefore, to impress upon the minds of our readers, is, that King's College, having had at its origin one valid claim to public support, and not having forfeited that claim by any event which has happened since, has a still further title to the support of Christians and of Churchmen, from the circumstance of its being deserted by those who supported it upon a false ground, and who, if they had continued in alliance with it, might have twisted the College into conformity with their dangerous views.

There is in this country a certain class of men whose sect we can indicate in no way so well as by calling them the ANTI-ISTS. These men hold no opinion except so far as it is in opposition to some other opinion. The only touchstone by which they can judge whether an article of faith belongs to them or not, is by seeing whether it is the reverse of an article held by their opponents. Reversing the philosophy of Touchstone, the country is to them good merely because it is not the Court—a town life desirable merely because it is not a shepherd's life. They are not Churchmen,

but anti-Dissenters,—not Protestants, but anti-Catholics,—not Christians, but anti-Infidels. To such persons, who can sustain the whole edifice of their own faith upon a denial of another's faith, who can found their morality upon a hatred of other men's vices,—to such men, we say, it may appear very natural and very desirable that institutions likewise should be built upon the mere contradiction of a principle recognized by another body: but to ordinary Churchmen, to way-faring Christians, who believe that they must have some belief of their own to live by—what would seem the obvious conclusion? What name would they give to this principle? Would not the first words that rose to their lips be,—‘It is a SECTARIAN principle which we, as good Churchmen, cannot countenance? For why,’ they would say, ‘have we been so long complaining of the conduct of our Dissenting brethren? Is not their offence this, that they set themselves as a body in contradiction to the Establishment,—that they do not put forward a set of opinions which belong to them *quâ* Dissenters, but that their discipline is merely a secession from the discipline used by us? Is not this the sectarian spirit—the schismatic spirit against which we have so long lifted our voices? But is this all?’ such a person would add. ‘As a Churchman, I object to the principle of building our faith and our institutions upon that which they exclude, and not that which they include, because it is sectarian. But, if I speak of it as a Christian, I must use a much harsher term—I must call it an INFIDEL spirit. For what is the spirit of infidelity but the spirit of denial—the spirit of saying, “This is NOT,” instead of, “This is?” And what though that which we deny is wrong—is false; still, if we attack it otherwise than by asserting the truth, we are using the weapons—we are acting on the principle—of that which we attack.’

To those, then, who look upon King's College as valuable for the protection which it will afford to Christianity and Churchmanship, we say, that the circumstances to which we have alluded must cause unmixed satisfaction. Henceforth it will rest upon its own merits, not on the demerits of its opponents. Those who joined it from motives of strife and opposition, are deserting it: those who value it as a place for communicating sound knowledge and religious instruction, will press to its support. The honestest and the wisest men in England will now look with affectionate interest on its progress; and this, we hope, will prove some compensation for the loss of the patronage of Mr. Quintin Dick.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

[Concluded from page 225.]

THE portraits—if deservedly, is another question—hold the most conspicuous, although not the best, situations in this exhibition. The first which attracts attention on entering the Great Room is that of ‘His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence,’ No. 131, H. E. Dawe, a picture which must claim the praise of those who look for high finish in a work of art. When we mention finish, we would, of course, be understood to mean polish, since we have not yet forgotten the admirable lecture read to us by Mr. Haydon, on the subject of finish in a picture, on the opening of his exhibition in the Western Exchange. That lecture, as found at length in the descriptive catalogue of the present display of Mr. Haydon's pictures, we recommend to the perusal of all amateurs; advising them, moreover, should they desire an illustrated explanation of the two different significations in which the term finish may be applied to painting, to view, as nearly as possible one after the other, and to compare ‘The Chairing of the Members’ with ‘The portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.’ This latter picture is treated in a truly court-like manner,—smooth, and clean, and perfectly nice.

Glory to the valet who had the honour of arranging, for the lofty occasion, the person and habiliments of the royal sitter! Glory no less to the artist who has so happily caught the tonsorial spirit, and given such effect to the hair so neatly clipped and frizzled, and so well and so freshly powdered; to the clean fair complexion, so characteristic of the English gentleman; to the cheeks so blooming—blushing, we had well nigh said—that, but for the known disposition and profession of the princely personage, their tints might be mistaken for rouge; to the coat of beautiful purple, so soft, so glossy, that the mind is left in doubt whether it be of cloth or velvet; to the well turned leg, the most noble garter, the crimson chair, and the richly decorated volumes. Observe all this, O Haydon, and then repeat, if thou darest, that ‘The Chairing’ is a finished picture!

Strong contrast, when not inharmonious, is ever delightful. Turn we, therefore, from prince to plebeian, from the picture of Mr. Dawe to that of Mr. Hawkins, No. 40, ‘Portrait of Henry Williams, Esq.’ Not the Grand Monarque, that prince of fops himself, could desire a happier illustration of the distinction between court and *bourgeoisie* than is presented by this pair of portraits, viz. the one we have just dismissed, and that which now more particularly occupies our attention. Ye gods, we beseech ye, multiply to our artists such patrons as Mr. Williams, who sits for his comely likeness, satisfied and cheerful, with flattened locks, smoothed to a peak on the forehead, and with crossed arms! And when it becomes our lot to be honoured by having our resemblance taken for some high occasion,—when it shall be called for by our numerous readers to decorate the wrappers of our monthly parts, as a substitute for the elegant vignette of the Attic Acropolis which now holds that distinguished place,—grant, O Jove supreme, that we may find the artist who, either from taste or submission to the will of his employer, will consent to compose his subject with the appropriate fidelity displayed in the portrait which we now are contemplating!

‘The Portrait of R. Mott, Esq.,’ No. 54, J. Lonsdale, is an exception to the generality of likenesses here exhibited: it is a spirited picture. ‘The Portrait of the Hon. C. A. Murry,’ No. 85, by the same artist, is not by any means so successful a performance.

The portraits of ‘James Montgomery, Esq.,’ Author of ‘The World before the Flood,’ &c, W. Poole, No. 8, of ‘William Jerdan, Esq.,’ No. 238, J. Moore, and of ‘H. Bell, Esq., the first who brought the steam-boat into practice,’ No. 231, may be noticed, as forming a curious and somewhat ludicrous combination, when comprehended in one view by the visitor, placed near the fire-place, with his back to it, at an angle of forty-five degrees, or thereabouts. The pictures, as far as far as we have the means of judging, are good resemblances.

The friends of Mrs. Mitchel, and the admirers of Miss Phillips, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, will be as gratified with the portraits of those ladies, Nos. 473 and 479, both painted by T. Meyer, as the fair subjects themselves must have been with their flattering likenesses.

The portrait of ‘John Adolphus, Esq.,’ No. 190, G. O. Nash, is a picture which would have graced better company than that which surrounds it. ‘Emmeline,’ No. 29, F. Howard, may, or may not, be a portrait. The artist has wisely removed it from that class of productions, by making it an illustration of the following lines:

‘There was a pensive softness in her eye,
That spoke of purity, and truth, and love;
And yet there was a playful archness too,
Brilliant, but mild, as stars amid the twilight.’

The Sisters, a Sketch. W. H. Bellamy, Esq.

It would be too much, perhaps, to say, that the picture succeeds in conveying the idea of all these heavenly qualities, yet it cannot be denied, that the head has much, and a very lively and agreeable

expression. With this we shall close our notice of the portraits. It will be a more welcome task to cull a few spirited landscapes, and pieces of character, left unnoticed in our last number.

First of these, ‘Scene near Etrata, Normandy,’ No. 125, J. Wilson, well merits attention. It is not in the least degree inferior to either of the productions by the same artist, which we pointed out last week: it is quite equal to the very best of them; and, both in composition and colouring, has a very delightful effect.

‘Landscape, with a stormy sky,’ No. 101, F. A. Lee, is very clever and masterly. ‘The Profligate's Return from the Alehouse,’ No. 89, E. Prentis, is, in many respects, skilfully conceived; the story is well told by the two principal figures: they have both very appropriate character and expression; and the feeling displayed in the treatment of the female is truly touching; the taste shown in the other parts of the picture is not so good, and savours much of vulgarity.

Mr. Poole's ‘Far from Home,’ No. 20, and No. 166, ‘Studies from a Mulatto Girl,’ Nos. 124 and 137, are delightful examples of sentiment, and fidelity to nature.

‘A Scene in the Campagna di Roma,’ No. 166, J. Hollins, is a brilliant little landscape, glowing with all the warm sunny effect of the inspiring climate of Italy. ‘A Venetian Girl,’ and ‘Girls Spinning,’ are two other very pretty cabinet pictures in a similar style, by the same artist.

‘An Eastern Girl feeding Kids,’ No. 187, J. Y. Hurlstone.—A certain grace in this picture pleased us much at first; we fear, however, that the effect is more owing to an agreeable association connected with the arrangement of the hair and head-dress *à la Sibylle*, than to any original merit.

‘A girl Peeling Turnips,’ No. 204, A. Fraser, is quite a misnomer, since it happens that the maiden is *not* peeling turnips. That occupation, it is true, she would be engaged in, were it not that through the widely opened window, by the side of which she sits, she feels the soft influence of the balmy air of spring, and of the bright sunny aspect of nature, is affected herself with a congenial sentiment, seems conscious of the *besoin d'aimer*, and thus has her thoughts distracted from her turnips. Who has not felt the unsettling yet delicious effects of such a day? Who will not be reminded of the feeling on viewing Mr. Fraser's picture, which is truly a delightful little production?

The Water-Colour Miniature and Print Room has never been the least interesting part of the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. On this, as on former occasions, it abounds in clever and spirited productions in that branch of painting, followed with so much success and superiority by our English artists. In our former article, we mentioned the clever drawings of Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts; besides these, Mr. Boys has several pieces which well deserve to be mentioned with applause. Among them are ‘Hindoo Temples at Bernares,’ No. 509; ‘Abbey St. Armand, Rouen,’ 520; and ‘Scene on the Beach at Trewville, Normandy,’ No. 526. Mr. C. F. Tomkins treads close on the heels of Mr. Boys. His productions have, perhaps, less vigour and freedom than those of the last mentioned artist, but they are very effective and brilliant. The principal are ‘Two Views on the French Coast,’ No. 535, and ‘Charenton, near Paris,’ No. 766, a drawing full of effect.

Mr. G. Cooper shines in another style, and in the treatment of different subjects, generally architectural views—some of them are of Italian origin, others are drawn from English sources. We may mention as most attractive, ‘The Pantheon,’ No. 527. ‘Malmesbury Cross,’ No. 553. ‘View on the Arno, near Florence,’ No. 630, very rich. ‘The Arch of Titus,’ No. 724, and ‘The Descent from the Capitol,’ No. 766, both

views in Rome. All are well finished and accurate drawings, with a very agreeable effect of colour.

Mr. Ince shines in his views of 'The Royal Palace at Stockholm,' Nos. 715 and 754. 'The Margate Jetty,' No. 541, and 'The French Postillion,' No. 600, are clever productions of J. Atkinson. Mr. Rochard's sketches have great boldness and freedom, although his females, as to costume, are perfect caricatures;—the fault of the mode, perhaps, rather than of the artist.

Of the prints, many of them, such as Mr. Turner's 'Temple of Jupiter,' by Pye, and the painting, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of his Majesty, engraved by Finden, and so much in request,—are well known, and have already been noticed in our Journal. In the Wreckers, No. 805, from the picture by Stanfield, engraved by Quelley, we have a mezzo-tinto worthy of the original. Cologne, 1775. J. Kernott is also splendid. A small Landscape, after Bonnington, by N. J. Cooke, is a delightful composition, treated with great effect and clearness.

The Sculpture Room presents little that is attractive. The Batter and the Bowler statues in marble, Nos. 830, and 832, are subjects too humble for this elevated art. The Bust of Sir Humphry Davy will not fail to be regarded with interest. It is sculptured in marble, by Mason, after a bust in terra cotta, by Mrs. Dame. The head is fine, and far from being devoid of general character of a high and pleasing cast. The particular execution, however, is very indifferent.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

MESSRS. Weichsel and Attwood, two of the most talented and respected members of the musical profession, were the leader and conductor of the fourth Philharmonic Concert, which took place on Monday, April 6. It commenced with Beethoven's eccentric and difficult *sinfonia* in A, (7th op. 2, which was performed at the sixth concert last season, see 'Athenæum,' No. 30, page 475.) It certainly was not in one of Beethoven's lucid intervals that he composed this unmeasured, noisy, and unaccountable piece, the whole of which is certainly not worth the immense trouble and fatigue of performance, excepting only the *middle* movement, the *allegretto*. This, too, is tinged with whimsicality, but being rather striking, original, and effective, (and always well played at the Philharmonic,) generally deserves and obtains an encore. (The erudite and clever Dr. Crotch has adapted this movement as a duet for two performers upon the piano-forte, the publication of which was noticed in 'The Athenæum' last year, No. 31, page 492.)

The last movement was surely written for the sole purpose of fatiguing the orchestra. One performer says 'sauve qui peut'; a second talks of Sisyphus and his ever-returning stone; and a third, of the fabled boys and frogs. In the whole *sinfonia* the sublime approximates the ridiculous so closely, that we can only wonder it is so frequently chosen for performance.

No. 2. Duetto 'All' idea di quel metallo,' Signor Donzelli and Signor De Begnis, from Rossini's charming 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia.' This was the gayest, merriest, and most brilliant vocal effusion ever witnessed at a Philharmonic concert. Donzelli exhibits best in dramatic pieces; he is not the legitimate good singer or musician we could wish him, or that, with his excellent capabilities, he deserves to be; but in this duet, and other such compositions, he shines (as well as De Begnis) to the greatest possible advantage.

No. 3. Concerto Corno, Signor Puzzi, composed by Belloli. As might be expected, this was an exhibition of extraordinary merit; Puzzi being, undoubtedly, the finest performer upon the horn that has ever yet been heard. Although a very little man, he has the spirit of a giant! he always displays a cool and enviable confidence, which carries him through difficulties that others would scramble over, or flounder in the midst of. Puzzi is still decidedly unrivalled.

No. 4. Scena Mademoiselle Blasis, 'Salvo al fin,' by Pacini, who was a pupil of Rossini's, and who, as a true disciple, professes to imitate his preceptor. 'Salvo al fin' so nearly resembles Pacini's very favourite and pleasing 'I tuoi frequenti palpiti,' that it would be impossible not to recognise its author after the first half dozen bars. Mademoiselle Blasis made her first appearance before a Philharmonic audience, and was well

received; her general capabilities and manner more nearly resemble Caradori than any other singer; her voice a little more round and powerful; but her style not so finished and perfect. She reached up to the highest E flat exceedingly well; which effort, when successful, always commands applause.

No. 5. Spohr's very clever and interesting overture to 'Pietro von Abano,' was exhibited for the first time as a public performance, and received deserved applause. This we predicted upon its being rehearsed at the trial night, last January; and that it will become a *stock* piece, and be very frequently performed, there can be no doubt. It went beautifully, and long dwelt upon the minds of all auditors of good taste—a decided proof of its being good music in every sense of the word; it finished the act with eclat.

No. 6. Mozart's perfect, delightful, and grand Jupiter's *sinfonia* in C, went as well as usual, and it would be as impertinent and ridiculous to attempt a criticism of the composition and performance, as to offer an analysis of Hamlet's soliloquy, or 'Thomson's Seasons.' The last movement was played a little too fast, the leader's warmth and enthusiasm leading him into rather too hasty a conclusion.

No. 7. Aria, Signor Donzelli, 'Il mio tesoro,' from Mozart's 'Don Giovanni.' This song has been so eternally hacknied by all the tenor singers, Curioni, Begnis, Garcia, Torri, Sapio, Braham, &c. &c., that it was one of the last that our new singer should have chosen, or that the directors of the philharmonic concerts should have submitted to. As Donzelli by this means placed himself in prominent and palpable comparison with all the above contemporary vocalists (and many others,) we must add, that his credit is not increased by the attempt; his fine, and undoubtedly, superior voice, to the whole of these, attracted attention; but his performance was by no means so chaste and perfect as to place him above his compeers in other respects.

No. 8.—Quartetto, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Spagnoletti, Watts, Moralt, and Lindley. Beethoven's very beautiful quartett in F, (his first of Op. 18,) was extremely well performed, but rather too long for a concert-room. It is highly creditable to the regulations of the Philharmonic Society, to introduce a violin quartett at every performance; but it certainly is a species of composition more particularly fitted for a small room and limited audience; when well exhibited, it presents a specimen of the most beautiful and perfect instrumental writing. Haydn, when solicited to write a quintetto, refused, replying that he 'could not find a 5th part.'

No. 9.—Terzetto, 'Quel sembiante,' Mademoiselle Blasis, Signor Donzelli, and Signor De Begnis, from Rossini's 'L'inganno Felice.' These singers well assimilated together, and created a pleasing, lively, and bright performance; it is too much the custom for some musical composers, some grave doctors, some caustic reviewers, (all would be great men of the old school,) to affect to despise the playfulness of Rossini, and call it nonsense; but let any of them try to deserve and obtain his popularity.

The concert concluded with Cherubini's romantic and favourite overture to Lodoiaiki; and, perhaps, it may be well to hint to some of our unlearned readers that this overture to Lodoiaiki is quite a different thing from the old hacknied favourite of Kreutzer's, performed in this country to the dramatic piece of that name.

The veteran, evergreen, and ever-respected Weichsel, still retains all his excellencies as a professor and a gentleman; and, in fact, evinced upon this occasion more animation, more enthusiasm, than we ever remember; and we have been present at most of the performances, for a period of nearly thirty years, excepting only when he exiled himself from us.

Half of the number of philharmonic concerts for the present season are now over; and, in consequence of the intervention of Passion and Easter weeks, the fifth performance will not take place till Monday, the 27th of April.

GUILDHALL CONCERT.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—Fielding has some where or other set about proving that a man would write the better on any subject by knowing something about it. Some persons there are who think this a self-evident proposition, and who read Fielding's demonstration of it merely for the sake of the dry and delightful humour with which he proceeds to the point proposed. But allow me to observe, that if it be an axiom so clear that no argu-

ments are needful to enforce it, it is a principle very frequently forgotten, and I wish particularly to recal it to the attention of a critic who furnished the observations on the Guildhall Concert in the last number of The Athenæum. At this distance of time and on this subject, it is not worth while to indulge in any long analysis of his extraordinary 'brief sketch.' I will therefore only notice one or two mistakes of this very learned gentleman.

No. 23.—Duetto, Madame Caradori and Madame Pisaroni, 'Lasciami! non l'ascolto,' from 'Tancredi.' This, says the critic, did not go well: the piece would have been better, if performed by male and female voices, instead of two so similar. The great similarity that exists between the voices of Pisaroni and Caradori, must have struck every body who has ever heard the two; and every body who has witnessed the performance of 'Tancredi,' whether in England, France, Italy, or Germany, must be sensible of the egregious blunder which [for want of this gentleman's advice] has up to this moment been committed in not assigning the part taken by Pisaroni to a bass or tenor voice.

Now to another point,—No. 21.—Terzetto, Madame Vigo, Miss Wilkinson, and Signor Donzelli, says the writer, and so said the programme; but every one present, save this experienced critic, observed that 'Cruda sorte' was really sung by Madame de Vigo, Madame Pisaroni, and Donzelli. The critic looked only at the programme, and his observations on the performance are sadly out of place. Pisaroni and Donzelli must understand one another pretty well by this time, seeing they have been singing together for some time past at the Opera in Paris, and have not gone very ill together 'in harness' even in London. But the *animadversion* was probably intended for the lady who was absent. And here I cannot but allude to the remarks on the song 'Lord to thee,' which I read with some surprise in the columns of 'The Athenæum.' The criticism was apparently copied from another journal, which has signalized itself for some time past by its clumsy and illiberal attacks on Miss Wilkinson—a young person not less deserving of admiration for her professional talents, than for a degree of modesty and simplicity of manner which, even though united to very inferior ability, I should have thought calculated to disarm the rage of criticism.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

W.

[The article to which this letter refers was received from a gentleman on whose professional ability we place considerable reliance, and who, we are convinced, can only have been betrayed by carelessness into the fault with which our correspondent reproaches him. In spite, however, of this conviction, and of other reasons, which, if we choose to allege them, would extenuate our fault in the opinion of all who are acquainted with the management of weekly papers, we are anxious to make the most full and unreserved apology to Miss Wilkinson for the erroneous criticism upon her performances at the Guildhall. We can hope that the extremely high, because the just, language in which 'The Athenæum' has always spoken of her talents will be an excuse for this oversight; and we are rejoiced to think that her fame is too well established to suffer from any (even just) remarks upon an isolated performance.—Ed.]

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

THE pretty opera, 'La Gazza Ladra,' which we have heard supported by the powers of the finest singers in the world, was produced on Thursday night, with a very fair and creditable effect, and introduced to an English audience Signor Bordogni as *primo tenore* of the piece. To this gentleman's qualifications our many readers who have visited Paris will be no strangers; he has frequently and long been attached to the operatic list of that city, and has obtained there a certain degree of popularity, in spite of some vocal infirmities, which would appear to strike at the root of all scenic renown. His voice is a high tenor, of a fine and gentle intonation, but so soft and weak as to extend with difficulty over the vast space which it is expected to fill. He is a good musician; but the delicacy of his singing is not obstructed by any gratuitous show of science,—a great praise in these latter days, when music is dressed up in millinery, and its whole form buried beneath puffing and trimming. The effects of a slight indisposition which had prevented him from attending the rehearsal on the day before, were still strong enough to check much of his energy; but those who heard him will allow, that want of spirit or expression is not amongst the sins of Signor Bordogni. Signor Zuchelli sustained the part of Ninetta's father, a part rendered famous by the performance of Filippo Galli; and Pellegrini threw a great deal of comic force into the doltish and amorous magistrate. To complete the catalogue of *débütants*,

we should not forget, however reluctant we may be to remember, the experiment of Miss Josephine Bartolozzi, as a representative of Pippo. Her paternal name, and consanguinity with some of our most established favourites, added to the theatrical advantages of a striking face and figure, were promises in her favour, which, we are sorry to add, have been realised by no commensurate performance. Would not Madame Schutz have consented to appear once again in a character, which, though subordinate, served, nevertheless, to add a fresh laurel to her well-acquired wreath? As a recruiting party had evidently gone out on a metropolitan excursion, and enlisted some of the idlers whom we regret to find in that character, why should they not have made their number complete, and so remove the only blemish of this entire performance?

Lastly, with regard to Mademoiselle Blais, her acting was admirable throughout, and towards the catastrophe, most impassioned and picturesque. Our judgment of her vocal powers has already been pronounced; she combined on this occasion the two great accomplishments of a theatrical singer, and produced, on the whole, an effect which we have not seen equalled in the part of Ninetta. At the end of the opera, she was rapturously called for, and made her obeisance to the audience amidst thunders of applause.

Looking generally at the performance, we cannot avoid being struck with the great animation and correctness of the dramatic department. Each of the *dramatis personæ* seemed to forget the inveterate maxim, that operatic singers are automata in all respects but with regard to their throats; on the contrary, arms, legs, gesture, attitudes, expression, feeling, passion, were employed as though probability were considered of some weight, and scenic illusion a matter not too low even for the *artistes* of the King's Theatre. 'Massaniello,' in all its glory, sent us home, dreaming of the adage, 'Vedi Napoli e poi mori.'

Drury Lane.

Miss PHILLIPS, who still persists in repeating her representations of Lady Townley, because the Manager requires it, finding, we suppose, that it 'draws,'—appeared on Monday week in a character in which she has been long desired by the elder votaries of the stage, principally to assist them in forming an estimate of her acting talents, by comparison with their recollections of her two distinguished predecessors in the same character—Belvidera. For our parts,—and we say it without any disparagement to the by-gone heroines,—we think this an unfair and inapplicable test; and one that will only be resorted to by those who have no conception in their own minds of any character but what is reflected from representations they have already witnessed. If theatrical excellence is a mere thing of tradition, an art of imitation,—and a Lady Macbeth is to be praised for being Siddonian, rather than Shakespearean,—if any variation from established emphasis, or difference in look or gesture, is to be condemned because it is an innovation on established usage, without any inquiry about its agreement with nature, we see no reason why any young woman of six feet high, good form, striking features, and commanding voice, may not, by the teaching of those who are admitted to have the most accurate recollections of the precise manner in which the Siddonses and the O'Neils were wont to receive and give rebukes, to supplicate and answer suppliants, to kill and be killed, be made the most perfect of actresses, and give entire satisfaction to the most reverend bencher of Lincoln's Inn. But, though we have no inclination unduly to depreciate the stage-business, or to dogmatise on technicalities which we do not understand, we do think that, as something more is necessary to enable a man to write a tragedy than Schpltee's 'Flowers of Fancy,' so the elocutionist, the attitudiniser, and the stage-manager, are not sufficient to make a Juliet or a Desdemona; and we further think, that, as a man intended by nature to be a dramatist would require no ready-made similes to help him out, so a woman, designed by the same controller of the 'cast' of life to embody his conceptions, would require no other aid than her own unassisted powers. What we have most anxiously desired for Miss Phillips, ever since the opening of her career, is, that she might escape the fate of being *made* an actress; and that she can afford to do this, the satisfactory manner in which she conceived and executed a part entirely new, and consequently untrammelled by traditional gestures and readings, and the rapidity with which she has run through many of the list of tragic heroines—a rapidity equalled by its excellence, and which would not have been possible had she depended on her instructress—have yielded substantial proof. Her Bel-

videra—one of those parts in which the actress, to be natural, has often to struggle against the extravagance and want of keeping of the poet—was not inferior to her other performances: the tender scenes with her husband were given with deep feeling and distressing truth, and in the mad scene, where feeling is out of the question, she displayed a good judgment; and, if the phrase be applicable to the case, did not 'outrstep the modesty of nature;' but, though satisfied with her performance, we could not help wishing the tenderness had been that of Desdemona, or the madness, that of Ophelia. Do, Mr. Price, give us Othello and Hamlet—but Ophelia sings. Can Miss Phillips sing?

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

STATE OF CRIME IN FRANCE, &c.—Though it might lead to melancholy reflections, it would inevitably ensure useful results, if our Secretary of the Home Department were to follow the example of the French Secretary for the Department of Justice, and annually publish a detailed 'Report of the Administration of Criminal Justice.' It is not long since such a report, as regards France during the year 1827, was submitted to the attention of the French public; nor is it because we deem it unworthy that of our own countrymen, but from the limited space to which we are restricted, that our notice of it will be found so summary.

It would appear that the proportion which the number of persons committed for trial bore to the whole population of France, was, in 1826, 1 in 4,557; and, in 1827, 1 in 4,593.

Of one hundred individuals accused of crime, the proportion was twenty-eight prosecuted for offences against the person, and seventy-two for offences against property.

The comparative numbers of persons brought to trial, condemned or acquitted, for the two countries, during the year 1827, were, so far as official returns are before us, as follows:—

	Tried.	Convicted.	Acquitted.
England and Wales, London and Mid- dlesex	18,973	14,864	4,109
France.—(Criminal Courts)	6,939	4,236	2,693
Ibid.—(Correctional Police)	171,146	145,166	25,980
	178,075	149,402	28,673*

Whilst looking at the return for our own country, it should be remembered, that every branch of criminal jurisprudence in France being subordinate to the Department of Justice, that return is deficient in an account of the number of criminals convicted of minor offences under the sentences of our magistracy, without which, indeed, no perfect comparison can be instituted.

The dispatch of criminal causes during the year, required, throughout France, the holding of 377 sessions of assize, which lasted altogether 3,958 days, averaging ten days and a half to each session; and the number of witnesses examined was 47,933.

The individuals confined in the larger prisons, and the central houses of detention, amounted to 18,890; of whom 13,388 were men, and 5,502 were women. Of the total number, 6,172 only were able to read and write; two-thirds of them, therefore, had never received any sort of education. A melancholy proof that ignorance, like idleness, is the parent of vice!

ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU AND GRIMSEL.—In the beginning of August last, a celebrated naturalist of Solothurn made an attempt to ascend the far-famed Mountain of the Jungfrau, or Virgin of Switzerland. In spite of every effort, he was not enabled to ascend higher than what is termed the Red Valley, the elevation of which is about eleven thousand feet. The peak of the Jungfrau itself soars 11,490 feet above the surface of the Lake of the four Cantons, (Vierwaldstätter See,) and 12,840 feet above the level of the sea. Though baffled in this attempt, the enterprising traveller, a few days afterwards, set out with some chamois hunters from Grindelwald, with the intention of crossing the intervening glaciers and icy-wildernesses, and ascending the Grimsel. So perilous an exploit as this had, probably, never been before adventured. His

* In England and Wales, &c., the convictions amount to rather more than 78 out of every hundred prosecutions; and, in France, to nearly 84 out of every hundred. The acquittals, on the other hand, amount to more than 21½ out of every hundred prosecutions in the English, and to somewhat more than 16 out of every hundred in the French Courts.

course led him through the desolate regions lying between the Eiger, Mettenberg, Finster-Aarhorn, and Schreckhorn.

CHINA—ITS NAME.—This empire has no specific appellation in the vernacular tongue, a circumstance which must be ascribed to its isolated position between the sea on the one side, and deserts on the other; for the Chinese, in the absence of all objects of analogy, consider their monarchy as an empire *per se*. As for Tonchin, Japan, and Hindoostan, they regard them as nothing better than countries tenanted by savages; nor are their ideas of Europe one iota more exalted. Each dynasty bestow their own cognomen on the Chinese dominions. Under the reigning family it is styled Ya-tsin-que, or 'kingdom of great purity'; whereas, under the preceding line, it was called Tay-ming-que, or 'the kingdom of high splendour.' The name by which it is known to Europeans would seem to be derived from the Chinese salutation, 'Tsin, tsin! implying, 'Whatever thou desirest!' an expression of good-will with which they greet one another when they meet. It is natural that strangers, who were ignorant of their language, should be thus induced to denominate them Chinese, or Sinese.

SCIENCE IN RUSSIA.—In one of the last sittings of the Academy of the Arts and Sciences of St. Petersburg it was resolved, that a sum of ten thousand roubles (nearly 500*l.*) should be appropriated to the purchase of the manuscripts, copper-plates, and herbarium of the late Marshal Von Biberstein. The Academy also approved of the application of a similar sum towards the first year's expense of an 'Archæographical Journey through the Russian dominions.' This important enterprise is intended to commence during the present spring, and is intrusted to the care of Counsellor Strojau. The same meeting gave its sanction to the acquisition of a collection of birds, in which the Zoological Museum was deficient, and which had been brought from Dorpat by M. Ménétries.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the press, 'Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe,' wife of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart., ambassador from Charles II. to the Court of Madrid. Written by herself, now first published from the original manuscript. To which are added, Extracts from the Correspondence of Sir Richard Fanshawe.

Nearly ready, 'Journal of an Embassy to the Court of Ava,' from the Governor-General of India, in the year 1827, by John Crawfurd, Esq., late Envoy, with a Geological Appendix, by Dr. Buckland and Mr. Clift, and a Botanical one by Dr. Wallich. The new edition of 'Burke's Improved Peerage and Baronetage for 1829,' compiled from the communications of the nobility addressed to the author, and including the baronetries of Scotland and Ireland, appertaining to more than two hundred ancient families, (whose lineage is given exclusively in this work,) with upwards of 1,500 plates of arms, will be ready for delivery in a few days.

Mr. Oliver has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, 'The History and Antiquities of Beverley.'

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The Philosophy of History, 8vo., 12s.
Sermons preached in India by the late Bishop Heber, 8vo., 9s. 6d.
Father Butler, the Lough Deay Pilgrim, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Practical Comments on the New Testament, vol. i., 10s. 6d.
Ellis's Historical Letters, 7 vols., 8vo., 4*l.* 4s.
McClie's Essay on the Reformation, 8vo., 8s.
Vindicia Ecclesie, or the Church and her Companions, 8vo., 6s.
Taylor's History of Wileford Rebellion, 12mo., 3s.
Common Law Commission as to Process, Arrest, and Bail, 4s. 6d.
The Protestant Companion, 12mo., 5s.
Kley on Natural Philosophy, 8vo., 14s.
Compton's Saving Bank Assistant, 12mo., 5s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 6 a.m. and 6 p.m.	April.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon.	6.51	44	28.84	S.W.	Showers	Cumulus.
Tues.	7.47	42	28.80	W.	Rain.	Iditto.
Wed.	8.46	41½	28.98	Iditto.	Iditto.	Iditto.
Thur.	9.40½	43	28.84	Iditto.	Iditto.	Iditto.
Frid.	10.48	43	29.04	S.W.	Showers	Iditto.
Sat.	11.50	48	29.25	Iditto.	Fair Cl.	Iditto Nimb.
Sun.	12.54	49	29.90	Iditto.	Iditto.	Cumulus.

Nights and mornings generally rainy.
Highest temperature at noon, 57°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Mars in conj. on the 7th, at 1 h. 45 m. A.M.
The Moon and Saturn ditto, on the 11th, at 2 h. P.M.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 15° 15' in Aries.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 15° 4' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 27° 34' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 25° 18' in Aries.
Length of day on Sunday, 13 h. 36 min. Increased 5 h. 53 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 26" plus. Logarithm num. of distance, .001396.

The Seventh Number of
THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW
will be published on the 29th.
Soho-square, April 14.

The Second Volume of
THE AMERICAN ANNUAL REGISTER
is just imported by T. Ward, No. 84, High Holborn; one thick volume, medium 8vo., price 21s. in boards.
A store of immense advantage to generations of future writers.—*Athenæum*.
The first volume may also be had as above, price 18s. in bds.

This day is published, in post 8vo., price 8s. 6d.,
CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.
London: printed for Samuel Maunders.—Also,
MONTGOMERY'S OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY, Eighth Edition, 7s. 6d.
Mrs. GODWIN'S POEMS—'The Wanderer's Legacy,' &c., 8s. 6d.
CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY, with Engravings, 7s. 6d.
CHRISTIANITY, PROTESTANTISM, and POPEERY COMPARED, 7s. 6d.
And, in the press, the third edition of
MONTGOMERY'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER, &c., 7s. 6d.

No. 8, New Burlington-street.
On Saturday, the 25th of April, Mr. Colburn will have the honour to publish the First Number of a new Weekly Paper, to be called

THE COURT JOURNAL. The leading and peculiar object of this Paper will be to supply what has long been felt as a desideratum in the Higher Circles of the British Metropolis. Its pages will furnish a mingled Record and Review of all matters and events, (political subjects alone excepted,) which are calculated to interest that class of readers who come within what is understood by 'The Court Circle.' Such will be the peculiar but by no means the sole object of 'The Court Journal.' It will, in fact, embrace every feature which favourably distinguishes the most approved Literary Journals of the day. The Conductors deem it unnecessary to put forth a formal Prospectus. Their work, when it appears, will speak for itself; and it will do so in a manner which will render it impossible for any one to mistake the nature of its resources; and the class of patronage under which it is ushered into the world; or to doubt that these are such as were never before possessed by a public Journal.

'The Court Journal' will appear every Saturday Morning, handsomely printed on a quarto sheet of 16 pages; containing 48 columns, price 9d., or stamped for circulation in the Country, free of postage, 1s.

Orders received by all Booksellers and Newsreaders, and by the Clerks of the Reads.
Communications for the Editor may be addressed to the care of Mr. Colburn.

No. 8, New Burlington-Street.
MR. COLBURN has just published the following INTERESTING NOVELS—*Mr. Greville's*
NEW WORK, entitled,
TRAITS OF TRAVEL, or Tales of Men and Cities, by the Author of 'High-ways and By-ways.' In 3 vols. post 8vo., 31s. 6d.

The **NAVAL OFFICER**; or Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

TALES OF MILITARY LIFE; containing *Vandaleur* and *Gentleman Gray*. By the author of the 'Military Sketch-Book.' In 3 vols. post 8vo.

CORRAMAHON and the NORTHERNS of 1798; a Series of Tales, by the Author of 'To-day in Ireland.' Dedicated to the Marquis of Lansdowne. In 3 vols., post 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.

ECARTE; or the Salons of Paris, 3 vols., post 8vo.

THE CARBONARO; a Piedmontese Tale. By the Duke de Levis. In 3 vols., post 8vo., 18s.

THE PROTESTANT; a Tale of the Reign of Queen Mary. By the authoress of 'De Foix,' and 'the White Woods.' In 3 vols., post 8vo.

We earnestly recommend it to the perusal of all those who take an interest in the Catholic Question. The incidents of the tale follow one another in breathless rapidity, according to the hurried and fearful nature of the times which they illustrate.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

Also nearly ready,
THE SCHOOL OF FASHION. In 3 vols., post 8vo.
'Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt.
A fool in fashion but a fool that's out.'

ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE. By the author of 'Hungarian Tales,' 3 vols.

The **DAVENELS**; or a Campaign of Fashion in Dublin. In 2 vols., post 8vo., 18s.

STRATTON HILL; a Tale of the Civil Wars. By the Author of 'Letters from the East,' 'Tales of the West of England,' &c. In 3 vols., post 8vo.

The **SECTARIAN**; or the Church and the Meeting-house. In 3 vols., post 8vo.

HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL having been graciously pleased to grant to Dr. George Such, a LICENSE to FORM a PUBLIC COMPANY for WORKING MINES in the province of MINAS GERAES, one of the conditions being, that native Brazilians should, if they wished it, be admitted to a participation of the advantages conceded under this license, and Dr. Such, in compliance with this condition, having, by advertisements in the public journals at Rio de Janeiro, required such Brazilians as might be desirous of possessing an interest in the Company to apply at the office of Messrs. Naylor, Brothers, and Co., in the said city, where books were kept open for the purpose of receiving applications during a period fully sufficient to fulfil the above condition; and the said Dr. Such having also given notice, that native Brazilians might, if they wished, apply for shares through their authorised agents in London; now, this is to make known to such agents as may be empowered to demand shares in the names of their Brazilian principals, that they are to apply at the office of Messrs. Longman and Son, at 25, Coleman-street, on or before the 25th of this month, on which day the books will be closed, and no subsequent applications for shares will be received.
London, April 11, 1839.

8, New Burlington-street.
MR. COLBURN has just published the following INTERESTING WORKS:
MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. By MADAME MOISSEL DUCHESNE. In 2 vols. post 8vo., 31s. French, 16s. A curious and entertaining piece of domestic biography of a most extraordinary person, under circumstances almost unprecedented.—*New Monthly Magazine*.
'An extremely amusing book, full of anecdotes and traits of characters of kings, princes, nobles, generals, &c.'—*Morning Journal*.

SECOND VOLUME OF THE MEMOIRS OF THE WAR IN SPAIN. By MARSHAL SUCHET, DUC D'ALSUFERA. 8vo. 12s. French, 16s. 6d.

TWELVE YEARS' MILITARY ADVENTURE IN THREE QUARTERS OF THE WORLD, or Memoirs of an Officer. Among other distinguished persons who have a prominent place in this work, are, the Duke of Wellington—Lord Minto—Sir Thomas Picton—Sir Rowland Hill—Sir Samuel Auchmuty—Sir John Hope—Sir Lowry Cole—Sir Thomas Graham—Sir William Beresford, &c. &c. In 2 vols. 8vo., 24s.

The Fourth Number of the UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL and NAVAL and MILITARY MAGAZINE, for April.
The QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, and ART. No. 9, Edited at the Royal Institution, by W. T. BRANDE, Esq.

BUCKHARDT'S TRAVELS IN ARABIA; comprehending an account of those territories which the Mohammedans regard as Sacred. In one vol. 4to. 21. 12s. 6d., with Map and Plans. Published by Authority of the African Association.

SIR FRANCIS MACNAGHTEN'S VIEW OF THE CATHOLIC QUESTION as it relates to IRELAND. In 8vo. 3s. 6d. Dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

THE MANUAL OF SCIENCE and LITERATURE, and WEEKLY REGISTER OF THE LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, Part I, price 2s., published this day, contains the following amongst other interesting articles: Dr. Birkbeck's Lectures on Fire Escapes, and on the Application of Animal Power—Mr. Dakin's Lectures on Galvanism—Mr. Hemming's Lecture on Pneumatics—Essays on the Study of Mechanical Philosophy—Progress of the Sciences, and possibility of their early communication to Youth—Magnetizing Power of the more Refrangible Rays—Relation between Colour and Conformation of Bodies—Electric Phenomena in vacuum—Expansion by Heat—Gravitation—Education in Spain, by Don P. Mendibil—Metropolitan Improvements: London Bridge—The British Institution—Society of British Artists—National Repository—Internal Wealth of Ireland, by J. Elmes, Esq.—Sensitive Plant—Reviews of: Miller on South America—Steam Vessels—Journal of a Naturalist—Double Refraction and Polarization of Light—The Menageries—Travels in Guatemala—Quarterly Meeting of the London Mechanics' Institution—City of London Literary and Scientific Institution—Southwark Literary and Scientific Institution—Instruction for Spanish Emigrants, interesting Facts, &c. &c. Published also in weekly Numbers, price Sixpence. C. Wood and Son, Poppin's Court, Fleet-street.

Part II. will appear on Saturday, May 5, embellished with a beautiful Copper-plate Engraving of the New London Bridge, from a Drawing by J. RENNIE, Esq.

This Publication is one of the signs of the times. The subjects of which it treats, and the respectable tone and manner which it assumes, render it fit and instructive reading for all ranks. If such works as this become popular, and form a substitute for the trash addressed to the working classes of society, by the weekly press in general, it will indeed afford a striking evidence of the improving moral state of the population.—*Athenæum*, April 9.

ALMACK'S ROOMS.—MR. BUCKINGHAM has the honour to announce, that he will deliver his COURSE OF LECTURES on the PAST and PRESENT STATE OF THE EASTERN WORLD, in the Great Room at ALMACK'S, King-street, St. James's-square, commencing on MONDAY the 30th of APRIL, at Two o'clock precisely, and continuing the same throughout the remainder of the week, at the same hour.

The following will be the order of the Countries described: Monday—Egypt, the Nile, and its splendid Antiquities. Tuesday—Arabia, its Desert Tribes, & their singular Manners. Wednesday—The Holy Land, and its Scriptural Illustrations. Thursday—Mesopotamia, Babylonia, Persia, & their Remains. Friday—India, its Inhabitants and Institutions. Saturday—Commercial Resources of the Eastern World.

It should be observed, that these Lectures are not mere readings of any Manuscript Papers, or even Notes, but are rather EXTENSIVE SPEECHES, descriptive of the several countries named, classified in such a manner as to be perfectly intelligible to those who have never before given their attention to the subject. They have been found, therefore, wherever they have yet been delivered, to be as agreeable to ladies and their families as to gentlemen; and audiences of great numbers, and of the highest rank of society, have attended them, and expressed their most unequivocal and unanimous approbation.

Admission to any Single Lecture, Five Shillings.—Tickets for the whole Course of Six Lectures, a Guinea; to be had at Almack's Rooms, King-street, St. James's; at Mr. Edgingham Wilson's, Royal Exchange, City; at Messrs. Sharpleys, 35, Old Bond Street; at Mr. W. H. Smith's, (next door to the Crown and Anchor Tavern), 102, Strand; and at the office of 'The Oriental Herald,' 4, Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge.—Books, containing the Heads of all the Lectures, with a Sketch of Mr. Buckingham's Life, Travels, and Writings, to be had of all Booksellers, price One Shilling. It is strongly recommended that this Sketch should be perused before the Lectures are commenced.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR.—Its soothing, cooling, and ameliorative properties immediately allay the smarting irritability of the skin—assuage inflammation—heel harsh and rough skin—remove cutaneous eruptions, and produce a beautiful complexion—affords soothing relief to ladies nursing their offspring; and to gentlemen after shaving, it allays smarting the pain, and renders the skin smooth and pleasant, 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle, duty included.—Each genuine bottle has the Name and Address engraved on the government stamp, which is pasted on the bottle.
A. Rowland and Son, 39, Hatton-Garden.

SPITALFIELDS DISTRESS.—GUILDHALL.
THE Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London having granted the use of Guildhall, on Saturday morning, the 2d of May next, Handel's SACRED ORATORIO of the MESSIAH, with the additional Accompaniments by Mozart, will be performed for the benefit of the SPITALFIELDS WEAVERS. The Performance, under the direction of Sir George Smart, will be on the same grand scale as the last Concert at Guildhall.

The Doors to be opened at half-past Ten, and the Performances will commence at Twelve.
Single Tickets, 15s. each (or three Tickets taken at one time, 21s.) to be had at the Mansion-house; of the Secretary, Mr. R. Brutton, No. 27, New Broad-street, City; at Seguin's Library, No. 15, Regent-street; the principal Music Shops; and at the Hall-keeper's Office, Guildhall.

By Order of the Lord Mayor and Committee of Management.
ROBERT BRUTTON, Secretary.
No. 27, New Broad-street, City, April 11, 1839.

GENERAL MINING ASSOCIATION; formerly called General South American Mining Association.

Notice is hereby given, that the Deed of this Association, prepared and approved by the Directors agreeably to the stipulations of the Prospectus, is now ready, and lies for Signature, at the Office of the Association, No. 10, Ludgate Hill.

The Agents of absent Shareholders may obtain, by application, at the Office of the Association, printed forms of instruments according to the Deed, which will have to be sent to such absent Shareholders for their signature.

Notice is also hereby given, that before any parties can be admitted to sign the Deed, and register their Shares, the scrip receipts of which they are holders must be left by them at the Office of the Association for four days, for the purpose of their being examined. Each individual receipt so left, to bear the signature and address of its owner.

G. V. DUVAL, Secretary.
General Mining Association, 10, Ludgate Hill,
10th April, 1839.

EAST INDIA MONOPOLY.
WE the undersigned Bankers, Merchants, Manufacturers, and Wool-staplers of Leeds, in the West Riding of the County of York, agree to form a Committee to regulate into the Bearings of the Charter of the Honourable the East India Company upon their trade, and to act in conjunction with the Merchants of the other Manufacturing, Commercial, and Maritime districts of the kingdom, in endeavouring to obtain such alterations in the said Charter as the circumstances of the country may require, when the subject shall again be brought before Parliament.

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CONDITIONALLY INTENDED VOYAGE.

To Parents and Guardians.—Captain T. LYNN, late of the Honourable East India Company's Service, and now holding the appointment of Joint-Astronomical Examiner of Junior Officers of that Service, having obtained permission of the Honourable Court of Directors, proposes to fit out and to command a suitable ship for the purpose of receiving on board a limited number of Young Gentlemen as Pupils, to be INSTRUCTED IN PRACTICAL NAVIGATION, NAUTICAL ASTRONOMY, and SEAMANSHIP.

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THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 78.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1829.

Price 8d.

THE MUSEUM OF THOUGHTS.

No. V.—FICHTER.

EVERY thing great and good, upon which the present state of society rests, out of which it has risen, and without which our age could never have been what it is, or have done what it is doing, has been brought about entirely and exclusively by the conduct of magnanimous and undaunted men, who have sacrificed all the enjoyments of life for the sake of an idea: and we ourselves, with all that belongs to us, are the result of the sacrifices made by every former generation of mankind, and more especially by the ablest members of each.

For who were the foremost in giving the countries of modern Europe a shape in which they were worthy to be the abode of civilised nations? History makes answer: they were heroic men, who, in the steadfast belief that it was the will of God that the wild fugitive in the woods should be brought to a life of order and to the blessed knowledge of a benevolent deity, left the lands of their birth, and all the sensual and spiritual gratifications they afforded, left their families, their friends and kindred, went forth into the dreary wilderness, encountered the severest wants and the hardest labours, and, what is more, the most obstinate trials of their patience, without allowing it to faint, in order to gain the confidence and goodwill of savage tribes that persecuted and robbed them; and at the close of a life beset with troubles they died the death of a martyr, by the hands of the very persons for the sake of whom, and of us, their remote posterity, they had lived and were dying, in the joyful hope that a worthier generation would spring up on the ground consecrated by the blood of their sacrifice. Assuredly these men gave up their personal life and its pleasures for the sake of an idea, and in this idea for the sake of mankind. And should any object to me, that they sacrificed their present life in the expectation of an infinitely higher beatitude in heaven, which they hoped to earn by their endurance and their toil, that is, that they sacrificed one pleasure to another, the less to the greater, so that they cannot justly be deemed to have acted in the spirit of self-sacrifice; I would entreat such an objector well to weigh the following considerations. Illustrated as may have been the phrases they made use of in speaking of this beatitude in another world, and sensual as may have been the images in which they clothed their descriptions of it, yet how did they attain to this firm faith in another world, a faith which they attested by their sacrifices? and what, in fact, is this faith, considered as an act of the soul? Does not the soul which assumes the undoubted existence of another world, and clings to it with an immovable faith, in this very act make a sacrifice of the present world? And is not this faith of itself the sacrifice completed and fulfilled once for all within the soul? which inward act of the spiritual life is afterward made manifest in a variety of outward actions. Granting that there is nothing at all marvellous in their sacrificing every thing, after they once believed in an everlasting life; granting that it is all perfectly intelligible, and that the objector himself would do the same in the same situation; the marvel however is, that they did so believe: and this the slave of self and sense, who is incapable of withdrawing his eyes from

the present world, will never be able to do; he will never be able to put himself into the same situation.

By whom, again, were the wild and vagrant savages united, and such as resisted constrained under the yoke of law and of peaceful life? By whom have they been kept and preserved under that yoke? By whom have states when once formed been protected from dissolution through inward disorder, and from destruction by outward force? Whatever their names may have been, they were heroes who had advanced far beyond the reach of their age, giants among their neighbours in strength of body and of mind. They subjected multitudes, by whom they were hated and dreaded for so doing, to their conception of that which ought to be: they spent their sleepless nights in anxious meditation for the welfare of these multitudes; they rushed without resting from battle-field to battle-field, abandoning all the pleasures which invited them, perpetually holding out their life as a prey to the enemy, often shedding their blood. And what were they seeking by this toil? and what was their recompense for it? A conception, a mere conception of a state of things which they were to bring about, and which was to be realised altogether for its own sake, without any further aim beyond it, was the object which inspired them; and the unspeakable satisfaction derived from contemplating it was their reward and their recompense for all they went through: this conception, this idea was the root and germ of their spiritual being, while at the same time it threw all the circumstances of their outward being into the shade, obscured them, and led to their being cast away as unworthy of regard: the power of this idea transformed him, who would else have been on a level with his neighbours, into a giant in body and mind, and to this idea his personal life was offered as a sacrifice, when the same idea had rendered it worthy of being so offered.

What drives the king, when he might repose in safety on his hereditary throne and might enjoy the marrow of the land; what drives, to attach my question to a well-known example, which has so often been misinterpreted by a race of sentimental pygmies—what drives the Macedonian hero out of his hereditary kingdom, though amply secured and richly stored with all the means of pleasure by his father, into a foreign quarter of the world, to fight battle after battle while he passes through it and conquers it? Is his purpose to feed his appetites, or to better his health? What binds victory to the soles of his feet, and makes his enemies, though enormously superior in number, cower and shrink before him? Is this mere chance? No; it is an idea, that gives birth to the expedition, and makes it successful. Effeminate semi-barbarians had had the audacity to despise the people which at that time surpassed all others beneath the sun in the powers of its mind, because it was inferior to them in number, and to entertain the thought of enslaving it: they had actually enslaved the tribes of its brethren that were settled in Asia, and had subjected the civilised and the free to the laws and the revolting punishments inflicted by the rude and the servile. This insolence could not be allowed to remain unchastised: moreover, the order was to be reversed, and the civilised were to rule, and the uncivilised to obey, if right was to be established. This idea had already been long cherished by the nobler spirits among the Greeks, until it burst forth in Alexan-

der into a living flame, by which his personal life was moulded and consumed. Tell me not of the thousands who fell on his expedition, tell me not of his own early death: what greater deed was now left for him, after he had realised his idea than to die.

Glory, it may perhaps be said, glory is the motive which inspires the hero: the dazzling image of his own renown among his contemporaries and posterity draws him onward through toil and through peril; and thus the sacrifice of his whole life is richly repaid in that coin on which he chooses to set the highest value. I answer: if it be so, what is this glory? By what means does the thought of the judgment pronounced by others upon us, and especially by future generations, the sound of whose praise or blame will roll unheard over our graves, acquire that tremendous power wherewith it is said to swallow up the hero's personal life. Is it not evident that the whole character of his mind must have been determined by the principle, that his life could be of no value to him, could not even be endurable, except so far as the voice of all mankind should unite in giving it a value. The hero acts, it is said, for the sake of obtaining renown among his contemporaries and posterity: of course, however, he has not gone about beforehand putting the question to his contemporaries and posterity, whether they will approve of the line of action he adopts; nor has he been able to derive any counsel with regard to it from experience; inasmuch as his line of action, as assuredly as it proceeds from and is directed by an idea, is a new line of action, one hitherto unheard of, and consequently one on which the judgment of mankind has never yet been pronounced. Nevertheless, he must reckon upon obtaining renown by this line of action with such confidence as to stake his life on the correctness of his calculation. How does he know that he has not miscalculated? At the time when he first engages in action, having already completed the sacrifice of his life once for all within his soul, he alone, and none besides himself, has passed judgment on his line of action and has approved of it: how does he know then that his contemporaries and posterity will approve of it, and will endow it with a deathless renown? and how does he venture thus boldly to attribute his own standard of glory to the whole race of mankind? He does it, however: and so this single observation proves, that in acting as he acts he is no way led by the hope of the applause, but that he achieves the act which bursts forth in all its purity within his own mind from the primal fountain of honour, and imposes on mankind the obligation of approving of it and honouring it; that is, provided he takes any thought about their judgment; utterly despising both them and their judgment, in case it is not the echo of that which he himself has pronounced for all eternity. Thus it is not the desire of honour that begets great deeds: but great deeds beget within the soul the belief in a world by which one would gladly be held in honour. In that form indeed in which it shows itself every day, honour is nothing more than the mere dread of shame; without impelling any one to act, it merely withholds him from such actions as are notoriously regarded with contempt; and its influence vanishes, so soon as he hopes that his conduct will escape notice.

Who, again, have been the inventors and enlargers of those sciences by which the powers of nature have been tamed and subjected to the will

of man, and by which his own spiritual being has been laid open to his view? Have they been able to effect this without labour and sacrifices? What has been their compensation for these sacrifices? While their neighbours around them were making merry and enjoying the passing day, they were lost in solitary meditation, in the hope of discovering some law, some principle of connexion, which had excited their astonishment, and with regard to which they entertained no other wish of any sort, except that of discovering it; for this they sacrificed pleasures and property, they neglected their worldly affairs, they squandered the very essence and spirit of their beings, and endured to be laughed at by the commonalty as fools and dreamers. True, their discoveries have been useful in many ways to mankind. But have they themselves reaped these fruits of their labours? Have they had them in view, or even entertained any suspicion of them? Have they not, on the contrary, when their spiritual flights were interrupted by any one who regarded their occupations in this light, lifted up their complaints in a tone of true sublimity, at such a desecration of what ought to be kept holy from the profane uses of common life? erring, I allow, in not perceiving that common life also ought to have a holiness of its own. It was not until their labours had so diffused their discoveries and made them so easy of comprehension as to be brought within the reach even of those heads which had less of the inspiration of science, that the latter, whom we are not to despise on this account, but who should acknowledge that their nature is less noble than that of the others, applied these discoveries to the wants of life, and thus armed the human race with the means of controlling the powers of nature. If, then, neither the spectacle nor the anticipation of the utility of their discoveries was their recompense, what was their compensation for the sacrifices they made? and what will at this day be the recompense of any one, were any one at this day making the same sacrifices, and without seeking any thing in return for them, and regardless of the pity or the scorn of the vulgar, to turn his eye toward the pure and ever-living fountain of Truth? Why this is their reward; they have gained an entrance into a new vital atmosphere of intellectual clearness and translucency, which makes them utterly incapable of enjoying a life in any other element of being. A higher world, a world first revealed and most vividly displayed to us by the light that dwells in it, has dawned upon their minds: this light has caught and filled their eyes with its goodly and refreshing radiance, so that they are incapable of turning toward any thing else than those lights which are the only illuminated spots in the midst of profound darkness; this light passing through their eyes has bound fast their whole being and holds it captive, so that all their other senses die away unnoticed. They need no compensation; they have gained an inestimable prize.

All these men, I say, have sacrificed their personal existence for an idea. What do I mean by an idea? The confusion of language occasioned by the attempts to give philosophy a popular air, makes it necessary to define the sense in which one uses such words. An idea is a self-existent living thought, with a power of giving life to matter.

In the first place it is a self-existent thought. The ground of all error lies in the attributing self-existence to dead matter, and then attaching to this matter the perfectly superfluous appendage of thought. Thought alone is truly self-existent, alone reposes upon itself; not, of course, that thought which requires a particular individual to think it, since it is plain this cannot be self-existent, but that one eternal thought, of which all individuals are nothing more than the objects. For death is not the root of the world, a death which by a gradual process of diminution contrives in the end to be refined into life; but, on the contrary, life is the radical principle of the

world, and that which seems to be dead, is only in a lower stage of life. That an idea must be a living thought, is self-evident: for thought is essentially living, and so is that which is self-existent. An idea has also the power of giving life to matter, and that in two ways. All life, as an attribute of matter, is the expression of an idea: for matter itself as existing is only the reflection of an idea hidden from our eyes. But when the idea bursts through its covering, manifesting itself as an idea, and developing its own self-originating life, then that lower degree of life which belongs to the latent idea, vanishes and is absorbed in the higher; and what has been portrayed in all the foregoing representations takes place; the personal undeveloped ideal life is sacrificed for the sake of living in and for an idea. The love which the lower life feels for itself, and its interest in itself, are destroyed. But all wants are only the offspring of this interest, and all pain results from some injury done to it: from all such things he that lives in an idea is for ever secured. For him there is no longer any self-denial, no longer any sacrifices: the self which is to be denied, the objects which are to be sacrificed, have been removed from his sphere of vision, and estranged from his affections. This denial, these sacrifices, can only excite wonder in those who continue to value the objects of them, and who have not yet given them up: when once they are given up, they vanish into nothing, and we find that we have lost nothing. For him who lives in an idea, the severe commands of the moral laws are superseded; inasmuch as they imply the existence of a desire that contravenes them, and their purpose is only to drive back this desire into the dark places of the heart, in order that the idea may find room to unfold itself therein. The only difficulty lies in the first step. When this has once been taken, all that which looks so severe and menacing under the form of duty, becomes our only pleasurable employment, the only thing for the sake of which we should be willing to live, our only joy, and love, and bliss. The voice of philosophy does not call upon us to mortify ourselves: O no; it calls upon us to cast away that which affords no enjoyment, that when we have done so that which is a seeming source of endless enjoyment, may come and take possession of our souls.

All ideas originally and essentially are one. It is only with reference to the objects upon which that one primary idea pours itself out, and in which it embodies itself, within the sphere of our feelings and consciousness, that it breaks itself into a variety of forms; which several forms may themselves now be termed several ideas.

The first emanation of the original principle, that which sprang forth the earliest among mankind, and is still the most widely diffused, is that which acts on the matter around us by means of our material faculties; and this is the modification of the primary idea which manifests itself in the fine arts: whether the bodily expression of a man rapt in an idea—for he alone, and only as such, is an object of art—is to be fixed in marble or on canvas; or whether the emotions of an inspired soul are to be represented in sounds; or the feelings and thoughts of the same soul are to be uttered in their naked purity in words. Assuredly the true artist, the artist who works under the dominion of an idea, must be in a trance of ecstatic enjoyment, while he is exercising his art; for his existence at the time is a state of free and pure self-originating activity. Nor is there any one against whom all the avenues are closed for sharing in the enjoyment of the work; and thus becoming in some manner and in a remote degree a partner in its production, and acquiring at least some kind of perception that there are pleasures which far surpass any pleasures afforded by the senses.

Another emanation of the original idea, the development of which has been confined to a smaller number of individuals, is that which acts

on the social relations of mankind; the source of all cosmopolitical ideas, the parent of heroism, the author of all law and of all order. The strength which such an idea imparts, has already been shown; the bliss with which it fills a soul devoted to it, may be imagined from what has been said; and whoever can form a conception of the world or of his country, and can serve them without a thought of self, will know it from his own experience.

A third emanation of the original idea is that which employs itself in the constructing and reproducing the whole universe, entirely out of itself, that is, by the processes of pure speculation: and this emanation is philosophy; for that, which I have just said, has always formed the essence of philosophy, whenever it has appeared among men, and will continue to form it to all eternity. The high enjoyments afforded by philosophy to such as are initiated in her mysteries, have been described above: it only remains to add that this enjoyment is more spiritual, and therefore more penetrative and higher, than any other which results from an idea; inasmuch as in philosophy the idea not only exists, but is felt and enjoyed as such, as a central thought flowing visibly out of itself; and this indubitably is the highest bliss which a mortal can attain to here below. Only in regard to its outward influence philosophy is worse off than art; since the latter by a secret magical sympathy which runs through the spiritual world, can elevate even such as are aliens from art for a few moments into some communion with it, and can give them a foretaste of her joys; whereas the mysteries of philosophy are altogether closed to those in whose souls the idea has not burst forth into life.

Finally, the most comprehensive all-embracing form of the idea, the form under which it ought to find entrance into every soul without exception, is that under which all action and all life flows back, with a consciousness of its motion and course, into the one primary source of all life, the deity: that is to say, religion. He to whom this idea becomes an object of immediate consciousness and unshakable certainty, so as to be the soul of all his other knowledge and thought and feeling, has entered into the possession of an imperturbable beatitude. Whatever befalls him is a manifestation of that primary source of life, which under every form is holy and good, and which under every form he cannot do otherwise than love: it is, if he expresses himself in other words, the will of God, which is always one with his own will. Whatever he has to do, painful as it may be, or trivial and ignoble as it may seem, is still a manifestation in and through him of that primary source of life, to be the channel of which constitutes his felicity; it is the will of God with regard to him, to be whose instrument is what makes him happy.

These are the most important among the forms into which the one primary idea breaks on passing through our consciousness; beyond that consciousness however they are all one and the same. And this unity is discoverable in its manifestations: every where it is the same life, flowing perpetually out of itself, and ceaselessly reproducing itself anew. Under the form of the fine arts it impresses on the material elements around us the outward stamp of ideal humanity; to the end that future generations, at their very awakening into life, may be environed by noble objects, such as by a certain sympathetic power will educate the outward senses, whereby the education of the inner man is greatly facilitated: so that under this form, the idea labours to further not only this particular modification of itself, but the growth and spread of everything ideal among mankind. Or again, when the same idea manifests itself under the form of religion, by which all the business and actions of this world are contemplated in their immediate connection with the one eternal, ever pure, ever good, ever blessed source of all life, what is its purpose? How could

any high-minded person, after having emancipated himself from the attractions of this earthly life, and thereby become fully convinced of its nothingness, prevail on himself to engage in its concerns, but for this connection between those concerns and the one permanent eternal principle, which religion lays open to him! Thus here, too, we find the one entire idea, which idea, under the form of religion, upholds and supplies a foundation for itself, and furnishes a complete solution for the otherwise irreconcilable contradiction between the feelings it inspires and the obligations it cannot help imposing. And it is the same with every other form of the idea mentioned above, and with every possible one.

Thus does the idea wind along the stream of time, always one and entire, incessantly reproducing itself under some new form, and whatever may be its form, perpetually striving to promote the development of itself in its perfect totality. Moreover, at every moment of time it is entire: at every moment it involves and comprehends itself as it exists in the whole of the never-ending stream. That which is produced by the idea at any one given moment, only comes forward as the consequence of all that has been, and as the means of all that is to be unto eternity. Nothing, in this system, is ever lost. Worlds bring forth worlds, and ages bring forth new ages: which latter stand above the former, contemplating them, and bringing the hidden concatenation of causes and effects in them to light. Then does the grave open—not that which consists of the hillocks of earth piled up by human hands, but that grave of impenetrable darkness which encompasses the beginning of our life—and out of it come forth all the mighty organs by which ideas have worked, and in the new light they behold the completion of that which they commenced, the entire manifestation of that which they discerned only in part: then comes forth every deed, however lowly in appearance, which has been performed in faith in the Eternal; and even every secret aspiration, which was shackled here and dragged down to the earth, puts forth wings and soars up into the new sky.

In a word, as when the breath of spring fills the air with life, the stiff ice, every particle of which but a while before was shutting itself up within itself, and sturdily keeping off every neighbouring particle, no longer holds out, but the waters rush together into one single mild stream, where all is motion and intercommunion and interpenetration; and as at the same season the powers of nature, which before were separated, and in their separation presented an image of nothing but death and decay, burst forth to meet each other, and embrace and blend in complete interfusion, and in this interfusion exhale a living balm for every sense; so is it in the spiritual world: not that there is any winter in that world, or that the spirits are ever cut off from each other, and frost-bound, by selfishness; but all are blended and fused everlastingly into one living whole by the breath of love. Nothing can exist insulated in and for itself; but everything exists in and for the whole; and this whole itself, pervaded by unutterable love, is ceaselessly dying for itself in order to spring forth anew. For this is the law of the spiritual world: whatever has attained to a consciousness of existence, must fall a sacrifice to the universe in its interminable progress from one stage of being to a higher: and this law cannot be arrested, but fulfils itself without waiting for any one's yea or nay. The only alternative is, whether we will let ourselves be led like men with a halter round the neck to the slaughterhouse, or freely and magnanimously, and in the full foretaste of the life which is to grow up out of our fall, will lay down our personal being as an offering on the altar of eternal life.

Such is the state of the case: under this holy legislature, willingly or unwillingly, whether we are aware of it or no, we all stand: and it is only a heavy

or feverish dream that buzzes about the brain of the egotist, when he fancies himself able to live for himself alone: the delusion no way changes his condition, and he himself is the only sufferer by his wrong. Happy are the slumberers in this cradle of eternal life, if a joyous vision of that life come now and then to refresh them in their dreams! happy, if from time to time, their ears are greeted with the tidings, that there is indeed a light and a day!

MILLER'S MEMOIRS.

Memoirs of General Miller, in the service of the Republic of Peru. By John Miller. Second Edition. Longman and Co. London, 1829.

THE extraordinary contest between Spain and her colonies has produced so many works in this country as well as elsewhere, that public curiosity is well nigh satiated. The 'Memoirs of General Miller' have obtained, however, a peculiar share of favour, which they seem likely to preserve; and this more, we are inclined to think, on account of the form in which they convey their information, than even of the ability and accuracy which distinguish them. The book does not pretend to be a history in the proper sense of the word, for the writing of which, indeed, the time is probably not yet come. All is here exhibited in connection with the fortunes and character of an individual, with whom every reader must feel an intimate sympathy, and whose prospects, exertions, and perils give a kind of personal value to the general narrative. The chances are, that if the author had attempted to write a history he would have failed (how few of any age have succeeded!) of placing himself at the outward point from which alone he could see all the events as exponents of political truth. If he had achieved this great triumph, (one which no living English writer has accomplished,) how few among ordinary readers would have understood his meaning, or in any degree appreciated his merits. The modest and unobtrusive temper of the writer has prevented him from engaging in the enterprise; and he has preferred to undertake a task in which his good information, good sense, and good feeling ensured to him the most complete success. He takes his stand on our universal human propensities and affections; and amid his tale of wars and revolutions, and his pageant of strange tribes and mighty countries, he traces out, not so much those dark causes and complicated results of which not one man in a century has insight, but the hopes, and fears, and powers, and exertions of a single vigorous mind. The record of General Miller's life has also, we doubt not, been far more popular than it would otherwise have been on account of his English name, birth, and education, which give us a peculiar interest in the character and fate of our fellow-countryman.

The second edition is considerably augmented, and furnishes us with a more complete notion both of the hero of this great historic play, and of the scene on which he appeared. It also contains a translation of part of a preface, added by General Torrijos to his Spanish version of the work. Of the excellent and distinguished person to whom we owe this essay, the following notice is given in the English edition; and, had the space permitted, there is ample ground for a far more extensive record of exertions, sacrifices, and virtues.

'The translator, General Don Jose Maria de Torrijos, was born at Madrid in the year 1791. When ten years old, he was made a page to King Charles the Fourth. At the age of thirteen, he received a captaincy in the Ultonia, a regiment of the Irish brigade. He prosecuted his military studies at the engineer academy of Alcala de Henares. In the course of the war he was appointed to the command of Doyle's regiment of light infantry, which, in 1812, formed part of the garrison of Badajoz, where the friendship between General Torrijos and the subject of these memoirs commenced. He commanded a Spanish brigade at the battle of Vittoria, and continued attached to Lord Hill's division

until the peace of 1814. The valour, talent, zeal, activity, and services of General Torrijos, during the Peninsular war, are too well known to require detail. The liberality of his political sentiments occasioned him to be thrown into the cells of the inquisition at Murcia, where he remained in solitary confinement from 1817 to 1820, when his prison-doors were thrown open by the re-establishment of the constitution. In 1823, General Torrijos commanded in Cartagena and Alicante, and maintained those fortresses in behalf of the constitutional Government long after the absolute king had re-entered the capital. When further opposition had become without an object, the general obtained the most favourable conditions for his army; but, unable himself to reconcile his mind to the idea of living under a despotic prince, he emigrated, and is now living in London, where he is respected and esteemed by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.'—P. vi. Note.

The preface which General Torrijos has added to the present translation, and part of which is translated in the work before us, contains an animated defence of the Spanish nation against the charge of tyranny towards its colonies. The writer maintains that the evils of the Spanish colonial system are attributable, not to the oppressive disposition of his countrymen, but to the vices of the Government, which weighed, and still weigh, with equal severity on the happiness of the mother kingdom. In the course of his observations, one or two arguments are brought forward, from the justice of which we are compelled to dissent; one of these is contained in the following sentence, found at p. xxviii:

'If, indeed, very few Americans have occupied the first place in the civil magistracy in America, and very few American officers have been commanders there, how many ministers of state, presidents of colleges, captains-general of the provinces and departments of marine, inspectors, viceroys, governors, &c., have there, not been in Spain, and still are to be found there, who were Americans?'

Now, the author seems here to forget the nature of the accusation which he is answering. No one asserts that the Americans were unfairly treated in Spain, but it is maintained that they were practically excluded from office in their own country. To prove that they were not excluded in the mother country, is to do nothing towards meeting the charge. If, indeed, it could be shown that as the Spaniards had a monopoly of place in America, so the Americans had a similar monopoly in Spain, a case might be made out on this subject in favour of the former system. But, in truth, the Americans were (we believe) only allowed to eat the crumbs that fell from the table in Europe, and at the other side of the Atlantic were beaten out of the room in which their brethren were seated at so rich a feast. The preface, however, will tend on the whole to raise the character of the Spanish nation in the eyes of Europe, and to throw the blame on the right shoulders, those of the Government. We may also observe, that there cannot be a more absurd falsehood than one which has lately been printed in London, the assertion, namely, that General Torrijos defends the mode of government practised towards the American colonies. It is his whole object to show that the atrocious guilt of the rulers ought not to be visited on the people; and herein we are convinced that most reflecting men will agree with him.

We subjoin two brief extracts:

'Spanish America naturally followed in the steps of the mother country, with the sole difference, that to the evils common to both countries, was added the greater frequency of local abuses practised by subordinate agents, to whom distance from the seat of government gave encouragement to practices which probably would not have been ventured upon in Spain. Upon the whole, it may be doubted whether the enlightened despotism exercised by the viceroys in America was not, in many instances, of a less oppressive and degrading character than that exercised in Spain by some of her profligate kings, and not unfrequently by ministers and favourites. Be this as it may, one could hardly expect to find in the colonies of a nation enslaved and oppressed, either by fanaticism, or by the absolute power

of her kings, either good government, or justice, or liberty. America was prohibited from cultivating the natural productions of Spain, and the same barbarous and tyrannical policy forbade Spain to naturalize in her soil the productions of America. In conformity with the colonial system which has been adopted, and which is still acted upon, by all nations towards their colonies, America could trade only with Spain; but the Spanish Government, adhering to its restrictive and monopolizing system, confined the trade with America to a few privateers, at first from Seville, under the control of the Government, subsequently from Cadiz, and ultimately from a few other ports. Vandal and arbitrary as were many of the Government agents who went to America, had those who were appointed at home either more honesty or more moderation? What could be expected from a Government so demoralised and corrupt? America and Spain, at one and the same period, were exposed to the same calamities; and one caused the ruin of the other. The former, by supplying the precious metals, furnished the arms which despotism needed for oppressing the latter, by means of innumerable agents paid with this wealth, and deprived herself of her youth, who rarely returned to their native country, for the purpose of maintaining slavery in her colonies."—Pp. xvi., xviii.

'Ferdinand returned; but, instead of consolidating the national happiness, in return for the costly sacrifices that had been made for him,—instead of declaring himself the father of his people, and complying with the solemn promises he had made to the nation when he gained possession of the throne by the revolt of Aranjuez, he annulled the code which secured the liberties of the people; but, in order not to outrage public opinion, he offered to assemble the Cortes, to study the national happiness, and promised not to be absolute. Instead of complying with these solemn promises, he broke his word as a prince, his faith as a man of honour, and threw himself into the hands of the priests, who, up to that period, had been lying in wait, secretly conspiring against the Government and national institutions; becoming the agent of his own vindictive passions, he persecuted those who had best served their country in his absence, and who had most efficaciously exerted themselves to restore him to his throne.

'Not content with carrying on these persecutions in Spain, and, instead of sending emissaries to the different provinces of America, for the paternal purpose of terminating the dissensions there, he was hurried away by the persuasions of the barbarous and sanguinary fanatics who surrounded him, and immediately despatched an expedition, dragging from the bosom of their families thousands of individuals who had voluntarily taken up arms to serve during the war with France, and who, on the restoration of peace, obtained by their blood, hoped, at least, to be permitted to remain in the enjoyment of those domestic pleasures which they had so patriotically given up on the national summons, and, by the advice of the sanguinary Eguia, and of the profligate Ostolaza, intrusted the command to the atrocious Morillo.

'About six years succeeded of despotism, of victims, and of persecutions, in Spain; and of despotism, victims, persecutions, and a desolating war in America. The dawn of liberty beamed again in Spain on the proclamation of the Constitution, on the 1st of January, 1820, the seasonable fruit of so many unsuccessful attempts; and hereupon the liberal Government renounced the expeditions proposed by the absolute Government, then ready to set sail, and a general armistice followed, in America, the news of the liberty of Spain. Her representatives agreed to send special commissioners "to proceed to the different Governments established in the two Spanish Americas, to hear and receive all proposals that might be made for transmission to the mother country, with the exception of such as might go to deprive the European and American Spaniards, residing in any part of the provinces beyond sea, of the absolute liberty of transferring and disposing of their persons, families, and property, in the manner that may seem best to them, without being exposed to any impediment or any measure that may be injurious to their fortunes. 2. The commissioners shall remain there till replies are furnished," &c. &c. If a delicacy, perhaps excessive, in saving the honour of the Spanish name made them more tardy than might have been desirable and just, for the purpose of immediately suspending the effects of that disastrous war, at all events this step displayed, in some degree, the sentiments of the Spanish nation. The first national representation pronounced that the Americans possessed equal rights with the natives of Spain. The second, finding those countries struggling for their independence, offered to treat with them,

admitting that independence as the basis of the negotiation; and the third made manifest to a powerful nation their desire of mediation as to the form and manner of the recognition of the independence for which they were struggling."—Pp. xxiii.—xxvi.

ORIGIN OF THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.

Don Termopilo's Defence of the Prospectus of Dr. Puigblanch. By Perico de los Palotes. 18mo. 1829.

UNDER this equivocal title is given a small work, full of wit and learning, couched in the purest Spanish, and conveyed in the difficult and varied form of dialogue. Its object, however, is one of the highest importance to all lovers of etymology, and those especially who are curious about the origin of the Roman dialects, and particularly that of Spain. It owes its appearance to a prospectus issued some time since by Dr. Puigblanch, one of the Spanish Refugees now in London, of a work which he is preparing on the genius and origin of the Spanish language. That prospectus contains a good deal of wit, paradox, and whimsical novelty; sufficient, indeed, to turn the head of any one reading it for the first time. What is maintained is this: That the Spanish language, as it now exists, as well as the Portuguese, existed long before any of the Latin writings handed down to us, without even excepting the fragments of the 'Twelve Tables.' This is novel, at least; but, as Dr. Puigblanch only announces this new discovery, and promises proofs to satisfy the public in his forthcoming work, one of his companions in exile has ventured to forestall him, and under the assumed name of Don Termopilo, demonstrates the absurdity of such a supposition, and of a great number of other misconceptions into which the author of the Prospectus has fallen in support of his strange notion. The dialogue of this little work clearly evinces that the author is well versed in the literature of his country, and acquainted with all the delicacies of the Spanish language. It is written in a tone of highly-seasoned irony, and abounds with phrases, sparkling with grace and vivacity, peculiar to the colloquial language of Spain. In this double, relation it really does honour to the pen and the acquirements of the author. We are told it is the production of Dr. Villanueva: at all events his antagonist believes so; for he lately gave notice that, early in the present month, he should publish his reply to the 'Critique on his Prospectus, by Dr. Villanueva.' We have kept account of this promise; and, if Dr. Puigblanch's reply procures us another work similar to the dialogue under review, we do not care how soon he fulfils his threat.

EDUCATION ON THE CONTINENT.

Des Etablissements pour l'Education Publique en Baviere dans le Wurtemberg, et dans le pays de Bade, et Remarques sur les ameliorations a introduire dans ces etablissements pour les faire adopter en France, en Angleterre, et autres Pays. Par J. C. London, Membre de la Societe pour l'Enseignement Elementaire a Paris, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 67. Mesnier. Paris, 1829.

IT is now more than twenty years ago since John Quincy Adams, in his 'Letters from Silesia,' gave us, so far as we know, the first details which were published in English of the state of parochial education in Germany,—proving that neither Scotland nor his own country, New England, had any right to assume the exclusive merit of the establishment of parish schools, though his nationality has made him somewhat inclined to assign the palm of superiority, in this respect, to New England. At the time when Mr. Adams wrote his very interesting letters, there were in Silesia a university and an academy, besides grammar-schools in every town in the province; and, moreover, a school was kept in every village, the master of which, and the other expenses of the establishment, were paid conjointly by the lord of the manor and his tenants, while they were all under the superintendence of the clergy. One fact, men-

tioned by Adams, is decisive in proving that they had advanced far beyond either Scotland or New England in the art of education, a seminary being provided for the express purpose of instruction; the teachers and young clergyman having been compelled to attend this seminary, in order to fit them for the duty of superintending the district schools. If they did not so qualify themselves, how able soever they might otherwise be, they could procure no living. The sum paid by the inhabitants for the support of the schools was levied somewhat in the manner of a rate or a tax; and even paupers, who could not pay this school-tax, were compelled to send to the schools all their children, from their sixth to their twelfth year, under the penalty of forfeiting double the school-tax.

Such was the system acted upon in Silesia before and during the sway which Napoleon exercised over Germany; and, though his marauding inroads shook German society to the very centre, yet it was never any part of his policy to obstruct, but rather to encourage, education. It was not likely, therefore, that he would interfere to suppress the schools which had been so judiciously organised. Napoleon, indeed, seems to have had an instinctive notion that a well-educated population were superior in industry, and, of course, could better afford the tyrannical and enormous imposts which his necessities required than people who were ignorant and idle. This, together with his insatiable thirst for fame, was the secret of the encouragement which he gave to education; whereas we think the present rulers of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden, are actuated by motives more disinterested and philanthropic.

The brochure now before us is the only detailed account we have met with of the state of those schools since Mr. Adams published his letters, and we have read it with higher interest in consequence of its coming from a Scotsman intimately acquainted with the boasted but very imperfect system followed in his native country. The following is our author's account of the system pursued in the public schools of Wurtemberg as described to him by M. Zoller, rector of a school in Stuttgart, and member of the National School Commission:

'1. There is an institution or college for the education of schoolmasters in a village near Stuttgart; where young persons are instructed in almost every branch of knowledge, and are obliged to undergo a complete examination before they can obtain the management of the most ordinary school. There is also an institution for young females, who are destined for the profession of instruction. They are taught the common branches of the sciences, and every kind of sewing, and kitchen, and household duties.

'2. In each village or hamlet there is a school, and a house and garden appropriated to the master; and in large towns or cities, there are one or two schools. In places where the population is considerable, the boys and girls are separated, and very frequently the latter are kept under the authority of a mistress during the two or three first years. When there is only a small number of children, boys and girls are instructed in the same school, but are not intermixed. The master is generally a married man, and his wife capable of acting as mistress, though this is not always the case. The master, besides a house and a garden, has sometimes a field allotted to him. He receives a fixed salary from the Commune, or what in England is called a parish; he has also a trifling remuneration for his pupils, according to the age of each, and instruction given. These remunerations are fixed by the Government, and are every where the same. The portion of land and salary given by the Commune, are regulated in such a manner, that the master may be provided with the means of subsistence, even in small hamlets as well as in very populous Communes.

'There exists a law which obliges parents to send their children to the school,—girls from the age of six to thirteen, and boys from six to fifteen, unless prevented by ill-health. In such cases of absence, every child must remain longer at school, to make up for lost time, or until it has attained a degree of instruction deemed sufficient by the persons who are appointed to decide upon this. If it happen that the parents are unable to pay all, or a part of the expenses

incurred in the education of their children, the Commune is answerable to the master for the deficit.

4. The branches of instruction required by the law for children are reading and grammar, that they may be in a condition to speak and write their native language with correctness; writing and arithmetic, and in the latter branch the knowledge of the child must be advanced as far beyond proportion as its capacity will admit. The works which are read are those which treat upon the duties that children have to fulfil in the world, together with geography, biography, and general history. The instruction of the girls in arithmetic is not so extensive as that of the boys; they are also taught to spin, weave, sew, knit, embroider; to make articles of apparel, even those of men; to understand culinary offices, and to take care of children. But if the parents desire it, or if the master perceive in a child, whether a girl or boy, a disposition for learning geometry, the dead languages, drawing, and other branches of education, these are taught at a very moderate expense. M. Zoller informed me that the greater part of the masters who had left the institution during the last thirty years had a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, as well as of the higher branches of the mathematics, and that they were capable of affording any instruction that could be desired.

5. In each Commune there is a Committee of Policy, or what, in England, would be called a parish vestry; of which the priest or priests of the Commune, of whatsoever religion, always, and by right, compose a part. The committee, and particularly the Protestant minister belonging to it, is charged with the office of seeing that the children be sent to school, and that the master punctually discharge his duties. The prevailing religion in Wurtemberg is the Protestant; but in some Communes the inhabitants are all Catholics, and in others there are three or four religions, amongst which even Quakers are met with. The master must not interfere with the religion of the children; that is a distinct object, and is the care of the priest of that religion which the parents follow. I shall here remark, that the difference of religious tenets does not prevent the inhabitants of Wurtemberg from living together in bonds of the most perfect union. There the Catholic religion is almost as simple in its ceremonies as the Protestant; in a word, all the different creeds appear to be reciprocally neutralized.

There is, I am told, scarcely an instance in which parents have refused to send their children to the schools; although it would not have been prudent to leave at their discretion the time for their continuance there, for the poorest of the poor would very rarely resist the temptation of taking away their children at the age of eleven or twelve, for the purpose of making them labour in the fields. From this circumstance, it is perceptible that this part of the system is clearly essential to ensure success; and, however it may infringe upon absolute liberty, this measure is, nevertheless, I think, incontestably justified by the utility and well-being which are its evident result.

6. All the children undergo an examination annually in presence of the Committee of the Commune; and the boys and girls who have completed their fifteenth or sixteenth year, and are adjudged by the Committee to have attained the degree of instruction required by the law, receive a certificate, without which, it is prohibited to give employment to any native of Wurtemberg under the age of twenty-one.—P. 14.

Such is the sketch which our author has given of the system of public education in Wurtemberg, which appears defective, he thinks, in only one point; that is, it does not comprehend lineal drawing, which is one of the most essential objects of instruction for the children of both sexes, but more particularly of boys. In all mechanical arts, lineal drawing is almost, if not altogether, as useful as arithmetic or writing; and the author justly remarks, with respect to drawing, with what facility the essential principles of all the material sciences, and the knowledge of all the operations and products of the useful and agreeable arts may be communicated, by its means, to the minds of children of every age; and, that in almost every case, it would be instrumental in giving to persons who learn drawing a taste for other studies.

The author informs us, that in Bavaria, a similar system of education is adopted. The same laws concerning marriage are also in force there, and with respect to the state of landed property;

but these laws have only been effective during the course of the last thirty years, and, consequently, their influence upon its population, although nearly the same, is not so sensible as in Wurtemberg. Nevertheless, in Bavaria, an amelioration in the system of instruction has been effected, which it may be important to mention. M. Hazzi, an enlightened and patriotic individual, who introduced modern agriculture into that country a short time after the abolition of the convents, and the organization of public instruction by Count Monteglas, looking upon Bavaria as a country essentially agricultural, conceived the idea of teaching agriculture in the schools. He composed a catechism of agriculture, and had sufficient influence with the Government to have it adopted as a school-book throughout the kingdom. This catechism, of which our author presented a copy of the first edition, published in 1804, to the Society for Elementary Instruction, at Paris, has gone through several editions, and has been increased by the author, with such improvements in the plan as have been made from time to time. The lessons which it contains continue to be every where taught. Our author proceeds to say:

As each school has a field of two or three acres belonging to it, a portion of the day, during spring and summer, is devoted to the cultivation of it, and to the operations, which partially or entirely occupy the hours of recreation in these two seasons. Different methods of cultivating these gardens have been adopted, of which the following is perhaps the best:

Let us suppose there are eight different sorts of seeds to be cultivated, and that the number of scholars amounts to forty: the land is then divided into sixteen parts, and the children into classes of five; one of them has the direction of the others; and, if possible, it is so contrived, that each class consists of some of the youngest, one of middling age, and one of the eldest. Each class has two portions of land; but as there are only eight sorts of seeds to cultivate in all, it follows that there are two squares of each sort cultivated by two different classes. The object of this arrangement is to excite emulation among the cultivators. After a child has directed the cultivation during a season, it is placed as second in another class, and the one which was second to it becomes, in turn, chief of a class; the whole is so regulated, that, during the eight years required by the law, if each child remain at the school it is four years as a working husbandman, two years as first husbandman, under a chief, and two years chief. It is well understood that the master is director-general of the whole, and that during summer he gives his pupils practical instructions in the garden, upon all the principal points of vegetable physiology, on the rotation of the crops, on the manure, and on the principal operations of gardening and agriculture; for all these instructions, and many others, compose a part of the last editions of M. Hazzi's catechism. The children learn these by heart during winter. There is a portion of land in the garden exclusively appropriated to the use of the master; and only those pupils whose squares are in the best order are permitted to assist him in the cultivation of his particular patch of land. The degree of order is determined once a week by a committee, composed of the principal pupils. The most curious operations of gardening are exhibited in the garden of the master; and in case the latter has any taste for botany, a small collection of plants and trees of the country will sometimes be found. They are numbered, and the children are permitted on holidays and extraordinary occasions to make use of the catalogue to learn their names. It is almost useless to add, that they give themselves up with ardour to this occupation.

A portion of the gardens is reserved for children of the female sex for the cultivation of flowers. This is laid out and cultivated in the same manner as that of the boys, and placed under the general direction of the school-mistress. I gave M. Sckell, director-general of the gardens at Munich, the idea of collecting every year the seeds of all the flower plants, particularly of the annual plants of the Royal Gardens of Munich, in order that he might distribute them every year to the schools of the kingdom,—a plan which has already been followed with respect to the most useful vegetables.—P. 18.

We recollect no instance of statistical detail in which we have felt more interest, than in this truly Arcadian picture of rural instruction. It

leaves at an infinite distance the dry technical lectures on agriculture, which are given at Edinburgh, Dublin, Cork, and we believe at a few other places in the United Kingdom. One day's practical instruction is worth an eternity of prosing lectures upon such a subject. The following is our author's account of the state of education in Baden:

In the country of Baden, the state of education is as much as possible similar to what it is in Wurtemberg; and, as far as my observations extend, its effects upon the inhabitants are the same. The accounts which we have received on this subject have principally been furnished us by an Englishman and a Frenchman, both professors at the polytechnic school at Carlsruhe, and by Professor Kärcher, director of the girl-school (*Tochter-schule*) in that city. I examined the different classes of this school, and brought away specimens of the pupils' writing. There are mistresses for the youngest girls; and they inspect also the work of the eldest. Masters are charged with the care of the higher classes. A part of each day is devoted to working, drawing, singing, and dancing. Each of these occupations is carried on in different rooms, and under the inspection of mistresses. They pass an examination once every year, and the result of it is published. I send you adjoined the report of 1828, (*Darlegung, &c.*) in which you will find the detail of the different articles of instruction, hours of the day, and proportion of time devoted to each study. You will observe that when the girls reach the two higher classes, philosophy, natural history in general, mythology, (this title comprehends some observations upon the various religions, which exist or have existed,) astronomy, geography, arithmetic, French, German, singing and dancing, become the object of their studies. You will see, in page 13 and 14, with what care, and in what manner, philosophy and natural history are taught; that in botany, for example, they are made to study plants upon growing specimens, in the midst of fields and gardens in summer, and that this study is carried on during winter upon dried plants; that not only the name and distinctive mark are given to each plant, but the use of each, indigenous, and exotic, in the arts and principal manufactures of Europe, are made known. The same method is practised relative to the utility of the different animals in the study of zoology. (*Thierkunde.*)—P. 14.

The greater part of the girls thus instructed cannot aspire to higher connections in the world than becoming the wives of what would be called in England working men; the rest can only hope at most to be united to artisans, and persons occupied in low public employments. This is not however to be forgotten, that these working men and artisans are as enlightened and as polished as many gentlemen in other countries; in a word, they are deserving of such wives. You will observe at the end of this pamphlet the names of the one hundred and ninety-five scholars composing the four classes in question; each is reckoned in the class to which it belongs. This list is made out annually, during the seven years that the children remain at school, and accompanied each time by a printed report. These seven reports, and the seven lists in which the name of each of the children is inserted, become the permanent archives of their progress and respective capacities. It is useless to remark, that this measure must be a powerful motive of emulation both to pupils and parents, and that these reports are deserving of being adopted in all kinds of schools.—P. 20.

In Britain this system is partially acted upon from personal motives by those schoolmasters who publish lists of such of their scholars as have obtained prizes. In our Universities, also, it is usual to publish such lists; but in none of the establishments in Britain does the system seem to be acted upon with such regularity as in those under consideration.

Our author devotes some portion of his pages to what he thinks might improve the systems of which he has given the interesting details which we have just abstracted, and to the important inquiry how far the higher ranks, and particularly the priests, appear to promote the diffusion of knowledge among the labouring classes; but into this part of the work we have not left ourselves room to enter, and must refer those who are interested in it to the original, which is replete with shrewd remarks and judicious principles.

CHEMISTRY.

A Chemical Catechism, in which the Elements of Chemistry, with the recent Discoveries in the Science, are clearly and fully explained. Illustrated by Notes, Engravings, and Tables; and containing an Appendix of Select Experiments, &c. By Thomas John Graham, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c. &c. 8vo, pp. 616. Joy. London, 1829.

WE think what has been falsely called the Interrogative System of Instruction, is decidedly on the wane; and, before many years elapse, we hope to have it in our power to report it obsolescent, if not altogether obsolete. Not that we think it possible to instruct by discarding interrogation; but, according to the exclusive manner in which it has been recently conducted by catechisms for every science, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt, that it has operated as a serious bar to the diffusion of sound practical knowledge. A boy or a girl at school, a young lady or gentleman, under private tuition, is furnished, for example, with a catechism of chemistry. Pincock's, Mavor's, Lewis's, Parke's, Forsyth's, Graham's,—no matter which, and is set to con over the answer to a question, to commit the words to memory, and at the next lesson to repeat these very words to the teacher; but all the while thinks little, if at all, about the facts contained in the answer which has been thus parroted. Now, from what we have repeatedly witnessed, we believe that this is no exaggeration, but the literal fact, whenever the interrogative method is systematically pursued, the memory being exclusively employed upon words, while things are seldom, if ever, thought of; and the judgment of the pupil is never called into action, but suffered to remain uncultivated and somnolent. Whereas, if we understand aright the philosophy of education, we should say the judgment of the pupil ought to be exercised even more carefully than the memory, which is, for the most part, sufficiently active in youth; and in few cases which have fallen within our notice, has it required the incessant stimulant inseparable from the interrogative system; while, on the other hand, the judgment of youth is always slow and imperfect, and consequently nothing can be of more importance than its cultivation. This can be but effected by putting children or young persons to discover and decide upon the differences of things, such as, in chemistry, the differences between an acid and an alkali,—a liquid and a solid, oil and water, gas and vapour, &c. In bringing this process of instruction into operation, we would not object to occasional questions being put—such will be necessary and useful; but we do most strenuously object to systematic categorical interrogation. Dr. Graham appears to have tacitly felt the evils inseparable from the system; for we find him in many instances abandoning the legitimate model of his predecessors, and deviating in his questions into the conversational style. Like Parkes, of whose book Graham's is an exact counterpart, he finds it impossible to introduce all his materials into the answers; and, finding no other place to dispose of his 'shreds and patches,' his cuttings from books and scraps from journals, he lumps them all into 'a ragged regiment' of notes, which furnish a regular running bass to the text, like Dr. Slop's curses in 'Tristram Shandy' to the lillibulero whistled by my uncle Toby. We need not go beyond the opening of the 'Chemical Catechism' to find ample ground for what we have now said:

'What is Chemistry?

'Chemistry is the science which treats of the specific differences in the nature of bodies, and the permanent changes of constitution to which their mutual actions give rise.'

Then follows the note à la Dr. Slop:

'Chemistry is a science by which we become acquainted with the intimate and reciprocal action of all the bodies in nature upon each other.—Fourcroy's General System of Chemical Knowledge.

'Chemistry may be defined, that science the object of which is to discover and explain the changes of composition that occur among the integrant and constituent parts of different bodies.—Dr. Henry's Elements of Chemistry.

'The nature of this science is very clearly explained by Sir Humphrey Davy, in his "Elements of Chemical Philosophy," p. 1. Most substances belonging to our globe are constantly undergoing alterations in sensible qualities, and one variety of matter becomes as it were transmuted into another. Such changes, whether natural or artificial, whether slowly or rapidly performed, are called chemical; thus the gradual and almost imperceptible decay of the leaves and branches of a fallen tree exposed to the atmosphere, and the rapid combustion of wood in our fires, are both chemical operations. The object of chemical philosophy is to ascertain the causes of all phenomena of this kind, and to discover the laws by which they are governed.

"The ends of this branch of knowledge are the application of natural substances to new uses, for increasing the comforts and enjoyments of man, and the demonstration of the order, harmony, and intelligent design of the system of the earth."

'The difference existing between chemistry and natural philosophy will be readily understood by reading the following explanation, given by Dr. Paris, in his "Elements of Medical Chemistry," p. 1. "As the minute particles of matter are alone actuated by such forces as attraction, heat, and electricity, chemical changes are not accompanied by sensible motions; a fact which enables us, very conveniently, to consider chemistry as distinct from natural philosophy, for the phenomena which are constantly referred to this latter province, are characterised by apparent motion."—P. 2, Note.

This bad management is continued from the beginning to the end of the work—answers following questions, and notes following both, in all the intricate confusion inseparable from such a system. With respect to the author's qualifications for writing upon the subject in any shape, we must say that he appears to us to possess much less acquaintance with chemistry than with books; and, imperfectly as he has performed the task which upon such a plan it was impossible to perform well, he has demonstrated that he is, upon the whole, a better book-maker than a chemist.

APICIAN MORSELS.

Apician Morsels; or, Tales of the Table, Kitchen, and Larder. By Dick Humelbergius Secundus. Post 8vo. pp. 348. Whittaker and Co. London, 1829.

THE intrusions of quacks into every department of science—into the sacred walks of poetry—into the holy sanctuary of the fine arts—into the deep and divinely inspired caverns of criticism—has been a subject upon which wise and good men have thought, without finding any escape from the anxious reflections which it occasioned them. That in the ordinary walks of life—in the common-place pursuits of business and pleasure,—good and evil men should be allowed to jostle each other; that there should be no distinct mark to distinguish the one from the other; but that their characters should await a manifestation from circumstances—is not surprising; but that, in those pursuits into which one withdraws from the hurry, and confusion, and medley of the world—that even into these retreats, which we should have imagined the bad would have voluntarily shunned, or, if they showed a disposition to enter them, would have been forewarned of the peril by the genius of the place herself,—they should come unforbidden, nay, should so occupy every corner, as scarcely to leave room for worthier spirits than themselves—here is matter, indeed, for speculation, and wonder, and melancholy.

There was one science, and but one, which we had believed saved from these invasions; one temple which we did fondly believe had been kept sacred from the foot of profanation; one altar from which nothing but the purest and the most fragrant incense had ever risen to heaven. We knew well that in the priests of this profession, as in every other, there were lurking defects of character; we knew that there might be superstitions in their rites, imperfection in their ser-

vices. But we did feel assured that no one had ever put on the sacerdotal vestment, in whose character a deep and holy reverence for the mysteries into a knowledge of which his ordination admitted him, did not constitute a prominent feature; not one who would venture to speak slightly or rashly of the duties of his calling. In all the qualities which constitute a great and commanding INTELLECT, the interval between the different ministers in this sanctuary is wide—almost immeasurable; perhaps there is no human scale which could determine the distance which separates the rude uncultivated mind of Mrs. Glass, or even the practical but narrow comprehension of Mrs. Rundell, from the intuitive and far-stretching genius of Ude. But still in all, even the weakest, of these writers, the moral feeling was untainted. There was a deep, earnest feeling of love and affection for their art, which shone through their weakness, and redeemed all the mistakes of their judgments. Numerous, therefore, as are the errors into which they have fallen, not the weakest of these works has really injured the mind of the country; but each, according to the wants of its own age, has added something to the science, has done much to strengthen the spirit of gourmanderie.

Of the work before us, we can, alas! speak in no such language. Weak in expression, poor in thought, it is yet worse for the feeling which it exhibits. This feeling is one of the most extraordinary presumption. An author without genius, without originality, fancied himself qualified to treat the subject of cookery; and then he depresses, we do not say in words, but in reality, the sublimity of the art that it may appear to be more on a level with his mean conceptions. With the utmost wish to be charitable, we cannot conceal our apprehension that no good motives have dictated this miserable attempt. To show how flavourless a collection of 'Apician Morsels' may be collected from the vast stores amassed by his predecessors, this has evidently been the object of the author before us; and who can doubt that he had a deeper and more wicked design, that he wished, by showing how poor a book might be written about cookery, to persuade the world, (we blush while we write down the words,) that the subject itself was unworthy the study of a man of genius. But, fortunately for mankind, the 19th century is not the time for such an experiment. In the dark ages, when cookery was confined to the cloister, and when it was the interest of priestcraft to persuade the multitude that it was not useful for them, such a work might have been as mischievous as it is ill-designing. But the march of cookery is going on, and we rejoice to think that it will not—cannot be arrested. No fury in its foes, no treachery in its pretended friends, can check its mighty progress, and, at last, its universal dissemination. The public will distinguish empirics from the true men; and nothing which is attempted by the folly or wickedness of the one will ever bring the wisdom and the virtue of the other into contempt. The author of the 'Apician Morsels' will be consigned to merited obscurity; but MAGNA EST ARS COQUINARIA, ET PREVALEBIT.

It would be too troublesome to collect instances of the utter incapacity of this man, and of the zeal which he has shown in gathering up the peels and rinds, and the impudence with which he has passed them for the viands from which they had been scraped by worthier hands. The subject of the following extract is too interesting to be wholly spoiled even by his mode of treating it. It will be new to not many of our readers, but it will revive delicious recollections in the minds of most of them:

'Invitation to the Restaurateur's, alias an Eating-house.

'It is extremely convenient for travellers, strangers, bachelors, for those whose families reside temporarily in the country, and for all those, in short, who have no kitchen of their own, to invite people to an eating-house. They are always certain of not exceeding the sum which they think proper to fix for their meals,

since they know, beforehand, the price of each article they may choose to call for. The amount having been once calculated, the inviter can command for the person whom he invites a comfortable, solid, and delicate or dainty meal, which he can moisten with wines of the best quality, according to his circumstances, and with all kinds of liqueurs from the new world.

The first *restaurants* were established in Paris, towards the end of the year 1774. We regret it is not in our power at the moment to recollect, for the benefit of modern gastronomers, the name of the founder of these institutions, where you dine *à la carte*; all we know is, that the bases of this useful institution were laid in the *rue de pecheurs*; and upon the sign of this father of restorers' house, was formerly read the following inscription in culinary Latin:—

"O vos qui stomacho laboratis, accurrite; et ego vos resurabo."

During the reign of Louis XIV., the people of quality frequently invited their friends to dine at a public-house. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, literary men and artists brought into fashion, dining at the *cook's shop*; since then, it is usually at the *restaurant's*, where men of every description, who are not in housekeeping themselves, dine and invite their friends.

If indifferent company occasionally be met with at the *restaurant's*, it is at least in a pretty place; and as much may be said of some splendid saloons, which are not quite so public. The life of a *restaurant* is tedious for those who make a necessity of it; and it is not without its little pleasures for those who are not accustomed to it. The ease which is there met with supersedes the etiquette of invitations; and the dinner which you make at one of these places, is seldom lost upon him who has availed himself of this medium of dining or of inviting a friend.

Are you going, for instance, to the *Catran Bleu* (blue dial)? The waiters, surprised to see you arrive alone, will ask you at first if you are waiting for any one? On replying that you are waiting for a friend, one of them will show you, without taking you, a hall or dining-room, which will admit of a hundred to dine, where you find people: you will there be warmed, served, and lighted, like any other commoner; but, should you ask for a private room, what activity prevails! All the bells in the house are put in motion; the waiters are scudding through the staircases twenty times in a minute, loaded with the most rare viands, the most exquisite wines; but that which is not upon the *carte à manger*, is still that for which the most is paid. At the first glance at these apartments, it is guessed that it is not customary to dine alone at the *restaurant's* on the Boulevard of the Temple, and that generally one only goes there with a friend.

Should you have it in contemplation to give a dinner to strangers or country people, on whom you would wish to impress a high idea of the establishments of this kind in the capital, and where you are yourself to do the honours of the table, you must take them to the *Café de Paris*. How you will enjoy their astonishment at the sight of those brilliant saloons, where every thing seems arranged to please the eye! Tables of granite, chandeliers of gilded bronze, those vases of flowers which are multiplied by the panes of glass with which the walls are lined, commence an enchantment, which the whiteness of the porcelain, the polish of the crystals, and the vermillion and splendour support, with the art of the cook, during the repast; but which, for the most part, is destroyed the moment the waiter comes in with the bill; for the sight of these kind of prodigies costs dear.

Do you wish to form an idea how students of different classes, or those of limited incomes, live at Paris upon twelve hundred francs (50*l.*) per annum? It is at the *restaurant's*, in the *Rue St. Jacques*, where you must go for this information precisely at four o'clock. You will neither find upon the bill of fare (*carte à manger*), *potage à la camerang*, nor *supremes au coulis de perdreaux*, nor *haris à l'Indienne*; but an abundant *potage*, soup, or stew, containing every possible combination of beef, roasted, boiled, and fricasseed; the inexhaustible *gigot aux haricots*, and the eternal *fricandeau*. Burgundy and Medoc have never poured the produce of their rich vintages into the cellars of the *restaurant's* of the Latin land; but, to make good this defect, La Brie, Orleans, Gascony, shower down torrents of a wine, *coupé* and generously baptized, with which, indeed, neither reason nor health have ever found fault. Taking every thing into consideration, there is much less difference between the quality of the wines and the meats, at the most moderate or most celebrated eating-house, than between the prices marked upon their cards respectively.

The inviters, who may be pleased to take up their residence at the most eminent *restaurants* of the capital, as well as the guests they often invite there, will not be sorry to know to what the greater number of these establishments are indebted for the fashion which has already inscribed their names in letters of gold in the great book of Gastronomy. Let them know, then, that the *Provincial Brothers* owe their reputation to the *brandade de morue*, (a cod-fish stuffed, or rather seasoned with garlic;) Very, to his *entrées truffées*; Henneven, to the mysterious *boudoirs*, upon his third floor; and Chatelin, to the *finesse* of his wines.

'A Peep into Chatelin's.

The double saloons of this learned patrician, examined with a little tact, present to the eye of the observing guest, a picture worthy of his interest, from the variety of objects which are there assembled.

In the first place, the bottom of the saloon is occupied by a young lady, who unites the most perfect grace to the most tender solicitude; her anticipations are equal to all the guests who come, without distinction, to make a stay, shorter or longer, in this kind of temple; she seems also to possess the gift of second-sight, for, with a commanding glance of the eye, the meats which you have most desired in silence upon the card, are brought and laid before you by one of the waiters, even before you have given the smallest intimation of that which you intend to take; just as if it were done by enchantment; and more than one consumer, were he put to the test, would confess that he has not with impunity been seated in a certain place, without having experienced the effects of this species of sorcery on his going away.

The fore-part of the saloon is usually occupied with solitary eaters, who never invite any body, because they are never invited themselves by any one; for this reason, they call loudly for what they want, wait impatiently, eat precipitately, and pay slowly, even on going away.

The lower sides of the saloon are usually furnished with travelling families, who, satisfied with a modest meal, sharpen it with one of those meats which is unknown to them; and they seem to enjoy with pleasure a sight entirely new to their eyes.

In the centre of the saloon, and in some measure concealed by a stove, laden with the richest gifts of Flora and Pomona, stands a small table, for the most part occupied with old customers, who frequently obtain a very considerable reduction by the care and delicacy of the *little dishes* which are presented to them by the hand of the master of the house. Here, then, is the place in question.

The saloon, upon the first floor, is usually occupied with two lovers; to judge of them by the eagerness of the one, the small faces of the other, and the sensuality of both, pleasure sparkles in their eyes; and by the choice which presides over the composition of their meal, one may guess the past, and foresee the future.

Lastly, in one of the particular cabinets, are two married people of the same stamp. One may judge, by the shawl which the lady has kept on her shoulders, and the respectable distance which the gentleman observes, that a long time has passed since they had any thing new to say to each other; they had, nevertheless, made up their minds to go to the play *en loge grillée*. They went in at half-past four, and it is now half-past eight. Not seeing them come down, though they had asked for nothing during three hours, *Henri* ventures to go into their cabinet—after, however, having tapped at the door with his fore-finger.....They are both asleep.

O ye, who have the good fortune to be invited to dine by a connoisseur at Chatelin's do not go so high; remain below, and place yourselves at the above-mentioned table near the stove, christened in the house by the name of the 8, for two reasons: the first, because—but you know them already!

Chatelin now advances, and presents himself to your *inviter*, for he knows well how to distinguish the *inviter* from the *invitee*, his *carte à manger* bound in *veau de Pontolue*, with gilt edges. His eyes are seeking to read in *ye*'s to what meats you intend to give the preference. But as this card, from its shape and bulk, might be taken for the supplement to the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, Monsieur Chatelin relieves you from the embarrassment, in which you are suspended, the first course and the *entremets*, by telling you, in a modest tone, to the tune of the "*King of Prussia's March*," in the following lines, which, as they would lose considerably by any translation, we shall give our readers in the original:

"A bon titre je suis
Renommé dans Paris,
Pour les morceaux exquis
Que je fournis;

"Mon salon est toujours garni
Et mon buffet bien assorti,
Des mets qui sont les mieux choisis;
Dans tous les tems, au même prix,
On peut trouver réuni
Des alimens de tout pays.

"On vante mon chablis,
Mes huîtres, mes radis,
Ainsi que mes salmis
De perdrix.

"Mes godiveaux au ris;
Mes tourtes, mes hachis;
Fameux pâtés, gros et petits,
Bien dorés et bien arrondis;
Bœuf au naturel, au coulis;
Mouton aux navets bien roussis."

As the uncertainty of the inviter is always the same, and, moreover, as it is impossible for you to eat of all these articles, Chatelin, who perceives this, continues to excite your sensuality, by giving you, in a higher key, the following short cut:

"Papillotes,
Poulets rôtis,
Gibelotes,
Macaronis,
Matelotes,
Salsifis,
Frits,
Fines compotes,
De puits,
Cuits.

Je conserve dindons farcis
Pour les maris,
Excellent thon pour les impolis.
Cervelle pour les étourdis."

Know, then, that once seated in this place, you have under your control, as the elements of the dinner that is offered to you, to choose between:

11 Stews,
29 Hors d'œuvres, cold and hot,
25 Entrées of beef,
27 Ditto of veal,
35 Ditto of poultry,
12 Ditto of game,
9 Ditto of pastry,
26 Ditto of fish,
29 Ditto of dessert.

The whole of which you may moisten with—

27 Kinds of red wine,
17 Ditto of white,
7 Ditto of vin de liqueur,
33 Ditto of liqueurs.

Without reckoning the coffee, and other mixtures, such as *gloria*, *punch*, *bisquit*, &c. &c.

Happy, indeed, is he who can every day verify the exactitude of this description, made to stimulate the curiosity and emulation of those who reflect on the surest means of putting the theories here taught in practice.—Pp. 205—211.

INDIAN REMINISCENCES.

Poems, Original, Lyrical, and Satirical, containing Indian Reminiscences of the late Sir Toby Rendrag, M. N. S. 12mo., pp. 200. Boys. London, 1829.

THERE is a consistency about this poem which we admire. The thoughts are worthy of the language, the language of the versification, and the spirit in which it is written, of all three. The notes are not at all more stupid than the text, and the text not the least more malicious than the notes. The author's wit cannot accuse his imagination of showing it off to disadvantage, neither can his imagination complain that it suffers injustice in being paired with his understanding. His knowledge of Indian habits is about as extensive as his knowledge of English taste.

The following extract will justify our observations:

'Not so your Musselmans—they're lewd, and proud,
Viewing with inward scorn as vile deceivers
All other sects—they raise their voices loud,
Abusing when they dare all unbelievers.
Like Spanish Priests, they'd plunder, purge, and vomit,
Jews, Pagans, Christians—for their saint Mahomet!

Some reader here may think that bile or spleen
Hath led me from the path of true narration :
I talk as I have heard, read, known, and seen
All Musselmans are foes to toleration.
To gain their favour free from sneers, derision—
Let grow your beard, and then try --- circumcision !

Waving religion, be it understood,
That Musselmans are liberal, bold, and zealous ;
Careless of money, prodigal of blood,
Obliging, neighbourly, when not too jealous.
Fond of their ease, wit, wine, and jocularly,
They sometimes court like us, for popularity.

Upon this subject we have said enough ;
Besides " *Qui hit* " may think it stale or foolish ;
Still worse—the Muse seems rather in a huff
Like some fond Miss in love, grown sick and mulish,
" Proceed (she says) you've other theme to handle,
Or I will leave you, and your farthing candle."

" City of Palaces " I greet thee low,
Although I think the term inapplicable—
There's vanity enough, God knows, and show ;
But palaces may suit an Eastern fable !
Some houses are substantial, airy, roomy,
And others dirty, mean, close, hot, and gloomy !

Calcutta ! low I greet thy modern walls,
Thy drains, rails, tanks, straw huts of Hindoo labour,
Large, straggling, flat-roof'd houses, good for squalls,
Scarce one in shape or size like to its neighbour.
Improve thy streets, lanes, bridges, rails and pottery,
Nor waste the public money gain'd by Lottery.

"Tis true, thy buildings *some* are worth a viewing—
Yet, sober Hindoos pass them one and all,
To see thy " *Great House*," and what's there a
doing,

Scarce deigning one side-glance at yon Town-hall.
Long may'st thou hold thy proud exalted station,
" *Great House* " of fame—the wonder of each nation !

Thy lions rampant, and thy kingly arms,
Thy double fronts, and wings in circle winding,
Thy stuccoed domes, and marble halls have charms,
When dust, hot winds, and Hackery wheels are
grinding,

Compared with *thee*, I've never seen thy brother—
I wish our King (poor man) had *such another*.

Fair is the strand from asses, cows and pigs,
And gay the scene at eve on ev'ry Sunday ;
There half-cast Dandies drive their loves in gigs,
And debtors (one in seven) have no *dun* day.
Flags, masts, ships, sinnaes, here far surpass—
The roaring beach—vain-glory of Madras !

Try not our city eastward here too far,
Where narrow zig-zags give poor natives shelter ;
Where many a drunken *Dhobie*, and *Lascar*,
Fight, dance, and fiddle—tumble helter skelter ;
Where Methodist fanatics may snarl
At laughing Hindoos, perch'd upon a barrel.

I never fancied vagrant preacher's canting,
Illiberal on all subjects but long prayers ;
Vulgar, illiterate—stretching truth by ranting
'Gainst worldly cravings, and grim Satan's snares.
Such as I've met, lived well themselves and thriving,
With flocks of children—for they all love wiving.

In modes and manners, there's a wrong and right,
And so there is in spiritual instruction ;
The fear of hell may heathen minds affright,
But education bears a sure production.
No Missionary serves a cause religious
By speech offensive, ranting, and litigious.

This book will give offence to no one except
the friends of Lord Byron, whose verse he has
adopted, and to those of Mr. Fairlee whose cha-
racter he has praised.

Duelling.—The *projet de loi* in the French Chamber
of Deputies is likely to meet with much opposition,
from the rigour with which some of its provisions have
been made. The *projet* assigns the following punish-
ments : for voluntary homicide, without premeditation
or malice prepense, hard labour for life. For killing
the antagonist, with premeditation and malice, death.
For wounds, producing illness or incapacity for more
than twenty days, if without premeditation, imprison-
ment from one month to two years, with from 16 to
240 francs fine ; if with premeditation, imprisonment
from two to five years, and from fifty to five hundred
francs fine.

LECTURES ON EDUCATION.

ABOUT a year since, we alluded to a course of lec-
tures upon the subject of Education, which, though
delivered in an obscure part of the metropolis by a
foreign gentleman, and though not forced upon public
notice by any pompous announcement, struck us as
displaying an intimate acquaintance with human nature,
and embodying more practical wisdom than almost
any thing we had ever heard or read upon the subject.
In spite of the immense disadvantages under which
these lectures were delivered, we are rejoiced that they
excited so much attention as to induce Dr. Biber, the
gentleman to whom we have alluded, to commence an-
other course next week upon the same all-important
subject. From the following paper our readers may
form some notion of the range of topics which these
lectures will embrace : but we will undertake to say,
that, unless by attending his course, they can form no
notion of the illustration which these topics are capable
of, received from so comprehensive and experienced a
mind.

The following are the questions which he intends to
treat :

I. What are the rights and duties of the family and
of society at large respecting the education of children
belonging to them ?

II. To what sort and degree of education can every
human individual, as such, lay claim, independently
of rank, fortune, or any other distinction ?

III. How far is the education of a child to be regu-
lated according to his natural capacities, and how far
must external circumstances be permitted to affect it ?

IV. What are the chief obstacles to a more general
education of the poor, and what are the leading errors
committed in this greatest of all charities, as far as it
extends at present ?

V. What are the chief errors committed in the edu-
cation of the wealthier classes, and by what means can
the education of both poor and rich be made to pro-
duce in the course of time a more harmonious state of
society ?

VI. How far has Christianity hitherto been allowed
to influence education, and by what means are the
difficulties arising from outward distinctions among
Christians to be obviated in it ?

For other information, we refer the reader to the
Advertisement.

CATALOGUE RAISONNE.

Two Lectures on Population. By N. W. Senior, Esq.
Saunders and Otley. London, 1829.

In an early Number of our Journal, we shall invite
our readers' attention to these interesting lectures,
from the pen of a writer who has already done much,
and who, we trust, will do much more, to rescue poli-
tical economy from the hands of empirical teachers, and
to give it a stable and scientific character.

The Origin of Man, &c. Wilson. London, 1829.

THIS work, we understand, is from the pen of a very
young lady. It displays a degree of talent which we
shall rejoice to see otherwise directed ; not in such dark
discussions as these, for it is with that practical me-
taphysics which is concerned in engaging the affections
and purifying the conscience, that we always wish to
find the female sex occupying themselves, and enlight-
ening us.

Nature Displayed, &c. London, 1829.

THOUGH we may entertain some doubts respecting
the application of Mr. Duffie's system of all languages,
we now feel no doubt whatever that it has been most
successful in communicating a knowledge of French.
The peculiar conventional character of that language
prescribes a plan of teaching somewhat different from
that which is, perhaps, abstractedly, the most complete
and methodical ; and we have the assurance of many
impartial persons, who have made this (the only fair)
trial of Mr. Duffie's system, that it has enabled them
to progress very surely and rapidly. The present edi-
tion is the ninth.

Natural History of Enthusiasm. Holdsworth and
Ball. London, 1829.

WE had intended to dismiss this work with a brief
notice ; but, after looking it over, we found that it con-
tained matter for more diligent perusal and ample
criticism, which we hope very shortly to bestow upon
it.

LOVE TENACIOUS OF LIFE.

ALL men that live to think and feel—
Have lofty thoughts and passions strong,
Do choose some object for their zeal,
And seek it always—right or wrong.

And when, by long and patient strife
The paramount desire is gained,
There is no more of good in life ;
And still to be—is to be chained.

To live when that for which they thought
Life only given, is all their own,
Is from the height an age had bought,
In one brief moment to be thrown ;

Or find, perchance, the toll-won prize
Unlike what, when remote, it seemed,
And strip of all the dazzling dyes
That round it, in the sunset, gleamed ;

Or feel that the insatiate heart
Still pines for something unpossessed—
That only strife can peace impart,
And labour only gender rest.

But I have sought—nor sought in vain—
And yet to die feel no desire ;
Nor have I lost my precious gain,
Nor does the rich possession tire.

Death the most fadeless wreath may be,
That, to the conqueror, Heaven can give—
To fly, with red-winged Victory,
To where the souls of heroes live ;

And sweet unto the failing sense
Of patriot bidding Earth farewell,
To hear, on his departure thence,
A nation's praise in chorus swell ;

Nor less unnatural to the bard,
When he has built his monument,
To pant, like Flaccus, to be starved,
And prune him for the long ascent.

But earthly love, to earth confined,
Demands of life the longest day ;
It is not only in the mind,
But mixes with the putrid clay.

J. M. H.

*Influence of the senses of animals upon their intelli-
gence.*—The body, according to Galen, is the organ of
the soul ; consequently, all the members are of great
utility. It is on this account that the members are
different, since souls themselves are of a different
nature. The bold and courageous lion has powerful
teeth and claws ; the bull is provided with horns, and
the boar with tusks. Timorous animals, such as the
hare and stag, are organized to escape from danger
by rapid flight. Man, endowed with intelligence, has
received from nature hands for his weapons and pro-
tection. These instruments he employs in the arts, in
war, and in peace. He needs neither horns nor tusks.
By means of his hands, he provides for himself shoes,
cuirasses, lances, arrows ; he constructs walls and
houses ; he makes clothes, and rivals in this manner,
not only the animals which inhabit the earth, but those
which fly in the air, or live in the sea. By means of
his hands, he writes laws, erects temples and statues,
constructs vessels, makes flutes, lyres, knives, pincers,
and all sorts of instruments necessary for the arts. It
is by these means he transmits his meditations to po-
sterity, while he holds a conversation with Plato, Ari-
stotle, or Hippocrates. The hands, then, are the best things
which could have been given to man, as an intelligent
being : but for this very reason Anaxagoras asserts he is
not the most intelligent being, whilst Aristotle main-
tains, from the same cause, that he is. It is not his
hands which have pointed out the arts to man, it is his
understanding. The hands are merely instruments ;
thus, it is not the lyre which instructs the musician,
nor the pincers which make the smith : yet they are
only artists by aid of their intelligence.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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THE PASSING OF THE BILL.

The Passing of the Bill; a New Tragedy. By Mr. Shiel. (Still in MS.)

WHETHER it be true or not that the Duke of Wellington has directed the Poet Laureate to compose a *carmen triumphale* on the passing of the Catholic Bill,—that the present high-minded possessor of the sack-butt, unawed, like his official brother, Sir Charles Wetherell, by the nod and field-marshal's uniform of the Premier, has declined the task,—and that, in consequence of this obstinacy, the Rev. Mr. Millmann has kindly undertaken to furnish the required number of stanzas,—we have not been able, after making the most diligent inquiries, satisfactorily to ascertain. But, should the state of the case be as is reported, we have every reason to believe that the Professor of Poetry at Oxford will favour us with an early copy of his work, and that we shall be able to lay before our readers a hymn which will send down the name of Mr. Peel to a distant posterity in company with those illustrious characters whom the reverend gentleman has previously delighted to honour—Belshazzar and the Apollo Belvidere.

Meantime, a rival to this distinguished poet—divine—professor—has started up in a quarter from which some commemoration of the great recent event might certainly have been looked for. Our readers will hear without surprise, and doubtless with great pleasure, that recent events having emancipated Mr. Shiel from the daily toil which was his portion as long as the great Catholic Parliament continued its sittings, has returned to those pursuits whence his youthful forehead gathered laurels which only the thicker and more spreading wreath which has since been entwined for him could have shaded from public view.

'Your house, Sir,' he says, in a beautiful dedication to the Manager of the Dublin Theatre,—
'Your house was the little farm, the *rus paternum*, where I ploughed the deep furrows of age, and the soft untilled cheek of youth with the ploughshare of no ungenerous or un-Irish tears. But my country demanded its Cincinnatus, and I deserted the peaceful scenes of dramatical invention for the sanguinary field of real tragedy. But the battle is fought; the enemies of Ireland are vanquished; and I return with the *spolia opima* which I have won in the conflict, to hang them in the hall, which is endeared by a thousand youthful recollections, and was the scene of a thousand youthful triumphs!'

Our readers will gather from these remarks, that Mr. Shiel's forthcoming drama is an historical play, and that the subject of it is the PASSING OF THE CATHOLIC BILL. We should be misusing the opportunity which the kindness of an Irish friend has afforded, if we were to waste any time in general criticisms upon the performance of which we are about to give an abstract. We shall merely, therefore, remark, that if in poetical diction, and some of the inferior constituents of dramatical excellence, it falls short of some of Mr. Shiel's earlier works, it displays an attention, even a minute chronological attention, to historical truth,—an adherence to costume, and a skill in seizing situations, which are above all praise, and which must contribute prodigiously to add even to that treble reputation which he has won as a poet, an orator, and an agitator.

The play opens about the close of November last, and the first scene is a meeting of the Cabinet Council. The cavillers will, no doubt, complain that this scene too closely assimilates the meetings in Downing-street to those in the Corn Exchange, Dublin: they will inform us, that when twelve Englishmen meet together, it is generally for the purpose of talking, not of speechifying; and probably they will inform us, in a very authoritative manner, that since the commencement of the present premiership oratory is banished, not merely by custom, but by special edict from the Cabinet. All this we

think very absurd; for, if the members of the Cabinet do not take offence at the mode in which their proceedings are described, we should like to know who has a right to be offended; and, as we never heard that the individual members of the Cabinet complained of the reporters in the newspapers for giving coherency to their Parliamentary discourses, we do not think it likely that they should abuse a dramatist who performs a similar service for their ministerial deliberations. And as Mr. Shiel has successfully adopted, and even improved upon, the modern dramatical blank verse, that we are sure it will be impossible to detect the slightest approach to poetical formality in any part of the scene.

The first speaker is Lord Bathurst, who expresses himself decidedly hostile to a settlement of the question, as likely to prove fatal to the Constitution. He is followed by Lord Ellenborough in a somewhat ornate speech, at the commencement of which the Duke of Wellington sinks into a sound slumber. The Chancellor then delivers a powerful harangue, in which he expresses his opinion as a lawyer, that certain Acts do disqualify the Catholic from holding certain offices, which Acts, it is his opinion, the three estates of the realm have the power of removing. But he adds:

'Power without will, my Lords and Gentlemen,
Is nothing: both together move the heavens,
And could, no doubt, remove the 12th of Charles.'

There is a pause for a few minutes, after which Mr. Peel delivers a very long speech, which concludes in the following impressive manner:

'Thus, Lords and Gentlemen, I've laid before you
An abstract of the letters which have reached
Your humble servant, (servant of the Crown
Also,) touching the state of that poor country,
Whereof I once was the prime-secretary.
It must be owned things are not as they should be,
Nor, as for many reasons, chiefly public,
Though some of them referring to myself,
I could have wished they were.'

[Takes out a white pocket handkerchief, wipes his eyes: Mr. Goulburn having done the same, Mr. Peel proceeds.]

Forgive this feeling,
And listen while I offer what appears
To me, much thinking upon this sad subject,
[Lord Ellenborough across the table to Lord Aberdeen. 'He got that from Brougham.' Lord Aberdeen, haughtily: 'No, from Demosthenes: of course you remember *Εἰς μὲν οὐκ ἔστιν—um.* But pray let us hear what he is saying.']

And, often reading through both what I've shown you
Just now, and likewise sundry documents
Which I've received from various private sources,
The sagest counsel. It is a wish, my Lords
And Gentlemen, a wish most near my heart,
That all we do, both elsewhere and in Ireland,
May be so done that all our countrymen
Should in our measures be content and happy,
And for this end I would coerce the Papists,
Yet so that e'en the Papists should acknowledge
We did them service; I would restrain the fury
Of my dear friends the Orangemen, and win
Their love, by binding them: for madness
Beseems not man or woman, ox or dog.
The disaffected I would hang at once,
But in a mode which they should own was fair,
And even, in their cooler moments, pleasant.
This scheme of mild conciliatory coercion,
If it be feasible, I think would answer;
If not—and here I own a doubt steps in,
(For what we have not proved, we cannot tell
Whether 'twill do or no,) why then I feel
'Twere better that we sought some other plan,
And, if that plan be safe, I think 'tis wiser
That we should make the trial—if unsafe,
I think upon the whole we'd better not.

After a few words from Mr. Goulburn, who expresses himself perfectly in accordance with the sentiments of Mr. Peel, Mr. Herries delivers an anti-Catholic oration, in the midst of which the Duke of Wellington suddenly starts, rubs his eyes, and awakes. The whole council is in some alarm, and Mr. Herries hastily resumes his seat. The Duke then rises, and states in a few words, which are very properly given in prose, that he is rejoiced to find such a unanimous feeling in

favour of concession pervading the Cabinet, as his own opinions had long been made up, and as he had brought with him the heads of the measure, which he thought likely to accomplish the object; a measure which he had no doubt his Majesty, acting by their advice, would be happy to recommend in his speech to Parliament. The Council then breaks up; and Lord Bathurst remarks to Mr. Herries as they leave the chamber, that little reliance could be placed upon public men if they allowed their private convictions to interfere with their sense of public duty; in which observation Mr. Herries most cordially concurs.

After this, the scene changes to Ireland, and we find ourselves at a meeting of the Order of Liberators. During the celebration of divine service, or rather in the middle of a second sermon by Mr. Steele, the Brunswickers break into the chapel. A battle follows, which is described with uncommon power, but which we have not space to extract at length, nor the heart to spoil by selections. The scene terminates with an agreement between the two parties that they will keep the peace with each other, and argue the question in recitative. This ingenious artifice introduces the chorus, which consists half of Catholics—half of Brunswickers, who always appear in the intervals of the dialogue, even when the previous scene happens to be in London, to carry on the interest of the piece, and enlighten the people of England respecting the real state of their unhappy country. The first chorus brings the history down to the landing of St. Patrick; and, though we have always scrupled to express a decided opinion upon the general question, we must say that so far we think the reasonings urged in favour of Emancipation are considerably more powerful than those on the other side.

On the rising of the curtain at the commencement of the second act, the Marquis of Douro is discovered walking pensively in the garden behind Apsley House, contemplating the new buildings. During this walk, much is left, as in the case of Lord Burleigh, to the imagination of the reader; for the young nobleman only utters two words from which the subject of his meditations may be gathered. These words are, 'My father!' and 'Miss Lawless!' after pronouncing which last syllables, he rushes madly into the house. That we may finish this delicate part of the subject at once, we quote the apology which Mr. Shiel makes for this part of his poem, which, while we admire it as excellent art, upon personal grounds we must condemn. 'In imagining,' he says, 'an attachment between two interesting young persons, with both of whom I am utterly unacquainted, and to one of whom I have reason to believe there is no counterpart in the real world, I have been anxious, on the one hand, to give a certain sentimental interest to my play during its progress; and, on the other, by omitting the usual termination of such proceedings, to show how the streamlets of individual attachment are, at the present moment, lost in the great ocean swell of national rejoicing.' These two loving souls are so overcome with exultation at the passing of the Bill, that, as Lord Douro expresses it, in his speech at the close of the fifth act—

'Marriage were dull after such ecstasy.'

After all, the best excuse for the introduction of such allusions is, that the parties, though desperately smitten, do not meet once in the course of the play, and, it appears, never did meet before.

We are then transported to Oxford, on the first day of the session,—an admirable contrivance, by which the reader is saved from the too sudden shock of a direct announcement from the throne. The debate in the Convocation is characteristically dull; though nothing can be much better imagined than the arch solemn manner in which (after the petition is voted) the Vice-Chancellor takes Mr. Peel's letter from his pocket and reads it to the assembly. We hope to see Liston

in the part. The Chorus then enters, and traces the rise and progress of potatoes. Besides the research displayed in this composition, the versification is often very striking, and the Doric is more strictly preserved than in any other of the Choruses.

The third act opens with a fine dialogue between William Cobbett and a man from the West Country. The former having given his friend a general account of the intention of Ministers, the farmer responds:

Man.—Now, master Cobbett, I should like mainly to know whether you a'rnt chousing I, for to speak the plain truth, and I hope it won't give you no offence seeing as I mean none.—I say, I can't see as how they can be going to let in the Papishers when it is only three weeks next Wednesday,—for I mind the day well,—since I and my wife, and my three children, put our crosses to a petition to keep them out. And twan't a common petition either, Mr. Cobbett, for 'twere written upon a long piece of white parchment as smooth as my child's chin, and tied with blue ribbon at the corners. Now I don't see exactly how these two things agrees together.

Mr. Cobbett.—And did they really tell you, my good friend, that the people in the London Parliament House would care about your Devonshire petitions?

Man.—Why, as for its being a Devonshire petition, if you means anything slightly to the Devonshire people, I don't think it's very civil, and I should not mind, though you be a great man, and writes a great deal about Indi silks.—

Mr. Cobbett.—Indian Corn, Thomas, if you please. India silks indeed! do you think I would write about their poor flimsy, ragged, beggarly, salt and water Leadenhall-street taffeta?

Man.—Well, well, Indian corn then; but, as I was saying, if you abuses Devonshire I am your man; and, as for a petition 'twas signed by more great folks than you ever seed in your life, I'll answer for it. There was Squire Bastard, and Sir Thomas ——— no, he is not a Protestant, and our parson—he is an honourable in his own right, and the Bishop of Exeter along with Lord Rolle, a score other peers of the realm who signed their names out straight and plain without putting any Lord at all before them, as if they knewed the people we were petitioning, and could ax them anything as soon as they look at them, and tell them they might go to the devil if they did not give them what they wanted.

Mr. Cobbett.—Thomas, were you paid your wages last Saturday?

Man.—To be sure I was: what for do you want to know?

Mr. Cobbett.—Have you any of the money about you that you were paid in?

Man.—Yes, Sir, what I have saved up for four weeks to come up to London with. (*Produces a five-pound Bank of England note.*)

Mr. C. (*looks at it for some minutes, then throws it down and stamps about for some moments with great vehemence. The countryman follows him with his eyes, which exhibit much astonishment and perturbation.*)—The cowardly, dirty, treacherous, murderous borough-monger. Pay a poor man who has been slaving and starving for twelve hours a day for all the week, except the one day on which they send him to catch cold by sitting on one of the wretched seats they call free benches, in the churches which they stole from the Catholics; and all that he may hear a canting, hypocritical, mean-spirited sermon from one of the fat, feasting, titling, thieving shovel hats, to pay a man who has gone through all these miseries with such stuff as this. And they had the impudence to ask you to sign one of their petitions after this?

Man (*evidently alarmed*).—Why, gracious me, Mr. Cobbett, the bank that that's drawn on ha'n't stopped, has it?

Mr. C.—Not stopped, my good fellow, not stopped! yes, for the last thirty years. This rag, my good fellow, is worth just that, (*snapping his fingers*), and no more.

Man.—Well, that is a job! Who could have thought they'd have used me like that?

Mr. C.—Who could have thought it? Why, I thought it. I knew it, and I told you of it. Did you never hear of THE THING?

Man.—Lord, no, Sir, what is it?

Mr. C.—Then, my good fellow, I am sorry for your case; and, if you put this bundle of Registers in your pocket, they may do you some good.

Man.—Oh, thank you, Sir; then, if I take them to the bank, they'll give me gold for them.

Mr. C.—Give you gold for them, will they? No, they'll hang you as sure as you are born. Why, there is not such a set of hanging, butcherly, bloodsucking ruffians in the country. If you have any liking for your life, you had better keep out of their way.

Man.—And what must I do with this note, Mr. Cobbett?

Mr. C.—Why it's just possible, you may find as great a fool as yourself to take it of you.

Man.—I hope I shall; but rot me if I ever vote for the parson again if he does not right me for this. (*Exeunt.*)

We pass over all the scenes in the two Houses as perfectly insufferable: indeed, we hope Mr. Shiel will be induced to retrench those parts of his play with an unsparing hand. From these, the scene between the Duke of Wellington and the Marchioness of Conyngham, at the close of the third act, is a delightful relief. The act closes with a chorus, in which the different clauses of Poyning's Act are debated *seriatim*. An allusion to the passing Act is most happily introduced by way of contrast.

The fourth act brings us to Battersea Fields; and, in that open space, the Hibernian imagination of Mr. Shiel runs perfectly riot. The observations of the countrymen who are witnesses to the 'duel, though far too witty for the dull beef-eaters of Battersea, and altogether savouring of the potato, are, nevertheless, very amusing. Then follows a tremendous scene, which is laid, at night, in the caverns under the office of 'The Morning Journal.' Here are assembled Mr. Halcomb, Mr. Isaacson, the Rev. Edward Irving, and a number of other conspirators, who are discussing the best means of deposing his present Majesty, and placing the Duke of Cumberland upon the throne. After a few minutes, two muffled figures enter the room, whom, after some time, we learn to be the Marquis of Chandos and Mr. Trant. The scene reminds us, perhaps too strikingly, of the corresponding one in Marino Faliero; and the speech of the member for Dover especially recalled those pathetic lines,—

'You never eat their bread,' &c.

The chorus to this act is the most remarkable in the play. We must extract a passage.*

The fifth act flags less than might be expected. A Scotch devil belonging to 'The Morning Journal' reveals the plot to Mr. Joseph Hume, who he mistakingly imagined would suffer, as one of the ministry, from its explosion; and through him it is disclosed to the Government. The Marquis of Chandos and Mr. Trant are sentenced to be hanged; but just then the Bill passes, and in the universal enthusiasm they are pardoned.

After this we have the St. Patrick's Dinner, which terminates with a scene in the streets. Mr. O'Connell is seen walking home between the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Leveson Gower, to each of whom he ever and anon turns, saying in his impassioned manner:

'Hereditary Bondsmen! know ye not,

Would ye be free, yourselves must strike the blow?'

The hymn of triumph at the close is equal to any thing in Irish poetry.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued from page 220.)

FROM the foregoing letter, which I trust I have committed no breach of honesty in communicating to my readers, they will, no doubt, have formed a very favourable opinion of Miss Corrie.

In her countenance there was not much either to confirm or weaken such prepossessions. It was thin and angular, contained an unusually small mouth, a sharp penetrating nose, and a pair of grey eyes, more expressive and sparkling than grey eyes usually are. Whether that expression was one of intelligence, or of mere shrewdness,

* Quite impossible.—Ed.

or contained equal portions of cleverness and cunning, would have been a fair subject of speculation to a person looking at her face for the first time. It was a face that no person would have cared to look at twice for any pleasure that it afforded; but which was 'full of useful learning,' as the lawyers, say to those who were making up their minds upon some doubtful questions in physiology.

Her figure was short, but not so short as to hinder her from drawing it into an attitude of dignity when she was introduced to a new visitor, asked questions about her system of education, or thrown into the company of a sister of the craft. Nothing, however, could be further from dignity than her ordinary quick springing step, a characteristic never wanting in short persons who have a considerable sense of their own importance, and belonging par excellence to the editors of weekly newspapers, young templars, and ladies who are much in the habit of being consulted upon affairs of the heart.

Mr. Kinnon, whose acquaintance with the indications of character in the form and countenance, was naturally not more profound than his knowledge of the character itself, did not form many theories about his new governess. He was previously determined to be pleased; and, as he saw something in her face which looked to him like talent, and as he did not observe any symptoms there of a deficiency in good-nature, he easily persuaded himself that the dynasty of the new inmate would be of an unmingled advantage to his dear child.

By her first conversation with him, Miss Corrie contrived still more completely to establish herself in his good opinion.

'I am about to intrust to your care, Miss Corrie, the only possession of any value which I have left to me in the world. If I thought it were safe in my keeping, it should never have been given into other hands. In the foolishness of my vanity, I may once have flattered myself that I was capable of such a charge. I may have deceived myself into the belief that love would stand me in the stead of knowledge; that with nothing but a father's affection for my guide, I could grope my way through all the windings and intricacies of the female heart, and that with no other clue to the difficulties which must beset my child's path than is supplied by the quickness of a father's apprehension—I could anticipate them all—I fancied that my prayers would be effectual with heaven to grant to my weakness that assistance without which the greatest strength must prove ineffectual. But I have been cured, Madam, of this presumptuous confidence: I shall be trifling with my daughter's safety, if I any longer trust to such feeble protection as my own. I place her under the guardianship of one who, I am sure, will remember what a serious and solemn trust she is undertaking.

'With such feelings, my dear Sir, it is quite impossible that you could be an unfit person to manage the education of a daughter. You have been too diffident of your powers; for you could never have been aware of those mysteries in the character of our sex which you speak of, if you had not studied us very deeply.'

'No, Miss Corrie, I assure you my ignorance is not affected; I feel how little I am fit for such a task.'

'I am very rude to interrupt you,' rejoined the governess; 'but you must allow me to say that, on this subject, I cannot take even your testimony. I have seen something of pretenders to a knowledge of human nature, and I would venture to hope that I am myself not a pretender; but give me leave to say that there are in the remarks you have just made indications which I cannot mistake, that you have sounded the very deepest recesses of the female heart.'

'My experience of your sex, Madam, has been but limited; and I cannot claim such an exten-

ordinary degree of the light of nature as would enable me to make discoveries without it.'

'Yes, so say all gentlemen who really understand us. They are aware, from the search that they have made, how very much there is to learn. The coxcombs treat us differently. One class of them consider our minds perfectly transparent—fancy they can look through us at a first glance. The other regard us as mirrors which are to reflect their own absurdities. Mr. M'Kinnon has evidently studied in a different, and, I must add, a far better school than either.'

'One discovery I certainly have made,' said M'Kinnon, beginning to suspect himself of penetration, and feeling a great veneration for Miss Corrie growing up side by side with his self-respect; 'one discovery I have made, and that is, that the characters of women are much more various than is generally supposed. Does your experience bear me out in this remark?'

'It is a bold assertion,' said Miss Corrie, appearing to meditate upon the strikingly original proposition which M'Kinnon had just enunciated. 'A very bold opinion to maintain in the teeth of our great moral poet's common-place remark, that we have no characters at all. But I am convinced that you are right; indeed, I have always felt the truth of your sentiment, though I should never have dared to express it upon my own responsibility. Henceforth, I shall be more courageous.'

'I think, perhaps,' said M'Kinnon, much emboldened by this encouragement, 'that the difference of character is more observable in women when they are young than in men.'

'Delightful!' exclaimed Miss Corrie; 'that is the very idea I have been so long in search of, but I have never found it any where. Yes, it must be as you say; the diversities among men arise from the difference of their occupations; the diversities among women from the difference of their natures. You have made a most important addition to our stock of first principles, Sir.'

It was not in flesh and blood to resist such an attack as this,—to see a sentiment, which, when he first broached it, M'Kinnon, with all his ignorance, had almost suspected was none of the newest, treated as original, patronised, and actually turned into an apothegm, by a person of whose acquaintance with the subject to which his opinion referred he had heard so much.

The compliment was overpowering. Miss Corrie saw the impression she was making; and, if still more ambitious hopes did not for a moment float through her imagination, she at least felt that proper dexterity and caution alone were wanting to establish a supremacy over both father and child.

'A girl, on the other hand—in fact, I find I am only repeating your own remarks, you have so anticipated any thing I can say—in a girl, we must carefully watch the qualities which are already developed, to encourage or control them. In short, we must regulate ourselves, in the first case, for the object we have in view for the child; in the other, by the child itself.'

'As, at tennis, we keep our eye upon the point to which the ball is to be sent; in billiards, upon the ball itself,' said M'Kinnon.

'An admirable illustration!' exclaimed Miss Corrie; 'it makes me see my own meaning so much more clearly;' though she was perfectly aware that the Rector had merely put tennis-ball for boy, and billiard-ball for girl, in her own sentence, and consequently that it could not, in the least, have illustrated her meaning.

'Now, you see, my dear Sir, that I have always acted upon this plan of determining my course of study by the dispositions and habits of my pupil; always, of course, where I have found any one tendency very strong, using those studies which would most effectually counteract it. Thus, if my pupil exhibit marks of a strong imagination, I would make her attend exclusively to facts; if I

thought her reasoning powers were likely to get the upper hand, and, of course, to make her disputatious, I would oblige her to read poetry. This plan I have adopted, and found it answer; but I was merely acting by guess. You have taught me the reason why I was so successful; and now, too, I see more clearly than I ever did why it is so important to educate women for society; they have no other profession except that of making themselves agreeable.'

'You have done much, Miss Corrie, in the few minutes we have conversed, to clear up the difficulties which I had felt on the subject of female education; but, instead of making me regret my resolution to give up the management of my daughter, you have only made me more determined to resign her entirely into your hands.'

The result of this conversation was singularly satisfactory to Miss Corrie. In addition to the actual advantage she had gained, she had, in the course of it, sounded M'Kinnon's mind, and made herself thoroughly acquainted with all its shallow places. In her first experiment, she had followed the general principle, which probably will prove true in four cases out of five, that no amount of flattery is really felt excessive by the object of it, and that men are most pleased when the salve is applied to the rawest spots in their minds; still, as she had been so unfortunate as to meet with one or two exceptions to this rule, who had exhibited much indignation at the outrageousness of her compliments, she naturally felt apprehensive lest she might be venturing too far.

In addition to the more direct benefits of so speedily establishing her supremacy, she felt all the satisfaction of an amateur experimentalist upon human weakness, at finding that she had not been rash or hasty in her calculation. We should be doing Miss Corrie injustice, however, if we supposed that she was utterly hypocritical in her conversation with M'Kinnon. In affecting to think that he was versed in the system of female education, in pretending to borrow maxims from him which she had had in constant service for many years, she was merely practising upon the Rector's weakness. But she was not simply an impostor: she began life as one; but ere she had reached her present age of thirty-four years, her deceptions had become regularly domesticated in her mind. Practising all her early years for effect, and possessing, even in childhood, a skilful perception of the weaknesses and follies of those with whom she associated, she very soon discovered how cheap a reputation may be acquired among silly men and women by constantly talking in paradoxes. Her quick observation convinced her how many opinions pass current in the world, simply because they were just the reverse of the true opinions, how many remarks attracted notice because they were tricked out in the gay form of antithesis, which, stripped of that disguise, would appear dull, rapid, and worthless. It was no very difficult thing, she thought, for people to make their nonsense peculiar, and to turn what ideas they had into epigrams. Her success corresponded with her expectations. In the day of her prosperity, she passed as a very clever woman; her sayings were recorded; her points laughed at; her paradoxes believed. When her fortunes fell, her acquirements would have become useless, if she had not been able to make another, and I do not know, except on the world's principles of morality, a more unworthy, use of her talents. As she had before employed her trickeries to gain her reputation, she now employed them to gain her a support. She made gentlemen, like Mr. M'Kinnon, believe that she had a profound knowledge of character, because she described character in aphorisms; that she could educate their daughters because she laid down the principles of education in maxims. And at the same time, as we have seen, she obtained an additional security from those gentlemen's belief in the value of the knowledge she could

impart, by affecting to derive it from them. A long time, however, before she became an inmate of the Melcove parsonage, a change, which always takes place sooner or later, had taken place in her. She was still able to avail herself of her old deceptions for the old purpose; but in the deceptions themselves she had become a sincere believer. She really fancied that she had evolved an important principle of education, when she had merely uttered a happy and a pointed phrase; that she had obtained a principle when she had only manufactured a sentence.

The worst of this in Miss Corrie's case was, that she did not allow her maxims to retain their innocent silliness, or merely employ them to buy golden opinions of fools. She founded on them conclusions, not, of course, legitimately following from them—because from mere phrases nothing follows: they are essentially and natively barren—but suggested by her own fancy and attached to them, that she might delude herself into the belief that they were of some use. And upon these deductions she built her system of education. The effects of that system will be developed in our subsequent chapters.

HENRI III. ET SA COUR.

'HENRY the Third and his Court.' Such is the title of a successful play now acted at the first national theatre in France; since every body has been in Paris, or chooses to be thought to have been there, we may as well say at once, the *Theatre Français*. Let not our readers imagine, that, as in the old style and manner of the French Drama, the audience is, when the curtain draws up, presented with a pair of ladies, the one with more jewels and a much longer train than the other, who is thereby known to be the Queen, and who begins forthwith to relate, in measured verse and unvarying cadence, the whole story of her life and adventures, feelings and opinions, to the other, who, with a patience and address of which perhaps no English actress would be capable, exhibits by her countenance and gestures all the varieties of surprise and sympathy, and fills up each pause in the narrative by questions respectfully couched in very lofty verse, concerning matters which have passed and do pass every day before her own eyes. Let not our untravelled readers, if any such remain, with all the nerve and freshness of insular ignorance, imagine that the part for the audience to perform when 'Henry the Third' is played, is merely to sit and be told by *lengthy* eloquence, (as our friends of the New World have it,) how things have happened, how heroines sorrow, and how heroes rage. No; for once, at a French play, the audience becomes part and parcel of the *dramatis personæ*: the sympathy excited is simultaneous and direct. The language is, as in real life, ordinary prose about ordinary matters, and rising with the subject, borne upwards by the impulse of mind, to the elevation of lofty imaginings in impassioned diction.

There is no attempt at fine writing. The author disappears behind the creation of his fancy, hid by a veil of brightness. We never say, in a pause of attention, 'That incident is cleverly contrived,' or 'That character is well drawn.' But, when all is over, when the curtain closes on the victims of treachery and love, and when we wake from the illusion of the scene and find ourselves (thanks to our happy fate and the lapse of three centuries) living under the mild government of Charles X., instead of the dark tyranny of a Catherine of Medicis, by the title of Henry III., we say to each other, 'Well; but, though this be very like real life, it is but a play,—that play must be written by somebody of great power to have wielded our minds in this manner.' 'He is a very young man.' 'So much the better; he will have time to write us a great many more.' It is a good thing to have popular writers to show us

what the *good old times* were:—not half so good as the times we live in. Many persons have gathered all their knowledge of English history from Shakespeare's plays; and, though we do not apprehend that Monsieur Alexandre Dumas has kept quite so close to historic truth as the author of 'Richard II.' or 'King John,' yet in giving us an historic drama,—the subject taken from the annals of his own country,—he has the merit of striking out a new path, and of leading the way firmly and securely. His pictures are like Vandyke's portraits: the persons looking *themselves*, without affectation or pretence, or any indication of looks or gestures called up for the occasion. In drawing the character of the unhappy prince who fell by the knife of Jacques Clement, those vices and follies at which humanity blushes are discretely thrown into shade. We see not the Gallic Sardanapalus adorned in female gear, engaged in the shameless orgies of a wanton court; but his weakness, his irresolution, his fatal reliance on his cold-hearted, deep-thinking mother, are depicted with exact truth, and relieved by some bright touches of that chivalrous spirit which has seldom been found wanting to princes of the blood royal of France. Feeble of purpose, biggoted and ignorant, Henry III. is still eminently the gentleman, and shows himself willing to be the soldier.

Catherine would have been a very difficult part to write and to play, if the audience had not been let into the secret of her perfidy. She is exposed to us as a great bad woman; firm to her purpose, and careless of her means; very fit to govern while the bulk of society had not yet learned to feel its strength and to assert its rights; in short, to be loyal subjects, obeying according to the law, and not abject slaves to despotic will.

Guise the *balafre*, (that word is untranslatable,) ferocious, unrelenting, and of manners insolent and overbearing, is just such a leader as must draw to destruction those misguided men who cannot or will not learn from the history of ages how much 'the king's name is a tower of strength,' and how fatal is the error of deserting the throne of a legitimate ruler to follow the banner of a usurper, however brilliant his talents and seducing his promises.

The business of the piece is the check given to the power of Guise by the King, who suddenly declares his determination to take upon himself the command of the army of the league. The plot or intrigue turns upon the passion of the Count de St. Mégrin for the wife of Guise. This guilty love, which shows fair as maiden modesty at such a court, is fostered and promoted by the artifices of the Queen-mother, who contrives to betray the unhappy and faultless lady to the temptation of a private interview with the object of her tender, and hitherto unowned affection.

We say nothing of the several meetings of the lovers: those who have loved will find them to be just like nature, and those who have not, may learn without the risk of their own experience, what nature is like. As Catherine intended, the mutual tenderness is discovered by the offended husband, who cannot know how much temptation has been resisted; nor how pure has been the life, though the imagination is so warm. His jealousy rests on much slighter foundations than that of Othello; and his vengeance is, according to his character, much more brutal. By dint of personal violence, and the terror of his actions as well as words, he forces the unhappy lady to write an invitation to St. Mégrin. He falls into the snare, (when was love cautious or bravery suspicious?) and, waylaid by assassins placed by the Duke de Guise, dies, not in the sight, but in the hearing, of the audience. Never had life been so dear to him as the moment before he loses it; for, certain never to see him again, the lady had confessed to him her long-concealed affection. The Duke de Guise remains on the stage to direct from the window the murder of his victim, and feasts his ears with the sound of his last struggles, regardless of his

wife, who lies in a swoon at his feet, and then ends the piece by a line which announces his sinister views against the King, and may be thus done into English:

'The servant is despatched, now for the master.'

To what we have said of the author, we must add a few words concerning the actors. A new play is almost always well cast in Paris. The minor parts are never gone through with that air of pouting displeasure at implied inferiority, which is too common at the London theatres. The part allotted to Mademoiselle Mars is decidedly tragic, and it is perfectly well played by the first comic actress in Europe. A capital of real talent is like a capital of real specie; it may be turned in any direction, and applied to any purpose, and will always have its weight and its power. Firmin is the most pathetic lover on the boards. The English spectators may fancy they see in him the spirit of the graceful and tender Barry once more embodied, but in a smaller frame. All the costumes are correct, being taken from portraits of the period, and every tradition that could be worked into the web of the piece has been carefully interwoven. The author is attached to the household of the Duke of Orleans, who has shown himself zealous to promote the success of the play, which, though it might be sure to please all good connoisseurs, was by no means so certain to satisfy all princes. The favour of his Royal Highness, which is of itself fame, has of course excited as much envy as the applause of the pit, and has been made a matter of reproach; whereas, from his known good taste, discernment, and thorough acquaintance with the subject, it is in reality a sure sign of the merit of the performance.

A translation or imitation of the play may probably appear in London, and will doubtless excite intense curiosity and interest; but it never can be seen with so much zest in a foreign capital as by us who dwell among the very streets and houses rendered awful by tradition. We, the world, have had a turbulent youth: we are now arrived at the mature age of unfettered judgment and dear-bought experience. May he exert the one to diffuse the blessings of civilization, and guide our lives wisely by the other!

POETRY.

DISCONTENT AND CORRECTION.

SUMMER hours soon pass away,
Darkness tracks the brightest day,
Wasting hail and storms and rain
Sweep across the waving plain,
With one undistinguished ruin
Man's and nature's work pursuing!
Thus will all things that we love
To the dark grave onward move,
Sound of music, sight of flowers,
Memory of childhood's hours,
Hope, and joy, and gentle tears,
Odours which the west-wind bears,
Murmurs of the forest brook,
Eddying leaves in some still nook,—
All must fade and all must wane,
Visions of a dreamer's brain;
Hurrying, crowding, jostling on,
Till every form of beauty's gone,
And the world is empty left
Of hope, and love, and joy bereft!
Thus I mourned as I to day
O'er the mountains took my way:
Shaping, so my fancy wrought
On the web of troubled thought,
Nought but grief and pain and gloom
In our passage to the tomb;
Deeming we were striving still
Hopelessly through good and ill,
For an end which ne'er could bless
Man in this world—Happiness.
Yet I knew that some there were,
Even in this vale of care,
Who for love might never know
All things lovely perish so;
Hearts that burn with their own light,
Eyes with inbred beauty bright,

Which can robe with their own glory
Shore and cape and promontory,
Lofty tower and lowly cell,
Mountain, rock, or mossy dell,
Making common things to seem
Brighter than a fairy dream!
These will drink from their own treasure
Of sweet thoughts, abundant pleasure,
Which they've heaped this many a day
From the dull crowd far away:
Unobserved men, to whom
The world is nothing but a tomb
For hopes and fears, while all alone
They live unhonoured and unknown.
They from morn till eve will lie
In the light of summer sky,
Building up the dome of thought,
Fairer far than palace wrought
By a cunning master's hand
For a glory to the land.
Sights and sounds of birds and streams
Dimly mixed like shapes in dreams,
Sighs of breezes in the wood,
Shoutings of the mountain flood,
As it springs from steep to steep,
And the murmurs of the deep,
Build for them the fabric bright,
Wealthier than chrysolite;
Where they love to stray along,
Sheltered from the unquiet throng,
Who still toiling onward press
Through life's devious wilderness,
Haunted by those anarchy old,
Power and custom, pride and gold,
Like a giant-peopled shore
In a poet's tale of yore.
Such a man at eve I met,
Ere the golden sun was set,
Robing tower, and rock, and hall,
Dark-brown wood and waterfall,
With the soft and purple light
Which he scattered in his flight;
On a smooth and verdant beach,
Which the ripples scarcely reach
When the waves and winds at play
Toss aloft the golden spray
Toward the sun on summer's day,
We were standing side by side,
Gazing on the panting tide
As it gently rose and fell
With a soft and murmuring swell,
Making answer tenderly
To the shrill sea-swallow's cry.
'Why,' I said, 'should aught have power
To make sad so sweet an hour?
Why must pain and sorrow dull
All of bright and beautiful?
Is there aught in land or sea
Which may good and stable be?
While we speak the sun is sinking,
Larger draughts the flowers are drinking,
Night the sky's last blush is hiding,
Headless of the poet's chiding.'
'Peace!' the old man gently said,
Turning up his frosted head,
Where the steps of seventy springs
Left tokens of their visitings,—
'Peace!' and pointed where on high,
Looking through the eastern sky,
On her car of silver sheen
Rode in joy the evening queen,
Round whose state the eternal train
Of shining sister nymphs remain,
Weaving still their web of light
On the deep black floor of night.
While he gazed, a gladsome ray
O'er his features seemed to play,
Soothing every line which care,
Pain, or grief, had graven there,
Like the moonbeams soft and bright
On a lake some summer night,
Which with beauty chaste and tender
And their own exceeding splendour
Every ripple smooth away
Which upon its surface lay.
'Look aloft,' at length he said,
'There thy doubts are answered,
Shades may veil the bright and fair,
Pain, and grief, and canker care,
Flowers may fade and moons may wane—
'Tis but to be bright again!
Nought can die in heaven or earth
But must be a glorious birth,
To some other gorgeous thing.
Fair as poet's imaging.

If the sunbeams pass away,
 If dark evening tracks the day,
 'Tis that lines of living light
 May the Ocean forehead dight,
 When the sun sinks down to sleep
 In the bosom of the deep.
 Look when Spring lifts up the veil,
 Which Earth wore through winter pale,
 Snow-drops pure, through vale and hill,
 Crocus, violet, daffodill,
 Flourish for a little space;
 Then these fade, that in their place,
 Flowers of prouder scent and hue
 May the living garb renew,
 Which the modest Earth puts on
 At the wooing of the Sun.
 Fruits could not the traveller bless
 In the thirsty wilderness,
 Had not first the blossoms died;
 Nor throughout the meadows wide,
 Could there life and beauty be
 But for past mortality.
 Thus through summer, autumn, spring,
 With a constant visiting,
 Death and beauty, hand-in-hand,
 Walk through heaven, and sea, and land,
 Raising up to sweep away,
 And renew from day to day.
 So it is with essences,
 Nobler than the flowers and trees,
 Man himself must subject be
 To like mutability:
 First our gracious childhood dies,
 Then youth follows fast and flies;
 Manhood then; then slow old age
 Crowns and closes up the page.
 Joy hath smiled on every time,—
 Youth is beautiful, the prime
 Of man hath beauty for its dower,
 So age and childhood in their hour:
 Thus in turn we fade and bloom,
 Till beyond the mouldering tomb
 Death the bonds of earth hath riven
 And unbarred the gates of heaven!
 Thus he mildly spoke, reproving
 My faint hope; then slowly moving
 From the shore, he bade me speed
 In the faith that all had need
 Of some seasons less serene
 Than other hours might be, had been:
 And when we parted, home I went
 With higher hope, and more content
 Than when first at break of day
 I wandered o'er the mountains gray.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF EUCLES.

THE 'Chairing of the Members' has been removed from the Exhibition-room at the Western Exchange, and has given place to the unfinished painting of Eucles. This picture represents a Greek soldier, who ran from Marathon to Athens, as soon as the victory over the Persians was decided, and died from fatigue and wounds, as he entered the city. In order that the interest of this subject may be heightened, Eucles is represented, after having publicly announced the victory, arriving exhausted at his own house, and dropping as he reaches the threshold. His wife and children, rushing out to meet him, have their joy converted into terror and grief, on beholding the condition to which he is reduced; and these, together with a figure stepping forward to support the sinking warrior, form the principal group of the picture.

It would be presumptuous in any but one who is himself a professor of the art to pretend even to guess the ultimate effect of a painting, from viewing it in an unfinished state, or to counsel the author as to its future treatment. To his brother artists, therefore, Mr. Haydon must chiefly look for the benefit derivable from the animadversions which this exhibition of the Eucles may provoke. To see a work by an artist so eminent as Mr. Haydon in a state of progress, may be curious and satisfactory to a great portion of the public, to whom such an opportunity is not often afforded; and, as the former productions of Mr. Haydon's pencil, including 'The Judgment of Solomon,' are to be seen at the same time, the exhibition is well worthy of a visit.

As to the Eucles, we expect to be pleased with it when finished; although we fear even the composition, which is now complete, will not be free from objection. The immense stride of the man advancing to prevent the falling of Eucles, seems extravagant and forced. The figure of the child, rushing forward with extended arms, does not appear devoid of affectation and in appropriate character.

PANDEMONIUM.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA, LEICESTER-SQUARE.

TIMELY announcement had fully prepared the public for some grand and wonderful novelty at the Panorama, in Leicester-fields; yet there are few, we imagine, who take an interest in matters of this nature, who did not exclaim with surprise on learning that the promised exhibition was to be an illustration of Pandemonium. The approvers and admirers of Panoramas in general, held their opinion in suspense as to the probability of success in the bold and heterodox experiment. These pleasing exhibitions they had been accustomed to regard as peculiarly appropriated to the representations of natural scenery: many probably had considered them as adapted for that purpose exclusively, and had looked to them less as a sight, and as source of that sort of gratification which is derived from beholding a well-executed picture, aided by the effects of an ingenious contrivance, than as the means of adding to their stock of knowledge of the actual world, and of forming ideas more defined and accurate than could be received from oral or written description, of the form and aspect of sites and scenes which, while from the circumstance of their possessing transcendent picturesque beauty, or other remarkable local peculiarities, or from their historical or classical associations, they have acquired celebrity, and become the objects of interest and curiosity of civilized man in general, lie beyond the circumscribed range of the tether by which the locomotive power of most persons in this their mortal course is limited.

Not that a panoramic painting the most perfect that ever was strained around its ample circumference can do more than approach identity of character with the scene which it pretends to represent. However exact the outline, the breath of life and nature must ever be wanting from the former to leave sufficient difference between the reality and the picture to reserve a full measure of enjoyment for him who at any future period of his career shall visit a spot he has previously contemplated in panoramic exhibition. Yet as such pictures are the best substitute till now devised for actual observation, who would not feel jealous of every innovation, and apprehensive that disrepute might attach to all exhibitions of the kind, from the failure in the new attempt, or from a perversion to purposes less obviously within the scope of the original invention?

Such were the reflections suggested by the advertisement of the picture of Pandemonium. Yet it probably occurred to many persons, as it did to ourselves, even before Mr. Burford's modest preface to his 'Description' fell into our hands, that the panorama afforded advantages which might be made available for giving effect to efforts in the 'higher branch of the art,' and which might be employed 'to embody with boldness and grandeur the most sublime imagery.' But then the difficult question, Who is to design this 'sublime imagery?' Exists there the hardy pencil that dares aspire to portray Hell's dread Emperor and his millions of subject-spirits as depicted by Milton? The magic hand that traced the 'Last Judgment' must have failed in the attempt to embody, to the satisfaction of the readers of the 'Paradise Lost,' the sublime conceptions of the author, the tower-like form, the face, entrenched by thunder scars, of the apostate angel, as he stood

above the rest, and moved the mighty cherubim to brandish their flaming swords, illumining all hell around, and to hurl defiance towards the vault of heaven.

The attempt, in fact, has not been made, and Mr. Burford, although he has opened a panoramic view of Pandemonium after the design of Mr. Slous, has not essayed to represent the Pandemonium of Milton. Between the two there is this difference: Milton's painting is historical, the panorama is landscape; in the former, the animate objects are principal; the scenery and architecture are accessory; in the latter, the view of the infernal abyss forms the picture, its inmates act a subordinate part. The panorama, in fact, as those more penetrating divined that it would be, is a picture of the capital of Satan, somewhat in the style of Martin. It abounds in massive architecture and lofty and rugged mountains, floods and rocks of every hue, and of every temperature, from the fiery Phlegethon to the cold and oblivious Lethe. The outline is grand, and the colouring, where it is not intended to be mysterious, is powerful.

The figures, Mr. Burford tells us, are on a reduced scale, in order to give effect to the painting, and it is left to the imagination to supply their colossal dimensions. It is to be remarked, however, that the object of this arrangement has been in some measure defeated by the enormous size, and conspicuous prominence, and powerful colouring of the great dragon. The masses of architecture on the left hand of the dragon, and the vale through which Lethe winds its 'slow and silent stream,' seemed to us the best parts of the picture. The exhibition, we conclude, will be highly popular for a season; but, loving panoramas, we cannot help indulging a hope that the experiment may not be repeated.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.

ON Easter Monday, or on what is vulgarly called 'boxing day,' it is not calculated that the holiday folk will give much tolerance to any thing serious; it is, therefore, remarkable that on Monday night the whole of 'Venice Preserved,' which, though a short and tiresome play, was heard without the least symptom of impatience, although the pantheon of the galleries was completely full, and the promised 'tours de force' of the Parisian 'phenomena,' were likely to have raised great and eager expectations in the breasts of as many of their godships as understood or had received an interpretation of the mysterious phrase. The excellent acting of Miss Phillips, who played the part of Belvidera better than even on the former occasion, must have a large share of the praise of having hindered the expression of impatience; for the *dramatis persone* had evidently received instructions to gallop through their parts, which they were by no means loath to obey. When the play was done, the 'Alcides' presented themselves. One is rather tall; the other short and thickset. They appeared in character, each with his club; but, laying them aside, went through a numerous series of attitudes, equally remarkable for gracefulness of position and muscular development. These pleased universally, but not so the subsequent 'tours de force.' The strength they displayed was very wonderful; but several of the exhibitions involved, in the minds of many of the spectators, such imminent hazard, that with them admiration yielded to terror, and partial hisses were heard. However, no one fainted. One of the feats performed by the stouter of the two,—whose limbs, in every thing but the colour and the dimensions, are like those of the Hyde Park monster,—deserves mention. Standing on a chair, he bent backwards over the back, and took from the stage a piece of lead, (which appeared a heavy burden to the two attendants who brought it thither,) and, holding it in both arms across his chest, recovered his erect position, and then returned it to the place whence he took it by the same process, and rose again without any appearance of effort or exhaustion. After these exploits, the melodrama of 'Thiarna-na-Oge' began. It is founded on the Irish legend of 'O'Donnoghue, Prince of the Lakes,' of whose sub-aqueous domicile and environs the beautiful scenery mainly consisted. We cannot go particularly into the plot, of which the said

Prince is the cardinal hinge. A young Irish girl, whom a wicked lord, in the guise of a peasant, had endeavoured to seduce, is under the protection of the 'good people,' who recover her from drowning in the lake, into which she had plunged to escape from the rude lust of her seducer, and persuade her to marry a young Irishman of her own rank, whom also they save from a double death at the hands of his unprincipled rival,—he, after having been shot by his lordship, being about to be hanged by his instrumentality for the supposed murder of his future bride, when the fairies interpose, and so enchant all parties concerned that Sampson Sinister, the servant of the Lord Glencar, is, by every one but himself, taken for the condemned lover, and, unable to convince any person of his identity, retires to the place of execution. Mr. Weekes was Dan O'Reilly, the honest lover; and Miss Booth, his mistress. He acted his part with excellent tact and much spirit, and sang two songs, in one of which he was encored, with good taste and appropriate expression. Miss Booth was received with the hearty welcome of a former favourite, and did what she had to do very well. The scenery is various and beautiful, and the 'good people' went through their antics in particularly good order.

Covent-Garden.

ON Monday night we went to see the first representation of the new Easter Piece at this theatre, which was preceded by 'The Point of Honour,' and that most amusing of farces, 'Honest Thieves;' and rarely do we remember to have witnessed, even on this classic ground of scenic splendour, the birth-place of Peter Wilkins, of Cherry and Faristan, a more excellent exhibition than 'The Devil's Elixir' displayed to us. In general, these pieces are no more than frames in which fine scenery and pretty music are to be set off; but this is in itself possessed of very considerable interest, and, supported as it is by some of the most beautiful scenery we ever saw, will not fail of being highly attractive. The following is a brief outline of the story: Francesco (Mr. Warde), a monk of the monastery of St. Anthony, and keeper of the reliques, is deeply, and of course desperately, enamoured of Aurelia (Miss Hughes), the betrothed bride of the brother of Count Hermogen (Mr. Wood). Among the reliques intrusted to his care, is a flask of the demoniacal elixir, the soul-destroying wine of the Shadow King. This having been once offered to St. Anthony, by a demon, in one of the famous temptations, was retained by the saint, who consigned his tempter to a sleep of a century. At the opening of the piece, this period having elapsed, the monster (O. Smith) is again abroad upon the earth, and, in hatred to St. Anthony, tempts Francesco to drink the liquid, whose effect is to metamorphose him into his brother's shape. This he does, and, leaving his cell, proceeds to Castle Hartzmere: here the two brothers meet, and the confusion is terrible. In vain Aurelia endeavours to discover which of the claimants is the impostor; her penetration is baffled, till Nicholas, the *ci-devant* belling-ringer of the monastery (Keely), recollecting that all who have dealings with the devil become shadowless, contrives to throw his lamp into such a direction as to convict Francesco of wanting that necessary appendage to a gentleman. He is hurried away to a dungeon, and Hermogen remains possessor of the lady. In the prison, however, Francesco is visited by the Demon, who engages to rescue him and give him his beloved, upon the usual conditions, with this particular stipulation; that, if before eight o'clock that evening, he should refuse Aurelia, he should immediately become the property of the infernal spirits of the Elixir. In desperation, Francesco consents, and is immediately transferred to the feet of his mistress, and his place filled by the real Hermogen and Nicholas. The ceremony is now approaching: Francesco and Aurelia appear at the shrine of St. Anthony; the clock is on the stroke of eight; the prior is about to hallow the union, when Hermogen, escaped from his confinement, breaks in upon them, but is immediately arrested, and ordered to be carried out for execution, when a burst of tender solicitude for his *absent* and dear brother Francesco awakes the good feelings of the latter, who, after a violent struggle, throws from him Aurelia's portrait, (which acted upon him as a spell,) and surrenders her hand, requesting instant death as a boon. Upon this the clock strikes eight, and the demon claims his forfeit; but it is All-hallows' Eve, the shrine of St. Anthony is at hand, and no evil spirit has power there: Francesco flies to the sanctuary, with the demon on his track; but, as the fiend sets his foot on the threshold, the insulted saint avenges himself by a thunderbolt; the shrine is dashed to pieces, and disappears, leaving a most beautiful champaign in its place, from the back of

which, clad in his pilgrim's weeds, comes the repentant Francesco, as from a long pilgrimage, and blesses the marriage of his brother. This, which was ably supported by all the performers, possesses a most powerful interest; while the transformations were so beautifully managed as to create the highest delight to the audience. There never were produced on any stage two more beautiful scenes than the exterior of the monastery to which Francesco's cell is changed upon his drinking the potion, and the last scene, after the destruction of the shrine. Hartzmere Castle, and the chamber in which the detection of the Shadowless Man takes place, are exquisite pieces of art. The only fault we have to find with the music, which is extremely pretty, is, that there is a little too much of it for a piece whose interest requires a rapid succession of events, and in which, by its very constitution, the music is intended to act a subordinate part. Upon the whole, we do not remember any Easter-piece which we consider superior to this in the interest of its plot, the splendour of its decorations, and the conception and execution of its beautiful scenery; but, even had these been less distinguished, the capital acting of the principal performers would have rendered it highly attractive. It was given out for repetition amidst the loud approbation of the audience.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

THE GLOBE UPSET.—We have been vastly edified by a peep into Sandal's 'Cosmogoniz Antiquitatis,' &c., wherein he has wasted much pains and erudition in an attempt to prove, that at the completion of certain periods, our fugacious globe suddenly twists itself ninety degrees from its centre, in a curve from north to south. He affirms, that its last dislocation was the cause of the Deluge; before which event, we are instructed by him, the North Pole was seated in that tract of land on the African continent which lies under the equator! and that the equator, therefore, once on a time, begirt the present North Pole. By this mutation of the pole, the earth, after being cooled in one region, is steamed in another, and *vice versa*: moreover, our learned friend's theory deprives the discovery of mammoth bones in northern climes of its aptitude to addle the brains of geologists. The application he makes of passages from ancient writers, soars beyond the reach of all rational comment. For instance, he has called Herodotus (II. 142) to his aid, in that passage where he narrates, from information derived from the Egyptian priests, that, in the course of ages, the sun had set twice in the east, and risen twice in the west; and Cicero, (N. D. II. 7.), where he asks, '(Possentne) untotius cœli conversione cursus astrorum dispares conservari, nisi ea uno divino et continuato spiriti continerentur?' We would ask Mr. Sandal, *precontra*, how, and when, and by whom, our Latin *the saure* has undergone a revolution which would scuttlerly invert the sense of Cicero's query, as to warrant they inference, that he conceived the globe to have been jostled out of its regular course?

CHINESE COURIERS.—At certain distances along the roads and canals in China, say at intervals of two or three miles, are placed square buildings, with a scieih of sentry-box attached to them, where a soldier is seen on duty; and, should any tumult or breach of the peace occur, he pounces down, *sans cérémonie*, on the offender. The peculiar province of these sentries is to act the part of couriers; for there is no other sort of post in China, besides that dependent upon these runners; they transport the ministerial despatches from one station to the other, and convey letters from Peking to Canton in twelve days, which gives a rate of fifty leagues per day.

BIOGRAPHY.—We wish the example we are about to record might find imitators amongst ourselves. The family of Count Christian D. F. Von Reventlow have offered a premium of 100*l.* for the best biographical account of that eminent minister, particularly with reference to the advantages which Denmark has derived from his services, both in his private as well as his public capacity. And the Danish Royal Society of Arts and Sciences have responded to this patriotic appeal, by appointing a Committee to decide upon the merits of such essays as may be sent in to their Secretary on or before the 1st of May, 1830.

SWEDEN.—The subsequent information is derived from a report to the Swedish Sovereign, recently published by the 'Commission of Statistics.' The investigations, of which it presents the results, refer to a period of five years, beginning with 1821, and ending with 1825.

It appears that the number of *births*, during that interval, were 478,532, whereof 33,566 were illegitimate.

The preceding period of five years, (1816-1820,) the number had been 426,265; so that the comparative increase during the years 1821-1825, had been 52,267, or 8 3-20 per cent. The average number of illegitimate births was one in thirteen during the latter of these periods, including the returns of Stockholm, where it is a lamentable fact, that the number of natural born children is equal to nearly one-third of the whole number of births.

The return of the *deaths* for the years 1821-1825, exhibits a total of 294,594: whereas, during the five years preceding, it had exhibited a total of 311,643: the diminution for the former period, being 17,051, or 3,410 per annum. The greatest number of mortalities occurred in the months of March, and the least in those of September, in each year. In the five years from 1821-1825, twenty-six persons died after attaining the age of 100, though the longest life was that of a female, who was near upon completing her 107th year. It is remarkable that, in this interval, there were 1,941 cases of children suffocated whilst sleeping in the same beds with their mothers or nurses.

The entire *population* of Sweden in 1825, was 2,771,252, which shows an increase of 7 1/2 per cent. on the gross amount of its population in 1820. In the period of five years, ending 1825, there were 300 nobles, 3,201 citizens, and 203,103 peasants more; and 906 ecclesiastical, and 26,555 strangers. Jews, &c. less than in the latter period. In 1825, the numbers of the clergy were 3,476; of the army, 57,736; of the navy, 10,011; and of those concerned in manufactures and mining, 28,256. The indigent class amounted to 21,216. It will scarcely be credited that, in this year, so large a population as the Swedish should have contained only one manufacturing designer, one chocolate maker, one enameller, one colour-maker, and one wax-bleacher.

AMERICAN NAVY.—The Government of the United States did not bestow any serious attention upon the increase of its maritime power until the year 1815. The greatest number of vessels in the public service during the revolution did not exceed twenty-five, of which there were five frigates of 32 guns, twelve ships mounting from 24 to 28 guns, and eight from 10 to 16 guns. The Act of the 29th of April, 1816, appropriated an annual sum of one million of dollars to the increase of the naval force; but, in 1830, this appropriation was reduced to five hundred thousand dollars a-year.

The American navy consisted, in 1827, of twelve vessels of the line, sixteen frigates, and sixteen sloops of war. In 1828, its state was as follows:

	Ships.	Frig.	Sloops.	Schooners.
On Foreign Service	1	6	10	4
In Ordinary	6	5	3	8
Building	5	6	4	0
	12	17	17	7

Besides three steam frigates. The number of officers on service was 723, viz. 35 captains, 34 commanders, 262 lieutenants, and 392 subaltern officers. The sailors employed amounted to 5,864, and the annual expenditure to 3,000,000 dollars.—From the Report of the Secretary of the Navy, &c.

BEET-ROOT SUGAR.—At the meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, held on the 8th of December last, Messieurs Tessier, Silvestre, and Thénard presented their report on the paper laid before the Academy by M. de Beaujeu, on the subject of manufacturing sugar from beet-root. 'M. de Beaujeu,' says the report, 'has established a manufactory of beet-root sugar on his estate in the department of the Orne: and he thus describes the process he has adopted, as the result of careful investigation and numerous experiments. After taking the roots out of the ground, he cleans them, cuts away the leaves, heads, and small roots, and then houses them in a state of readiness for rasping, or grating; for which last operation it is not necessary they should be washed. The rasping must be carefully and effectually done, and the juice be extracted immediately, because exposure to the atmosphere will speedily deteriorate its quality. He then impregnates the juice with a portion of lime, of which he uses but an inconsiderable excess: it is afterwards evaporated, and mixed with animal carbon. The rapid evaporation, together with the ebullition occasioned by an intense heat, causes the syrup to crystallize. If the operation be well conducted, he affirms that as large a portion of sugar will be obtained as by the tardier process which is usually employed; whilst much time will be saved, and a considerable quantity of crystalline formations, which are expensive and difficult to be dealt with, will be avoided. The method used by M. de Beaujeu is analogous to that adopted in the West Indies; and the

product obtained affords so handsome a remuneration to the manufacturer, that the article may now be considered as an established branch of French industry.—Our English and Irish agriculturists might profitably direct their attention to this subject. The duties on sugars do not extend to articles of native growth; and this is not an age when the Legislature would venture to interfere with their production.

TIFLIS GAZETTE.—We adverted in a former page (No. p.) to the literary phenomenon which had appeared in the capital of Georgia, under the title of 'Tifliskiya Vedomosti.' Subsequent information acquaints us, that it is published every Wednesday in the Russian language, with a translation into Armenian. Its professed object is to convey intelligence to the inquisitive on the other side of the Caucasus, as well as to the Armenian provinces which Russia has recently added to the 728,000 square leagues of Asiatic and American territory which she has converted to her use during the last hundred years. The expense of this journal is thirty roubles, or about twenty-five shillings, per annum.—However strange it may sound to the ears of free men, there is a spirit of mildness and beneficence in Russian despotism; whence, otherwise, the rapid increase which annually takes place in the population of Russia, or the pains and expense notoriously bestowed on the amelioration of its intellectual condition? The decreasing population and prosperity of Turkey may at least be adduced as proofs, indicative of the viciousness and barbarism of Ottoman despotism!

PRISONS.—The subsequent is an official statement of the number and description of the prisons in the Kingdom of the Netherlands. There are four principal jails or Houses of Correction: viz. For Belgium—one at Ghent for 1500, and one at Vilvoerde for 1300, prisoners. For Holland—one at Bois-le-duc for 800 prisoners, and one at Lewwarden for the like number. These all together possess accommodation, therefore, for four thousand four hundred criminals. Besides a Penitentiary for fifteen hundred prisoners at Antwerp, which is for the use of the Southern provinces, it is intended to build a second capable of containing one thousand individuals, for the use of the Northern. There are also two military prisons, which are nurseries for the colonial service; one of which is at Alost, and is calculated to hold 500, and the other at Leyden for 700 prisoners. In the year 1826, the number of criminals employed in labour was 6535, of which 5545 belonged to the chief and 990 to the minor prisons. These last consisted of 54 Spunging Houses, 12 Correctional Houses, &c., 26 Jails, 4 Asylums or 'Depôts,' besides twenty one places of confinement for the military. In speaking of the English prisons it is remarked by Doctor Julius of Berlin, who has lately published a very interesting work on the 'Science of Prisons, their Amelioration, &c.,' and given some curious details of the actual state of these establishments in the various countries of Europe and America, 'that England and Wales united contain 518 prisons of all descriptions, in only 23 of which a classification by sexes had been introduced, whilst in 59 of them the males and females were huddled indiscriminately together! With the exception of the Penitentiary at Millbank, he affirms, that the worst-organized prisons in England are the twelve London jails, particularly that of Clerkenwell!' The leading principle which prevails throughout his valuable work, is the transforming of public places of confinement into schools of amendment, from which the offender may return into the bosom of society, not simply after he has undergone the penalty of his offence and closed his account with justice, but after his evil propensities and depraved habits have been thrown off in the crucible of morals and wholesome industry.—He states that, from 1810 to 1826, sentence of death was passed, in England, on 15,632 individuals, of whom 1384 were executed; and in France, on 2755, of whom 850 expiated their offences with their lives.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

'Ut in vita, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam, procedat.'—*Phinti Epistola.*

1.
'Collecting toys
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.'
Millon's Paradise Regained.

I.—POETICAL.

Cowley's Ode to Brutus.—Cowley commemorated in an ode, the genius of Brutus, with all the enthusiasm of a votary for liberty. It so displeased the king, that, when Cowley solicited for some reward for his services, he was told that his pardon was his reward.

He retired to the country, complained of 'barren praise,' and 'neglected verse,' and denominated himself the 'melancholy Cowley.'

Home.

Home's home, although it reached be
Through wet, and dirt, and night; though heartily
I welcomed was, yet something still,
Methinks, was wanting to fulfil
Content's old appetite; no cheer,
Says I, so good as that which meets me here.

Home, home, sweet home, releaseth me
From anxious joys, into the liberty
Of unsollicitous delight;
Which, howsoever mean and slight,
By being absolutely free,
Enthrones me in contentment's monarchy.

Dr. Beaumont, edit. 1749.

2.—SENTIMENTAL.

Remorse.—The sense of existence pursued him like a ceaseless torment. His mind no longer presented a wide field for reflection, but haunted him with one single image armed with daggers.—*Himly.*

Parental Love.

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this dead calm,
Fill'd up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe, so beautiful! it fills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was rear'd
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes, and shores,
And mountain crags; so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great Universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Coleridge.

3.—DRAMATICAL.

Plutarch's Attack on Aristophanes.—There is, sooth to say, in the structure of his phraseology, something tragi-comic, bombastic, as well as pedestrian—there is obscurity—there is vulgarity—there are turgidity and pompous ostentation—together with a garrulity and trifling, that are enough to turn the stomach! Aristophanes can neither please the multitude, nor be endured by the refined; but his muse, resembling a decayed courtesan, that imitates the dignity of a matron, is at once disgusting to the many from her insolent assumptions, and abominated by the graver few for her lewdness and malignity.—*Plutarch. Aristoph. et Menandr. Com.*

Bona verba, Plutarche!

Nicodemi Frischlini Defens. Aristoph.

4.—ROMANTIC.

A Night Storm.—The wind increased to a storm; but we walked about the heath for several hours, listening to the roar of the blast among the tall firs, and observing the dark ocean of clouds driving along the firmament. I was myself charmed with the wildness of the scene; but, forgetting his grievances for the time, Wilton became absolutely enchanted with visionary ecstasy.

'O! how I could wish,' he said, 'to be wrapt in these viewless winds, and dash along from mountain to mountain, and from cloud to cloud! I feel as if I could spurn the earth from under my feet, spring aloft into the dark air, and companion me with the spirit of the storm! Richmond! you may call this dreaming madness, but it is a dream I like to indulge in. I like to let my fancy go with the blast, and revel among the clouds; and a night storm is so grand, so sublime, so darkly beautiful! the very music of magnificent sound, the very poetry of resistless motion! Do you remember the lines I once repeated to you on this glorious subject?—

'The midnight winds are forth, with high career,
Urging their cloudy chariots rapidly,
As if they rush'd to war, or fled in fear,
Along the champagne azure of the sky!
The heavens are all in motion—and the eye
Beholds the wonted visions of its search,—
Moon, star, and cloud, all hurrying rapidly

Away, as if upon their final march,
As if the Archangel's trump had pealed along that arch.
'So when the hand of mighty seraphim
This pictured volume from our eyes shall roll,
Unfolding to all eyes the face of Him
Who sits enthroned behind it,—O, my soul!
How wilt thou shrink to see, in funeral stole,
Nature, distracted, in convulsions lie
On flaming pyre; and at his destined goal,
Time, worn and weary, lay him down to die
On the paternal breast of hoar ETERNITY!'

Richmond.

5.—CRITICAL.

St. Jerome's Translations of the Scriptures.—A singular anecdote is given by St. Augustin of the gross superstition and ignorance of the early ages of the Christian Church, in the following manner: 'A certain Bishop had given way that this new Latin translation should be read in his church, but with very ill-success; for when the people understood that St. Hierome, in the prophecy of Jonah, had put it down *Hederam*, instead of that which anciently, according to the Greek, had been *cucurbitam*, there was a great tumult raised among the parishioners, inasmuch that the Bishop was forced to ask counsel of the Jews; who, notwithstanding that they had answered that the original word might bear either of the constructions, yet the people would not be contented till the Bishop had blotted out *Hedera*, and set down *cucurbita*, according to what it was before.'—*St. August. Epist. ad Hierom.* Now, it is very probable, that neither the one nor the other is the proper term; for the Hebrew *kikajou*, which more probably meant the plant from which the oil of KIKI, mentioned by Herodotus, (b. ii. *Euterpe*), was expressed; and bearing the same name in Hebrew also; viz. the oil of kik, as may be seen in treatise 'Shabbath,' chap. ii. Mishna i.

6.—CLERICAL.

Catholic Continence.—A brother of the order of Minorite Priors, valiantly confiding, like holy Sara of the Thebais, in his own virtue, said to brother Giles of Assisi, 'Father, I have overcome a terrible temptation! There was a woman behind me in the street, and the devil assaulted me fiercely. The nearer she came, the stronger the temptation grew. At last, I determined to brave the old enemy by standing still, and looking the woman full in the face. And so I conquered.' 'Was the woman handsome?' said Giles. 'No, father,' he replied, 'she was old and excessively ugly.'—*Dam. Carneg. Chron. Serafica, l. 591.*

7.—THEOLOGICAL.

Miracles.—'God the Word,' says Lord Bacon, 'in the miracles which he performed, (and every miracle is a new creation, not arising from a law of the first creation,) wished to do nothing that did not altogether breathe of grace and beneficence. Moses performed miracles, and harassed the Egyptians with many plagues; Elias shut up the heaven that it rained not, and brought down the fire of God from heaven, upon captains and their troops; Elisha evoked bears out of the desert, who tore children to pieces; Peter brought death upon the sacrilegious hypocrite Ananias; and Paul struck the sorcerer Elymas blind; but Jesus did nothing of this kind. He was the Lamb of God, without wrath, and without judgment. All his miracles related to the body of man, as all his doctrines to the soul of man. He performed no miracle of judgment; all were works of beneficence.'—*Baconi Opera, vol. x. p. 320.*

8.—ONEIROLOGICAL.

Visionary.—In the divine visions of Hans Engelbrecht, whom God sent from the dead to be a preacher of repentance and faith to the Christian world, it is stated that he not only had gone to the place of torments, and smelt the stink of the infernal pit, but brought some of the stink back with him, to convince his friends that he had been there. 'This,' he says, 'was a sign of my having been before in hell. God made the people who were with me to smell such a diabolical, horrible, and infernal stench, whilst I was getting out of bed, which was so immeasurably bad, and such a dreadful stench, that no other stench they could think of in all the world was comparable to it; and I thereupon said, By this are you to conclude infallibly that I have been before hell. God makes you to smell this diabolical and infernal stench that it may be a certificate or testimony to you; and a testimony it indeed is that I have actually been before hell.'

Had poor Engelbrecht been an Arab instead of a German, and produced this *à posteriori* proof of his vision among his own countrymen, he must have fled his country, without any hope of returning to it.—*Divine Vision, translated from the German edition, 1780.*

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

White's Farriery, vol. 1, 12mo., 2s.
Mawe's Gardener, a new edition, with corrections and additions, by Main, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
New Manual of Devotions, new edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Scard's Sermons for Schools, vol. 1, 12mo., 5s.
Brown's Repentance, and other Poems, post 8vo., 5s.
Kerby's Sermons on the Temptation of Christ, 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Hawkins's Medical Statistics, 8vo., 7s.
The Family Library, No. 1.—Life of Napoleon, vol. 1, 8s.
The Brass Founder's Manual, 1s. 6d.
Lewis Cornaro's Essay on Longevity, 37th edit., 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Syder's Examinations, new edition, 18mo., 5s.
Dabiel's Græca Minora, new edition, 8vo., 6s.
Clouds and Sunshine, post 8vo., 8s. 6d.
The Italian Confectioner, by G. A. Janior, fourth edition, with additions, 9s.
The French Cook, by L. E. Ude, tenth edition, 13s.
Carpenter's School Speaker, new edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Sadler's Ireland, 2d edition, 8vo., 12s.
Cottle's Malvern Hills, Poems and Essays, 12mo., 3 vols. 12s.
Peace Campaigns of a Cornet, 3 vols., small 8vo., 1l. 7s.
Savigny's History of the Roman Law during the Middle Ages 8vo., vol. 1, 14s.
Williams's Views in Greece, 2 vols. imperial 8vo., 7l. 10s.
Capper's Topographical Dictionary, new ed., 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Mills on the Lungs, Heart, &c., 8vo., 8s.
Fridolin, with Illustrations by Retzsch, 2s.
Faust, with 26 Designs by Retzsch, 3s. 6d.
Hamlet, with Illustrations by Retzsch, 2s. 6d.
Poems and Essays by John Bennett, 12mo., 2s.
Ten Chapters on the Bath, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Miscellaneous Poems, by Abraham Wildman, 12mo., 4s.
The Advantages and Deficiencies of the Protestant Reformation, by J. P. Dobson, 2s.
Every Man his own House Painter and Colourman, by J. H. Vanherman, 8vo., 8s.
Whitfield's Select Works, 1 vol. 8vo.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

April.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 13 55	47	28. 74.	S.	Showers	Cumulus.
Tues. 14 53	50	28. 82.	S. to S.W.	Rain.	Cirrostratus.
Wed. 15 54	46 ³ / ₄	28. 65.	S.W. h.	Showers	Cumulus.
Thur. 16 45	42	28. 84.	E. to S.W.	Rain	Cirrostratus.
Frid. 17 55	45	29. 34.	S.W.	Fair Cl.	Cum. Nim.
Sat. 18 56	47	29. 50.	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 19 50	41	29. 45.	W.	Showers	Ditto.

Nights fair. Mornings rainy. Strong gale from 11½ h. P.M.
Tuesday to 5 h. P.M. Wednesday.
Highest temperature at noon, 57°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Apogee on Tuesday.
The Sun and Saturn quartile on Saturday, 12 h. A.M.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 20° 51' in Aries.
Mars ditto ditto 7° 17' in Gemini.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 14° 45' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 27° 48' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 30° 8' in Aries.
Length of day on Sunday, 14 h. 4 min. Increased 6 h. 18 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 3' 26" plus. Logarithmic
num. of distance, .60272.

The Seventh Number of
THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW
will be published on the 29th.
Soho-square, April 14.

This day is published, in post 8vo., price 8s. 6d.,
CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.
 London: printed for Samuel Maunser.—Also,
MONTGOMERY'S OMNIPRESENCE of the DEITY, Eighth
 Edition, 7s. 6d.
 Mrs. GODWIN'S POEMS—'The Wanderer's Legacy,' &c.,
 8s. 6d.
CONVERSATIONS on GEOLOGY, with Engravings, 7s. 6d.
CHRISTIANITY, PROTESTANTISM, and POPERY COM-
PARED, 7s. 6d.
 And, in the press, the third edition of
MONTGOMERY'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER, &c., 7s. 6d.

This day is published, in one thick vol., price 7s. 6d.,
THE PRACTICE OF COOKERY, adapted to
the business of everyday life. By Mrs. DALGAIKNS.
Printed for Cadell and Co., Edinburgh; Simpkin and Mar-
shall, London; who will publish very shortly.
ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN. By the Author of 'Waverley.'
3 vols.
TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA. By Captain BASIL HALL,
R.N. 3 vols.

Just published, in 2 vols. 8vo., 2d edition,
THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL MILLER;
 also, a **SPANISH EDITION**, translated from the Eng-
 lish, by **GENERAL TORRIONES**, with a **Prefatory Essay** by the
 Translator.
 'To collect, arrange, and place in a brilliantly attractive
 light, such a mass of amusing and instructive details as are
 here comprised within a moderate compass, cannot have been
 done without advantages which are rarely combined, namely,
 peculiarity of subject, great diligence and research, ample
 materials, and, in the composition, taste and spirit. And such
 literally are the distinctive qualities of these volumes. . . .
 It is in fact a text-book on the curious and novel subject to
 which it relates.'—*United Service Journal*, April, 1839.
 Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

DR. BIBER will deliver, this Spring, another COURSE of LECTURES on EDUCATION, to begin on Tuesday the 28th instant.

For particulars apply to Messrs. Darton and Harvey, Gracechurch-street; Mr. William Darton, Holborn-hill; Messrs. Stewart and Pantou, 130, Cheapside; Mr. J. Nisbet, 21, Berner's street, Oxford-street; and Messrs. Koller and Cahlmann, 21, Soho-square.

WESTERN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION

PATRON—THE KING.
THE next CONVERSAZIONE will be held on Saturday the 25th inst., at eight o'clock in the evening.—By order.

20th April, 1879. THOMAS SNELSON, Secretary.

THE EXHIBITION of Mr. CAREW'S
CLASSICAL GROUPS.—Adonis attacked by the Boar—
 Arethusa, a Nymph of Diana, and Venus, reconciling Vulcan
 —executed in marble for Lord Egmont—is now open to the
 public, from ten till five, at the King's Mews, Charing-cross.
 —Admittance. 1s.: Catalogues. 6d.

AUTOMATA.—Now open at the Horse Bazaar, King-street and Baker-street, Portman-square, the magnificent Exhibition of **MUSICAL and MECHANICAL AUTOMATA**, comprising nearly twenty different subjects, including the celebrated Musical Lady, Juvenile Artist, Magician Rope Dancer, and Walking Figure; also, a magnificent Vase, made by order of Napoleon, together with a Serpent, Birds, Insects, and other subjects of Natural History, the whole displaying, by their imitation of Animated Nature, the wonderful power of Mechanism. Open from Eleven till Six, Admittance 1s. 6d., Children 1s. The whole of the Exhibition for Sale; also several other self-acting and other Musical Instruments.

THE KING'S CONCERT ROOMS,
HANOVER-SQUARE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
Her Royal Highness the Princess AUGUSTA,
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of GLOUCESTER,
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of CLARENCE,
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of KENT,
Duchess of St. Albans,
Dow. Marchioness of Salisbury
Countess of Jersey,
Countess of Gosvenor,
Countess of Darlington,
Countess of Devon,
Countess of Wiltton,
Countess of Beatrix,
Lady Elizabeth Rippon,
Duchess of Leoda,
Hon. Lady Lucy Clive,
Dow. Countess of Dartmouth,
Countess Fortescue,
Countess of Arran,
Countess of Verulam,
Lady Anne Vernon,
Hon. Mrs. Leigh,
Countess St. Antonic.

Miss WILKINSON respectfully announces that her CONCERT will take place at the above Rooms, on Monday Evening, May, 4, 1830. The Vocal and Instrumental Department will comprise most of the eminent Performers, whose names, with the Programme of the Concert, will be speedily announced. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Miss WILKINSON, No. 20, Upper Baker-street, and at all the principal Music Shops.

LICENSED BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS OF
EXCISE.

TRANSPARENT PAINTINGS, and IMITATIONS OF STAINED GLASS, by WILLIAM BACON, No. 40, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury,—who begs leave, most respectfully, to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that he has prepared, and is now ready to submit to their inspection, a New and Elegant Assortment of TRANSPARENT PAINTINGS, consisting of Architectural Subjects, and Italian and Swiss Scenery; the correctness of which, as regards Drawing, Coloring, and general Effect, renders them particularly Elegant, Ornamental, and Useful Adaptations to Drawing-Room Windows. He has also many others, from Grecian and Gothic Designs, in Imitation of Stained Glass, admirably adapted to Church, Chapel, Library, or Staircase Windows.

Gentlemen residing in the Country may be supplied with Blinds painted to any Design, mounted, and complete for fixing, by sending the Dimensions of their Windows to No. 40, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, near the British Museum.

**FULLER'S IMPROVED ICE-PAIS, FOR COOLING WINE,
FRUIT, BUTTER, &c.**

THE Nobility and Gentry are respectfully invited to inspect **FULLER'S ICE-PAISLS**, at his Manufacturing No. 63, Jersey-street, six doors from St. James's-street, (formerly Patterson's), where he constructs on philosophical principles, so as to produce and retain any required temperature. The present Ice-Pails are greatly improved by the discovery made of a metal which is not corroded by rust; and they have met the decided approbation of every one who used them during the last season. Cases for Icing Champagne, and the Improved Cream-Freezer, by which Ice-Creams may be made in any climate, without the aid of Ice. Also, Freezing Powders of matchless quality.

W. Fuller also begs attention to his improved Spare-Bed Airer, which is not liable to rust, and precludes the possibility of damp beds. This vessel will retain its heat for two days together, and is particularly recommended by the Faculty for invalids labouring under asthma, or affections of the lungs. It emits no smell nor vapour. Carriage Feet-Warmers, upon the same principle.—The above articles of scientific discovery are constantly on view at 40, Jeremy-street.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR.—Its soothing; cooling, and ameliorative properties immediately allay the smarting irritability of the skin—assuage inflammation—kill harsh and rough skin—remove cutaneous eruptions, and produce a Beautiful Complexion—affords soothing relief to ladies nursing their offspring; and to gentlemen after shaving, it allays smarting the pain, and renders the skin smooth and pleasant, 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle, duty included.—Each genuine bottle has the Name and Address engraved on the government stamp, which is pasted on the bottle—
A. Rowland and Son, 30, Hatton-Garden.

On Saturday, May 9, 1839, will appear, No. I. of
THE EDINBURGH LITERARY GAZETTE.
 To be published every Saturday morning.

The purpose and value of a *Journal conducted on the exclusive plan of The London Literary Gazette*, containing critical notices of new works, and forming a compend of general literature, are so universally understood as to need no additional explanation. For periodical works of this description, Edinburgh affords peculiar facilities. As the seat of a flourishing University, and of one of the great European Libraries, it has long held an eminent rank in the republic of letters; and with reference to the trade of literature, it is the second publishing market in the British empire. It is the residence, or at least the occasional resort, of all the nobility, learning, and wealth of the country; and it forms the common centre of attraction for connoisseurs, artists, and men of science; the national mart where alone their genius and their works can be adequately appreciated and rewarded. With all these advantages, it must be considered rather extraordinary, that in a city so distinguished, no work of the kind now projected should hitherto have existed. At this moment it is the subject both of surprise and reproach, that Edinburgh possesses nothing in the shape of an exclusively literary paper at all corresponding with her resources, or worthy of her literary fame. A register or journal of criticism, unmixd with politics, containing an ample review of the current literature of the country, with an account of the progress and improvements in science and the arts, must be regarded as a desideratum which the Scottish press has yet to supply.

Anxious to avail themselves of these local advantages, and to furnish the British public with a work that shall unite the copious and solid information of the more elaborate reviews with the interest and amusing varieties of a literary newspaper, the Projectors of 'The Edinburgh Literary Gazette' have determined to commence their labours, fully convinced; that with the resources at their command, nothing but publicity and perseverance are wanting to crown their efforts with success. With regard to the practical part of the work, they pledge themselves that neither exertion nor expense shall be spared. As for the nature and arrangement of the contents, a very few words will suffice. It was easy to frame a specious and imposing prospectus, which too frequently amounts to nothing more than an abstract theory of good intentions; a mere anticipation of ideal excellence, rather than a true index of the intended performance. Avoiding all such ostentatious display, the Conductors of 'The Edinburgh Literary Gazette' will make no promises on their part, and excite no expectations in the public which they are not amply prepared to realise.

The Projectors have only farther to add, that the most ample and efficient assistance has been secured. Each department will have its own appropriate contributors, on whose judgment and abilities the public may rely with confidence. Without affecting any boastful pretensions of ways and means, or making an empty parade of names, they may be permitted to state, that in their list of auxiliaries will be found names which already have done honour to modern literature; and whom the Author of 'The Confessions of an Opium Eater,' De la 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and Mr. Orlinton, the Translator of Koch's 'Revolutions of Europe,' are mentioned, it will be some guarantee of what the public have to expect. Still, though the Projectors may not perhaps be able at once to develop their plan fully, and in all its parts, they are assured that any primary obstacles will speedily be overcome. They will be content to peril the character and success of the whole undertaking on the first Six Numbers of the work.

'The Edinburgh Literary Gazette' will be printed on a sheet equal in size to the largest literary paper in Britain, and will be published weekly, on Thursdays, at 10, Prince's (the premises occupied by the late Mr. Combe,) where Subscriptions and Advertisements will be received. A list of Agents will be given in a future advertisement. In the mean time, Orders, &c. will be received and transmitted by all respectable Newsmen and Booksellers throughout the United Kingdom.

Price of each Number, 2d. unstamped, or 1s. stamped, sent free by post.

Books, &c., for reviewing, Communications, Orders, and Advertisements, are received by Messrs. Ebers and Co., Old Bond-street, London; who will publish 'The Edinburgh Literary Gazette' every Monday.

Edinburgh, No. 10, Prince's-street, March 2, 1829.

On the 1st instant were published, price 1s.

CASES OF CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS
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THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 79.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1829.

Price 8d.

CONVERSATIONS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

MRS. MARCET'S little volume on this subject has acquired great reputation as an introduction to the subject of Political Economy, chiefly, we imagine, because the reading public incline greatly to prefer such works on that science as are the shortest. Some portion of the popularity of that work may, we imagine, be attributed to the colloquial form in which Mrs. Marcet delights to convey instruction, and which is particularly adapted to the development of economical science. It is, indeed, emphatically an oral philosophy; and we merely follow out the course of nature, in expressing, in the form of conversations, the higher and more recondite doctrines of a science of which we always learn the first elements in conversation. It is our purpose, therefore, to give a course of dialogues on subjects connected with Political Economy; not, however, presuming, like Mrs. Marcet, to set up some ideal Mrs. B. as the expounder of principles which are to be adopted, but introducing into the conversational circle the most celebrated economists of the day, in whose mouths we intend to put the most logical exposition which we can devise of the doctrines which they honor by their support.

DIALOGUE I.—ON INTERCHANGE.

SCENE—Bellamy's Coffee-room. Waiters, Members of Parliament, &c. &c.

[Enter Sadler, Baring, Bankes, and others. To them a Waiter.]

Waiter.—WHAT may I bring you, Gentlemen?

Sadler.—We mean to have some mutton-chops; but, in the first place, send Bellamy here. (Exit Waiter.) I think it highly probable, Gentlemen, that Mr. Bellamy may have adopted some of the absurd principles of free trade; and consequently it will be necessary for one of us, previous to any consumption of his mutton-chops, to give him a succinct exposition of our principles, of interchange.

Bankes.—If Bellamy is a free-trader, he must also be an atheist; we must not, therefore, eat his mutton-chops, lest atheistical mutton-chops should sap our religious principles.

Baring.—Gently, gently; you must recollect that Bellamy's liberalism is only hypothetical, being assumed by Sadler for the purpose of argument.

Bankes.—Well, d—n it, let's ask him at once whether he is for Free Trade or not. That will show us immediately whether we ought to have any thing to say to him or not.

Baring.—Oh, that would be very little good; for Bellamy is a practical man, and of course has the privilege of practical men—of using words in any sense that is most convenient to them. Why, what in the world except my being a practical man could explain my having been for free trade in 1824, and against it ever since? Therefore do you speak, Sadler; for I will reserve myself.

Sadler.—I wont now enter into the general question of free trade, but merely say enough to prevent Bellamy's making any mistake.

[Enter Bellamy.]

Bellamy.—The waiter tells me that Mr. Sadler wanted me.

Sadler.—Yes, I sent for you. These two gen-

tlemen and myself are going to take some mutton-chops; but, previously to ordering them, we wish that you should specifically understand on what conditions we take them.

Bellamy.—Certainly, Sir; your'e very good. (What the devil does he mean?)

Sadler.—I must inform you, then, though it is not my intention to enter into the question of free trade in all its bearings, that I have no objection to free trade when it is restricted.* My principle is never to get from any body else what I can supply for myself.† We have, therefore, endeavoured to raise a sufficient quantity of mutton-chops, without depending on any body else for our supply of them; but we have not been able. We actually cannot dress mutton-chops. This, then, is one of those cases in which we must draw up the commodity desired from an extraneous source in the bucket of foreign trade.

Bankes.—Hear! hear! hear! Devilish fine!

Sadler.—In undertaking, however, so perilous an experiment, it is necessary for us to proceed with great caution. We must insist on your meeting us half way.

Bellamy.—Certainly, Sir. How shall I do it?

Sadler.—Listen. Man, Bellamy is born to labour. He does not, as some theorists imagine, labour in order to get what he wants, because really the labour itself is the great thing needed. As long as the people of a country work hard; it matters little what they get for their pains. This is our fundamental principle. When, therefore, we allow you to supply us with mutton-chops, we deprive ourselves of the pleasure of the trouble of dressing the chops; but you get that pleasure. Here's a pretty state of things. You can't suppose that we're going to let you deprive us of so much labour, and pour in an equal quantity of your labour upon us, without granting us the privilege of taking trouble in some other way to an equal amount. If you were to give us your mutton-chops without taking any thing from us in turn, you would ruin us in the long run. This might go on for some time; but it must end in our being utterly impoverished, and your enriching yourself at our expense.‡

Bellamy.—God forbid, Sir, that I should be guilty of such a thing!

Sadler (with solemnity).—I hope not, Bellamy. But this was the way in which Poland was ruined. The neighbouring nations would insist on giving the Poles every thing they wanted, without taking a farthing of payment; the natural consequence of which was, that the Poles actually ran dry, and now hav'n't got a shirt to their backs.

Bellamy.—Well but, Sir, I hope you don't think me such an extortionate monster as to wish you to take my mutton-chops without paying for them? (With emotion.) It is an act of which I never was guilty.

Sadler.—You're a fine fellow, Bellamy, upon my word. You have none of the devilish feelings of a political economist, or a blood-thirsty metaphysician; but I cannot trust you implicitly, because all men are liars. (Cheers from Mr. Sadler's personal friends.) I therefore insist upon it, that,

* See his speech on the Silk Question, April 14.

† See this idea beautifully expanded in the same speech.

‡ For the truly 'practical' doctrine, that a country is ruined by getting what it wants without paying for it, and the 'fact' respecting Poland, see Sadler, *ibid.*

when we consent to take your mutton-chops, you bind yourself to take from us in return a quantity of goods, which shall demand a quantity of labour equal to that of which we have deprived ourselves by allowing you to dress the chops.*

Baring.—I think, Sadler, in this case, we may give Bellamy money instead of goods.

Bankes.—Oh! don't let us part with the precious metals.

Sadler.—I am very averse to it; but, as we happen not to have our own produce at hand—yes, a sudden thought strikes me, and I will out with it. Bellamy, I've a lot of my speeches unsold—I insist upon your taking them.

Bankes.—No, no, that would not be fair on us—it would be as bad as exporting machinery; for, if you let Bellamy see your speeches, he may learn the art of speaking, and throw us out of the oratorical market. We must pay in gold and silver.

Sadler.—I consent for this reason, that I see Bellamy is rather puzzled at our doctrine, and the introduction of my speeches into the process of barter might add to his confusion. Mark me, nevertheless, Bellamy, and comprehend. We will take your mutton-chops, on condition that you pledge yourself to receive from us their full value.

Bellamy.—I do assure you, Sir, that I never intended to let you have the chops without being paid the full price for them. Nay, Sir, I am perfectly ready to allow you to pay me as much more as you can wish.

Sadler.—No, Bellamy; no, my good man: we will not take advantage of your benevolent simplicity. And now, that we have settled this important negotiation, we will pay your bill first, in order to be doubly sure. (Pays.) And now, let's have the chops. (Bellamy bows, and exits.)

Baring.—Well, Sadler, I do not see my way clearly. You know I've always been for free trade in general; but I must confess that mutton-chops were the last article that I ever wished to see exposed to competition; because we succeeded so very ill in dressing chops, that was the very reason that that art required an especial degree of protection.†

Sadler.—Upon my word it is so; and, oh heaven! mutton-chops are delicate exotics which require to be kept on a platform.‡

A Waiter advancing.—Gentlemen, Mr. Huskisson desires me to say, that he has just finished his dinner, which will come to six shillings, and that if you will give him a pint of sherry, he will allow you to pay his bill.§

* The idea that we should force foreign nations, by strict treaty, to receive payment for what we get from them was, we believe, evolved by Mr. Robinson, in the same debate, not by Mr. Sadler.

† 'It was in the unfortunate manufacture of silk alone that we were behindhand, and in that manufacture he thought we never could compete with other countries.' Mr. Baring on the same occasion. Hence he argued that the silk trade was the very last to which the principle of free trade should have been applied; that is, that we should continue most obstinately to do that which we do the worst.

‡ Mr. Sadler said, 'The silk trade is yet an exotic, and still retains all the delicacy as well as the beauty of one. Your state horticulturists have removed it from the sheltered platform,' &c.

§ See the Methuen Treaty.

Sadler.—Poor fellow! does he really act in private life on the absurd theories by which he has ruined the nation? Would it be fair to take advantage of his insanity?

Banhes.—Oh, we ought not to lose such an advantageous outlet for our capital. I had no idea Huskisson would have been so good-natured.

Sadler.—Oh, I dare say Huskisson thinks he has got the best of the bargain. Why, you know, he says that the prosperity of a nation consists in its receiving more than it pays.

Banhes.—Ha! ha! ha! as if the exports should not be greater than the imports. Well, pay his bill.

(*Sadler pays. Divers Members present their bills for payment.*)

Baring.—My dear Sadler, this'll never do. Don't you see that the precious metals are leaving us?

Sadler.—So they are, plain enough. But what shall we say? They'll charge us with inconsistency.

Baring.—Oh, that's very easily done. Gentlemen, in the present unsettled state of the currency.* (*Loud cheering, and the claimants depart.*) Sadler, we may just as well go.

Sadler.—Yes; but wont that be cheating Bellamy out of eating his mutton-chops?

Banhes.—Never mind that. The man cannot grumble at an Equitable Adjustment.

(*Escort Banhes, Baring, and Sadler. The member for Gatton takes their place. Enter to him Bellamy with the chops, and says with marks of surprise.*)

These chops were ordered, Sir, by Mr. Sadler and two other gentlemen, who sat here just now.

Member for Gatton.—Yes, I know that. They're just gone; and, as I'm their virtual representative, you'll let me have the chops.

Bellamy.—Virtual representative, Sir! Why, the gentlemen have paid for them.

Member for Gatton.—Well, man, is'n't that as it should be? I eat what they've paid for. Do we not stand in the relative positions, and discharge the reciprocal duties of virtual representative, and constituents?—(*Eats.*)

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Blicke in das Wesen der weiblichen Erziehung. Für gebildete Mütter und Töchter, von Rosette Niederer, geb. Kasthofer, Vorsteherin einer Erziehungsanstalt zu Yverdon. Berlin, 1828.

THERE is hardly a subject more hackneyed among us, nor one on which public discussion is yet more needful, than education. 'The schoolmaster is abroad,' is the cry of battle of that proud and chivalrous host which boldly and readily unsheatheth its two-edged tongues for the glorious 'march of intellect.' 'The knowledge of the truth is filling the earth as the waters cover the sea,' is the song of triumph of that other still prouder and more adventurous army whose descent upon the shores of ignorance and superstition much resembles Caligula's renowned expedition against Britain, which the self-applauding emperor celebrated in these words: '*Abite lati, abite locupletes.*' That the schoolmaster is abroad, no one can doubt; but whether he be of the right school and a good master, is a question not quite so easily answered. That knowledge of truth is spreading, who can deny? but whether it be a living or a dead knowledge, knowledge of human and therefore sectarian, or of divine and consequently universal truth, is again a question of considerable difficulty. We have a society for preventing Cruelty to Animals, and an Anti-slavery Society; but where are those who exert themselves for the prevention of that cruelty which is daily exercised over the minds and hearts of hundreds and thousands of children; who lift up their voice against that slavery in which the

rising generations are held, by a false, prejudiced, factious instruction, as much, and more perhaps, than by ignorance; who propose the measure of unqualified emancipation from the inability under which all parties and all denominations unmercifully keep the children born among them, the inability to become what they ought to be, men of independence in thought and action, true and unsophisticated men, heartfelt and uncanting Christians? Education in its primitive sense, what does it mean but the drawing forth of the energies of the creature, and giving them a right direction? Education, on the contrary, in its present practical acceptance, what is it but a cramping of every faculty and power of the soul, and a perverting of the little, the growth of which cannot be got rid of, to selfish, mean, and narrow purposes? The accusation seems a hard one; but that is no objection against it. If it be a true one, the harder it is, the more is there need that it should be brought forward. And that it is true, it is not difficult to prove; the facts are too manifest to be hidden any longer, and all that seems to be required is, that we should have a right understanding of those facts. Let us see what the various systems of education, those with which the present generation has been encumbered as with an old inheritance, as well as those which it cherishes as its own offspring, are aiming at. What is the test by which the public judges of them, and by which they themselves wish to be judged, as to the degree of their excellency and utility? Is it not their approximation to the operations of mechanical power? Whilst we have come to the glorious epoch, when the moral and intellectual rights of the individual are acknowledged in the concession of unlimited religious toleration, we are most grossly violating those same rights in education, where it is not asked, what is the individual intended for, and what are the claims which he has upon our care, according to the peculiar constitution of his nature; but solely, what do we wish to make of him, and by what means can we most safely, and most quickly, bring him to this? We have learned to respect man as man in his adult state; but in childhood, we still treat him as a merchandize; and we teach and discipline children, as we spin and weave wool or cotton, by machinery, and if not by steam, most certainly by vapour. Is not the instruction of our public and private schools a mere beat after words, which every party makes in that province of life in which it is most at home, or for which it has a sectarian predilection? The Churchman insists upon the Creed and the Church Catechism being got by heart; the Dissenter does the same with his peculiar tenets, and with the Assembly's Catechism; the mass-priest with the mass-book; the infidel with his Chrestomathic tables; the useful-knowledge man with his encyclopædic compilation of matters of fact. At Eton, the poor scholar fags through the Eton Grammar and the parsing book; at the Leicester-square and Highgate Hamiltonio-Pestalozzio-Fellenbergian cataglottic establishments, through the interlinear translation; at the Infant Schools, through the pence-table; at the Lancasterian Schools, through the lesson-boards; and at the National Schools, profaneest of all, through the sacred pages of Holy Writ. And what is it that the poor pupil gets after all this labour, with all this apparatus? Nothing, alas! but words, vain empty words; unmeaning, if not in themselves, at least to him, who is never allowed breath sufficient to reflect. It is indeed disgusting to see how all the mean and quackish tricks by which the shopkeeper disgraces himself, to maintain his ground in the ranks of an unfair competition, have been adopted by the 'scholastic' tradesfolk; and it is still more disgusting to see, how parents allow themselves to be duped by the grossest mountebankism, on a subject on which, of all others, they should be most circumspect. 'Cheap bargains' are as common now at 'classical and commercial schools,' as they are at tailors' shops; 'economy and dispatch' are held out on the road to learning, as much as on the turnpike-road; pro-

missory notes of 'elegance and fashion' are offered by teaching, as well as by shaving establishments: and, to fill up the measure of humbug, lessons are, as blacking bottles, sold 'warranted.'

While these means are successful with the great mass of the public, there is verily but little hope that good sense and real merit will get a fair hearing; nor is it very likely that they will enlist with such competitors in the strife for popularity. However, as, according to an 'old saying and true,' there is

'No ball-room without pretty girl,
No dunghill without shining pearl;'

so, likewise, in the midst of all this quackery, nonsense, and sectarianism, which our age has honoured with the name of education, is there, now and then, a mustard-grain of wisdom to be found. Such a one we introduce to the notice of our readers by the present remarks; and, although it be the production of a foreign soil, yet on that account we think it not less worthy of attention, as it seems to us that the importation of an article of which our own country is so very unproductive, should be encouraged rather than otherwise.

We have, on some former occasions, already mentioned the name of Pestalozzi; and we gladly revert to it—in spite of the abuse that has been made of it in some quarters—as often as we have before us a genuine production of the same genius by which that great man was inspired. This seems to us to be in an eminent degree the case with the volumes, the German title of which our readers have overleaped at the head of this article; wherefore we give a paraphrase of it here for their benefit. It runs about thus: 'Hints on Female Education,' or, for those who wish to get a literal idea of a German title, 'Peeps' or 'Looks into the Essence of Female Education.' The author of it is Madame Niederer, who, as the title-page informs us, has an establishment for female education at Yverdon, in Switzerland, and who, as we happen to know from other sources, has been highly admired, both as regards her character and her abilities, by some English ladies, who spent some time in her house.

The volume which lies before us, is divided into four parts, the first of which treats of the wants and habits of man; the second, of the cultivation of the affections; the third, of that of the mind; and the fourth of education with reference to our social position. Each of these books contains from twelve to twenty chapters, in which, under as many heads, the most interesting points of the subject are considered. To enable our readers to judge for themselves of the view which Madame Niederer takes of the education of her sex, we extract the following passage:

'It is not sufficient that some individuals of distinguished energy among our sex should emerge to the bright summit of human culture: the whole sex ought to be aroused from their present condition, and stimulated to exert themselves for the attainment of a more elevated state. The powers and faculties with which woman is gifted are peculiar, but not less rich than those which have fallen to the lot of man; and the claims, therefore, which she has upon education, upon influence and a dignified position in society, are, although not of the same nature, yet no less important or extensive, than those which the other sex prefers. It is essential to the fulfilment of those duties which devolve upon man that he should have a correct knowledge of human nature abstractedly, and in its various manifestations in individual character, as well as of the influence exercised upon it by the domestic circle, by education, and by social life; and in the same manner it is indispensable for woman to have a clear apprehension of the nature of the child, generally and individually, and of the demands which it makes in children of either sex upon maternal care and guidance. This knowledge should be imparted to all those that constitute civilised society, lest they be incapacitated for the accomplishment of their most essential duties; the neglect of it will infallibly cause our species to retrograde in its own cultivation, however great its progress may be in science, art, and industry.

'It is in the hands of the female that God has

* See Mr. Baring in the same debate, and, indeed, any body else in any other debate.

deposited the primitive power of all education; she is exclusively entrusted with the awakening and first unfolding of the human energies. The tie of closest union which attaches the heart of the child to the mother's love and care, gives to the female an incalculable influence over the destinies of mankind, and an absolute power to decide the bias of the first tendencies for good or evil, for truth or error. To enable the female rightly to exercise that primitive power of education of which she is possessed, it is necessary that we should lead her to a clear perception of the primitive elements of life, of knowledge and of practice, so that her influence upon the first development of the human being may be one of light and not of darkness.

'The foundation of all knowledge rests on an intellectual apprehension of the first elements. If we learn them with clearness, and in the connection which they have among themselves and with the primitive powers of our mind, our knowledge will be well grounded; every progress will lead to a further development of our own powers, and to a deeper insight into the nature of things. However narrow the compass of our knowledge may be, its foundation will be deep and lasting; and it will impart to the mind such a tendency to progressive development, that no experience and no exertion in future life can ever be lost for the enlargement of the sphere of knowledge.

'The superficiality of knowledge arises, not only from the absolute want of foundation, but also from a merely mechanical apprehension of the elements. If they be inculcated without regard to the bearings which they have upon each other and upon our intellect, our knowledge must be superficial; and every farther progress can only lead to mental confusion, and to a greater alienation from the nature of things. However extensive the system of knowledge so acquired may seem, it will only be the more flat and superficial; and every additional experience, every new exertion, can only increase the mechanism of knowledge, adding death unto death.

'These observations may tend to explain the strange phenomena of young persons leaving school, splendidly furnished with knowledge and acquirements of every kind, by which they earn great applause, and raise mighty expectations; but, so far from answering the latter, remain stationary, and shut up against every further development; so that, by degrees, they sink down to mediocrity, or even below its level; whilst, on the contrary, others who, at the termination of the years of tuition, make a modest appearance, and excite neither admiration nor any great anticipations, yet rise from development to development, and from progress to progress, and accomplish the task of their life in a manner both satisfactory to others and creditable to themselves.

'To produce this latter effect, ought to be invariably the object of female education. Not the extent of knowledge, but its solid character,—not mechanical accumulation in the memory, whilst the mind is stupefied and paralysed, and every tendency to development crushed, but intellectual acquirement, which enlivens and exercises all the powers of the mind, and produces a desire for improvement that will last to the end of life,—such are the characteristics of the mental endowments with which a daughter should be dismissed from the parental roof, or from the house of education. If her mind be so fitted out, she will not fail to accomplish the task of her life; as mother and instructress, she will be a shining light for the first education of man. If, on the contrary, she be defective in this, her failure is inevitable; she can produce nothing but confusion and darkness in education, and in the whole sphere of domestic life.

'To open to children the path of true intellectual culture, by a well-grounded and intelligible elementary instruction, is easy and delightful to those that understand it; and so it is likewise to lead them from such a pure and solid basis to the higher degrees of knowledge and wisdom; but, to lead the more advanced youth back from superficial and mechanical knowledge to spontaneous mental exertion, to attention, reflection, and perseverance, is a hard and ungrateful task. It is hard, because it requires a great expense of time and labour enduringly to awaken, strengthen, and enliven the mind, when it has been stunned and enervated by lifeless instruction. It is ungrateful, because, in a world where appearance is the object generally in request, and the general test by which things are judged, it is impossible to aim at the reality, and to reach it, without incurring constant misjudgment, however great and important results may have been obtained. Nevertheless, he who has the welfare of youth and of mankind at heart, who works not for temporary or temporal

purposes, but for the real wants of his age, and for an eternal end, will find that easy which is otherwise hard, and that which is ungrateful, will carry for him a high and everlasting reward.

'The multitude reject the way of development, because, although secure, it is slower; they claim the more rapid results of a system of rote. To know something of every thing, and to be able to talk of every thing, is, with the great mass, the object of female education; hence it is that superficiality, presumption, flatness, and vanity, prevail on all sides; that knowledge and acquirements wear off by practice, and are, in young mothers, like salt which has lost its savour, and is of no use in domestic life or in education.

'But it will not remain so for ever. The day of a better knowledge is dawning upon our sex; its high vocation for the cause of human culture begins to be felt and understood; its exertions have already broken through those narrow limits, and are extending to subjects of universal improvement. Our age has seen noble-minded princesses, taught in the school of life, devoting themselves with faithfulness and dignity to the work of education, and showing, by their example, to the rest of their sex, what they ought to do for it. And how many others, though inferior in rank, yet no less noble-minded, go out, in the power of faith, to give instruction in the schools of the poor, to bring refreshment into the cottage of the needy, consolation to the couch of the sick, and deliverance, in a heavenly sense, into the prison where the criminal is chained to his guilt by iron fetters. They are as many purifiers of the public feeling, diffusing in society the spirit of humanity, and building education upon a lasting foundation. Their exertions will not be without fruit: blessed are they! —P. 344—350.

We cannot better conclude this article than by concurring in the pious wish here expressed by our author, whose strictures, we fear, are as applicable to our state of things as the improvements contemplated by her are urgently wanted.

THE AGE. A POEM:

The Age. A Poem. In Eight Books. Fec. 8vo., pp. 298. Hurst and Co. London, 1829.

THE author of this poem remarks, in speaking of the pride of authors, that

' Oft it lies
Concealed amidst a reprehensive strain
Against his fellows, he, poor man! forgetting
That all these faults are centred in himself.'

We very much fear that this is sometimes the case; that long poems may be written to denounce the spirit of the age; to show how essentially its 'besetting sin' and 'ruling passion' is pride; to trace this pride through all its manifestations; in the church, in the bar, in the senate, in the army; among doctors, at school, at college, among Anti-Catholics, among Liberals; in reviewers, in editors of newspapers, in the frequenters of theatres, balls, and bible meetings; and that, after all, that very spirit, that very pride, may be the presiding genius, the inspiring muse, of the whole book. Such may be, such has been, the case; and it behoves every writer who proclaims a high rule of virtue, who is rightly dissatisfied with the mere conformity of actions to his strict law, but who looks, also, that the current of the feelings should be regulated in accordance with it,—it behoves, we say, such a man to examine, most keenly and anxiously, that he may ascertain whether the evil he is attacking may not have struck their roots into the soul of the censor.

We will not rashly take upon ourselves the office of determining, in any case, whether a man who sets himself up to scourge the Age, is prompted to undertake his high mission by a spirit of 'hatred, envy, and uncharitableness,' or by the 'spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind;' whether he belongs to the herd of bilious satirists, men to whom all God's beautiful creation is hateful, either because there is a native core of bitterness in their hearts, or because they are the weak slaves of a bad digestion; or whether he claims kindred with such beings as Milton, who were impatient of every jarring note in that mighty harmony to which their own spirits were attuned. This only we will say, that, when we see writers

who imitate, or profess to imitate, great men in one of their marked characteristics, we like also that they should form themselves upon the entire model. Give us a little of Milton's other qualities; and trust us, we will not quarrel with you for mimicking him in his vituperation. Give us but one of his prayers, and you shall be free to copy his invectives as long as you will. Be able, as he was, to lay your hands on your hearts and say,—'I am pure in word, and deed, and thought;' pure, not from coldness, not from education, but from a spirit within, which would not stoop to crime, and turned every thing which it touched into good: be able to say this, and you shall denounce other men's vices so long as you have breath to rave with. In short, show that, like him, you have something within yourselves that is not of the age, but above it; and then curse and rail at it to your heart's content. Till then, beware!

And this we must say further, though the application may seem personal to the author of this volume, as well as to his acknowledged prototype, Mr. Pollok, that nearly all the men from whom they can draw any precedent for their own vituperative propensities, and Milton more remarkably than any of them, however vehement they may have been in that prose dialect, which they adopted that they might wrestle with flesh and blood upon its own level, the moment they began to speak their native language, gave utterance to no thoughts but such as belonged to a region of purity and love.

We will give some extracts from the work before us. Of the feeling in which it is written we shall, for the reason we have mentioned, express no opinion: on the quality of its poetry, we will be equally silent. We have read some lectures to the religious public upon the grossness of its tastes; and with these we shall be content. *Liberrimus animas nostras*; and henceforth, let it feed upon what garbage it will, we shall trust its cure to the sickness which must infallibly ensue from such foul gluttony:

' Open the college gates, and enter in
Each room, each heart, and scan the inmost depths.
Here, many learning seek,—the most, as sought
The schoolboy, that they may obtain applause
From mortals: but another kind of pride
In others now arises, or shoots forth
Branches more vigorous;—a pride of name,
Of family, and rank. And they will feel
No small degree of rapture, that their house,—
Beyond memorial infamous,—has stood
So many generations,—that their vaults
Contain the relics of so many gone;—
Gone whither?—Precious legacies are they.
These worthless scarce to look will condescend,
Upon their tutor, if of plebeian birth;—
Much less to listen to him, and less still
To follow his example, and be wise.

' Some make a boast of horses, dogs, and guns,
And horrible! of harlots!—Some delight,
They say, in Christianising all their dress,—
Infernal blasphemy, that seems to beg
Heav'n's thunders to descend and crush the wretch!—
And name each article of popery
After themselves,—that all may know them fools.

' Would that the echoes of my harp could reach
The youth of Britain;—reach them and awake
From slumber,—worse than slumber,—drunkenness
With sin, their never-dying souls. How long
Will God have patience and forbear to strike?
Souls made for holiness, for heav'n and bliss,
Thus to run riotous in ruthless scorn
Of holiness, of heav'n, of bliss, of God!—
To seek their glory on the mountain top
Of the bleak Alps, or in a harlot's arms,
Or on the race-course, or the chequer'd board,
Or in the gaudy look of their own selves,
In wanton lust, intemperance, the death
Of those they ruined,—or the latter fame
Of him, the suicide!—To such pursuits
To dedicate their lives, their souls, their powers!
All given to promote the glory, praise,
And majesty, of Him they scorn, their God;
Of Him, whom they defy, their King, their Judge!
Such souls, such powers, immortal, boundless, vast

Beyond all vastness, infinite beyond
All space,—to none but Heaven inferior,—
Such souls, such powers to prostitute, to plunge
In infamy and pride, to damn to hell.
God of all mercy, still withhold thine arm!
Hold back thy thunders; let not vengeance slip
And blast them in a moment!—spare, still spare,
And shower mercy on an Age of Pride!
Return once more to earth.—The love of wealth
Which, tho' denied by all, each class pervades,
Shall be the theme: but tho' denied by all,
'Tis universal; scarce a heart but feels
The golden passion, infamous as wide
Extended, brutish, devilish, as base.
Some say that wealth is power; and alas!
I fear it is so; their immortal souls,
Vast, mighty, boundless things, it sinks to hell,
To deep destruction:—pride of wealth is power.

'Senseless, infatuated, purse-proud man!
How can he feel a pride for what requires
Such days of labour, and such nights of pain
And watching, and anxiety to manage?
His real weight of care who begs his bread
From door to door, compared to this man's, seems
As nothing, calmness, happiness serene.
To spend is trouble,—to preserve, is more.
The very joys wealth promises, arrived,—
The joys, I mean, of sense, the vain delight
And nonsense pleasures of a carnal world,—
Arrived, are found deceitful; with a sting,
A venom'd sting embosomed in the honey;
And yet,—it nearly passes all the bounds
Of credence,—will the disappointed man
Form more, more schemes, whose nature is the same!

'To spend is trouble,—to preserve, is more.
Bear witness all ye shutters, bolts, and bars,
Ye nightly watch and dogs ferocious, traps!
And unseen guns, the robber to destroy;—
Your testimony bring, what heartfelt care
And trouble wealth's security demands.
Is not all this sufficient to convince
That pride of wealth is folly?—I can bring
Reasons still stronger, arguments more high,
That none can gainsay or dispute;—of wealth
Th' uncertainty,—of his, the miser's heart,—
Victim despicable! the dreadful sight.
These cannot be subverted;—ev'ry day
Is pregnant with example,—of the wings
Invisible of gold,—the anxious care,
Moody, suspicious, brooding jealousy,
The thought distracted, and the appetite
Craving for more, and never, never cloy'd.—
That tear the miser's canker'd, loathsome heart.'

LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

The Life of Archbishop Cranmer. By J. A. Sargent.
12mo., pp. 320. Hurst, Chance, and Co. London,
1829. (Unpublished.)

We could scarcely select a finer illustration of the profound sentiment of Fichte, that 'every thing great and good has been brought about entirely and exclusively by the conduct of magnanimous and undaunted men, who have sacrificed all the enjoyments of life for the sake of an idea,' (*Athenæum*, April 22, p. 241.) than Archbishop Cranmer, to whom we owe much that is valuable in our religious liberties as well as our religious literature. The Bible in our vernacular tongue, the Liturgy of the Church, and our ecclesiastical laws, were all mainly indebted to Cranmer for their establishment; and he gave, in his life, repeated instances of that bold and crafty spirit of independence which has been long considered one of the most glorious characteristics of our countrymen. To look upon such men as Cranmer in the exclusive light of martyrs for Christianity, is, we humbly conceive, taking up only one prominent point of their character, and throwing the others into unmerited shade. So far as they contributed to diffuse, by their exertions and example, the exalted principle of personal freedom in matters of opinion—so far as they put forth their influence to reform existing abuses, no matter whether these were incident to the Roman Catholic profession or not—so far as they were zealous in promoting the circulation of religious knowledge among the people, by translations of the Scriptures and other publications,—such men

as Cranmer ought to be placed in the highest rank of their country's benefactors.

We cannot give a better outline of the character of Cranmer than that which has been drawn by an eminent German reformer, who was intimately acquainted with him in the early part of his career. 'Cranmer,' he says, 'possessed many excellent qualities and endowments, in common with other men; but some were extraordinary and peculiar to himself. He had learning beyond the common degrees of it; was benign and liberal to all, especially to those that were studious and of good literature:—of the more abstruse and heroic virtues of his mind, rarely to be found in the age wherein he lived, viz. his wisdom, prudence, fortitude, temperance, and justice, a singular love towards his country, the highest faithfulness towards the king, a contempt of earthly things, a love of heavenly, a most burning study towards the evangelical truth, sincere religion, and Christian glory.' (*Osiander, Harmonica Evangelica*, Pref.) We may add to this what Cromwell, Earl of Essex, said to Cranmer himself on a memorable occasion,—'My Lord, you were born in a happy hour; you can do nothing amiss: were I to do half of what you have done, my head must answer for it.'

Such was the man whose life Mr. Sargent has undertaken to write in the work before us; and, with the exception of there being a hostile feeling towards Roman Catholics throughout the book, which gives it a strong taint of partizanship and partiality, it is extremely well written, spirited in the narrative, full of interesting anecdote, and, where inferences are drawn from the incidents, shrewd, judicious, and closely reasoned. We were much struck, indeed, with the ingenious and clever defences which the author makes of those parts of Cranmer's conduct that have been considered worthy of severe censure by many, either from prejudice, as Mr. Sargent thinks, or from misrepresentation and mistake. The following apology, for example, in behalf of Cranmer's conduct, in his advocacy of the divorce between the King and Catherine of Arragon, struck us as plausible, well-managed, and well-written, though, perhaps, it is not conclusive; and, were we disposed to brush up our logic, we could, perhaps, make his better reasons appear not the best:

'Cranmer was conducted into the Royal presence, and a long conversation ensued, at the close of which he received the King's positive command to lay aside all private pursuits, and devote himself to the subject in question. Henry's own words must not be passed over in silence, as they materially serve to remove all reproach from the conduct of Cranmer on this occasion. "I protest," said he, "before God and the world that I seek not to be divorced from the Queen, if by any means I might justly be persuaded that our matrimony was inviolable, and not against the laws of God; for, otherwise, there was never cause to move me to seek such extremity. I assure you, that for the singular virtues wherewith she is endowed, besides the consideration of her noble stock, I would be right well contented still to remain with her; if so it would stand with the will and the pleasure of Almighty God. I therefore pray you, with an indifferent eye, and with as much dexterity as lieth in you, that you for your part do handle the matter for the discharging of both our consciences." Such a declaration and injunction on the part of the monarch, may surely fairly exonerate Cranmer from the charge laid against him by his enemies, of conniving at, and furthering, the unlawful passions of the King, in opposition to every acknowledged principle of rectitude. Upright and honourable himself, with a disposition equally removed from deceit as from suspicion, it was extremely improbable that he should have doubted the sincerity of his royal master's word: nor would he have been justified if he had, for Henry had given no proofs of a disingenuous or an unamiable disposition at the time, nor indeed at any future period, amidst all his vices, could that of dissimulation be said to form one. His very assertions must, perhaps, not be discredited by posterity. No attempt is here intended to screen him from deserved censure; but it is neither repugnant to reason nor morality to believe that he was not designedly a hypocrite in this instance. It is not improbable that he himself was deceived as to the nature of his feelings, and really fancied he was

acting from a conscientious motive, when in fact he was swayed principally by the dictates of a recent but violent attachment; for it requires no great acquaintance with the human heart to know how readily it shelters its favourite inclinations under every specious excuse, and clothes its most equivocal acts under the appearance of necessity, or of virtue; and ascribing even merit to itself, for the performance of actions which have only passion for their foundation, and self-gratification for their object. Merely, however, to acquit the illustrious subject of this memoir of culpability seems not enough; justice requires some farther concession in his favour, and though no person can better afford these partial deductions from his merit than Cranmer, it would be an omission on the part of his biographer to leave any thing unsaid which may be said with truth to his advantage. Reviewing the circumstances as they pass, his conduct appears not only blameless, but commendable. Extremely doubtful of the legality of the marriage in question, if not indeed thoroughly persuaded of its illegality,—a stranger to the sophistry that the duration of sin could remove its criminality,—aware of the horrors which threatened the kingdom, in the renewal of those wars which had so lately desolated it,—and solemnly called upon by his sovereign for his assistance,—it does not appear possible that he could, under such circumstances, have denied the exertion of his talents.

'Henry was obeyed; and, not confining himself merely to the proofs of the illegality of the marriage, he proceeded still further to demonstrate, from the authority of Scripture, of ancient authors, and of general councils, that the Bishop of Rome possessed no authority whereby he was enabled to dispense with the word of God. The king was much pleased with the manner in which he had acquitted himself of the task; and now convinced of his ability, it only remained for him to prove his sincerity; for it naturally occurred to him, that if the latter were equal to the former, no person could be so proper to undertake the execution of the project, as he who first conceived it. After expressing his satisfaction at what he had already done, he asked him if he would maintain his opinion openly in the Pope's presence. "Most willingly," replied Cranmer, with all the honest frankness of his nature; "with God's grace, if your Majesty send me thither." An answer which bears intrinsic evidence that he was really actuated by a thorough conviction of the truth of what he had asserted; for otherwise he would never have agreed so instantaneously either to meet the Pope or to embark in a cause which he was aware he could only support by casuistical disputation. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that in every former instance of his life, he had proved himself to be a conscientious and an honourable man. They who are in the habit of acting from principle, seldom act from a less worthy motive: and it is from minute circumstances like this, that much true light is thrown upon every character. The public acts of celebrated men may mislead the most accurate biographer; for they are liable to so many interpretations, and bear so different a construction in the various points of view in which they may be regarded, that it is often difficult to determine where censure is deserved, or where commendation is merited; but in moments of privacy, when the heart unveils itself in confidential communications, and when the glare of adventitious circumstances no longer dazzles, the true motive becomes visible, and we are left to condemn or admire with justice.'—P. 24.

Cranmer's conduct has been no less censured with regard to the part which he took when Anne Boleyn fell under the displeasure of the merciless and remorseless Henry. The circumstances of this transaction, which so deeply stains the pages of our history, are thus stated by our author with his usual spirit of favouritism towards the Archbishop:

'It is remarkable that during the whole of the proceedings against this Queen, the Archbishop was directed by the King's command, to confine himself to his palace at Lambeth: the reason is obvious. The Popish party by whose address these proceedings were instituted, and who were resolved upon her destruction, as a means of crushing the Reformation, dreaded alike the influence and the integrity of Cranmer. They, therefore, removed him out of the way, and thus gave a striking though as unintentional evidence, of the uprightness of that character which they had taken such pains to vilify. Not content with depriving the unhappy queen of existence, Henry determined upon obtaining a divorce from her, that, the princess Elizabeth being made illegitimate, the right of succession might devolve upon

his future posterity. In consequence of which, it was alleged, that a pre-contract, by which the parties were held as much bound as if the actual ceremony of marriage had taken place, had subsisted between her and the Earl of Northumberland. The fact was denied on oath by the Earl; but the queen, either through terror, or with a hope to save herself, (for she might justly suppose, that, if her marriage were in the first instance illegal, she could not be considered amenable to laws which she had not broken,) admitted the truth of the charge to Cranmer. It is added, moreover, that she made a full disclosure of her guilt to him; but the admission of the pre-contract was sufficient to warrant the dissolution of the marriage, and accordingly the sorrowing primate pronounced the sentence of divorce. But whatever motives might have influenced the unhappy Anna in this avowal, they were of no avail; Henry was not to be moved from his determination, and she suffered the fearful penalty of the law on Tower-hill.

Much blame has been attached to Cranmer for the share he had in this transaction; but with more plausibility, probably, than justice. With a view, however, to his exculpation, it is necessary to take into consideration the various circumstances of the case. To have served the queen in the public manner which some affirm to be necessary to the honour of his character, was impossible. It must be remembered, that during the whole of the trial he was forbidden to leave his house, and, therefore, all opportunity of befriending her by his personal influence or interference was denied him. It is, moreover, a fact, that, finding himself thus restricted in his exertions and intentions, he addressed a letter to Henry, in which he endeavoured, by every argument that he thought likely to affect him, to soften his anger, and induce him to alter his determination. No one, perhaps, but himself dare have ventured upon such a step; for the imperious monarch spared neither friend nor foe in his resentment; his will was a law to all around him, and contradiction in the most minute points was always dangerous, and frequently an unpardonable offence.

No umbrage, indeed, seems to have been taken against him on this occasion; but he gained nothing for the unhappy object of his solicitude: the only reply to his remonstrances being a command to hear the confession of the queen. This task, painful as it was, he could not decline; and, consequently, whether the confession were voluntary or extorted, true or false, he could only receive it as it was delivered, and no other alternative presented itself than to give sentence upon it, or to resign his office. Circumstanced as he was, the latter would not only have been unadvisable, but by no means commendable. On his own continuance in power depended every hope of the Reformation; and, while his downfall, and not improbably his death, would involve that of numbers, it could in no way be beneficial to the queen, whose destruction was inevitable. To relinquish his post, would have been to gratify completely the views of their mutual enemies, and to place in their hands that power, the possession of which was the principal cause of their proceedings. No step in this great man's life seems to have been taken without the greatest circumspection and prudence; and, therefore, it is not likely that this alone should have been concluded upon without due consideration. At all events, we are bound by the numerous examples of inflexible integrity displayed throughout his eventful career, to believe that, if every circumstance were known, we should probably have cause to be as much satisfied with his conduct in this respect as in others of a less equivocal nature. It is not to be supposed that his warmest advocate would wish to represent him as a faultless being, or to assert that it was impossible for him to act wrong or unadvisedly. Perfection belongs to no man; and the character of Cranmer presents an assemblage of virtues rarely to be met with: some errors, doubtless, found a place in his heart, and bore testimony to his own conscience, at least, that "there is no one that doeth good; no, not one." It is, moreover, a privilege due to exalted worth, to grant it our confidence in the absence of positive evidence; and justice forbids us to condemn, where charity allows us to hope.—P. 74.

The following anecdote speaks more in favour of the genuine Christianity of Cranmer than a whole volume of abstract argument:

A person of great rank at Court, who was secretly his enemy, having requested his interference with the King, in a suit in which he was much interested, he readily granted the favour, and took the earliest opportunity of addressing the King on the subject. Henry,

who was better acquainted with the sentiments of the nobleman than Cranmer, asked him, in a tone of surprise, if he knew for whom he was making suit; and whether he was acquainted with his disposition towards him. "I always took him," replied the Primate, "for my friend." "No," returned the King; "he is your mortal enemy; and so far am I from granting his request, that I command you, when you see him next, to call him knave. The Archbishop intreated his Grace not to compel him to use language so unchristian-like, and so unbecoming his station; but Henry, in a still more peremptory tone, vociferated, "I command you to call him knave; and tell him, I ordered you." Cranmer, however, continued firm in his negative; and the King, with a smile, at length gave up the contest.

Several of the conspirators having been committed to prison, Gardiner took the alarm, and immediately addressed a letter to the archbishop, in the following abject terms:—"Gentle father, I have not borne so tender a heart towards you as a true child ought to bear, though you never gave me occasion otherwise; but rather by benefits provoked me to the contrary.—I ask mercy of you with as contrite a heart as ever David asked of God. I desire you to remember the prodigal child; I am full sorry for my fault, heartily confessing my rashness, and deliberate doings. Forgive me this fault, and you shall never hereafter perceive, but that at all times I shall be as obedient as ever was child to his natural father. I am yours, and shall be yours, and that truly while I live. Good father! I have given myself unto you, heart, body, and service, and now remember that I am your true servant." This letter answered the purpose of its hypocritical writer. The slightest concession was enough at any time to appease the anger of Cranmer, and the appearance of penitence at once ensured his forgiveness. It was long a proverb, "Do unto my Lord of Canterbury displeasure, or a shrewd turn, and then you may be sure to have him for your friend while he lives." Dr. Hethe, afterwards Archbishop of York, who was rather piqued at his lenity one day, said to him, "My Lord, I know how to win all things at your hand well enough."—"How so?" inquired the Archbishop. "Marry," returned the other, "I perceive that I must first attempt to do you some notable displeasure: and then by a little relenting obtain of you what I can desire." Cranmer looked thoughtfully at this, and, biting his lip, as he usually did when he was moved, replied—"You say well; but you may be deceived. Howbeit, having some consideration so to do, I may not alter my mind, and accustomed condition, as some would have me to do."

"You call me father," said he, in reply to Gardiner; "and in good truth I will prove myself one to you." Nor were these mere professions. Hearing that the king was about to lay the bishop's letters before the Parliament, he went to him; and, by urgent persuasion and entreaty, prevailed upon him to relinquish his purpose, and to let the matter entirely drop. But, though the king was thus far prevailed upon to forego his intentions, he never entirely forgave Gardiner, nor was he ever afterwards able to regain his confidence.—P. 144.

As a contrast to this, (every bright character having some dark spots, like the sun, to cloud its splendour,) we revert with pain to another incident of a very different character. There can be no question, indeed, about the general candour and mildness of Cranmer's disposition, notwithstanding the bold manner in which he maintained the right of personal independence in matters of opinion; but there is one incident in his life which appears not a little inexplicable upon this view of the principles that in other cases uniformly guided him. We allude to his conduct towards the infatuated enthusiast, Joan Bocher, commonly called Joan of Kent, whom he persecuted to the death merely for holding a speculative opinion. With one set of Anabaptists, this fanatic held, that Christ was not truly incarnate of the Virgin, whose flesh being sinful, he could take none of it. It must be allowed, indeed, that she provoked her judges to cruelty by an indecent sauciness of behaviour, which ought to have moved their compassion, as it brought conviction of her brain being disordered. Cranmer could not without great difficulty persuade the young King, (Edward VI.,) to sign her death-warrant: although he argued from the law of Moses, that 'blasphemers should be stoned, and that Joan had rushed with violence against the Apostles' Creed, and deserved the punishment of a blas-

phemer,' the argument was not sufficient to satisfy the young monarch's conscience. At last, however, the Archbishop prevailed; but the amiable prince, all in tears, said, 'I sign this sentence, because I am under your authority; but, if I am doing wrong, you must answer it to God.' (*For*, vol. ii. page 2, Edit. 1684.) This awful declaration, although from the lips of an infant, struck the venerable prelate with such horror that he strove to save the woman; but her 'jeers and other insolences,' which ought to have been regarded merely as additional proofs of her insanity, provoked him to hasten her execution, and she was burned at the stake, Bishop Scory preaching while she was consumed to ashes.

We should willingly have extended these extracts, as there is a profusion of interesting anecdote and incident highly worthy of notice; but, as we cannot spare room for these at present, we must refer our readers to the volume itself, which they will find well deserving perusal. We remarked, however, a few expressions which jarred not a little with the general correctness of the style—such as 'he was vain to a degree,' (page 81,) a phrase which occurs more than once: the question naturally arises 'To what degree?'

GERMAN POETRY.

Historical Survey of German Poetry, interspersed with various Translations. By W. Taylor, of Norwich. 8vo. Vol. II. 15s. Treutzel and Würtz. London, 1829.

In noticing Mr. Taylor's former volume, we felt bound to express, along with the most sincere admiration for the talent and research which it displayed, our regret that the author should have thought it necessary to express some very odd, paradoxical, and, as it seemed to us, wilfully perverse opinions. In the first chapter of the present, which contains an ingenuous confession of some errors and deficiencies which the critics had not detected in it, he mentions, that objectors to the part of the work which contained these heresies have assailed him, as it was natural they should, from many quarters. He adds,—"Without, however, their impairing my private sense of their equity; the English people have so long been accustomed to view the history of the Reformation through the coloured spectacles of a clergy whom it has quenched, not through those of a citizenry whom it has oppressed."

We were not aware, till we were apprised of the circumstance by Mr. Taylor, that the Reformation had added greatly to the revenues of the Church; and we are half inclined to believe that the ingenious writer must have drawn his information from a history made by order to match with his philosophy. But waving this point, the true answer to Mr. Taylor's defence is, that the persons to whom his statements respecting the Reformation gave the most grave offence, were not those unfortunate Englishmen whose senses are so much impaired by the use of clerical spectacles, but hard-thinking, strong-headed Germans, men in whose minds the most prominent characteristic is certainly not a reverence for ecclesiastical authority or any other.

We will be bold to say, that if Mr. Taylor takes the pains to investigate the feelings which prevail in the most manly school at present existing in that country, he will find, among the deepest graven of them all, a reverence hardly stopping short on this side idolatry for the memory of Martin Luther. Here he is regarded as little more than the improver of a creed, and is constantly spoken of in the same sentence with Calvin or any of the mere closet theologians. There he is felt to have been the assessor of the moral freedom of a whole people, to have been not merely the mechanical combiner of the dry bones, but also the spirit that quickened them; and, what more concerns the present question, to have been the real author of that truest and highest form of German literature, in which it

appears, not as the lazy interpreter of the fancies or speculations of lazy men, but as the diviner of whatever is most glorious in human nature, and the chain which rivets it to the divine nature. If Luther had never existed, if Germany had still slumbered on in the sensuality of Romanism,—a sensuality too much akin to some of the worse tendencies of the national character, and too much fostered by the spirit of its government,—it might have possessed an Oberon and a Werter; but it could never have boasted of a Wallenstein or a Faust. We know not whether these opinions of the best patriots in this great country, supported as they are by a weight of evidence perfectly overwhelming, will have any influence with Mr. Taylor; for we gather, from some passages in his present volume, that his literary creed has its peculiarities like his philosophical, and that he holds the French sophists of the eighteenth century to have been the supporters of the dignity of poetry and of art, as well as of right and mankind. We, also, believe them to have been one just as much as the other: we can trace the most intimate and harmonious connection between the criticism that would exclude all spirituality, and the philosophy that would banish all belief; and we hail it as one of the mightiest effects of the freedom of the soul, produced by the Reformation, that it enabled England and Germany to discover, that, as in politics the French spirit would have compelled the nations

to wear the name

Of freedom on a heavier chain.'

So, under pretence of exalting poetry, it would have destroyed all its real grandeur and virtue. It is, at least, some confirmation of this hypothesis, that all the efforts of the better spirits in Catholic Italy, to emancipate their literature from the chains of French taste, backed as they have been by the good wishes and the practical help of so many foreigners, have hitherto been almost entirely ineffectual, and that in Spain even the first signs of rebellion have hardly made their appearance.

We have not had much time to study Mr. Taylor's new volume; but our impression is, that it is far more interesting, and is free from at least some of the faults of its predecessor. We have detected some passages against which we should be obliged to enter our vehement protest, but that they are written with such *bonhomie*, such an obvious consciousness of their being three parts monstrous, and such a carelessness about forcing a belief of them upon any one else, that they lose half their evil in losing all their sophistry. Besides the extravagance of some of Mr. Taylor's literary paradoxes forms such a good running commentary to his opinions upon other subjects, that those who have had due warning by encountering the one are in vastly little danger of running into the other. If any one were inclined to think with Mr. Taylor, that it is a good general principle for men to adopt the religious faith of their fathers-in-law, because it facilitates advantageous matrimonial connexion, produces in a family the desirable harmony of religious persuasion, secures the sincere education of the daughters in the faith of their mother, and leaves the young men at liberty to apostatise in their turn, to exert their right of private judgment, and to choose a worship for themselves;—if we saw any one inclined to adopt this singular moral doctrine, we should only have to mention that the broacher of it likewise maintains, and with quite as much earnestness, that Homeric rhapsodies were written by the philosopher Thales; and we think he would possibly suspend his judgment, and call for further evidence of the former proposition as well as on the latter. To compensate for all this, Mr. Taylor, in addition to some interesting biographical sketches, has presented his readers with ingenious translations of some of the most interesting German poems of the 18th century.

Any notice of the former we must defer to another occasion: of the latter, we will extract two specimens.

The following is a poem of Stolberg's, to which we think the translator must have done great justice:

'Ode to a Mountain-Torrent.

Thou streamest forth from rocky caves;
No mortal saw
The cradle of thy might;
No ear has heard
Thy infant stammering in the gushing spring.
How lovely art thou in thy silver locks;
How dreadful thundering from the echoing crags!
At thy approach
The fir-wood quakes;
Thou castest down, with root and branch, the fir;
Thou seizest on the rock,
And roll'st it scornful like a pebble on.
Thou the sun clothes in dazzling beams of glory,
And paints with colours of the heavenly bow
The clouds that o'er thy dusty cataracts climb.

Why hasten so to the cerulean sea;
Is not the neighbourhood of heaven good,
Not grand thy temple of encircling rocks,
Not fair the forests hanging o'er thy bed?
Hasten not so to the cerulean sea;
Youth, thou art here
Strong as a god,
Free as a god.

Though yonder beckon treacherous calms below,
The wavering lustre of the silent sea,
Now softly silver'd by the swimming moon,
Now rosy-golden in the western beam;
Youth, what is silken rest,
And what the smiling of the friendly moon,
Or gold and purple of the evening sun,
To him who feels himself in thralldom's bonds!

Here thou canst wildly stream
As bids thy heart:
Below are masters ever-changeable winds,
Or the dead stillness of the servile main.

Hasten not so to the cerulean sea;
Youth, thou art here
Strong as a god,
Free as a god.

The second is from a rural epopœa called 'Luise,' by Voss.

'Wandering thus through blue flax-fields and by acres
Of barley,
Both on the hill-top paus'd, which commands such a
view of the whole lake
Crisp'd with the lenient breath of the zephyr, and
sparkling in sunshine;
Fair were the forests beyond of the white-bark'd birch,
and the fir-tree,
Lovely the village at foot half-hid by the wood.—Then
Louisa

Listening observ'd: Do I hear from afar oars dashing!
Again now.—
Meanwhile Charles, who had run off before them, im-
patiently came back,
Shouting in glee: Make haste, or the boat will be
ready before us:
But for the reeds you would see it, I saw it the while
I was yonder.

Wing'd were the steps they now took; winds blowing
the robes of the maiden
Close to her well-shap'd limbs, and disheveling curls
on her shoulders.

Now from the stern of the boat the pastor descried
them, and call'd out:

Decently, children, and softly; you run like the fowls
in the court-yard,
When cook flings them some crumbs, or a handful of
barley or oatmeal.
Cautiously, daughter, you'll stumble else over the
roots of the bushes.

Breathless they halted awhile, and the boat lay dabbling
before them,
Resting the keel of her prow on the pebbles that gar-
nish'd the lake-shore.

Walter had fetch'd them a flat stone, placing it firm
in the water,
So they could land dry-shod, and he offer'd his hand
to the pastor,
Next to the good old lady, and both got safe on the
meadow:

Baskets were landed the last, which the boatswain
handed to Walter.
Lovely Louisa had welcom'd her parents, and shown
them a green mound,

Under an old beech-tree, where the prospect was very
inviting—

There we propose, said she, to unpack, and to spread
out the breakfast;
Then we'll adjourn to the boat, and be row'd for a time
on the waters.

Quick then, and strike us a light! so rejoind'd the
affectionate pastor,
I shall be smoking a pipe, while you are preparing the
coffee.

Then to the boatswain whisper'd the notable wife of the
pastor:

John, first fasten the boat; strike light, and do make
us a brisk fire

So that the smook may be wafted away from the spot
we shall sit on,

Under the family-beech, where the names of my
children are graven.

Pick us up sticks, you young ones, and bring us some
wispes of the reed-straw:

Proverbs remark that the angler must not fight shy of
the water.

Now had the servant with flint struck glittering sparks
from the bright steel,

Mushroom-tinder received them hissing; he lighted a
match next,

Holding the straw to the flame, and it caught, reek'd,
blaz'd, in an instant.

Sticks, twigs, heap'd on the fire, and resinous cones
of the fir-tree

Crackled and torch'd, and scudded the smook in the
air-stream.

Just where the wind blew into the fire was station'd
the trivet,

On it the well-clos'd kettle, replenish'd with chrystal-
line water.

Meanwhile carried Louisa his pipe to papa, and tobacco
Wrapt in the velvety hide of the seal, and a paper for
pipe-light:

Calmly the old man sat, and he whiff'd, and he smil'd,
and again whiff'd.

Soon as the flame had surrounded the kettle, and
steam from the lid burst,

Out of a paper-envelope the good old lady her coffee
Into the brown jug shower'd, and added some shavings
of hartshorn,

Then with the boiling water she fill'd up the pot to the
summit.

Kneeling she waver'd it over the fire, and watch'd for
its clearing.

Hasten, my daughter, she said, to arrange all the cups
in their places,

Coffee is soonly enough, and our friends will excuse it
unfilter'd.

Quickly Louisa uplifted the lid of the basket, and took
out

Cups of an earthen ware, and a pewter basin of sugar,
But when all had been emptied, the butter, the rolls,

and the cold ham,
Strawberries, radishes, milk, and the cowslip wine
for the pastor,

Archly Louisa observ'd: Mamma has forgotten the
tea-spoons!

They laugh'd; also the father; and the good old lady she
laugh'd too—

Echo laugh'd; and the mountains repeated the wander-
ing laughter.

Walter presently ran to the birch-tree beside them, and
cut off

Short smooth sticks with his clasp-knife, offering
skewers for stirrers.'

VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

*Distribution Primitive du Genre Humain à la Surface du
Globe. Par le Colonel Bory de St. Vincent. 8vo.
(with a coloured chart.) Paris, 1829.*

It has long and warmly been disputed, whether
the differences among the various tribes of the
human race are to be ascribed to the influences
of different causes upon the descendants of two, or
of more, primary parents, all similar, or of origi-
nal differences in more than two primary parents.
The question has, unfortunately, been com-
plicated, by referring to the authority of the
Bible. As it is, therefore, necessary, at the
very threshold of the subject, to take notice
of this complication of the subject with sa-
cred authority, we may be permitted to say, that
we agree, respecting this authority, with our two
great philosophers, Lord Bacon and Locke, whose
belief in Christianity cannot be doubted, and who

held it improper to bring philosophical inquiry unnecessarily under the yoke of religious faith.

'Huic autem,' says Lord Bacon, 'vanitati nonnulli ex modernis summâ levitate ita indulserunt, ut in primo capitulo Geneseos, et in libro Job et aliis scripturis sacris, philosophiam naturalem fundari conati sint; inter *Viva quærentes Mortua*.'—*Novum Organum*, i. 65.

And again,—

'Haud alias opiniones et disputationes magis secundis ventis ferri reperies, quam eorum, qui theologiæ et philosophiæ conjugium veluti legitimum multa pompâ et solemnitate celebrant, et grata rerum varietate animos hominum permulcentes, interim divina et humana inauspicata permiscunt.'—*Cogitata et Visa*, Opera, vol. ix. p. 167, 8vo. edit.

'Nor can we be obliged,' says Locke, 'where we have the clear and evident sentence of reason, to quit it for the contrary opinion, under a pretence that it is a matter of faith, which can have no authority against the plain dictates of reason. But there are many things wherein we have very imperfect notions, or none at all; and other things, of whose past, present, or future existence, by the actual use of our faculties, we can have no knowledge; these, as being beyond the discovery of our natural faculties, and above reason, are, when revealed, the proper matter of faith.'—*Hum. Underst.*, iv. 18.

A true revelation, therefore, as it has been well remarked, cannot suffer by the progress of philosophy; though philosophy has often and seriously suffered by ignorant appeals to Scripture. In favour of the opinion that we are all brothers, it has been urged, (laying aside the Scripture record,) that the universal simplicity of nature's causes would induce us to imagine no more than two to have been originally created, if the varieties among us be merely accidental; for two individuals were evidently sufficient for the production of the rest of mankind. Nor ought there, perhaps, to be deduced a contrary presumptive argument from the length of time, during which immense portions of the earth must have thus remained unpeopled. One of Nature's objects seems the existence of as much successive life as possible, whether animal or vegetable, throughout the globe. For this purpose, every species of animal and vegetable possesses an unlimited power of propagation, capable of filling the whole world, were opportunity afforded it. The opportunities of exertion are indeed very scanty when compared with power: climate, soil, situation, may be unfavourable; one vegetable, one animal, stands in the way of another; even the impediments to the increase of some, act through them as impediments to others. The incessant tendency of the power of multiplication to exert itself, seizes every opportunity the moment it is presented, and thus, though every living object has a fixed term of existence, and may be carried off much earlier by innumerable circumstances, all nature constantly teems with life. The slow increase of mankind could not interfere with this apparent object of Nature; the deficiency of our race must have invariably been fully compensated by the opportunities which it afforded for the multiplication of other existences: for that man alone was not designed to enjoy the earth, is shown by the vast tracts of land still thinly peopled.—(*Elliotson's Blumenbach*, p. 563, edit 1828.)

On the other hand, it is remarked by M. Bory de St. Vincent, in the work before us, that

'As the white and the black produce together fruitful mongrels, and by various combinations the descendants sprung from their crossings have been traced to one of the sources, it has been erroneously concluded that they have an identity of origin; for the faculty of producing fruitful mongrels is not a proof that the father and mother are identical. The goat (*capri agagris*) and sheep, the wolf and the domestic dog, the linnet and sparrow, which are very distinct species, give life, by their union, to beings capable of reproducing themselves for ever: but from the horse and the ass, how much soever resembling, there proceed mules, which are commonly unfruitful. Whilst in the same genus, resembling species, which do not produce, are frequently found, or whose adulterous union yields only barren productions, we find examples of dissimi-

lar species prospering hybrides, multiplying, and becoming sometimes the heads of races always reproduced, and which on the contrary end at length, by acquiring even the physiognomy which must sooner or later give them the right of admission to the rank of species.

'To prove that the white and the black derive their difference from that of the climates under which they live, the lineage of the black or of the white must have changed without crossing from black to white, or from white to black, after having been transported from the south to the north, or from the north to the south; the circumstance has never occurred, yet writers, obstinate in their narrow views of identity, have affirmed it, though it seems even impossible. These writers, abusing the axiom that colour is not a specific character, have pretended not to know that there are nevertheless cases which, when they are constant, furnish sufficient characters. It has been particularly remarked on the coast Angola, at St. Thomas, for instance, situated under the Line, and at the bottom of the Gulph of Guinea, that the Portuguese established there, some hundred years since, under the influence of a burning sky, are become little darker than those on the Iberian Peninsula, and that they have remained there white as long as they were not crossed. Under this burning Equator, which passes over, in the ancient world, the country of the Ethiopians and Papous, whose colour is ebony, negroes are found in America; the natives of this other land, on the contrary, appear to be much whiter as they approach the Equinoctial Line; and the proof that the black colour is not caused only by the heat of the intertropical countries is, that the Lapons and the Greenlanders, born under a frigid sky, have a darker skin than the Malays of the hottest parts of the universe. Those who among these Hyperboreans rise nearest the poles are become almost negroes in colour.

'It is not, besides, from colour only that the species of men derive their differences; they are, moreover, distinguished from each other by their structure, and by many minute traits of their organization, the influence of which extends over the intellectual faculties, and which consequently determine the degree of moral development which each can attain.

'As each is capable of communicating morbid virus and contagious diseases to the other, this circumstance has been argued in favour of the identity of the white and of the negro. We shall not attempt to deny this lamentable truth, which has been but too much demonstrated to conviction, by the dreadful exchange which the Old and New World have made of the small-pox and syphilitic disease. But has it not been proved that the venereal poison has been communicated to dogs, and the small-pox to monkeys? and, consequently, that the same virus may act, under certain circumstances, upon species which belong to the most distinct genera. If any one should be inclined to doubt this fact, will he not find himself constrained to acknowledge from the discovery of the immortal Jenner, that man must be confounded with oxen, because cows supply him with matter for vaccination? And have not entomologists confessed that the lice of the negro are of a different species from the lice of the white? And is it not known that warm-blooded animals breed according to their species aracknidæ always different from that genus? In a word, it has been very judiciously said, "if naturalists see two insects or two quadrupeds so constantly different by their exterior forms and permanent colour, the white man and the negro, notwithstanding the spurious offspring which may result from their intercourse, they would not hesitate to set them down as two distinct species."

'Let us abandon these denominations of white and black, from which, perhaps, the principal source of error arises, and the impropriety of which has been already pointed out by Desmoulins, in the "Dictionnaire Classique D'Hist. Nat." Let us reject all specific names borrowed from colours, and which would not be known to be more exact than those which have been borrowed from a *habitat* too minutely circumscribed. In searching over, in establishing what the true species are which compose the genus to which we ourselves belong, let us endeavour to impose on these species the most appropriate names, that they may not be found equivocal.'

Following out these principles, M. Bory has made what he considers an improvement upon the classification proposed by Desmoulins, who divides the human race into eleven species, making fifteen species, and a considerable number of subordinate varieties, according to the following table:

I.—LEIOTRIQUES; à *cheveux unis*. (Leiotrics; with straight hair.)

i. PROPRE A L'ANCIEN CONTINENT. (Proper to the Old World.)

1. ESPECE JAPETIQUE, *Homo Japeticus*. (Japetic species.)

A. *Gens Togata*. Wearing loose garments.

a. Race Caucasique, (Occidentale.) (Western Caucasian race.)

β. Race Pelage, (Meridionale.) (Southern Pelagian race.)

B. *Gens Bricata*. Wearing tight garments.

γ. Race Celtique, (Occidentale.) (Western Celtic race.)

δ. Race Germanique, (Boreale.) (Northern Germanic race.)

Variété Teutone. (Teutonic variety.)

Variété Slavone. (Slavonic variety.)

2. ESPECE ARABIQUE, *Homo Arabicus*. (Arabic species.)

a. Race Atlantique, (Occidentale.) (Western Atlantic race.)

β. Race Adamique, (Orientale.) (Eastern Adamic race.)

3. ESPECE HINDOUE, *Homo Indicus*. (Hindoo, or Indian species.)

4. ESPECE SCYTHIQUE, *Homo Scythicus*. (Scythian species.)

5. ESPECE SINIQUE, *Homo Sinicus*. (Chinese species.)

ii. COMMUNES A L'ANCIEN ET AU NOUVEAU MONDE. (Common to the Old and New World.)

6. ESPECE HYPERBOREENNE, *Homo Hyperboreus*. (Hyperborean species.)

7. ESPECE NEPTUNIENNE, *Homo Neptunianus*. (Neptunian species.)

a. Race Malaise, (Orientale.) (Eastern Malay race.)

β. Race Oceanique, (Occidentale.) (Western Oceanic race.)

γ. Race Papoue, (Intermediaire.) (Intermediate Papoo race.)

8. ESPECE AUSTRALIENNE, *Homo Australasicus*. (Australasian species.)

iii. PROPRE AU NOUVEAU MONDE. (Proper to the New World.)

9. ESPECE COLOMBIQUE, *Homo Colombicus*. (Columbian species.)

10. ESPECE AMERICAINE, *Homo Americanus*. (American species.)

11. ESPECE PATAGONNE, *Homo Patagonus*. (Patagonian species.)

II.—OULOTRIQUES; à *cheveux crepus*,—vulgairement les Negres. On n'en connaît pas de Blanches. (Oulotrics; with crisp hair,—vulgarly Negroes. No Whites are known among them.)

12. ESPECE ETHIOPIENNE, *Homo Æthiopicus*. (Ethiopian species.)

13. ESPECE CAFRE, *Homo Cafre*. (Caffre species.)

14. ESPECE MELANIENNE, *Homo Melaninus*. (Malayan species.)

15. ESPECE HOTTENTOTE, *Homo Hottentotus*. (Hottentot species.)

III.—HOMMES MONSTRUEUX.

a. Les Cretins. (Cretins.)

β. Les Albins. (Albinoes.)

One of the most extraordinary facts bearing upon this question which has come to our knowledge, was first recorded by Volney, in his 'Travels in Egypt and Syria,' with respect to the Mamelouks,—who tells us, that, during the five hundred and fifty years that they have been in Egypt, not one of them has left subsisting issue; for there does not exist one single family of them in the second generation, all their children perishing in the first or second descent. Almost the same thing happens to the Turks; and it is observed, that they can only secure the continuance of their families by marrying women who are natives, which the Mamelouks have always disdained. Let the naturalist explain why men, well formed and married to healthy women, are unable to naturalise on the banks of the Nile, a race born at the foot of Mount Caucasus! and let it be remembered, at the same time, that the plants of Europe, in that country, are equally unable to continue their species. Some may refuse to believe this extraordinary fact, but it is not on that

account less certain, nor does it appear to be new. The ancients have made observations of the same nature: thus, when Hippocrates asserts, that, among the Scythians and Egyptians, all individuals resemble each other, though they are like no other nations; when he adds, that, in the countries inhabited by these two races of men, the climate, seasons, elements, and soil, possess a uniformity nowhere else to be found, does he not recognize that kind of exclusion now alluded to? When such countries impress so peculiar a character on every thing native, is it not a reason why they should reject whatever is foreign? It seems, then, that the only means of naturalising animals and plants would be to contract an affinity with the climate, by alliance with the native species; and this the Mamelouks have constantly refused. The means, therefore, by which they are perpetuated and multiplied, are the same by which they were first established; that is to say, when they die, they are replaced by slaves brought from their original country. (*Volney Voy. en Egypte et en Syrie*, i. 87.)

This extraordinary fact has been confirmed by J. S. Crompton, Esq., an intelligent English gentleman recently returned from the East. From the various inquiries which he made in Egypt, he considers the statement just given from Volney perfectly accurate. The persons whom he asked had never read his *Travels*, and, till the inquiry was made, had never thought on the subject; yet still they could not bring one instance to their recollection, of the children of two Whites, born in the country, ever coming to maturity. Mr. Crompton was also told that children begotten by Europeans out of Natives, (a circumstance which, however, rarely happens, owing to the Copts and Arabs being very particular on that subject,) entirely lose their appearance of European origin in the third generation. The physiognomy of the Copts is very striking; he never remembers seeing the least European mixture, which would be visible if they had made alliances with the Turks, who are as different in the form of face as can well be imagined: the Turks have Roman noses; the Georgians, Grecian; the Mamelukes both; but the Copts are *snubs*. Mr. Crompton was farther told, that at Damietta, the port on the Eastern branch of the Nile, an Italian family had flourished amazingly; afterwards, he learned that the mother was a Maltese, which, if true, more strongly corroborates the fact, as the Maltese are supposed to be of Arabian origin; they speak a jargon so like Arabic as to make themselves understood by the natives on their arrival in Egypt.

What Volney says about vegetables, Mr. Crompton likewise found to be true. When he left Cairo, a gardener hearing that he was going to Jaffa and Damascus, and likely to return, begged him to bring him some melon and cauliflower seed, as, though those plants thrive exceedingly well in Egypt, unless the seed be renovated constantly, it degenerates so as to become quite another plant. This is also the case with Brussels sprouts, so celebrated in the Netherlands. Plants raised from seed from Brussels thrive well in this country; but seed saved here, though it ripens thoroughly, greatly degenerates in the second generation.

The race of Mamelouks had been entirely destroyed by the present Pasha, Mahommed Ali. Only a few escaped the general massacre in the citadel and fled to Dangola. These few have been gradually dying off, so that now there are only a very few left; one old man is the only remaining Mamelouk at Oairo, and his life would not have been spared, had he been capable of bearing arms. — (*Edinburgh's Blumenbach*, p. 576.)

On the other hand, the late lamented Bishop of Calcutta, Dr. Heber, tells us, in speaking of India, that all Whites, Persians, Greeks, Turks, Tartars, and Arabians, in a few generations, even without any intermarriage with the Hindoos, infallibly assume the deep olive tint, little less dark

than a negro, which seems natural to the climate. The Portuguese have, during three hundred years' residence in India, become as black as Caffres. Surely, adds the Bishop, this goes far to disprove the assertion which is sometimes made, that climate alone is insufficient to account for the difference between the Negro and the European. — (*Heber's Narrative of a Journey*, p. 54.)

From these facts, so very marked and striking, though apparently leading to opposite conclusions, we may learn to appreciate better the following remarks of M. Bory:

'Acknowledging,' he says, 'as we have just seen, fifteen species of men, and admitting the consideration that others exist, individuals of the race of Japhet, among whom civilisation developed the need of information foreign to other animals, will not fail to accuse us of incredulity. They will be willing, with the hope of tormenting us, to elevate themselves, by saying to us, ungrateful children, you deny the primitive and sacred couple, formed by the hands of God to give us existence, and the only source of mankind!'

'To reply beforehand to every envenomed allegation, few words will suffice. The revelation which has reached us, and reported in page 290, respecting the Arabic species, and adopted by Christians only, belonging to whatever species they may be, ordains in no manner to rest exclusive belief on Adam and Eve. The inspired author, whom we have mentioned before, evidently only occupies himself with the Hebrews, and speaking of other species by economy, seems to have wished to abandon their history to the naturalist. At a later period, when redemption established a new covenant between earth and heaven, God confirmed, in positive language, the silent testimony of all the ancient traditions of the Scriptures concerning the diversity of the origin of men, calling to him the *Gentiles*; that is, the *other species*, with whom, during four thousand and four years, he had been no more occupied than the rest of animals.'

'Then only these *Gentiles*, or younger species, entered into the heritage of those supernatural benefits which, until the birth of our Saviour, had been reserved for an Arabic race, rendered finally unworthy of them by their incorrigible ingratitude. And let it not be said that such a system, isolating men, and breaking asunder the bonds of parentage, may tend to encourage them to hate each other more than they have already done; it only makes them universally cousins, for all possible species arose alike from the bosom of beneficent nature. Whether that eternal Eve, made fruitful by the Creator, produced at once, or one after another, a first family of mankind, or fifteen, will the children who perpetuate those families be less brothers in God? From pole to pole, men will be but branches from the same trunk. "It is to naturalists alone that we are indebted for the physical proofs of this moral truth which ignorance and tyranny have so long continued, and which Europeans outrage when they buy their brethren to make them submit to a burden without relief, a labour without any remuneration,—to mix them with their flocks,—to form a property of them in which there is nothing lawful but the hatred breathed by slaves against their oppressors, and imprecations addressed by those unfortunates to the ear of Heaven against so much barbarity and impunity."—*Vie d'Asyr*, *Eloge de Buffon*, ed. de Verdiere, t. i. p. 67.

'Let us cease, then, to make the American, the Hyperborean, the Patagonian, or the Malayan, crissped on the land of Van Dieman's Land, to spring from an unknown point of Mesopotamia; let us but once acknowledge, with safe conscience, that each Adam must have had its peculiar birth-place, and let us endeavour to find out what are the points of difference among the species which necessarily compose the human race.'

'We shall not ask, "Why the great Being should not have been equally able to create Aborigines in the New, as well as in the Old World?" We have already declared, that we have not the temerity thus to inquire the wherefore of things; we could make, if required, honourable amend for having printed, as the author who has permitted this interpellation, but about the age of twenty; "as man is only a creature as others, why should there not exist many species in his genus, as in the most part of those which are presented to us in the table of nature?" For the present, we shall confine ourselves to the study of facts, which sufficiently answer such questions.'

'Virey, who admitted two species and six races, acknowledged, also, primitive birth-places (*foyers*), from

which they become disseminated and scattered by de-grees. This author does not believe, any more than ourselves, in the Adam only which Moses tells of, but he expresses himself more clearly in this respect than the Jewish legislator. "These birth-places," he says, "may be recognised from the beauty and corporeal perfection of each family by which they are peopled; and, as mankind dispersed by colonies, it is natural to believe that they first of all traversed across countries before they exposed themselves to an unknown ocean, and the inconstancy of the waters. The families of men appear to have established their primitive birth-places upon elevations of the globe, and, like rivers, to have descended from the mountains, and to have run to the extremities of the earth, and the borders of the sea."—(*Dict. de Deterville*, t. xv. p. 175. Paris, 1817.)

It is important, we think, to remark that modern discovery has made us acquainted with eight coloured nations inhabiting the warmest regions of the globe, with dark nations inhabiting the coldest, and with others of various shades of colour, although in the same climate. Many instances corroborative of these facts have been adduced by Lord Kaimes, M. Virey, Dr. Prichard, and our author. Baron Humboldt, for example, found the people of the Rio Negro, swarther than those of the lower Orinoco; and yet the banks of the first of these rivers enjoy a much cooler climate than the more northern regions. In the forests of Guiana, especially near the sources of the Orinoco, are several tribes of a whitish complexion, the Guaiacas, Guajaribs, and Arigués, of whom several robust individuals, exhibiting no symptom of the malady which characterises albinos, have the appearance of true mestizoes. Yet these tribes have never mingled with Europeans, and are surrounded with the other tribes of a dark brown hue. The Indians, in the Torrid Zone, who inhabit the most elevated plains of the Cordilleras of the Andes, and those who are under the 45° of south lat., have as coppery a complexion as those who, under a burning climate, cultivate bananas in the narrowest and deepest valleys of the equinoctial regions. We every where perceive that the American depends very little on the local position in which we see him. The Mexicans are more swarthy than the Indians of Quito and New Grenada, who inhabit a climate completely analogous, and we ever see that the tribes dispersed to the north of the Rio Gila are less brown than those in the neighbourhood of the kingdom of Guatemala.

Such are a few of the curious facts and reasonings connected with this interesting inquiry, which, had our space permitted, we could easily have extended. Those who are fond of such investigations will find much to please them in the work of M. Bory.

ARMS OF THE NEW RUSSIAN PROVINCE.—The heraldic arms adopted by the Russian Government for the new province of the Caucasus, lately conquered from Persia, consist of a shield divided into two compartments. The upper half has, on a field of gold, the Russian Eagle on the summit of the Caucasus, holding in its talons a crown of laurel and a thunderbolt; while at its feet lie the broken chains of Prometheus. Should the promise here implied prove as sincere as the allusion is classical, where is the friend to man who would not wish that success and conquest may attend the arms of the modern Hercules? The lower half of the shield has, on an azure field, a warrior of Caucasus on horseback, galloping over the plain and drawing a bow; in the distance is the snow-covered summit of the chain of the Caucasus.

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LETTER TO —.

THERE is a joy and beauty unto them
Whom the clear streams upbraid not, nor condemn,
In the swift flow of waters : to the pure
They cannot be indifferent ; and be sure
That, therefore, dearest friend, I would that thou
Listened the steady rippling at the bow
Of my light boat, whose tall and slanted mast
Stoops ever to the unremitting blast.
The living wind rejoices, and is strong,
And would bear swiftly our swift thoughts along ;
The tide flows broadly up, and blots away
The river's windings ; though, in ebb, it lay
Sinuous, and twisting like a silver snake
That winds its lithe form through the sounding brake.
Then might we mark how, when the currents shift,
The barges, anchored in mid channel, drift
Heavily round, and with the current flow
Far as their outstretched tethers let them go ;
Or how the wavering sea-wreck, and all weeds
Which ocean in its oozy bottom feeds,
Stream backward with the altering stream ; and sedge,
Heaped up by many tides o'er all the ledge
Of shore, and mixed with pebbles, shells, and sand,
To be a wall betwixt the sea and land,
Is fast left bare, save where the ebb trails back
A few lank weeds, like ribbands, in the track
Of its retreating. Would that thou mightest view
How the clouds, sailing o'er heaven's ocean blue,
Outstrip not us ; or view them from behind
Moulded and shifted by the shaping wind
That drives them, as the Poet, thought on thought,
Drives, shaping ever, until he has wrought
From their fine substance an immortal woof,
Spreading a temple's overarching roof,
To screen him from the glare and undelight
Of the day's splendour, of a day as bright
As this is now ; yet which can weave a night
Of gloom upon life's onward stream, more dark
Than the shadow of my ocean-wandering bark,
Darkening my path before me, on this river,
More changing, more unquiet, and for ever
Eluding grasp.

But I will cast behind
These thoughts, or give them to the clear north wind,
Which I have sometimes deemed is strong to bear
Our ill thoughts from us, through the desert air ;
A besom sweeping cobwebs from the brain,
And dreams in hope not woven, but in pain,
Despondency, and self-reproach, and fear,
Even as it makes the dark sky deep and clear.
But of such dreams one is not, that before
The summer's parting we may tread that shore,
Where young philosophy has made her home,
And her high priests built her a starry dome,
Where few may kneel ; 'twere joy that would not fade
With thee to pace some echoing colonnade ;
For I am not unmindful quite, that, led
By thee, that sacred fount I visited
Of modern song, which not the swart sun's blaze,
Nor arid winds, that in these latter days
Parch the green rivers, yet have chid from flinging
Over this Earth the music of his singing ;
Him, too, whom I some beauteous bird would deem
In Western Island, or by Indian stream,
Snared with ungentle craft, and caged hear,
And chaunting, in his prison dull and drear,
Wild melodies and a remembered strain ;
While aye he did his shattered plumage stain
With his own blood ; and we, methinks, have heard
The notes together of that other bird—
A golden-feathered bird, of such sweet song,
They who to crouches and crows had listened long,
And deemed it music, with discordant shout,
As on those Thracian hills the Bacchant rout
Tore the sad harper ; these were spirits mild,
Twin spirits, that lived and died unreconciled
With the world's works and ways, and went apart,
And trod with bleeding palms and breaking heart
A rugged way ; yet oft from wayside bowers
Would pause to wreath a coronal of flowers,
Which the sad tears of poesy shall feed,
And still keep green, when many a gaudy weed
Has fall'n into the portion of outworn
And faded things, a mockery and a scorn.

And sometimes when I send my hopes abroad,
Unballasted by aught of all that load
The tyrannous Future lays on us, of care
And duty, so that even the lightest air
My thoughts like feathers on its wings may bear ;
Then am I wafled to some sunny land,
Greece or Aonia, or methinks we stand

Mid Sicily's holm-oaks and pastoral hills,
Seeking the well-heads of those sacred rills
Which the wise poets found in elder times :
So when to us the aspect of those climes,
Their towns and fields are known, shall many a strain,
Which now floats by unheeded and in vain,
Have deeper tone—nor less by them is brought
The spirit to a loftier pitch of thought.
For I am strong to think that not in vain
We dwell near starry pillar, massive fane,
And solemn temple, where some work divine,
Statue or painting, lurks in every shrine.
Like gales from pleasant places bearing health,
These things breathe forth their effluence, a wealth
Of lofty thoughts, and by unmarked degrees
When all the mental vision reads and sees
Is beautiful, the mind itself creates
Like to the beauty which it contemplates.
This was the faith the elder sages held,
Though if, as Plato bids us, we expelled
All who can track not to its dwelling-place
The printless footsteps of retiring grace,
All who see not this beauty throned apart,
And only in partaking which their art
Is lovely ; we, I fear, should desolate
Your capital city, winnowing the state
Of painters, builders of triumphal gate
And loftier rhyme.

Oh, Friend, we know not where,
Or piloted by what invisible air,
We are borne onward—lo ! here is a cove
Silent, serene, and sheltered by a grove,
Though leafless now—I knew not till to-day,
Such nook lurked unexplored upon my way,
And even so is it on our life's high way.
Its sunshine comes in unexpected gleams,
We know not where the meadows are, or streams
That make their channel and their verdant bed
Of the long flowing grass themselves have fed ;
And in this faith I will no more prolong,
With talk of distant wanderings, my song,
When meadows and clear rills at home may 'keep
A pleasant bower for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams' and quietness, and love,
And joys until their coming known not of.

R. T.

NOTES ON ROME AND THE POPEDOM,
1829.

THE Cardinals are put through a regular course of political education. Before they can venture to aspire to the highest ecclesiastical dignities, or even to the triple-crowned 'Rock of St. Peter,' they are required to pass through successive appointments, as ministers of justice, finance, war, and ecclesiastical affairs. It is true, they hold them for so brief an interval that it is impossible they should become adepts in the duties of any one of these stations ; yet the regulation is not without its uses, inasmuch as each succeeding appointment calls upon them for the exercise of such a portion of zeal and application as is requisite to prevent them from committing blunders, and betraying the interests of the state by ignorance or glaring indiscretion. The situation of an 'Auditor' or Secretary, on the contrary, is as permanent as that of his master is ephemeral : the latter is not expected to be deeply versed in the duties of his office ; but the Auditor, who is usually of plebeian extraction, is looked up to for information and experience in his department. His ghostly superior, therefore, becomes his client, and enacts the hero of the drama under favour of his prompter. The Roman has never abandoned his privilege of abusing the 'powers that be : ' the Cardinals, Prelates, Judges, and Ministers of State are, therefore, condemned to swallow, as best they may, whatever pill the critic or lampooner may choose to administer to them. I have even known an epigram spirted against the host itself !

Neither popular opinion, nor the opposition which grows out of its expression, is, however, arrayed against the system or principles of the Roman Government, but against the laches in its administration. Facts and results, not political speculations, are the ailments of intellectual commotion among the quidnuncs of Rome, who have

yet to learn that wholesome principles lead to salutary effects. *Par exemple*, I have heard them call down maledictions upon the *prevotal* tribunals, for the summary manner in which they condemn and execute robbers ; but not one of the vituperators appeared to recollect, that the same arbitrary proceedings, which lighted upon the head of a bandit, might equally crush an innocent person.

No insolvent can be incarcerated for a longer period than twelve months, unless he have been guilty of fraudulent conduct. There is a singular process adopted here for deferring the payment of a debt even after judgment has been given. The debtor procures an order from his confessor to put himself under a course of preparation for receiving the sacrament ; and, whilst this course is in progress, he is privileged against arrest or imprisonment. The duration of the fortunate ordeal depends upon the favour of the Cardinal-legate of the department or his secretary.

THE ROMAN STATES.—The first circumstance which strikes an individual as indicative of the spirit in which the affairs of a nation are conducted, is the state of its population and revenue. If he can obtain authentic information on these points, he can be at no loss to ascertain the complexion of its Government, and the comparative healthiness or viciousness of its character. The moral preponderance of a state is always analogous to the powers of its industry : weakness marches hand in hand with poverty, and wretchedness with ignorance ; whilst wealth follows in the train of virtue and mental civilization. The Roman States contain a population of two millions and a half ; their public debt amounts to twenty millions sterling ; the revenue does not exceed eight hundred thousand pounds ; they have a military force of ten thousand men, and a navy of five insignificant vessels. Now, if we suppose the twenty millions of public debt to have been borrowed at par, the Papal dominions are burthened with the payment of an annuity of one million sterling ; so that the sum total of their revenue is not adequate to defray the yearly interest upon the debt. In the teeth of this fact, the Holy Father contrives to pay his fleet and army, repair the roads, and maintain his own state, and his civil establishment, and his foreign missions. These cannot surely be provided for out of his 'Extraordinaries,' such as, the first year's income of benefices and bishoprics ; or dispensations for marrying a niece or a cousin ; or the one hundred and twenty pounds paid on the nomination to a crosier ; or the seven hundred pounds (3,000 scudi,) received for a cardinal's hat !—The deficit is probably made good by pecuniary allowances from Catholic countries, pious donations, bequest, and other resources, of which the course of events may one day strip the see of Rome *in toto*. What would then be the fate of a sovereignty, which has depended so essentially on Christian benevolence ? The more enlightened, (and this city is by no means deficient in that class,) would eagerly trace the defalcation to its real source. Though at a late hour, they would become sensible of the ruinous effects resulting from lazy corporations ; they would perceive the error of accustoming a whole community to a state of contemplative existence ; they would call for reforms within the priory and convent ; and the want of manna would drive the indolent out of their beds with the first glow of the solar ray. It would be an exhilarating sight to witness the robber involved in one common fate with his refuge, the land furrowed by the ploughshare, and the stagnant marsh disappear in the same hour with its epidemical progeny !

There can, in truth, be no great difficulty in tracing the evils which undermine the prosperity of the Roman dominions to their immediate origin. Beggary, that daughter of monkhood and idleness, has, under various disguises, found her way across the thresholds even of the higher classes ; the 'date obolum' has ceased to call a

blush upon the cheek, since Rome has become a hanger-on upon the charity of the whole world. The 'Eternal city' is converted into a general rendezvous of mendicants from every corner of the globe; and, in proportion as the indolent are driven out from the bosom of the labouring community, they find their way to a kind-hearted society, where sloth basks in the sunshine of privileges to which merit alone has any legitimate title.

When considered under this point of view, the states of Rome afford a very singular contrast with the condition of other European climes. I have insisted upon the moral influence and prosperity a nation derives from industry and I will draw my proof from one of the minor sovereignties of Europe. Denmark comprises a population of 1,800,000 souls, and her revenue amounts to eight hundred and forty thousand pounds; her debt is twelve millions sterling less than that of Rome; her army consists of thirty thousand men, and her fleet of eighty vessels. The public income of Denmark is, therefore, nearly double that of the Papedom, when taken in all its bearings; its military force treble, and its maritime strength beyond all comparison greater. Whence originates a state of things, so infinitely in favour of a country which is exposed to the deprivations of an ungenial climate, and suffering yet from the ravages of a hostile invasion? The germ of its prosperity lies in the laborious habits of a robust and pains-taking people, in the diffusion of education even over the sandy districts of Jutland, and in the absence of parasite communities. The laws and usages, the institutions and domestic habits of this northern region, do not interfere with the individual in the discharge of the duties befitting his station, or discourage him from seeking happiness in the pursuits of industry.

THE MARRIAGE STATE.—If I spring across to this subject, recollect Mr. Grattan has recently told us, that there is no step between the sublime and the ridiculous. And ludicrous enough it is to see the fair Roman smiling contempt on the vicious habits of ultramontane society, whilst she is pluming herself upon her constancy and devotion to her favoured innamorato, and pronouncing those to be 'fallen angels' who are guilty of the smallest aberration in this particular. Marriage in Italy is nothing beyond a formality; a sort of stepping-stone to a name and rank in life. The nuptial progress is soon told. The maiden receives her education in a nunnery; and this education consists in teaching her to kneel gracefully at church, to confess twice or thrice per mensem, and to fast on Fridays: her instructors are not such Goths as to dream of fitting her for domestic life, or boring her with allusions to moral fitness. Some fine day brings her word that a partner is in attendance, and she marries. And in the next four-and-twenty hours she is plunged into the vortex of a gay world, utterly destitute of an expanded mind, at the mercy of a fiery imagination, and encircled by the syrens of her own sex, whose darling topics centre in the recollection of their amorous adventures. She is rated on her incapacity; her husband is not so henpecked as to concern himself about her moral conduct; nay, it would seem as if he delighted in lending a public sanction to her infidelities by his own example. In such a state of things, the panoply of Diana would scarcely achieve invulnerability. The amorous propensities of the Italian dames imply, therefore, a far less depravity of morals than they do when indulged in by a French, or, much more, an English or German, woman.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued from page 251.)

We have said that the actual teaching which Ellen received from her new governess, assisted, in our humble judgment, very little to the development of the pupil's mind and character.

We shall be excused, therefore, for only noticing, in the most brief manner possible, what that teaching consisted in. Miss Corrie being, as our readers are aware, a person who cultivated singularity, as much as was consistent with the essential common-placeness of her feelings and views, would naturally attempt to make the subject of her pupils' studies in some measures different from those of ordinary young ladies. The ambition of being a reformer in education was, at the commencement of Miss Corrie's career, very strong in her mind. Numerous were the innovations upon the existing system which she had contemplated, and to the benefit of which she was resolved that her pupils should bear a living testimony. Young ladies, she would say, generally learn French and Italian; and why not also French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese—ay, (and when she arrived at this bold sentiment, she would throw back her head with all the conscious dignity of one who believes herself at least half a century in advance of her contemporaries,) and why not Latin and Greek too? Botany was a fashionable study; was not chemistry altogether a more useful and desirable accomplishment? History was studied, but why should young ladies not read the philosophy of history likewise?

All these questions, and a thousand more of the same kind, Miss Corrie asked herself, and the different companies into which she was thrown; and it must be owned that the answers made to them were not the best calculated in the world to convince even a person more open to conviction than that lady of the wisdom of 'things as they are.'—'Such a system would make a daughter pert, stiff, and artificial,' said the father of a young lady, in whom it was difficult to say whether the character of the coquette or of the prude predominated. 'It would make our wives our tutors and lecturers, instead of our companions,' said a young barrister who, while at Oxford, had ran off with the bar-maid at the Mitre Inn; 'and destroy all their relish for domestic duties and pursuits,' exclaimed a member of Brooks's, whose partner would have furnished some excellent hints to a performer who was studying the part of Lady Townley. But, though these alarming demonstrations did not shake Miss Corrie's firm faith in the efficacy of her new principles, she soon discovered the truth of a profound remark, made for the first time by a country gentleman, with whom she had once argued for three quarters of an hour upon the subject, and who, having snored assent to every step of her demonstration, said, rubbing his eyes at the end of it, 'that what was very good in theory, might be very bad in practice.' Not that the young lady upon whom the first experiment of the new system was made, materially disappointed Miss Corrie's expectations; she took kindly enough to Parke's Catechism, and learnt probably more of Lavoisier's barbarous nomenclature than he could have repeated himself. Moreover, she acquired all the Latin which the combined exertions of Mrs. Corrie and her father, who had been at Harrow sometime in the last century, could commemorate. In short, every thing was promising about Miss Louisa Courtenay, till she reached that fearful moment in a young lady's life, when, all preparatory tracing at an end, she is fairly entered to run for those great stakes, in comparison of which the Oakes and the St. Ledger themselves sink into insignificance. It was then that young gentlemen who wished to ingratiate themselves into the favours of rival mothers, entertained the breakfast table with anecdotes of Miss Courtenay, treatises upon caloric at the dance of the preceding night: it was then that those mothers, with faces, which, on this occasion, refused to be hypocritical, (though that was their natural expression,) forbade these naughty young gentlemen, under pain of their severest displeasure, to kill them with stories at the expense of the child

of poor dear Mrs. Courtenay, whom they pitied from their souls; it was then that the daughters of those mothers in the honesty of a first rivalry, before jealousy and hatred have learnt to conceal themselves under holiday phrases and delicate innuendoes, 'wondered that such a prodigy as they had always understood Louisa Courtenay to be, was not learned to keep a little of her learning to herself;' it was then, lastly, that Mrs. Courtenay, her maternal chagrin seeking, as usual in such cases, vent in abuse of the unfortunate, 'responsible minister,' accused Miss Corrie of spoiling all the prospects of her child, by her absurd, new-fangled notions, and ended her oration with a sentence, which deprived Miss Corrie of the means of injuring (any further than she had done already) the remaining six Misses Courtenay. Such a lesson as this was not lost upon Miss Corrie. It must be an heroic, unselfish-hearted governess, indeed, such a person as one meets with twice or thrice in the course of a life, who could make herself a martyr for the sake of the children of parents, who generally regard her as a vastly less important personage in their family than the butler or housekeeper, (and for a very sufficient reason,) for the keeper is valued in proportion to the value of the thing kept: and who would talk of one's urchins, but one's plate or wife? Miss Corrie, at any rate, had no idea of making such a sacrifice: her opinions upon the subject, she soon discovered, had not been taken up on deliberation; and she would revise them. What this revision led to, we need not inform those who have looked at all into the history of reformer's second thoughts. Miss Corrie was even more fortunate, in finding arguments for her change of opinion, than most of her brother and sister tergiversators. The changes she had contemplated, were really changes of no real consequence; changes which respected only the outward form of the system, and which would have left its inward parts just as radically rotten as they are at present; changes, the mooted of which (as they are merely formal) uselessly and vexatiously unsettled people's opinions, without improving them; and changes which, while they are confined to a few, do really, in most cases, produce these disagreeable consequences, of conceit in the half-taught girl, and disgust in those who witness it, which are so loudly talked of by the advocates of the existing mode. Now, of all this, Miss Corrie, being a shrewd woman, and having, withal, an interest in finding the case to stand as it actually did stand, speedily discovered she had still, however, a lurking motive, which combated with her other strong wish to abandon her former creed.

As we have seen, she loved singularity; loved it in some degree for its own sake, but chiefly for the reputation it procured her, as well among the people whom her novelties terrified, as among those who acknowledged their wisdom; but as well because this was her object, as on account of the character of her mind, this was nearly the only path to singularity open to her. Alterations in the spirit of systems which wise men are always labouring to introduce, knowing well, that whatever is vicious in the former, will soon be worked off when that is regenerated—these may go on silently for years, without exciting the admiration, or awakening the alarm, of any class of fools. But in these little outside novelties reformed, which wise men, who see that they tend neither to good nor evil, regard with an indifference, only not amounting to contempt because they do not take upon them to pronounce that there may not, in the course of time, be a reaction from the form upon the spirit: these are what one class of fools regard with the amazement of admiration, and another and larger with the amazement of terror. To lose the suffrages of both these last sets, was a hard sentence upon Miss Corrie, who liked even abuse for talent's sake. She consoled herself, however, with the

reflection that there was still a path to fame and honour left to her. She must become in a great degree common-place in her mode of teaching children: no doubt, but she could still talk points and paradoxes to grown-up gentlemen; she could still be addressed by old ladies, as 'You wicked creature,' (which, in the vocabulary of persons who have a sort of consciousness that the goodness of their own creed is the result of ignorance, means much the same as 'clever creature,') for calling Napoleon a great, useful man. She could still perplex old persons like Mr. McKinnon with new views of human nature; and was not this enough for the ambition of any human being? And after all, though it was a great advantage to have some broad, general answer, to make to a gentleman, who should inquire of her what were the peculiarities of her system of education, and who expected to receive a full and satisfactory answer in the space of three minutes, yet, only give her time to introduce a few pithy little aphorisms about the child's nature, &c., and she had very little knowledge of her own powers, if she did not make it appear that she was unlike the herd of governesses in her method of teaching, as in every thing else.

The subjects, then, which Ellen studied, were not essentially different from those which are studied by most of her contemporaries. We will not run over the arts and sciences which are to be found particularised under the head Hackney, or Homerton, or Clapham establishments for young ladies, fifty times in every 'Times' newspaper. French and Italian Ellen was taught by masters, fully as well qualified as the majority of those in London; for Melcombe, like most places on the sea-coast, was at times stocked full of emigrants of all descriptions, whom the lives-and-fortunes gentlemen of the neighbourhood, out of pure consideration for the sufferings they had undergone for the throne and altar, hired to accomplish their daughters at half-a-guinea a quarter. The Italian master did duty, likewise, as teacher of the harp and piano; and he attended in all these capacities upon our little heroine. And, as Miss Corrie was by no means a cruel woman, and, therefore, did not use any violent methods for crushing her pupils' minds; and as we have already said that Ellen was a very clever little girl, it may seem unnecessary to say that in all these studies she made very rapid and sufficient progress.

PRESENT STATE OF TRIPOLI.

TRIPOLI, not only from its geographical position, which renders its shores the most convenient point of communication with the interior of Africa, but from the character of its government and people, which affords a pleasing contrast with that of the other states of Barbary, has obtained of late years no inconsiderable portion of public attention. We feel assured, therefore, that we need make no apology to our readers for bringing them better acquainted with its present state, and, to this end, making use of the interesting details we have recently acquired through the medium of M. Graborg de Hemso, the Swedish Consul in that port.

The regency of Tripoli has continued in the Caramamli family for the last hundred years, and the reigning Bey, comparatively with any other African sovereign, is a pattern of moderation: he is happy in his choice of ministers, and seldom known to swerve from the principles of justice and equity. Even when misled by the false representations of some artful courtier, he lends a ready ear to appeals against them, and never refuses to listen to the claims of justice. Lord Exmouth effected the abolition of Christian slavery at the time of his bombardment upon Algiers, and the terms then agreed upon have been nobly upheld by Mr. Warrington, the English Consul-general. It is from this period that we may date the advances which Tripoli has made in her social

character. Warrington possessed and exercised great influence over the deportment of all classes; before his time no Christian could be certain of moving about without being molested; at the present moment he may roam, without an attendant guard, through most parts of the country. The inhabitants are beginning to appreciate the advantages of trade and industry, and are gradually laying aside their former wild and wandering habits, as well as throwing off their dependence upon a lawless soldiery. Such an amelioration as this, affords a much more solid ground for future hope, than the casual circumstance of their being governed by a sensible master. Withal, however, it must not be forgotten, that we are speaking of the first advances from a state of mere barbarism, and should be careful to keep our expectations within reasonable bounds. The natural resources of the country are abundant, though grossly neglected from the indolence of its owners. The absence of all statesman-like theory or practice on the part of the Government, the monopoly conferred upon Jews and other speculators in certain articles, the exclusive right of sale which the Bey reserves to himself in others, the injurious restrictions imposed upon trade, and the heavy duties with which exports and agriculture are burthened,—weigh heavily upon the industry of the country. The frequent pillage committed by the Bedouins in the interior, and the want of capital, which cannot fail to obtain in regions where the acquisition of wealth is a signal for persecutions, and the concealment of riches is consequently preferred to their circulation,—operate as inevitable drawbacks upon all agricultural improvements. Even the first appearance of civilisation has its sombre, as well as its bright side: the country people cannot bring their produce to the bazaar, without attempting deceit and imposition; they have learnt to mix water with their oil, to conceal stones in their bales of wool, and to practise a variety of similar artifices, to which they were formerly strangers. 'The time is still fresh in the memory of the living, when Musulman honesty was proverbial: they are honest, it is true, in their dealings with each other; but they have ceased to be so in their intercourse with Christians, who frequently took a most immoral advantage of the ignorance of the Mohammedan, and his reverence for the Alkoran.'

The only manufactures known in Tripoli, are those of the coarse carpets of Messurate, the baracans, or cloaks, and red and yellow Morocco leather; the celebrated green-and-blue leather of this description, is made nowhere else but in the vicinity of Taflet, which is a dependency of Morocco. This branch of trade consumes about five thousand goat-skins annually. The preparation of potash is monopolised by the Bey, as well as the export of salt, which exists in such abundance that it has been considered adequate to the entire consumption of Europe. The Venetians, when an independent power, paid a considerable sum of money for the privilege of exporting salt, and shipped it from the promontory of Zoara. The remaining articles of export are wool, hides, oil, salt butter, oats, dates, saffron, wax, and madder: together with horses and cattle, the latter of which are principally shipped to Malta. There is not one of these branches of trade which might not be greatly improved and increased, if the people would but attend to the due cultivation of the soil, and leave less to the rude hand of nature; but they are so careless of their own interests, that the gradual deterioration of many of those articles is perceptibly diminishing their consumption, in spite of the reduction of price they submit to; the wool is dirty, and mixed with sand; the oil good, but produced in small quantities, though with common industry it might become a trade of immense importance; and the saffron is of excellent quality, but usually deteriorated by fraudulent practices. Although the mulberry tree grows luxuriantly, not a single silk-worm has been introduced.

A spirituous liquor, called Lagbi, is obtained by incision from the date-tree: when first drawn off, it is sweet and cooling; but it rapidly ferments, and becomes stronger than brandy. The name of the spirit was mistaken by Hornemann and his expositor Langles, for that of the tree from which it is procured, and gave rise to many unprofitable inquiries; on Langles part into a supposed discovery of an unknown species of plant. A kind of brandy (rum?) is also obtained from the fruit itself. A Jew and his partners enjoy the monopoly of this liquor, as well as of wines and spirits, for which they pay twenty thousand dollars per annum.

From the detailed report of the imports and exports of the three leading ports, Tripoli, Bengasi, and Derne, the value of the former appears to be 524,790 dollars, and of the latter 449,000. The vessels principally employed in this trade, are French and Italian, the shipping of the natives being confined to boats of thirty tons burthen and under, in which they carried on a coasting trade with Tunis and Egypt, before it was checked by the Greek privateers. The port of Derne has been the greatest sufferer by this interruption.

The profit derived from the sale of European commodities, particularly those adapted to warm climates, is seldom less than sixty per cent.; but the seller is fortunate if he obtain payments within some months, as it is often deferred for years. The buyer seldom pays down upon the nail; the Government never, although it is the principal purchaser of many articles, for which it gives assignments (Tezkheret) at long dates, upon the provincial governors and collectors along the coast. The payees discharge these assignments by delivering to their holders an equivalent in the products of their respective districts, such as oils, salt, grain, cattle, &c.

The intercourse carried on by barter with the interior, forms another branch of Tripolitan trade, and is the source from which the central regions of Africa are chiefly supplied with European productions. The caravans pass between Tripoli and Murzuk, the capital of the tributary kingdom of Fezzan, where an extensive fair is held in the months of December and January; and the merchandizes they convey are exchanged for those brought from Bornu, Sakkatu, Haussa, Kaslina, and Timbuctoo. The caravans destined for Murzuk pass through Gadames, which is governed by three sheiks, and pays tribute to Tripoli. The inhabitants of this state are considered to be an aboriginal race; they possess a language of their own, which they term 'A'Dems,' and not only differ from the Arabs, by whom they are encompassed, but are constantly at war with them.

The dealers of Gadames and Fezzan come to Tripoli in February or March, and lay in their stock of goods, intended for the consumption of the interior: these being obtained upon credit, after a lapse of a twelvemonth and frequently longer, they return and pay off their creditors in gold-dust, ostrich feathers, ivory, senna, red-alum, cotton wool, and dates from Fezzan, salt-petre, and black slaves. The gold-dust comes chiefly from Timbuctoo, and amounts to nearly 1500 ounces a year; independently of between four and five hundred ounces, which constitute the annual tribute from Fezzan. There are about two thousand slaves brought every year to Tripoli; these wretched beings are taken by the Musulmans in their predatory excursions, and the major part of them are shipped away to Egypt and Turkey; some few of them, however, remain in the service of the Tripolitans, and in general experience humane treatment. They are sold in the market at the following prices: a full-grown man at 90 to 100 dollars; youth, of from ten to eighteen years of age, at 70 to 80; children under the age of ten, 40 to 50; a full-grown woman, in proportion to her personal attractions, at 120 to 150 dollars; a girl, at 90 to 100; and a eunuch, at 650 and as high as 700. The Christians residing at Tripoli

are prohibited from purchasing, or even dealing, in this human merchandize.

Few, I believe, are aware that the slave-trade, against which the war of words and treaties has raged so fiercely upon the Atlantic, is carried on in the Mediterranean as openly as the sun at noon-day. The former export of slaves from Tripoli was full twice as great as when its vessels could traffic unmolestedly with Tunis, Egypt, and the Levant; but the Barbary dealers have become fearful of trusting their property to the protection of their native flag since the breaking out of the Greek insurrection, and they have consequently had recourse to the mercenary intervention of Christian navigators! Ship-timber, brought under the Turkish flag from the coast of Albania, is a considerable article of barter for female black-slaves, who are sold to good account in European Turkey, and particularly at Constantinople.

A portion of the internal trade of Africa is in the hands of the people of Augila, a town within the jurisdiction of this Regency: of late years, they have opened a direct traffic with Bornu and Bagermi, and forward their merchandize straight across the Libyan deserts into Egypt. The great caravans of pilgrims and traders, which formerly passed through Tripoli on their annual route from Morocco to Mecca, have become latterly of rare occurrence. The only one I have seen was in the year 1824: it consisted of about three thousand men, some hundred of women and children, and two thousands camels; was under the command of an Emir, had traversed Algiers and Tunis, and halted about thirty days under the walls of Tripoli, whence it proceeded through Barca and part of the desert to Alexandria, Cairo, and Mecca. Numbers of pilgrims are now in the habit of embarking for Egypt on board of Christian vessels; but the Bey, as regards his own subjects, throws every sort of difficulty in the way of their performing this hallowed pilgrimage.

The annual tribute which, in spite of the utter insignificance of his naval power, the Bey manages to extort from the fears of the Christian Powers, amounts to twenty thousand dollars: yet his finances are in so lamentable a state, that this branch of his revenue is constantly pledged some years in advance.

The European character, overcast as it is with niggling jealousy, self-interested motives, and thirst for fraud, has never stood in much estimation with the wily, but untutored and fanatical, natives of the coast of Barbary. The succession of adventurers, whom France, Italy, and Spain, send forth, are mere outcasts, who have just stopped short of doing enough to merit punishment and ignominy in their own countries. Armed with fraudulent passports, cards and dice, they live upon the simple-hearted Moor; and with the fruits of their knavery, they open brothels and drinking-houses, where the lower classes indulge in the prohibited use of spirituous liquors. Others roam about the country with obscene articles, puppets, &c., which are frequently of so disgusting a nature as to exasperate the feelings of the natives themselves. I have even heard a Moor of Tunis vent his indignation by exclaiming, as he turned away, 'If the Christians had any religion at all about them, they would make short work with the fingers that fashioned such detestable objects.' Besides all this, the readiness with which many Christians forsake their Church and embrace the tenets of Islamism, either for the sake of gain, or with a view to escape punishment, has no small tendency to degrade the very name of a Christian in those countries, upon which the Christian himself looks down with contempt, forgetting the far more substantial motives for pride which the Musulman possesses, who extorts tributes from his European contemporaries, and whose character is not obnoxious to the charge of meanness and duplicity.

Independently of the Turks of the Levant, who live in the town, and constitute the militia of the

country, the population of the Tripolitan territory is composed of Moors, Bedouins or wandering Arabs, and Berbers or the inhabitants of the mountains in the interior. A portion of these Moors are descended from the Spanish Moors; they inhabit certain quarters of the city of Tunis, as well as Soliman, a little town on the coast, and the two inland villages of Zowan and Destur. They are an industrious, thriving, and inoffensive race: their women are said to be handsome; and they seldom intermarry with other Moors. The traditions, which tell of their earlier migration from the 'heavenly skies of Andalusia,' are still current amongst them; and many a family preserves the keys of their ancient habitations on the other side of the Pillars of Hercules with the most religious veneration.

ON A MUSICAL SNUFF-BOX.

Poor little sprite in that dark narrow cell,
Caged by the law of man's resistless might,
With thy sweet liquid tones, by some strong spell
Compelled to minister to his delight,
Whence, what art thou? Art thou a fairy wight
Caught sleeping in some lily's snowy bell,
Where thou hadst crept to rock in the moonlight,
And drink the starry dew-drops as they fell?
Say dost thou think sometimes when thou art singing,
Of thy wild haunt upon the mountain's brow,
Where thou wert wont to list the heath-bell's ringing,
And sail upon the sunset's amber glow?
When thou art weary of thy oft-told theme,
Say, dost thou think of the clear pebbly stream,
Upon whose mossy brink thy fellows play,
Dancing in circles by the pale moon-beam,
Hiding in blossoms from the sun's fierce gleam,
Whilst thou in darkness singest thy life away?
And canst thou feel when the spring-time returns
Filling the earth with fragrance and with glee,
When in the wide creation nothing mourns
Of all that lives, save that which is not free?
Oh if thou canst and we could hear thy prayer,
How would thy little voice beseeching cry
For one short draught of the sweet morning air,
For one short glimpse of the clear azure sky!
Perchance thou singest in hopes thou shalt be free,
Sweetly and patiently thy task fulfilling,
While thy sad thoughts are wandering with the bee
To every bud with honey-dew distilling.
That hope is vain, for even couldst thou wing
Thy homeward flight back to the greenwood gay,
Thou'dst be a shunned and a forsaken thing,
'Mongst the companions of thy happier day:
For fairy sprites, like many other creatures,
Have fleeting memories that come and go,
Nor can they oft recall familiar features,
By absence touched, or clouded o'er with woe.
Then rest content with sorrow, for there be
Many that must that lesson learn with thee,
And still thy wild notes warble cheerfully,
Till when thy tiny voice begins to fail,
For thy past bliss sing but one parting wail,
Poor little sprite, and then sleep peacefully!

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF THE PASSOVER.

It is a long time since we have seen a newly-exhibited picture which has pleased us so much as the *Passover* of Mr. Haydon. This painting represents Pharaoh dismissing Moses after the smiting of the first-born of Egypt. The King of Egypt, on a step on the spectator's left hand of the picture, without hazarding to meet the regards of Moses, with arm extended, makes a sign to the Jewish lawgiver that he yields to the will of God, and consents to the departure of the Jews out of the land. On the opposite side of the picture, is Moses in the attitude of the St. Paul preaching at Athens of the cartoon of Raphael, with one hand pointing to heaven, indicating that he was but the instrument of a superior being; and with the other to the dead child and group around, as if reproaching the king with the consequences of his obdurate incredulity. Moses is attended by Aaron, abstracted and wrapped in meditation, and accompanied by other figures in shade, forming an admirable background to a group in the middle, consisting of a fine child, the heir of Pharaoh's house, just deprived of life, sunk into the lap of the distracted mother: the corpse supported on one side by the younger daughter, while the elder, with her back turned to the spectator, clasps her hands in agony as she extends

them towards the mournful scene. This is altogether a delightful group, full of grace and feeling. The mother is dignified and elegant in form; but we doubt whether the artist might not have found means quite as effectual, and yet more pleasing, of giving to her frame and features the strongest expression of anxiety and anguish, as that deadly paleness which he has thrown over her whole person. To the daughter near her we have one objection to make—it is a head with which we are already too familiarly acquainted, and that under circumstances widely different from those under which it is used in the present picture. We have the same face in the Bucephalus, and again crowned with a flower wreath, as the Venus in the picture, representing the visit of the Goddess to Adonis. But the most charming figure of all is that of the eldest daughter. This is lovely, delicate, and elegant in form: the drapery thrown over her is most graceful and simple. Both the principal figures, unless, as we would do, we consider the group we have just been contemplating as the principal part of the picture, have a little soil of affectation; nor from this objection can we even exempt the copy (!) from Raphael's copy of Masaccio!! (Why will Mr Haydon lay himself open to his enemies?) A fine tone of colour pervades the picture, which at first sight bespeaks itself the production of no ordinary artist.

*Our other duties have not allowed us time this week to do justice to the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in water-colours, which opened on Monday. We shall give a detailed notice of it in our next.

STATUES OF TAM O'SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNY.

We cannot agree with those of our contemporaries who have expressed regret that these sculptures are not in marble. On the contrary, we think them much better in the humble, unpretending material in which they have been executed; and the very homeliness of which enhances one of the principal merits on which the works themselves rest for the praise which has been by no means unsparingly bestowed on them, that, namely, of propriety, or, if the term may be allowed us, of appropriateness. The stone, in short, is quite in keeping both with the figures and the execution; and we doubt much whether the group would produce half the effect it does at present, had it been worked in a finer material. Souter Johnny is certainly an admirably characteristic figure; his broad, quietly humorous visage; his fatness, his ease of attitude, his drapery and broad buttons, are all expressed with the utmost fidelity to life and nature. The Souter's apron and collar especially, are capitally done; the difference of character also in the two cronies is perfectly imagined and well maintained, not more in the physiognomy than throughout the figures.

The figures both in design and execution have a dash of rudeness, well suited to them under all circumstances, considering that they are intended for a monument to a rustic poet near the Alloway Kirk in Ayrshire, N. B. Most of our readers will guess the part of the poem professed to be illustrated: for such as may desire to have their memories refreshed, we extract the following:

'Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.'

VARIETIES.

MANETHO'S HISTORY OF EGYPT.—Professor Seyffarth, speaking of the result of his gleanings last year in the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Turin, observes, 'The most important discovery I have made, or could ever have made, has been an outline of Egyptian history, described on each of the closely-filled sides of a papyrus between fourteen and eighteen feet long, and two feet broad. It corresponds with the customary chronological accounts by dating its narrative from the times of the dominion of the Pagan deities. The first sovereigns of Egypt were Ammon, Vulemus, and Ammon Sol; then follow their successors until the days of Osiris, Typhon, Horus, Thouth, Ambis, and Horus II: the whole comprising an interval of thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventeen years, and corresponding, in this respect, with Manetho's testimony.

Thouth alone is said to have reigned 3936 years; but the period of Horus' sway is stated at 300 only. To these succeed the heroes and other kings of Memphis, whose reigns, added to those of the preceding, occupy a total space of 25,200 years. These fabulous dynasties being disposed of, the series of real dynasties begins with Menes. The mention of each dynasty is accompanied with an account of the town from whence it came, the number of sovereigns it gave, and the duration of its dominion: and this is followed by the names of the several princes, and brief historical remarks to each. To the respective Pharaohs it assigns the precise number of years, months, and even days of their separate reigns. As far as our acquaintance with Manetho's history extends, this valuable document is in perfect accordance with his report: and I shall now state what occurs to me upon it. The character of the writing itself belongs to the age of the first Ptolemies. Egypt had no earlier or later annalist than Manetho. This papyrus is the outline of a more extended history of Egypt, and contains a variety of corrections, which are evident from the amended passages inserted on pieces of papyrus, stuck upon the original pages. Another museum contains a passage respecting Manetho, one of the high priests; and I should be almost induced to consider the present as Manetho's original history, and in his own hand-writing: it was deposited in his sarcophagus within his tomb, and I may perchance fall in hereafter with his mummy. At all events, it is of the highest importance, that we should at last be possessed of a genuine history of Egypt, that we should be rid of doubts and conjectures in respect of the times of the Pharaohs, of whom three hundred are here enumerated, and that an original Egyptian manuscript should determine the length of each individual's reign;—a point as to which so much uncertainty and confusion has prevailed in consequence of the misrepresentations of falsifiers or the blunders of copyists. It is a subject of deep regret to me, that portions of the papyrus are wanting in some few places, but more so that a part of the fragments, amongst which I discovered this remarkable document, has been thrown away at Turin by some careless individual.

AUSTRIAN STATES.—They lie between 41°20' and 51°2' of northern latitude, and 26°14' and 44°35' of eastern longitude, and contain a superficies of 12,153½ geographical square miles. Their population has been recently estimated at 31,624,888 souls. They comprise 9 distinct ranges of mountains; eight principal rivers; nineteen canals; and their inhabitants are divided into twelve varying races.

MAIUS COLLECTIO VATICANA.—The third and last published volume of Angelo Maio's 'Collectio Vaticana Scriptorum Ineditorum' contains, amongst other subjects of minor importance, 'The Gospel of St. Matthew,' printed from a very ancient MS.; four new Greek syllable books; and a description of a variety of MSS. in the Monte Cassino Library.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—The following is a return of the number of students at eight of the principal German Universities, during the winter session, 1828-1829:

Göttingen, 1386; viz.,	Theology . . . 377	Natives, . . . 719 Foreigners, 627
	Law . . . 337	
	Medicine . . . 283	
	Philosophy . . . 153	
Breslau . . . 1112; viz.,	Theology . . . 500	
	Law . . . 357	
	Medicine . . . 96	
	Philosophy . . . 167	
Erlangen, 429 Halle . . . 1330; viz.,	Theology . . . 944	
	Law . . . 239	
	Medicine . . . 58	
	Philosophy . . . 89	

Warzburg, 563; of whom 366 natives and 217 foreigners.
Heidelberg, 506; ——— 263 ——— 241 ———
Tübingen, 602
Münch, 1743

The foundation stone of a university building at Alabama, in the United States, was laid on the 9th of October last, upon a site which was part of a forest not more than thirty years back.

In the spring of last year, the numerical state of three out of the four Gymnasias, or High Schools, of Berlin, was as follows:

The French Gymnasium,	246 pupils.
Joachimsthal ditto . . .	456
Grey-clister ditto . . .	543

In the year 1820, the number of students in all the Prussian Universities amounted to 3144; whilst in 1828, it attained to 5934.

UNIVERSAL CATALOGUE OF MSS.—Dr. Haenel, Professor of Jurisprudence at the University of Leipzig, is at this moment engaged in publishing a very valuable work, under the title of 'Catalogi Librorum Manu-

scriptorum qui in Bibliothecis Galliae, Helvetiae, Hispaniae, Lutetiae, Belgii, Britanniae Magnae asservantur.' He has been engaged for the last seven years in personally exploring the various libraries which contain these inedited treasures, and we cannot doubt he will meet with the encouragement to which so important an undertaking is entitled. It will be published in four parts; each part containing from twenty to twenty-four sheets, of a quarto size; and, to subscribers, the price of each part will be six shillings (two rix dollars) only.

INDIGO OF SENEGAL.—A letter addressed to Baron Roger, ex-Governor of Senegal, and dated from Saint Louis, the 18th January, 1829, affords some interesting details on a subject which deserves the attention of the friends of African civilisation. 'I have passed fifteen days in Walo,' says the writer, 'which I had not visited since my return into France; and in compliance with the request you made upon my departure, I sit down to communicate my ideas upon a country to which we are both attached; yourself from a feeling of disinterested friendship, and I from an expectation of the commercial advantages which are to be derived from it. I have now ascertained that the success of the cultivation of indigo in this country is no longer a matter of doubt, and that this cultivation will afford a very essential harvest when it has acquired that stability which admits of its being perfectly followed up. The inconsiderable produce obtained from the plants sown during the last rains has yielded a most satisfactory result; all our horticulturists are now making indigo of a quality quite equal to that of Bengal. They find it totally unnecessary to irrigate their land; indeed, many of them say that they can dispense with much of the labour of cleaning, by an early sowing before the rains, as the indigo springs up soonest, and smother the other plants and weeds. I observed that the labour was, in general, better and more economically performed than when I was in Walo two years ago, and the further means of ensuring success are in no wise diminished. Great numbers of labourers roam about the country soliciting work, which is refused them; and I found about fifty of them tenanted the ruins and carcasses of the royal dwellings, and subsisting, I know not by what means, until they could find an opportunity of obtaining employment. Millet, which is now worth twelve shillings a barrel, was only worth eight shillings for the last six months, so that a labourer's food does not cost one penny per day. It is unfortunate that the oxen should be subject to an episodic disease, which prevents their being made use of with effect for husbandry purposes.

'You would derive much gratification from seeing the Senegalese and Barroul plantations, with their extensive fields of indigo plants. I am certain they will each of them produce from two to three thousand pounds weight of indigo next gathering. Laussac comes next; this contains fifty-five acres of plain, and thirty-seven acres of island, recently sown with the plant. The plantations are compact, and of very healthy growth, and the land is well trenched; so that they promise a handsome harvest for the next rains. I enjoy for my own use two lines of dykes, conjointly with the plantation Elizabeth, and am about to solicit the Government to assist me in forming a third.

'If France be desirous of securing any speedy and important results, the cultivation should be pushed upon a more liberal footing; the production of the most valuable of colonial articles requires a considerable capital; and it were to be wished that the French merchants who encounter so much risk in bringing indigo from Bengal, would be satisfied with fetching it from a less distance, and on much more moderate terms, in exchange for their indigenous manufactures. A capital of 10,000*l.*, supplied by our leading commercial towns, would suffice to establish five or six large plantations of indigo; which, in conjunction with those already formed, would provide no inconsiderable portion of the whole quantity of this dye annually consumed in France. I shall probably transmit to you a prospectus for such an enterprise as this, when shipping six cases of indigo, by the first vessel that starts for Bordeaux.

POETRY HIGHLY PRIZED.—Sweden bids fair to outbid Great Britain in her pecuniary patronage of the gods of song. Tegner, the Swedish Oesian, whose epic poem, 'Fristhiof,' has been honoured with three translations into the German, two into the Danish, and as many into our own language, has refused fourteen hundred pounds for the manuscript copy of his fugitive pieces. When we consider the limited circle of readers which such a country as Sweden affords, the offer will appear scarcely less extraordinary than the refusal!

ALPINE TRADITIONS.—The shepherd of the Alps is one of the simplest and easiest-satisfied of human beings; his 'house and home' consists of a low cabin on the summit of some Alpine height; he relieves the tedium of his pastoral watchings by making butter and cheese, and knows no ambition beyond that of increasing his flock and herd. The primitive race of which he is a member have had their 'golden age,' as well as Greek or heathen, though they are not likely to revel again under the sceptre of Saturn. Their description of the halcyon times is altogether in harmony with the tenour of their habits of life, and does credit to their credulous simpleheartedness.

'In those days,' says the tradition, 'the cows were of portentous size, and afforded such immense supplies of milk that the herdsman was compelled to milk them into ponds, which were speedily filled to the brim. After this, the shepherds sailed about in vessels, and gathered off the cream. On one of these occasions, a man was drowned in the milky element; the whole valley mourned his loss, and searched for his body, in order that the last rites might be paid to it; but he was not found until some weeks afterwards, when he was discovered stirring about butter in the midst of frothy billows of cream, which had thrown up a mound of butter, as high as a church steeple.'

POPULARITY OF THE WORKS OF ROUSSEAU AND VOLTAIRE.—The reprints of the works of Rousseau and Voltaire have greatly increased within a few years. Independently of separate publications of their principal productions, more than one hundred thousand copies of their works complete, have been sent into circulation in the course of the last ten or a dozen years.

EDUCATION IN SWEDEN.—A Committee of Public Education, composed of twenty-two members, selected from the most distinguished among the men of letters and science in Sweden, with the Crown Prince Oscar for President, which has been some time in existence, has concluded its labours by the proposal of a plan of reform, which will be submitted to the Diet next autumn. In the mean time, as it appears, the system of mutual instruction is rapidly spreading. It is only a few years since the first school of this kind was established, and already in a population not exceeding three millions a thousand have been instituted. The schools for gymnastics flourish also under the direction of M. Ling, chief of the central school of Stockholm. A professor of gymnastics is attached to each university. The number of names on the roll of students at Upsal, the principal university of Sweden, is more than 1400, of whom nearly 1000 actually attend. Thus it appears that the number of students at Upsal is greater than that of many of the most famous universities of Germany, which do not count more than six, seven, or eight hundred students. A circumstance, however, more particularly distinguishing Upsal is, that out of the 1000 students nearly 200 are sons of families of the peasantry. The number of students at Lund is about 400.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

As a proof of the change which has come upon the constitution of the Italian Opera in these latter days, may be mentioned, the double duty of him who now undertakes to review its proceedings, compared with that of his predecessors in the office of criticism. It is not now merely a comparison and measurement of one or two songs, which were the permanent trial-pieces of every new singer; it is not enough to say that the prima donna has a delicate soprano, the primo tenore a genuine *voce di petto*. We take into account much more collateral accomplishments; and the dramatic propriety of the singing is a point almost as jealously considered, as the power of voice or skill of execution. We will venture to assert that the natural answer of almost every one, if asked what his opinion might be of Mad. Malibran Garcia, would have a reference, first to her acting, and afterwards to her singing. And on this account it appears to us that this lady has not been injudicious in selecting the character of Desdemona for her debut,—a character which, despite the formidable competition of others and our own remembrance of their transcendent excellencies, she could reasonably hope to support with no less fame, by her great dramatic attributes, and by them almost alone. The result has, in some measure, put the fact of her discretion, in this respect, almost beyond the reach of question. Her success has been signal and deserved; not a voice has

been raised to decry her performance, and the only doubt that seems to have arisen turns upon a comparison of our new Desdemona with that which was subject of all men's praise—the part when played by Madame Pasta.

Falling into the view of others, we can hardly avoid looking at these two great rivals in juxtaposition, though it is a habit which should not be encouraged for the sake of either, and beyond this, has a tendency to disturb our present pleasure in all cases. As illustrative, however, of their different styles, not as balancing their degrees of merit, it may be well to view them for one moment together; and perhaps the difference of their characteristics will prevent any invidiousness which might otherwise spring from such a comparison. We all know, and shall continue to feel, the effect of Pasta's splendid personation of this character; her peculiar grandeur and simple pathos are not and cannot be forgotten. Mad. Malibran has less grandeur, less simplicity, probably more study, and, as some think, a more gentle pathos. She has not that richness of intonation which made her predecessor's voice a treasury of passionate expression. She cannot paralyze by a look, for her countenance has not the same dignity and living truth; nor by any single means reach the same high ground as that on which Pasta can at all times raise herself in triumph. But she commands a stronger body of auxiliaries; she has a softer and more feminine sweetness; a thousand changes of attitude and gesture, which are graceful beyond any thing we have seen on the stage,—precision and delicacy in the most subordinate parts,—and a disposition of the whole very beautiful and appropriate and almost faultless.

Speaking generally, it seems to us that the performance of Madame Pasta was distinguished by a few noble and intense traits;—the effects of Madame Malibran are obtained by a multitude of fine and minute touches. The latter, indeed, is most liable to exception for this very profusion of labour: it appears almost redundant; but perhaps we have been spoiled by the severe and classical simplicity of her predecessor.

Does this seem but tempered praise? We would not that it should be so taken. Madame Malibran has evinced talent of the very highest kind; but study seems to have directed it, not inspiration. It is impossible to go into any minute account of separate excellencies, when every portion of the performance is made up of such detached beauties. As in Pasta it was difficult to fix upon minutiae, from their subservience to the whole, so here the same thing is hard, because the minutiae are the whole, and in themselves infinite in number. The celebrated finale to the first act gives her scope for the display of these successive beauties, in almost every bar. Her short interview with Emilia in the second act, her disquietude, and appeal to the chorus for intelligence respecting Otello, and then the burst of joy, in the words—

'Salvo del suo periglio!
'Altro non chiedo il cor!'

were admirably done. The entrance of her father checks this exultation; and she approaches him with fear and uncertainty to ask his pardon. This is managed with a bewitching tenderness and skill that surpass any thing attempted by Madame Pasta in the same situation. In the third act there is no diminution of effort, though the quiet feeling which reigns throughout its opening scene, has one living representative with whom in such cases Madame Malibran cannot compete.

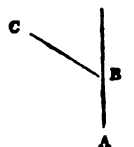
As a singer, there are many we have known with whom she will not bear comparison. Still, the qualities of her voice and science are well balanced, and do not in any particular discover a material defect. To go through the music of 'Otello,' and support every part without shrinking from or compromising its difficulties, is an achievement which determines the extent of her powers. We shall know more of their quality, viewed in their vocal character alone, when we have witnessed her representation of Rosina,—a part which possesses no intensity of dramatic interest sufficient to make us forget the merits of its music.

The rest of the opera is very excellently got up. Donzelli is most splendid as Otello; but he should not sacrifice the ornaments of the music to a mere display of his own intonation. He rests too much on the merits of his *portamento di voce*.

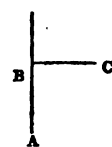
M. Le Vasseur, a new bass, promises to be more serviceable in that capacity than all his forerunners of the season put together. And Curioni executed the part of Roderigo as well as we have seen him do anything since his first appearance amongst us.

The excessive delight which we have received from Madame Malibran's performance must not prevent us

from remonstrating with M. Laporte on some defects in his now almost perfect establishment. We can hardly express the horror which we experienced at witnessing the 'Divertissement' of Tuesday last, which was to have been repeated on Saturday, had not Coulon fortunately been lamed by a special interference of Terpsichore. By way of connection between the second and third acts of the opera, and in order to soothe the wounded sympathies of the audience, dancing was introduced. The scene was some spot in some Oriental city, much resembling the Adelphi Terrace. A cushion was placed in the back-ground, and an unfortunate fat man in a turban squatted on it. Several of the *corps-de-ballet* then came forward in front of the Turk, and danced as badly as they could. Then came Pean and Gopelin, who kicked their feet in each other's faces till they were tired; and then gave way to the great attraction of the evening, Madame Vague Moulin, who has come all the way from Milan to dance indecently in London. Nothing but great strength and activity could enable this lady to display such want of grace. Her performance surpassed what we had ever witnessed of salutory indecency, awkwardness, and distortion. The meaning of her motions (and what is dancing without meaning?) we were utterly unable to comprehend, unless she wanted to show her extraordinary power of walking on her toes, and her still more extraordinary refinement on the pirouette. The pirouette had always before been confined to a rectangular position of the two legs; by which we had always supposed that a sufficient quantity of indecency and awkwardness had been elicited. By extending the right to an obtuse angle, Madame Vague Moulin has at once increased the pristine indecency and awkwardness in a ratio which will be easily seen from the accompanying diagram, ABC being the angle of femoral contortion.



Modern, or Obtuse-angled
Pirouette.



Old Rectangular
Pirouette.

Sorry we were to see that these physical exertions were received with an applause which reminded us of the worst days of the Opera. The beautiful pantomime of 'La Somnambula,' the splendid spectacle of 'Masaniello,' had, we hoped, showed the British public what effects the pantomime and the dance might be employed to produce. To find them applauding dancing, when introduced without meaning, and executed without grace, is peculiarly annoying to us, who have learned to require these qualities in the dance. Coulon's jumping, in emulation of the lady's agility, was more graceful, but rather a degradation of one whom we would wish to look on as only a first-rate actor. We cannot hope to see Madame Vague Moulin's style of dancing equalled or imitated, nor do we wish it.

We suppose that it is to this precious *divertissement* that we must in part attribute another defect to which we must call Mr. Laporte's serious attention,—we mean, the continuing the performances to so late an hour. Midnight had passed at least half an hour ere the opera was over, and the ballet was not hurried over till half-past one. It is annoying to be kept looking, for long intervals of time, at the great red curtain; annoying also is it to see a beautiful ballet languidly performed, owing to the mere indolence of scene-shifters; annoying to have one's horses or one's coachman catch cold in waiting; annoying not to find one's servants up when we get home: but these annoyances are the least evils to which Laporte has subjected us. Let him think of the derangement of the domestic affections which his dilatoriness may have produced; let him picture to himself the anxious mother, beholding the gradual defection of her daughter's sleepy beaux—the modest virgin, trembling in the disappointment of a comfortable passage through the crowdless squeeze-room—the head-ach in the succeeding morning necessitating the excuse for the succeeding ball; and, last, to close the scene, let him imagine the anxious husband returning from his club at the hour when the carriage usually returns from the Opera, finding his house untenanted by the object of his affection, creeping slowly and sadly to his companionless pillow, and starting with imminent terror from his first dream, when the rustling of silk announces the partner of his heart returned, indeed, to his arms, but only to tell the tale of her sleepiness and discontent. These things may be borne in France, but here they will not be tolerated. We have lost our Constitution, but we will not lose our sleep.

NEW MUSIC.

'I'm an arch little black eyed daughter,' sung by Mad. Vestris, Miss Stephens, Miss Love, Miss Graddon, and Miss Paton; the poetry by Richard Ryan, the music by John Sinclair. Dale.

We are surprised that this trifle is not exceedingly well known, if all the enumerated vocalists have sung it, especially as it is so common-place a production; it is an allegretto in F, very much resembling a little ballad adapted from Mozart, and formerly sung by Miss Povey, as 'The Child's wish for May,' and the first strain is note for note the same with the Italian Canonet sung by Catalani, &c. 'La Biondina in Gondolletta,'—thus novelty in this ballad is out of the question: it is very pleasing notwithstanding.

Dressler's Selection of Beauties, with Embellishments for the Flute, dedicated to Amateurs. No. XII. Cocks and Co.

We have at length the pleasure of noticing the 12th and concluding Number of this very interesting and desirable periodical; and perhaps there is not any similar work from which more variety and amusement could be extracted, especially for the price—158 closely printed pages of pleasing flute music for 14. 11s. 6d. (the sum required for the whole twelve Numbers when bound,) or each separate Number (which may be had detached) for 3s.

The following is a sketch of the contents of this last Number, viz.—Six preludes by the author, Isabel, the favourite Spanish tune, a Romance, Adagio sentimentale in G Minor, the old admired glee 'Glorious Apollo' as a duet in the key of F, Oginaky's celebrated Polonaise, and Haydn's military movement, arranged as duets by Wm. Ford, a Greek air, 'Bocage que l'aurore,' a French air, a Romance of Kuhlman's, and 'God save the King,' all as duets, and 'Kelvin Grove,' as finale: 'multum in parvo.'

Select Airs from Spohr's celebrated Opera of Faust, arranged as Duets for the Piano Forte, and inscribed to his friend Charles Cowden Clarke, by Vincent Novello. Book I. Published by the Editor.

SPOHR is unequivocally the finest classical writer now living, and Novello (who is organist to the Portuguese embassy) is a very talented and highly respected professor. It is matter of surprise and regret, that the opera of 'Faust,' which is so highly popular in Germany, should not yet have been performed entire in this country; but we conjecture that the learned and scientific nature of Spohr's composition, renders it unfit to exhibit the vocalists so supereminently above the instrumental parts as they could wish, and as Rossini and others of the Italian school have done. As the pieces are rather long, only three are presented in this first Book. No. 1.—Aria e Coro, 'Ch'il vino,' a pleasing Allegretto in C, 6-8 time, of a lighter description than might have been expected from the noble mind of the author. No. 2.—Duetto, 'Segni oh cara,' a delightful Andante in F 3-4 time, quite in Spohr's own charming style; and No. 3.—Aria, Cuneogonda, 'Si, lo sento,' the fine Larghetto, and Allegro in B flat, sung by Miss Paton with the greatest success at the Philharmonic Concert (see page 206 of this work). Every note would do honour to the mighty names of Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn, and Novello's arrangement is as good as possible.

'Why does my mother say "beware?"' Song, composed by Samuel Henhall, of Liverpool. Boosey and Co.

A LIVELY, familiar, and pretty trifle, upon the plan of 'Bid me discourse' and 'Cherry ripe,' with a moving accompaniment of a similar nature in common time. It may find a place by the side of those popular songs, and we recommend that amateurs cause it to do so.

German Air, with an introduction, and variations for the Flute, and an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, composed and dedicated to R. Tewart, Esq. of Southgate Park, by W. Card. Published by the Author.

MR. CARD was for several seasons a professor of the flute at the King's Theatre, and is one of those non-conformists, who honourably refused to subscribe to the disgraceful terms proposed by the worthy colleagues, La Porte and Bochsa!—Card is a successful and clever teacher of the flute, and the publication now noticed is gay, pleasing, and admirably adapted for learners upon that instrument. It is the first of Card's productions we have yet met with; but we hope to review some others soon.

'The red rose is Queen of the garden bower,' sung by Mrs. Geesin at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, in Miss Mitford's Tragedy of 'Rienzi,' composed by John Barnett. Mayhew and Co.

WE warmly and confidently recommend this very flowing and tasteful ballad to the notice of amateur vocalists, as an unusually pleasing production, and yet very easy to be performed with voices of moderate compass. It is an Andante Affettuoso in G, common time, but is performed by Mrs. Geesin in the superior key of A flat. Its transposition in publication renders it less difficult for the piano-forte accompaniment, at the expense (we fear) of deteriorating its effect.

'The Plough Boy,' (con variazioni,) for the Flute, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Bernard Lee. Mayhew and Co.

THIS very much resembles the German air above noticed of Card's, and will be equally acceptable to the amateur flutist. It is expressly well adapted to that instrument, and is the production of one who understands it, and without doubt teaches it with propriety and success. It is published as No 1, of a series of admired airs, to be issued in a similar manner, and we shall, from time to time, notice them in their progress.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'—Comas.

I.—ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—Genesis.

1.—ANTHROPOLOGY.

Insensibility to Pain.—The following extraordinary circumstance is given, on the authority of Mr. Leonard Knapp, in 'The Journal of a Naturalist.' A travelling man one winter's evening, laid himself down upon the platform of a lime-kiln, placing his feet, probably benumbed with cold, upon the heap of stones newly put on to burn through the night. Sleep overcame him in this situation, the fire gradually rising and increasing, until it ignited the stones upon which his feet were placed. Lulled by the warmth, he still slept; and, though the fire increased until it burned one foot (which probably was extended over a vent hole) and part of the leg above the ankle entirely off, consuming that part so effectually that no fragment of it was ever discovered, the wretched being slept on! and in this state was found by the kiln-man in the morning. Insensible to any pain, and ignorant of his misfortune, he attempted to rise and pursue his journey, but missing his shoe, requested to have it found; and when he was raised, putting his burnt limb to the ground to support his body, the extremity of his leg-bone, the tibia crumbled into fragments, having been calcined into lime. Still he expressed no sense of pain, and probably experienced none, from the gradual operation of the fire, and his own torpidity during the hours his foot was consuming. This poor drover survived his misfortunes in the hospital about a fortnight; but, the fire having extended to the other parts of his body, recovery was hopeless.

2.—MAZOLGY.

The Marten, or Whittet.—Of all our animals called vermin, we have none more admirably fitted for a predatory life than the marten; it is endowed with strength of body; is remarkably quick, and active in all its motions; has an eye so large, clear, perceptive and moveable in its orbit, that nothing can stir without its observation, and is supplied apparently with a sense of smelling as perfect as its other faculties. Its feet are well adapted to its habits, not treading upright on the balls alone, but with the joint bending, the fleshy parts being imbedded in a very soft and delicate hair, so that the tread of the animal, even upon decayed leaves, is scarcely audible; by which means it can steal upon its prey without any noise betraying its approach. The fur is fine, and the skin so thin and flexible, as to impede none of its agile movements. Thus every thing combines to render the marten a very destructive creature. It seems to have a great dislike to cold, residing in winter in the hollow of some tree, deeply imbedded in dry foliage, and when in confinement, covering and hiding itself with all the warm materials it can find. In genial seasons it will sleep by day in the abandoned nest of the crow, or buzzard, and its dormitory is often discovered by the chattering and mobbing of different birds on the tree. It is certainly not numerous in England, our woods being too small, and too easily penetrated, to afford it adequate quiet

and shelter. Its skin is still in some little request, being worth about two shillings and sixpence in the market; but it is used only for inferior purposes, as the furs of colder regions, than ours are better and more easily obtained.

3.—ORNITHOLOGY.

Extraordinary Migrations of the Gold-crested Wren.—The migrations of birds have long attracted the eager observation of naturalists, as a phenomenon no less wonderful than in many respects inexplicable. But we are acquainted with no instance of this more remarkable than that of the golden-crested wren (*motacilla regulus*) that usually only flits from tree to tree, and never attempts upon common occasions a longer flight, but in the north is known to traverse the vast distance from the Orkneys to the Shetland Isles, over stormy seas, that admit no possible rest during its long voyage of above fifty miles! There it breeds its young; but, this one object accomplished, it leaves those isles, dares again this tedious flight, and seeks a milder clime.—With us it never migrates, lives much in our fir groves during the winter, and breeds in our shrubberies in summer. Peculiar necessities, such as these, may incite the migration of many birds; but that certain species, which lead solitary lives, or associate only in very small parties, should at stated periods congregate from all parts to one spot, and there hold council on a removal, in which the very sexes occasionally separate, is one of the most extraordinary procedures that we meet with among animals.

4.—ENTOMOLOGY.

Battles of Butterflies.—The common white butterflies of our gardens are contentious animals, and drive away a rival from their haunts. We see them progressively ascending into the air, in ardent unheeding contest; and thus they are observed, captured, and consumed in a moment by some watchful bird; but we have few more jealous and pugnacious than the little argus. When fully animated, it will not suffer any of its tribe to cross its path, or approach the flower on which it sits, with impunity; even the large admiral (*vanessa atalanta*), at these times, it will assail and drive away. There is another small butterfly, (*papilio phlaeas*) however, as handsome, and, perhaps, still more quarrelsome, frequenting, too, the same station and flowers; and a constant warfare exists between them. We shall see these diminutive creatures, whenever they come near each other, dart into action, and continue buffeting one another about till one retires from the contest; when the victor returns in triumph to the station he had left. Should the enemy again advance, the combat is renewed; but, should a cloud obscure the sun, or a breeze chill the air, their ardour becomes abated, and contention ceases.

The *papilio phlaeas* enjoys a combat even with its kindred. Two of them are seldom disturbed, when basking on a knot of asters in September, without mutual strife ensuing. Being less affected by cold and moisture than the argus, they remain with us longer, and these contentions are protracted till late in the autumn. The pugnacious disposition of the argus butterfly soon deprives it of much of its beauty; and, unless captured soon after its birth, we find the margins of its wings torn and jagged, the elegant blue plumage rubbed from the wings, and the creature becomes dark and shabby.

II.—NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

'The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest sound that swells the gale,
The common sun—the air—the skies—
To him are opening Paradise.'

GRAY.

1.—GEOLOGY.

Extinct Animals.—'Some naturalists,' says M. Cuvier, 'reckon much on the thousands of ages which they accumulate with the dash of their pen; but in such matters we cannot venture to judge of what a long time might operate, except by multiplying in idea what a shorter period does produce. I have, therefore, collected with care the most ancient documents concerning the forms of animals, of which none now in being equal in antiquity and abundance those furnished by Egypt. This country presents us not only with pictures of animals, but their very bodies embalmed in its catacombs.

'I have examined with the greatest pains the figures of animals and birds, engraved on the numerous obelisks brought from Egypt to ancient Rome. All these figures have, when viewed as wholes (which was the only object of their artists), a perfect resemblance to the species, as we see them now-a-days.'

M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire collected in the tombs and temples of Upper and Lower Egypt as many animal mummies

as he could. He brought home with him cats, ibises, birds of prey, dogs, apes, crocodiles, and a head of a bull, all embalmed; and certainly no greater difference can be perceived between these beings and those which are now most familiar to us, than between human mummies and the skeletons of the modern race of men. M. Cuvier has proved in a special memoir on the ibis, that this bird is now the very same animal in every respect as it was in the days of the Pharaohs.

'No ascertained fact, therefore, countenances, in the slightest degree, the opinion that the new genera discovered, or established among the fossil skeletons, such as the palmotheriums, anoplotheriums, megalonyx, mastodontes, pterodactyles, ichthyosauri, plesiosauri, megalosauri, equanodontes, &c., have been the parent stocks of any of the animals of the present day, which animals owe their differences to the influence of time or climate. Were it true (which I am very far from thinking) that the fossil elephants, the rhinoceroses, the elks, the bears, differ no more from the existing ones than the breeds of dogs differ from each other, we are not, on this account, warranted to conclude that the species were identical, because the canine race has been subjected to the influence of domesticity; while these other animals have neither suffered nor could endure it.'

2.—BOTANY.

Love of Flowers.—The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy, or debasing object, as a motive; the cottage has its pink, its rose, its polyanthus; the villa its geranium, its dahlia, and its clematis; we cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining days; but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure, and our affections seem immediately to expand at the sight of the first opening blossom under the sunny walk, or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter, our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems closed and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring; it is unseasonable, perhaps; it brings with it rather a thought of melancholy than of joy: we view it with curiosity, not affection; and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intrinsic beauty, or splendour, that so charms us, for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be unheeded, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of summer and autumn; no, it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season; to maturity it gives pleasure, as a harbinger of the renewal of life, a signal of awakening nature, or of a higher promise; to youth, they are expanding being, opening years, hilarity and joy; and the child let loose from the house, riots in the flowery mead, and is

'Monarch of all he surveys.'

There is not a prettier emblem of spring, than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier basket wreathed with butter-cups, orchises, and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live as with our neighbours, in harmony and good-will; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

EFFECT OF INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS ON THE HUMAN FRAME.—In youth our senses and the organs of them wander; in the middle of life they cease to do it; in the old age, the body itself, and chiefly the head, bends over and points to the earth, which must soon receive it, and partakes in some measure of its torpor and passivity. The higher delights of the mind are very different in their effects, from its seductive passions. These cease to gratify us the sooner the earlier we indulge in them; on the contrary, the earlier we indulge in thought and reflexion, the longer do they last, and the more faithfully do they serve us. So far are they from shortening or debilitating our animal life, that they prolong and strengthen it greatly. The body is as much at repose in the midst of high imaginations as in the midst of profound sleep. In imperfect sleep it wears away much as also in imperfect thoughts, in thoughts that cannot rise from the earth, and sustain themselves above it. The object which is in a direct line behind a thing, seems near: now nothing is in a more direct line than death to life. Why should it not also be considered on the first sight as near at hand? Swells and depressions, smooth ground and rough, usually lay between; the distance may be rather more or rather less; the proximity is certain.

DISCUSSION OF RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS ON THE CONTINENT.—A society existing at the Hague for the defence of the Christian Religion against its modern opponents, yearly offers prizes for the best polemical treatises on questions proposed by it. Out of the six subjects proposed last year, not one produced an essay deemed worthy of receiving the prize. Among these subjects, one was 'A Reward for proof that the holy scriptures are the only pure source from which the knowledge of the Christian doctrine is to be drawn; that they also are held as the sole rule of faith and practice; with an inquiry into the value of the ancient traditions and decrees of the Assemblies of the Churches, and what uses are to be made of them. On this subject, a treatise in Flemish was sent in, but it was not deemed deserving of the prize.

On the required collection of examples of distinguished persons in different ages, who, in extraordinary and difficult circumstances, had given proofs of the virtue of the Christian faith. Two essays had been delivered, but were unsuccessful.

There were the same number of essays on the question as to the credibility of the books of Chronicles and their value as concerns the Biblical history. These essays were not devoid of merit, but they had failed in establishing the credibility of the books of Chronicles, so clearly, as to deserve the reward. The question is allowed to remain open for the 1st of January, 1830. Among the new subjects proposed, is one for a treatise on the proofs, that the variety of opinions among Protestants, affords no ground for asserting that Protestantism will not be of long duration, but must fall by its own weight. This essay must be in Flemish, German, or Latin, and be sent in with the required formalities, before the 1st of February, 1830.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Coleridge's Poetical Works, 3 vols. crown 8vo., 11. 16s.
Chronicle de Ville Hardouin, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Bishop Kaye's Account of the Writings and Opinions of Justin Martyr, 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Griesbach's Greek Testament, with Select Notes, 18mo., 7s.
Tacitus Agricola, part 1, with interlinear translation on Locke's System, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Mrs. Dalgairn's Practice of Cookery, &c. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Voltaire's Charles the Twelfth, revised by Catty, French, 4s.
Manual des Conversations, par Madame Holmes, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Valpy's Greek Testament, 4th edition, 12mo., 5s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 5 A.M. and 5 P.M.	April.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 29.48	48	48	29.45	N.W.	Fair Cl.	Cumulus.
Tues. 31.49	46	46	29.46	Ditto.	Rain.	Cirrostratus.
Wed. 23.46	45	45	29.17	Ditto.	Rn. A.M.	Cumulus.
Thurs. 23.53	47	47	29.37	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Frid. 24.48	43	43	29.48	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cum. Cirr.
Sat. 25.44	41	41	29.48	N.E. H.	Sleet.	Ditto.
Sun. 26.48	45	45	29.55	E.	Clear.	Cumulus.

Nights and mornings generally rainy.

Highest temperature at noon, 38°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Jupiter in conj. at 8 1/2 h. on Wednesday.
The Sun and Herschel quartile on Sunday, at 8 1/2 h.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 39° 39' in Aries.
Mars's ditto ditto ditto 11° 55' in Gemini.
Jupiter's ditto ditto ditto 14° 18' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto ditto 28° 0' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto ditto 5° 57' in Taurus.
Length of day on Sunday, 14 h. 39 min. Increased 6 h. 45 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 25" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .042061.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. VII., will be published on Thursday, April 30. Soho-square, April 27.

Under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

THE LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE, Part II., being VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES used in the Arts.—TIMBER TREES.

The Second Edition of 'The MANAGERIES,' Part I., will be published in the same day.

London: Charles Knight, Pall-Mall East; sold by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green; and all Booksellers.

In a few days will be published, in one vol. post 8vo.,

FUGITIVE PIECES AND REMINISCENCES OF LORD BYRON: containing an entire new edition of the Hebrew Melodies, with the addition of several never before published; the whole illustrated with Critical, Historical, Theatrical, Political, and Theological Remarks, Notes, Anecdotes, Interesting Conversations, and Observations made by that illustrious Poet; together with his Lordship's Autograph. Also, some Original Poetry, Letters, and Recollections of Lady Caroline Lamb. By J. NATHAN, Author of 'An Essay on the History and Theory of Music,' 'The Hebrew Melodies,' &c. &c. London: printed for Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., Ave-Maria-lane.

Just published, handsomely printed, in one volume, 8vo., price 14s. boards.

BEWARE; from Coll. ii., 8.—This Work im- parts the writer's opinions respecting the Soul, the first verse of the Bible, the world it alludes to, the land and the water, the Paradise, Flood, Egypt, Wilderness, Babylon, Tyre, Zion, and Jerusalem, the Heavens and their Host, the Kingdom of God and of Heaven, the Millennium and Atonement, and the Holy Christian Religion.

N.B.—The Author thinks that the whole of the Sacred History refers to the Soul, or Inner Man; and that no part of it ought to be understood in the usual literal and vulgar sense.

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Countess of Jersey,
Countess of Grosvenor,
Countess of Darley,
Countess of Wilton,
Countess of Bective,
Lady Elizabeth Repton,
Duchess of Leeds,
Hon. Lady Lucy Clive,
Dow. Countess of Dartmouth,
Countess Fortescue,
Countess of Arran,
Countess of Verulam,
Lady Anne Vernon,
Hon. Mrs. Leigh,
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Miss WILKINSON respectfully announces that her CON- CERT will take place at the above Rooms, on Monday Evening, May 4, 1830. The Vocal and Instrumental Department will comprise most of the eminent Performers, whose names, with the Programme of the Concert, will be speedily announced. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Miss WILKINSON, No. 30, Upper Baker-street, and at all the principal Music Shops.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

On the 1st of June will be published, Inscribed by Permission to the King's Most Gracious Majesty, volume first of a new edition of

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NOTICE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

There are few circumstances in the history of letters more remarkable than the rise and progress of 'The Waverley Novels.' Unlike most other productions of genius, they had no infancy to struggle with, but reached at once the highest point of public favour,—a station which they have ever since maintained with undiminished popularity.

The circulation of these works having been hitherto confined, in a great degree, to the wealthier ranks of society, the Proprietors have resolved to place them within the reach of readers of all classes, by republishing them in a less costly, but at the same time more elegant shape, and with the additional advantage of a periodical issue.

The Publishers have, therefore, the honour of announcing the speedy commencement of a New Edition, to be published in Monthly Volumes.

In this undertaking they have had the cheerful co-operation of the Author himself, who has not only revised every one of the Novels, but has added Explanatory Notes, and a new Introduction to each of them.

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David Wilkie, R.A.; Edwin Landseer, R.A.; C. R. Leslie, R.A.; Abraham Cooper, R.A.; A. E. Chalon, R.A.; G. S. Newton, A.R.A.; P. P. Stephano, H. Corbould; William Kidd; J. Standish; John Burnet; and A. P. Bonington.

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V. The edition is so far advanced at press, that regularity of publication may be depended on; and, to such subscribers as may wish to have some of the Novels complete on the appearance of the first volume of each respectively, the publishers have to state, that the whole of 'Waverley' may be had on the 1st of June, in 2 vols., for 10s.

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Concertino in E flat, Pianoforte, Mr. Cramer. Cramer.
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Song, Mr. Phillips, 'The Maid of Llanwellyn.' J. Clarke.
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THE HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.

The History, Principles, Practice, and Results of the Hamiltonian System, &c. By J. Hamilton, author of 'The Hamiltonian System.' Sowler. Manchester, 1829.

THERE can be no doubt that the nineteenth century is, *par excellence*, the Mechanical Age. The most vehement flatterer of the present times dare not affirm that we have discovered any Objects of which our fathers had not intuition,—its most unsparing disparager cannot deny that there are in our power Means for effecting those objects which our fathers did not possess. It is impossible to fix upon any one great conception, and say, This is the property of the present age. And it is just as impossible to examine the history of those heroes of former times in whose minds great conceptions dwelt, and not to feel that had they been called to realise them in our days, they would have had infinitely fewer obstacles to hew down in their course, or infinitely better devices for overcoming them. In one sense, therefore, it may be no fault in us who live in these latter times,—though, perchance, a bitter misfortune,—that we are so emphatically mechanical. It may have been the especial vocation of a former period to originate mighty projects, and to bequeath them for an inheritance to us; it may be the humbler yet as needful task of ours, to contrive schemes for clothing with practical results what they left us in the naked magnificence of an idea. It is not for this that the good man faints or mourns, or murmurs; it is not because he is fallen upon a time when to concentrate the whole of his mind upon one mighty thought is almost impossible, from the multiplicity of outward relations that are distracting and harassing him; when to *originate* is a power, not, as was once the case, given to all who will scorn delights and live laborious days, but reserved for a few of the highest and most elect spirits,—that he claims a right to abuse his destiny. He is willing, if so it must be, to take the part which is assigned him, and steadily to act it out; he may look back for a moment, with a pardonable melancholy, at the time when there were giants on the earth, but it will be the melancholy resignation of Schiller, when, at the commencement of a work dedicated to the task of exhibiting the powers which are still laid up in human nature, he exclaimed, *Jene Zeiten sind vorbei jene Menschen sind nicht mehr*. But he has another and a far deeper reason for lamenting the tendency of that age wherein he is born, and in the infirmities of which he is a partaker. The experience of every day and every hour convinces him, that not merely by its striking out no idea of its own, or merely by its furnishing the material instruments for effecting those ends of which our ancestors furnished the spiritual conceptions, has the nineteenth century justly earned the title of Mechanical. Granted that this is as it should be, granted that it is a part of the order of nature that the fifteenth century should produce a Columbus, and that ours should produce steam-boats. But what if, being unable to frame our objects for ourselves, we have lost sight of those objects which our fathers discovered to us; what if, in the pride of our inventions, we have forgotten that on account of which they were invented; what if, after all, this vast machinery, in the construction of which we might well boast if it were applied to any worthy end, should turn out useless, or should only minister to vanity and

selfishness, because we have spent our time in comparing our ingenuity with the clumsiness of our ancestors, instead of studying their inventions to see what they were intended, though, perhaps, not well able to effect? Whether this be so or not, is an important question, under any view of the case. Above all, it is important for those to perpend, who boast that this is an eminently utility-seeking, practical age. Press these persons for the reason of their faith, and the answer always is, Do you not consider that a man gives a proof of practical wisdom who performed by a very brief process, that which his ancestors performed by a very long process? Or do you consider there is some particular virtue in long processes? Now it would rather blunt the edge of these pointed interrogations, if it should unfortunately be determined that the thing which we are doing, and the thing which our ancestors were doing, are totally different things. It would, at any rate, destroy the force of the comparison, for no one will contend, that, if their object was to find Westminster Abbey, and ours to find the first of April, that there can be any very exact parallel between the methods taken to accomplish their two intentions. But it would do something more; for it seems to be implied in the boast, that we are doing, in a short time, what our ancestors did in a long time; that we mean and ought to be doing the same thing. If, therefore, it should turn out that we and they were bound in quite different directions, all this fine talking about the marvellous rapidity with which we are moving to the point of our destination, will be somewhat impertinent, seeing that we are not moving by any means to that point, but to some other, quite wide of it.

Our present intention is to examine this question in reference to one of the most important subjects upon which, we of the enlightened age, and our forefathers of the unenlightened ages, are at issue. We have before us several pamphlets giving an account, not of the newest, for

'the last minute's puff
Doth hiss the writer;'

but the most lauded and popular of all the modern schemes for communicating a knowledge of languages. The praise put forth in behalf of this system by the author, in his four thousand advertisements, and in two reviews which have volunteered articles on the subject, is this,—that Mr. Hamilton effects, in three or four months, that object, which the scheme of instruction adopted at our public schools, effects in two or three years. Now, from what we have said already, our readers will see the course of the inquiry we mean to institute. Firstly, we wish to know whether Mr. Hamilton does propose the same object to himself as was proposed by the founders of our public schools. Secondly, if not, what is the character of his system, and in what sense will it convey a knowledge of languages. And thirdly, upon what principles ought we to proceed, if we would introduce reforms in the system of education. We can, of course, but faintly indicate our opinions upon all these subjects, but we will try to be as explicit as is possible within the very narrow limits to which we are confined.

There is not a proof of more miserable stupidity, of greater incapacity for judging the feelings of another age except by the standard of our own, than is furnished by those who assign, as the reasons

for our ancestors making language the key-stone of education, that it was the only study which it was possible for sensible men in that ignorant period to hold in esteem—that it is likely to advance the interests of their pupils in the world, or that it would bring them acquainted with a literature the merits of which were then first bursting upon their view. The assertion that there were no other studies in the middle ages, besides languages, in which men took interest, is too laughable to need refutation; and, if it had not been urged a thousand times over in different forms, would have seemed too monstrous to be produced in grave discussion. The notion that a knowledge of languages, and especially of the ancient languages, was thought useful, because it would forward men's interests in an age when commerce was in its infancy, when the last thing that men thought of was, how they might strengthen distant social relations, and when, if they had made that a primary object, their simplicity would have led them to adopt the more direct method of enforcing attention to the languages of Europe;—this notion, we say, may be fairly dismissed with the same indifference and contempt as the former. And, lastly, if some persons in our own day, not remarkable, on ordinary occasions, for too fierce a support of morality and religion, have talked about the danger of putting the immoral Pagan classics into the hands of youth, we may imagine that this feeling, at least, as strongly pressed upon the conscience of a pious, or, if you like it better, a superstitious age, and was in their minds a very considerable set-off (larger than it should have been) against any over-respect they might feel for the literature of Greece and Rome. If our ancestors had set themselves upon any one of these grounds to weigh the evidence in favour of and against the learned languages, it is not too much to affirm that they would have decided against them, far more resolutely, far more instantaneously, than we, in our times, could possibly do. The truth is, that nearly all the arguments drawn from the practical advantages of a knowledge of the tongues to the merchant, the lawyer, and so forth, which many advocates of the present system now-a-days put forward in its support have grown true since, and were actually unknown to those ancestors whom they are supposed to have determined in its favour. Seek as you will, you can find no clearer exposition of their design than this, that, as they felt language to be the organ whereby the thoughts and feelings of humanity are expressed, so, in the study of it, they felt that more thought and feeling, more essential humanity, is called forth, than by any other study whatever; in other words, that *no study contributes so much to the formation of a manly character*.

We see the grin upon the face of that debating-society urchin as we enunciate the words, and we can foretell the answer (for we know the ways of the beast) which he is about to snort out. 'Indeed!' he will say, 'Their object then, if I understand you, was to form a manly character by the study of the *Propria quæ maribus*. They were foreseeing people, those ancestors, doubtless!' Pert idiot! stand still while we brain you with your great-great-grandmother's fan. We presume, you who rise every night at your club to praise the nineteenth century, suppose it has some particular advantages over its predecessors. Have you the least notion what these advantages are with respect to the cotton trade, to take in,

stance which you will possibly understand what is the merit of this age? Is it that it introduced the trade, or that it introduced spinning jennies? And is not the same true generally? Do you not, in extolling the age, mean to extol it for this,—that it has invented better schemes for effecting certain ends than any former one? Because, if you do not mean this, you mean nothing; since that is the distinction which all men of all opinions who are acquainted with the subject, admit to belong emphatically to our time. Then do you not see that you are uttering extreme nonsense when you bring it forward as a confutation of the claims of a former age to the discovery of a principle, that it did not discover the best means to gain that principle efficiency? Do you not see that if it had, your age's occupation would have gone, and what is more painful, that the occupation of its panegyrist would have gone likewise.

'Oh, then, you do admit that it is possible the methods of teaching may be shortened. Then it is only a difference of words after all.' 'Not quite, Orator, any more than it would be a mere difference of words between Sir Richard Arkwright, who should propose to invent spinning-jennies, which would shorten the labour of making cotton, and some other enlightened individual like yourself, who should boast that he could shorten the labour immensely by making fleecy hose instead of it. What we say is, that the principle of our ancestors was that language was to be taught to youth as the best intellectual discipline that can be resorted to for creating a manly mind and character. Keep this end steadily in view; and then apply your nineteenth century methods as you will. But there is still an objector undaunted by the discomfiture of his predecessor. This objector is a metaphysical one; so it behoves us to keep on our best behaviour, and listen to him, for no doubt he is a great oracle in his coterie. His objection is on this wise,—that, as our ancestors did not possess the powers of analysing human nature so well as we possess them, ergo they could not tell so well as we whether language was so intimately connected with human nature; ergo they could not be so good judges whether the study of language was a proper branch of early education. We will grapple too with this learned Theban. Analysis, we presume, must always be of something existing, and analysis of the human mind presumes the human mind to exist. But, as the existence of mind is nothing else than its feelings, its consciousness, the analysis of the human mind must be the analysis of what it feels and is conscious of. This being the case, we cannot, for our lives, see how analysis is to help us in the present emergency. Our ancestors felt strongly the connection between language and thought: we all acknowledge the fact, so we cannot as we are in the habit of doing, when others proclaim experiences which we have not, doubt the possibility of its being felt; and our ancestors evidently did feel it in a most living sense. They could not analyse the feeling: poor creatures, how sorry we are for them! Yet seeing they were certain of this connection between thought and language, seeing that they knew from their own experience how in the perception of language they became conscious of more feelings, of more life, than in the perception of any thing else whatever, we do not exactly see how the want of a faculty which should determine of what elements this feeling is composed, could destroy its virtue or hamper its practical use. But then, is not analysis wanted to come in between the feeling of the use of language in calling out thought, and the conclusion founded upon it that the study of language should become a principal branch of education? How could it come in? We feel that the perception of language is, for certain ends, useful. Surely the very next thing is to give that perception, by the best means we know of, to those who it is desirable should seek those ends. If analysis breaks this connection between the feeling

and the action, it is perfectly epistodical; unless, indeed, it came in for its legitimate purpose of fixing what are the best means for giving the action efficiency; and that we have shown already is not the question now at issue between us.

So far, we think, we have sufficiently vindicated the propriety of adhering, in this case, to the general rule we laid down at the beginning of this article, that the determination of objects should be entrusted to our ancestors, and the selection of means undertaken by ourselves. But a candid querist might interpose a very fair objection before we proceed to the next step. The selection of two particular languages, Greek and Latin, for the purpose you have mentioned, to which class does it belong, means or ends? If to the former, your defence of the present system is inadequate; if to the latter, you must show how you make it out. We admit that this point does constitute a debateable land between the two provinces which we have respectively assigned to our ancestors and ourselves. But we contend, that, even if it lies no nearer to them than to us, yet that its separation will much more affect the integrity of their territory than of ours. Our reason is this. The idea of our ancestors was to teach languages for the purpose of moulding a manly character. Now, to the completeness of this idea it was necessary that the languages selected should be such that there would not be any so great collateral advantages resulting from the study of them as would, in the minds of the pupil or the teacher, ever take precedence of this one mighty object. Whether it was this recollection which determined our ancestors against adopting the modern languages into their scheme of education, instead of the ancient ones, we do not say. Possibly not; for, at that time, the collateral advantages resulting from them were comparatively trifling. But there was a prophetic spirit in those elder men, by which, on this, if not on many other occasions, we have profited. Or, if we must suppose it merely a blind instinct which led them, we must be grateful to that divinity which provided against the risk of our losing all sight of the true ends of education, by stirring up our ancestors to make the schools which their piety endowed, places for communicating a knowledge which, as it savoured not of the ledger and the counting-house, as it tended not to the satisfaction of man's physical wants, or to the cultivation of his appetite for honours and distinctions, proclaimed aloud that he was born 'for something better than to live and die.'

[We have thought it better to cut short our contributor's review at the first stage of his argument, as its extreme length made it impossible to insert it in one, or, we fear, even in two numbers.]

ALL FOR LOVE.

All for Love; and the Pilgrim to Compostella. By Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., Poet Laureate, &c. Post 8vo. pp. 221. Murray. London, 1829.

THERE is not one living character which has been subject to such minute and unceremonious dissection as Mr. Southey's. The reasons are sufficiently obvious. His enemies he has provoked to look for defects in himself by not showing much mercy in his treatment of them; to his friends he has exhibited qualities which might well tempt them to believe that a further investigation could be well repaid by the excellencies which it must disclose; and the mere philosophical analyst has been sufficiently tempted by the curious and paradoxical appearance of the subject.

We boast, that after much toil and hard thinking, after hearing a thousand contradictory opinions, and changing our own with the last which was broached in our presence, we have at last arrived at a rational theory of this difficult character; and we shall not surprise those who have done us the honour to peruse the remarks which we have ventured on Mr. Southey's writings

in former Numbers, when we say that that theory inclines most decidedly to the side of charity. That the Quarterly Reviewer, the panegyrist of Laud, the reviler of Milton, is not in feeling so utterly at war with the person whom the united voices of all his friends proclaim to be the most amiable and benevolent of men, as to make it needful that we should have recourse to the hypothesis of a double soul; that his reasoning powers are in fault whenever he is in error; and that his heart is only answerable for his adopting a tone of vehemence which those who are less honestly and earnestly wrong than he is do not affect—this has long been our creed; and it is one which, we believe, is becoming every day more prevalent among those whose opinions are most worthy of consideration. So, all is clear; but here we stop. If we are called upon to define what the peculiarities of that intellect are which we have so coolly laden with all Mr. Southey's enormities, we honestly confess that we are at a loss. And there is this peculiarity about the case,—that whereas, in other instances, some assistance is generally obtained in discussing the abstract qualities of a man's mind by observing how these qualities, when they are brought out in speaking or writing, affect us, here the great difficulty is to know how they do affect us. In general, one can say, 'This novel and this poem produced such and such influence upon me—what am I thence to infer respecting the author?' But here there is a long question to settle first. We find the greatest difficulty in saying what feelings we experience when we read Mr. Southey, and, most of all, when we read his Poetry. We will talk over his poems, one by one as we remember them.

Is there a single man in England who could give a conscientious opinion upon 'THALABA'—a single man who knows what is his own opinion upon it? There are few among us who have not read it more than once, and yet which of us can say that any portion of it lives in his mind? What sudden light has flashed from its pages, revealing to us wonders in some spot of nature which we had gazed at for a thousand times, but on which, till then, some thick shadow had always rested? What deep truth in our own minds has it at once brought within the sphere of our consciousness, startling us 'like a guilty thing surprised?' What shocks have we experienced in reading it from that electrical chain of analogies by which the whole universe and our own natures are invisibly linked together? And then, how few of the substitutes for those high qualities of poetry does this strange composition contain! There is neither the literal veracity of Scott, appealing to the matter-of-fact part of our mind; nor the ingenious unreality of Moore, appealing to our artificial tastes; nor the boiling foam of Byron's, appealing to whatever in us is heterogeneous and discordant. And yet, with all this absence of the higher attributes of poetry, and of their plausible counterfeits, is there any one who has not a pleasing impression of 'Thalaba?' any one who would not turn away with a feeling of annoyance from the critic who should endeavour to wring from him a confession, that he had been admiring he knew not what?

'MADOC' stands on a different footing. We object decidedly to be catechised about our feelings respecting that poem likewise, but for another reason; namely, that we fear we should commit some blunders in our account of it; since, owing to an infirmity of nature to which we are subject, we were never able to accomplish the reading of it.

Then comes 'KEHAMA;' and who shall gainsay us when we proclaim that to be a noble poem, full of rich colouring and gorgeous pageantry; denoting a quaint fancy, and a most rare invention? Is there nothing more? We have always thought so, and think so we will in spite of all theories to the contrary; and yet, we cannot exactly at this moment fix upon the passages by which we should at once prove, to the utter con-

fusion of all scoffers, and to the great strengthening of our own faith, that there really is existing in Mr. Southey, and manifested in this his best work, that 'shaping spirit of imagination' which creates, not the machinery, but the thoughts of a poem, as it constitutes the life of the poet. But why not attribute this to our own lack of memory? and why suffer ourselves to be further disturbed with the thought that the admiration of the book may have been increased by the circumstance of its containing a most delightful collection of Glendoveers and Lemons, who have often stood us in admirable stead when we have been at a loss for a simile; and who, moreover, we found would disentangle themselves more easily than will the conceptions of some poets that we know of from the context.

Last comes,—but whether last will go, is a question yet to be determined—'RODERICK THE GORN.' And surely, while the ocean-music of that passage,* which all our readers have by heart, is still ringing in our ears, and while that splendid horse curls his majestic neck, and shakes his mane before our eyes; neither the recollection of the struggle which we maintained against our fleshly eyes before we could teach them to remain open at all parts of the volume; nor of the sinking of soul which we have experienced more in Mr. Southey's writings than in those of any other man, and more in this book than in any other of Mr. Southey's writings, when a thought which seemed to be blazing gloriously upwards has suddenly gone out with feebleness and smoke; nor the painful dissatisfying rhythm, less free, and varied, and Miltonic, than even the ordinary blank verse of our days;—not all this shall induce us to lift up our voices against the praises which have been heaped upon it by its most fervent and passionate admirers.

That there is a spirit of malignity prevailing against Mr. Southey in certain quarters, we know well; and this spirit may seek gratification, if it will, in pulling to pieces his laureate poems. We do not believe that they can find their account in so doing, for there are only two ways in which any inference can be drawn from such productions which will affect the talents of the author. If they are less good than other compositions of the like kind by other hands, this, though it will not take from his reputation for any higher quality, will at least show that he was deficient in a certain mechanical readiness which they possessed. If these compositions are not worse than the other literary compositions of the author, they will furnish a fair presumption that he was made to run in a go-cart, and that he is unfit to run alone. Now both these tests Mr. Southey can stand. His birth-day odes are not worse in their generation, but better, than those of his predecessors; so that there is no reason to accuse him of wanting any knack or diligence which belonged to them. And by common consent the difference between these poems and those which are properly speaking Mr. Southey's, is much greater than that which existed between the bidden numbers and the voluntary numbers of any preceding laureates. Compare the verses of Wharton, or Pye, or Settle, when they are executing a government order, with those which they wrote at the dictation of their Muse, whoever she may have been; and the interval between them is scarcely discernible. Compare 'The Vision of Judgment' with 'Roderick,' or the 'Carmen Triumphale' with many of his Metrical Ballads; and you will require a knowledge of the circumstances under which they were respectively written, to believe that they proceeded from the same author.

The mention of METRICAL BALLADS reminds us that we have neglected to mention one of Mr. Southey's highest poetical claims upon our esteem. His ballads are by far the best that have been written in our day. We do not, of course, include among the authors with whom we

compare him, Wordsworth, whose wonderful talent has created a new species of ballad altogether,—one which expresses perfectly whatever is purest in the spirit of our day, as the best ballads of the olden time, expressed what was most excellent in theirs. We merely place him by the side of those who have laboured to restore the old ballad, and to bring back to us, as nearly as may be, the times in which it originated. Of these infinitely the truest and the heartiest, the one who has felt the beauty of his models most keenly, and has followed them with the greatest courage and the least slavishness, is Mr. Southey. In summing up, then, the opinions which we have expressed in detail, what shall we say of Mr. Southey as a poet? That—we will proceed to 'All for Love, and the Pilgrim of Compostella.'

We will tell our readers the story of the first of these poems—its merits they shall judge of from the extracts. A young freed man, hight Eleëmon, falls in love with his mistress Cyra, who is unfortunately about to take the veil. He takes the natural course under such distressing circumstances, and applies for assistance to the devil. Satan is very good-natured, and, after a few pertinent remarks upon the great advantages which he has derived from the common habit among mankind of falling in love, consents to Eleëmon's prayer upon the usual terms. The bond is signed, sealed, and delivered; and that night, Cyra, who is sleeping in the light of her earlier thoughts, is visited by a dream. The next morning she intimates with great delicacy to her father that she cannot go through the ceremony which was appointed for the following day, seeing that she has been convinced by the visions of the night that she was destined to another spouse than the one to whom she was about to be united in the convent. The fair narrator added that all doubt in her mind about the course she ought to pursue was removed by the nocturnal visitor pronouncing very distinctly the name of Eleëmon, and likewise by his pointing to certain rosy-cheeked animals in the distance, an evidence Cyra inferred with that rapid intuition for which her sex is remarkable, that something beyond spiritual wedlock must have been in his thoughts. Now it happened, strangely as it would appear if we were not in the secret, that her venerable father had been favoured with a vision to precisely the same purpose the same night, so that, instead of there being any difficulty on his part, he is in the best humour possible. Arrangements for the change of nuptials are immediately ordered, and the day upon which Cyra was to have been devoted to the Church, she is devoted to the devil's bondsman.

Well, in spite of the great red spot upon Eleëmon's breast, which Satan's finger had left there, the couple live, and, to all appearance, happily for twelve years; and Eleëmon makes such an excellent husband, that we really tremble lest the young ladies of our day should be induced to look out for persons in his circumstances, which, in the long run, we fear, would not be for their interest. At the end of these twelve years, her father dies, and is buried. A short time after that event, he appears to Cyra and Eleëmon in the night, and directs the former to make particular inquiries about the damned spot on the breast. Thereupon, as soon as he wakes, she commences her catechism; and, in due time, by the use of woman's arts, wrings from him the confession of the crime which he had committed for her sake. The lady sees that not a moment is to be lost: so she takes him at once to Bishop Basil. The good Bishop has very little hope; nevertheless, he gives the poor man what encouragement he can; and he and his wife begin in good earnest to pray for the removal of the curse. In time, Eleëmon's penitence became so sincere, and his intercession so earnest, that Satan, in considerable alarm for the consequences,—an alarm which he conceals under his usual

sardonic grin,—makes his appearance, and, after indulging in some severe remarks upon the attempt to deprive him of his rightful slave, openly challenges Basil to an argument upon the validity of the bond. The cause comes on for hearing the next day, in a church; Satan, it appears, having waived his right to take exception against the character of the court. The rest Mr. Southey shall tell in his own language; and we are sure our readers will agree with the Devil in his opinion of the profession for which the defendant's counsel was naturally destined.

'The church is fill'd, so great the faith
That city in its bishop hath;
And now the congregation
Are waiting there in trembling prayer
And terrible expectation.

'Emmelia and her sisterhood
Have taken there their seat:
And choristers and monks and priests,
And psalmists there, and exorcists,
Are stationed in order meet.

'In sackcloth clad, with ashes strewn
Upon his whiter hair,
Before the steps of the altar,
His feet for penance bare,
Eleëmon stands a spectacle
For men and angels there.

'Beside him Cyra stood, in weal
Or woe, in good or ill,
Not to be severed from his side,
His faithful helpmate still.

'Dishevelled were her raven locks,
As one in mourner's guise;
And pale she was, but faith and hope
Had now relumed her eyes.

'At the altar Basil took his stand;
He held the Gospel in his hand,
And in his ardent eye
Sure trust was seen, and conscious power,
And strength for victory.

'At his command the chorister
Enounced the prophet's song,
"To God our Saviour mercies
And forgivenesses belong."

'Ten thousand voices joined to raise
The holy hymn on high:
And hearts were trilled and eyes were filled
By that full harmony.

'And when they ceased, and Basil's hand
A warning signal gave,
The whole huge multitude was hushed
In a stillness like that of the grave.

'The sun was high in a bright blue sky,
But a chill came over the crowd,
And the church was suddenly darkened,
As if by a passing cloud.

'A sound as of a tempest rose,
Though the day was calm as clear;
Intrepid must the heart have been
Which did not then feel fear.

'In the sound of the storm came the dreadful Form;
The church then darkened more,
And He was seen erect on the screen
Over the holy door.

'Daylight had sickened at his sight;
And the gloomy presence threw
A shade profound over all around,
Like a cheerless twilight hue.

"I come hither," said the demon,
"For my bondsman Eleëmon!
Mine is he, body and soul.
See all men!" and with that on high
He held the open scroll.

'The fatal signature appeared
To all the multitude,
Distinct as when the accursed pen
Had traced it with fresh blood.
"See all men!" Satan cried again,
And then his claim pursued.

"I ask for justice! I prefer
An equitable suit!
I appeal to the law, and the case
Admitteth of no dispute.

"If there be justice here,
If law have place in Heaven,
Award upon this bond
Must then for me be given.

* See Roderick, book 2.

"What to my rightful claim,
Basil, canst thou gainsay,
That I should not seize the bondsman,
And carry him quick away ?
"The writing is confess'd ;—
No plea against it shown ;
The forfeiture is mine,
And now I take my own !"
"Hold there !" cried Basil, with a voice
That arrested him on his way,
When from the screen he would have swoopt
To pounce upon his prey ;
"Hold there, I say ! Thou canst not sue
Upon this bond by law !
A sorry legalist were he
Who could not in thy boasted plea
Detect its fatal flaw.
"The deed is null, for it was framed
With fraudulent intent ;
A thing unlawful in itself ;
A wicked instrument,—
Not to be pleaded in the Courts—
Sir Fiend, thy cause is shent !
"This were enough ; but, more than this,
A maxim, as thou knowst, it is
Whereof all laws partake,
That no one may of his own wrong
His own advantage make.
"The man, thou sayest, thy bondsman is :
Mark now, how stands the fact !
Thou hast allowed,—nay, aided him
As a freedman to contract
A marriage with this christian woman here,
And by a public act.
"That act being publicly perform'd
With thy full cognisance,
Claim to him as thy bondsman thou
Canst never more advance.
"For, when they solemnly were then
United, in sight of angels and men,
The matrimonial band
Gave to the wife a right in him,
And we on this might stand.
"Thy claim upon the man was by
Thy silence then forsaken ;
A marriage thus by thee procured
May not by thee be shaken ;
And thou, O Satan, as thou seest,
In thine own snare art taken !"
"So Basil said, and paused awhile ;
The Arch-Fiend answer'd not ;
But he heaved in vexation
A sulphurous sigh for the Bishop's vocation,
And thus to himself he thought :
"The law thy calling ought to have been,
With thy wit so ready and tongue so free !
To prove by reason, in reason's despite,
That right is wrong, and wrong is right,
And white is black, and black is white,—
What a loss have I had in thee !"
"I rest not here," the Saint pursued ;
"Though thou in this mayest see,
That in the meshes of thine own net
I could entangle thee !
"Fiend ! thou thyself didst bring about
The spousal celebration,
Which link'd them by the nuptial tie
For both their soul's salvation.
"Thou sufferdest them before high Heaven
With solemn rights espoused to be,
Then and for evermore, for time
And for eternity.
"That tie holds good ; those rites
Will reach their whole extent ;
And thou of his salvation wert
Thyself the instrument.
"And now, methinks, thou seest in this
A higher power than thine ;
And that thy ways were overruled,
To work the will divine !"
"With rising energy he spake,
And more majestic look ;
And with authoritative hand
Held forth the Sacred Book.
"Then with a voice of power he said,
"The bond is null and void !
It is nullified, as thou knowest well,
By a covenant whose strength by Hell
Can never be destroyed !"

"The Covenant of grace,
That greatest work of Heaven,
Which whose claims in perfect faith,
His sins shall be forgiven !
"Were they as scarlet red
They should be white as wool ;
This is the All-mighty's covenant,
Who is All-merciful !
"His Minister am I !
In his All-mighty name
To this repentant sinner
God's pardon I proclaim !
"In token that against his soul
The sin shall no longer stand,
The writing is effaced, which there
Thou holdest in thy hand !
"Angels that are in bliss above
This triumph of Redeeming Love
Will witness, and rejoice ;
And ye shall now in thunder hear
Heaven's ratifying voice !"
"A peal of thunder shook the pile ;
The Church was fill'd with light,
And when the flash was past, the Fiend
Had vanished from their sight.
"He fled as he came, but in anger and shame,
The pardon was complete
And the impious scroll was dropt, a blank,
At Eleemon's feet.
"The Pilgrim of Compostella" is not equal to
its predecessor ; for Mr. Southey never succeeds
well without infernal assistance. There are, how-
ever, three or four miracles which, in some mea-
sure, atone for this deficiency. The story is very
simple :—The pilgrims, a father, mother, and son,
on their way to the shrine of Compostella, stop at
an inn. At this inn is a female, whose dispositions
are thus revealed to us by Mr. Southey :
"Now, the inkeepers, they had a daughter,
Sad to say, who was such another
As Potiphar's daughter, I think, would have been,
If she followed the ways of her mother."
This naughty young lady, having in vain assailed
the virtue of the more youthful pilgrim, denounces
him to the Alcayde as a thief ; the Alcayde con-
demns him, and he is hung ; having first exacted
a promise from his parents that they will proceed
on their journey. They do so ; and, on their re-
turn, they still find their son hanging in great
comfort upon the gallows, and are consoled by his
positive assurance,
"That he could not complain he was tired,
And his neck did not ache in the least."
The parents go to the Alcayde, who is at dinner,
and mention the circumstance. He disbelieves it,
and says, he could as soon believe that the fowls
upon his dish would start to life as that Pierre was
still breathing. The consequences of this rash re-
mark are detailed in the following lines :
"Four weeks they travelled painfully,
They paid their vows, and then
To La Calzada's fatal town
Did they come back again.
"The mother would not be withheld,
But go she must to see
Where her poor Pierre was left to hang
Upon the gallows tree.
"Oh tale most marvellous to hear,
Most marvellous to tell !
Eight weeks had he been hanging there,
And yet was alive and well !
"Mother," said he, "I am glad you're
return'd,
It is time I should now be released :
Tho' I cannot complain that I'm tired,
And my neck does not ache in the least.
"The sun has not scorched me by day,
The moon has not chilled me by night ;
And the winds have but help'd me to swing,
As if in a dream of delight.
"Go you to the alcayde,
That hasty judge unjust :
Tell him Santiago has saved me,
And take me down he must."
"Now, you must know the alcayde,
Not thinking himself a great sinner,

Just then at table had sat down,
About to begin his dinner.
"His knife was raised to carve
The dish before him then :
Two roasted fowls were laid therein ;
That very morning they had been
A cock and his faithful hen.
"In came the mother wild with joy ;
"A miracle !" she cried ;
But that most hasty judge unjust
Repell'd her in his pride.
"Think not," quoth he, "to tales like this,
That I should give belief !
Santiago never would bestow
His miracles, full well I know,
On a Frenchman and a thief."
"And pointing to the fowls, o'er which
He held his ready knife,
"As easily might I believe
These birds should come to life !"
"The good Saint would not let him thus
The Mother's true tale withstand ;
So up rose the fowls in the dish,
And down dropt the knife from his hand.
"The cock would have crowed if he could ;
To cackle the hen had a wish ;
And they both slept about in the gravy
Before they got out of the dish.
"And when each would have opened its eyes,
For the purpose of looking about them,
They saw they had no eyes to open,
And that there was no seeing without them.
"All this was to them a great wonder ;
They staggered and reeled on the table ;
And either to guess where they were,
Or what was their plight, or how they came there,
Alas ! they were wholly unable :
"Because, you must know, that that morning,
A thing which they thought very hard,
The cook had cut off their heads,
And thrown them away in the yard.
"The hen would have pranked up her feathers,
But plucking had sadly deformed her ;
And for want of them she would have shivered with cold,
If the roasting she had not warmed her.
"And the cock felt exceedingly queer ;
He thought it a very odd thing
That his head and his voice were he did not know where,
And his gizzard tucked under his wing.
"The gizzard got into its place,
But how Santiago knows best :
And so, by the help of the Saint,
Did the liver and all the rest.
"The heads saw their way to the bodies,
In they came from the yard without check,
And each took its own proper station,
To the very great joy of the neck.
"And in flew the feathers, like snow in a shower,
For they all became white on the way ;
And the cock and the hen in a trice were refledged,
And then who so happy as they !
"Cluck ! cluck ! cried the hen right merrily then,
The cock his clarion blew,
Full glad was he to hear again
His own cock-a-doo-del-doo !"
The rest of the poem is occupied with accounts
of the canonisation of the Cock and Hen, and
the fame of their posterity.

THE MISFORTUNES OF ELPHIN.

The Misfortunes of Elphin. By the Author of Headlong Hall. Hookham. London, 1829.

WE have certainly not shown with any un-
wonted alacrity the great pleasure which we felt
at receiving the first work which the author of
'Headlong Hall' has subjected to our criticism.
If it were as easy to write a good as a bad novel,
we might institute an unfavourable comparison
between the indolence or sterility of this gentle-
man and the prolific industry of his contem-
poraries. That a novelist of considerable repu-
tation should appear before us for the first time
in the 18th month of our reign, and present us with
a widely-printed duodecimo of 240 pages, is con-
trary to the spirit of the nineteenth century. In
the same period of time, we have received more
than one tribute of greater magnitude from most

of his fellow-labourers. We have seen the rise, the progress, and even the fall, of romantic reputation. The one anonymous volume of a first publication has been expanded by a more practised dullness into three, or been dilated into a new being by the additional tedium of a fourth. The awkwardness of juvenile insipidity has not unfrequently, in the course of a year, ripened into the flippancy of anility; and the sentimental of January, after greeting us in the summer with the slang of fashion, has returned at Christmas to dogmatise in slip-slop on metaphysics and morality. The supply of light literature for the unrestricted demand for absurdity, has increased at a rate that gives us an astounding idea of the infinite deteriorability of the human wit. The splendid monuments of pejority which are daily evolved from the press, induce us to hope that we shall, ere long, realise the great ideal '*pessimus*,' the object of so many labours. And it is with pleasure that we see our popular writers of both sexes working so heartily for this great object, and sharing the elephantine gestation of yore by the multiplicity of their auricular parturitions.

The author of '*Headlong Hall*' apparently labours for a different end. He has not those intellectual weaknesses which require the relief of such constant discharges: he appears to wish rather to fulfil his own idea of excellence than to be content with satisfying the moderate demands of a publisher. He is one, accordingly, of that rare class whom the facility of obtaining approbation in the present day has not rendered unmindful of deserving it. Hence, also, he is, of all contemporary novelists, the one whose general popularity bears the most insignificant proportion to the esteem in which he is held by the thinking portion of the reading public. His wit would be more admired, if it were employed on subjects of less philosophical speculation: his humour, to be popular, must be more gross; his knowledge more ostentatiously exhibited; and his fine imagination totally freed from the restraints which are imposed on it by a taste truly classical. As it is, he must consent that his writings should be praised more than they are read, and read more than they are understood.

It is some excuse for this, that, in addition to his merits, the works of the author of '*Headlong Hall*' have never developed, in any great degree, the quality which is the most essential to the success of a novel, and which is really that most requisite to constitute excellence. In none of his novels does the story excite our interest: the different incidents are well told, but their nature and connection are such that one seldom appears to have been produced by another, or excites any curiosity for that which is to follow. In that pleasing work, '*Maid Marian*,' this fault is particularly obvious. It is a series of tales respecting the same persons, but with so little connection besides the identity of the actors, that we are actually annoyed very often that there is not some more formal mark of separation between the different stories. It is true, that from their peculiar merits these novels seldom suffer much from the want of a better constructed plot; but it is a deficiency which is, of all, the most likely to be perceived by the generality of readers. That the author might, if he chose, fully satisfy them, is obvious, because to compose a plot that shall interest is very easy. But we know not whether he possesses the power of composing a perfect story—a power which Aristotle justly considers the greatest excellence of a poet.

It is very rarely that our author has had any opportunity of displaying any great degree of dramatic skill in the development of characters. The personages who appear in his novels are not introduced to express the feelings of human beings in particular situations, but merely to give utterance to particular classes of opinions. They are not men and women who act and feel—they merely ink and talk. The whole duty of his man is to

develop a system; and, if it is a man, it is Hume's man,—a bundle of ideas and opinions.

Now, though these are quite enough for the author's purpose, they do not satisfy the reader. We miss half of human nature in his human beings; we miss all the traits which distinguish individuals who hold the same opinions; we lose, in consequence, all the pleasure which is derived from forming distinct images of different personages, and observing the resemblance which the portraits bear to the originals which we find in nature. The beings whom he brings before us dwell not in our recollections as persons whose nature we have understood; they are alike imperfectly fashioned and unanimated boards, placarded with various systems, and distinguishable only by the difference of the doctrines which they expound. This fault is most obvious in that which is, perhaps, the best of his novels, '*Melincourt*;' in '*Nightmare Abbey*,' two or three of the characters are much more dramatically developed; and, indeed, the young Irish lady is a very nice person, and all but flesh and blood.

Interest in the story and in the characters, are the two feelings which the readers of novels are most easily brought to entertain, and which, when successfully excited, are the most pleasurable. It is no wonder, therefore, that the reading public should find some difficulty in discovering the merits of novels in which they are disappointed of the very qualities which they consider most essential to their amusement. The ridicule of systems and opinions is intelligible to those only who are familiar with their nature, and capable of perceiving their absurdity. It is the delicate wit with which our author has satirised the follies of various systems, the skill with which he has exposed some of the most prevalent forms of cant, that have been most relished by the better classes of his readers. We think that Swift himself hardly ever showed more power of eliciting the full quantity of absurdity contained in any system, than has been displayed by our author in his representation of Lord Monboddos's ape in '*Melincourt*,' his account of Cimmerian Lodge, and of the conversation between the partisans of things as they are, and his admirable description of the breaking of a country bank in the same work,—the dialogues of Mr. Escot, Mr. Foster, and the churchman in '*Headlong Hall*;' and the various arguments of Mr. Flokey, Mr. Too-bad, and Scythrop, in '*Nightmare Abbey*.'

We know not, however, whether this very prominent merit has not induced many of our author's admirers to overlook other excellencies, which, if less obvious, are at least of as high an order. His exquisite sense of the ridiculous and base is accompanied by an equally acute sense of the good and beautiful. Amid the constant wit and gaiety of his style, we can constantly discover an honest, manly, and truly moral strain of feeling, too much obscured sometimes by an unnecessary continuation of his usual irony, and perhaps intentionally disguised in order to avoid any semblance of ostentation and cant. That he has read much, and thought much and well, we can also perceive: he never laughs ignorantly at what is good, but is always instructive while he amuses. He has a sincere and pure love of nature, and he is one of those rarely-gifted persons who can accurately describe nature, because he can explain the feelings which have been excited in him by her presence. Add to this a merit rarer than any in the present day, that of expressing his ideas in plain and yet forcible language. His style is never deficient in vigour; but its copiousness is at the same time restrained by a perfectly classical simplicity of taste. The different parts of '*Maid Marian*,' in particular, are perfect models of narrative. The author has thoughts and feelings to express, yet he can express them without borrowing the style of any other person: he can tell his story in language always adequately descriptive of his meaning, without adopting the

simplicity of slip-slop, or the dignity of confusion and tautology.

'*The Misfortunes of Elphin*' is a work less likely to please than any of his former novels. The story is fully as meagre, and rather less connected than its predecessors: the characters are imperfectly developed, and there is much less of that obvious and continued satire which formed to most readers the chief attraction of his previous works. The story is laid in Wales; and it is no small objection to the work, that his former admirable nomenclature, which so much resembled Bunyan's, is replaced by the unintelligible cacophonies by which those of the Cymry, who possessed the faculty of speech, distinguished names and places.

The prosperity of the Plain of Gwaelod depended on an embankment, which was confided to the care of a High Commission of Embankment; and Elphin, one of the Kings of Gwaelod, being warned by mysterious voices of the danger of an inundation, walks with a friend to the castle of the Lord High Commissioner along the embankment:

'The sea shone with the glory of the setting sun; the air was calm; and the white surf, tinged with the crimson of sunset, broke lightly on the sands below. Elphin turned his eyes from the dazzling splendour of ocean to the green meadows of the Plain of Gwaelod; the trees, that in the distance thickened into woods; the wreaths of smoke rising from among them, marking the solitary cottages, or the populous towns; the massy barrier of mountains beyond, with the forest rising from their base; the precipices frowning over the forest; and the clouds resting on their summits, reddened with the reflection of the west. Elphin gazed earnestly on the peopled plain, reposing in the calm of evening between the mountains and the sea, and thought, with deep feelings of secret pain, how much of life and human happiness was intrusted to the ruinous mound on which he stood.'—Pp. 13, 14.

'*The Drunkenness of Seithenyn*.
'The sun had sunk beneath the waves when they reached the castle of Seithenyn. The sound of the harp and the song saluted them as they approached it. As they entered the great hall, which was already blazing with torchlight, they found his highness, and his highness's household, convincing themselves and each other with wine and wassail, of the excellence of their system of virtual superintendence; and the following jovial chorus broke on the ears of the visitors:

'*The Circling of the Mead Horns*.
'Fill the blue horn, the blue buffalo horn:
Natural is mead in the buffalo horn:
As the cuckoo in spring, as the lark in the morn,
So natural is mead in the buffalo horn.

As the cup of the flower to the bee when he sips,
Is the full cup of mead to the true Briton's lips:
From the flower-cups of summer, on field and on tree,
Our mead cups are filled by the vintager bee.

Seithenyn ap Seithyn, the generous, the bold,
Drinks the wine of the stranger from vessels of gold;
But we from the horn, the blue silver-rimmed horn,
Drink the ale and the mead in our fields that were born.

The ale-froth is white, and the mead sparkles bright;
They both smile apart, and with smiles they unite:
The mead from the flower, and the ale from the corn,
Smile, sparkle, and sing in the buffalo horn.

The horn, the blue horn, cannot stand on its tip;
Its path is right on from the hand to the lip:
Though the bowl and the wine-cup our tables adorn,
More natural the draught from the buffalo horn.

But Seithenyn ap Seithyn, the generous, the bold,
Drinks the bright-flowing wine from the far-gleaming gold:
The wine, in the bowl by his lip that is worn,
Shall be glorious as mead in the buffalo horn.

The horns circle fast, but their fountains will last,
As the stream passes ever, and never is past:
Exhausted so quickly, replenished so soon,
They wax and they wane like the horns of the moon.

Fill high the blue horn, the blue buffalo horn;
Fill high the long silver-rimmed buffalo horn:
While the roof of the hall by our chorus is torn,
Fill, fill to the brim, the deep silver-rimmed horn.

'Elphin and Telthrin stood some time on the floor of the hall before they attracted the attention of Seith-

enyn, who, during the chorus, was tossing and flourishing his golden goblet. The chorus had scarcely ended when he noticed them, and immediately roared aloud, "You are welcome all four."

"Elphin answered, "We thank you: we are but two."

"Two or four," said Seithenyn, "all is one. You are welcome all. When a stranger enters, the custom in other places is to begin by washing his feet. My custom is, to begin by washing his throat. Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi bids you welcome."—Pp. 15—18.

Seithenyn, on being informed of the dangerous state of the embankment, tells the alarmists that it works well; that parts are rotten and parts sound; and that the parts that are rotten give elasticity to those that are sound; in fact, that it works well. A storm, however, rises, the sea breaks over the mound, and the castle-wall is sapped by the waves. The retreat of Elphin and his companions over the broken mound is beautifully described:

"Another portion of the castle wall fell into the mining waves, and, by the dim and thickly-clouded moonlight, and the red blaze of the beacon fire, they beheld a torrent pouring in from the sea upon the plain, and rushing immediately beneath the castle walls, which, as well as the points of the embankment that formed the sides of the breach, continued to crumble away into the waters.

"Who has done this?" vociferated Seithenyn, "Show me the enemy."

"There is no enemy but the sea," said Elphin, "to which you, in your drunken madness, have abandoned the land. Think, if you can think, of what is passing in the plain. The storm drowns the cries of your victims; but the curses of the perishing are upon you."

"Show me the enemy," vociferated Seithenyn, flourishing his sword more furiously.

Angharad looked deprecatingly at Elphin, who abstained from further reply.

"There is no enemy but the sea," said Teithrin, "against which your sword avails not."

"Who dares to say so?" said Seithenyn. "Who dares to say that there is an enemy on earth against whom the sword of Seithenyn ap Seithyn is unavailing? Thus, thus I prove the falsehood."

And, springing suddenly forward, he leaped into the torrent, flourishing his sword as he descended.

"Oh, my unhappy father!" sobbed Angharad, veiling her face with her arm on the shoulder of one of her female attendants, whom Elphin dexterously put aside, and substituted himself as the supporter of the desolate beauty.

"We must quit the castle," said Teithrin, "or we shall be buried in its ruins. We have but one path of safety, along the summit of the embankment, if there be not another breach between us and the high land, and if we can keep our footing in this hurricane. But there is no alternative. The walls are melting away like snow."

The bard, who was now recovered from his *awen*, and beginning to be perfectly alive to his own personal safety, conscious at the same time that the first duty of his privileged order was to animate the less-gifted multitude by examples of right conduct in trying emergencies, was the first to profit by Teithrin's admonition, and to make the best of his way through the door that opened to the embankment, on which he had no sooner set his foot than he was blown down by the wind, his harp-strings ringing as he fell. He was indebted to the impediment of his harp for not being rolled down the mound into the waters which were rising within.

Teithrin picked him up, and admonished him to abandon his harp to its fate, and fortify his steps with a spear. The bard murmured objections: and even the reflection that he could more easily get another harp than another life, did not reconcile him to parting with his beloved companion. He got over the difficulty by slinging his harp, cumbersome as it was, to his left side, and taking a spear in his right hand.

Angharad, recovering from the first shock of Seithenyn's catastrophe, became awake to the imminent danger. The spirit of the Cymric female, vigilant and energetic in peril, disposed her and her attendant maidens to use their best exertions for their own preservation. Following the advice and example of El-

phin and Teithrin, they armed themselves with spears, which they took down from the walls.

Teithrin led the way, striking the point of his spear firmly into the earth, and leaning from it on the wind: Angharad followed in the same manner: Elphin followed Angharad, looking as earnestly to her safety as was compatible with moderate care of his own: the attendant maidens followed Elphin; and the bard, whom the result of his first experiment had rendered unambitious of the van, followed the female train. Behind them went the cupbearers, whom the accident of sobriety had qualified to march: and behind them reeled and roared those of the bacchanal rout who were able and willing to move; those more especially who had wives or daughters to support their tottering steps. Some were incapable of locomotion, and others, in the heroic madness of liquor, sat down to await their destiny, as they finished the half-drained vessels.

The bard, who had somewhat of a picturesque eye, could not help sparing a little leisure from the care of his body, to observe the effects before him: the volumed blackness of the storm; the white bursting of the breakers in the faint and scarcely-perceptible moonlight; the rushing and rising of the waters within the mound; the long floating hair and waving drapery of the young women; the red light of the beacon fire falling on them from behind; the surf rolling up the side of the embankment, and breaking almost at their feet; the spray flying above their heads; and the resolution with which they impinged the stony ground with their spears, and bore themselves up against the wind.

Thus they began their march. They had not proceeded far, when the tide began to recede, the wind to abate somewhat of its violence, and the moon to look on them at intervals through the rifted clouds, disclosing the desolation of the inundated plain, silvering the tumultuous surf, gleaming on the distant mountains, and revealing a lengthened prospect of their solitary path, that lay in its irregular line like a ribbon on the deep.—Pp. 47—53.

Elphin marries Angharad, daughter of Seithenyn, establishes a fishery, and one day catches, instead of a salmon, a boy, who turns out afterwards the famous Taliesin. The loves of Taliesin and Melanghel, the daughter of Elphin, the captivity of Elphin, and the exertion of Taliesin for his rescue, form the remainder of this small volume. The first chapter contains a description of the state of Wales at that time, full of our author's best style of satire on the manners of the present day. He thus defends the human sacrifices of the Druids:

"When any of the Romans or Saxons, who invaded the island, fell into the hands of the Britons, before the introduction of Christianity, they were handed over to the Druids, who sacrificed them, with pious ceremonies, to their goddess Andraste. These human sacrifices have done much injury to the Druidical character amongst us, who never practise them in the same way. They lacked, it must be confessed, some of our light, and also some of our prisons. They lacked some of our light, to enable them to perceive that the act of coming, in great multitudes, with fire and sword, to the remote dwellings of peaceable men, with the premeditated design of cutting their throats, ravishing their wives and daughters, killing their children, and appropriating their worldly goods, belongs, not to the department of murder and robbery, but to that of legitimate war, of which all the practitioners are gentlemen and entitled to be treated like gentlemen. They lacked some of our prisons, in which our philanthropy has provided accommodation for so large a portion of our own people, wherein, if they had left their prisoners alive, they could have kept them from returning to their countrymen, and being at their old tricks again immediately. They would also, perhaps, have found some difficulty in feeding them, from the lack of the county rates, by which the most sensible and amiable part of our nation, the country squires, contrive to coop up, and feed, at the public charge, all who meddle with the wild animals of which they had given themselves the monopoly. But, as the Druids could neither lock up their captives, nor trust them at large, the darkness of their intellect could suggest no alternative to the process they adopted, of putting them out of the way, which they did with all the sanctions of religion and law. If one of these old Druids could have slept, like the seven sleepers of Ephesus, and awaked, in the nineteenth century, some fine morning near Newgate, the exhibition of some half-dozen sunipundulous forgers might have shocked the tender bowels of his humanity, as much as one of his wicker baskets of cap-

tives in the flames shocked those of Cæsar; and it would, perhaps, have been difficult to convince him that paper credit was not an idol, and one of a more sanguinary character than his Andraste. The Druids had their view of these matters, and we have ours; and it does not comport with the steam-engine speed of our march of mind to look at more than one side of a question.

"The people lived in darkness and vassalage. They were lost in the grossness of beef and ale. They had no pamphleteering societies to demonstrate that reading and writing are better than meat and drink; and they were utterly destitute of the blessings of those 'schools for all,' the house of correction, and the treadmill, wherein the autochthonal justice of our agrestic kakistocracy now castigates the heinous sins which were then committed with impunity, of treading on old footpaths, picking up dead wood, and moving on the face of the earth within sound of the whirr of a partridge."—Pp. 89—93.

Elphin comes on a party of Britons, who, under the command of King Melvas, had just taken the castle of Dinas Vawr.

"The hall of Melvas was full of magnanimous heroes, who were celebrating their own exploits in sundry chorusses, especially in that which follows, which is here put upon record as being the quintessence of all the war-songs that ever were written, and the sum and substance of all the appetencies, tendencies, and consequences of military glory:

'The War-song of Dinas Vawr.'

'The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met a host, and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

'On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

'As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us:
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

'We there, in strife bewild'ring,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

'We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, king of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow our chorus.'

Pp. 140—143.

From Melvas, Taliesin finally recovers Gwenyvar, wife of Arthur, who consequently releases Elphin; who shows his gratitude by giving Melanghel to Taliesin.

The translations or imitations of Welsh poetry, we must own, we do not much like, with the exception of the two songs which we have quoted. But, on the whole, though we consider this work in most respects inferior to the previous works of the author of 'Headlong Hall,' we recommend it to every person who can relish wit, humour, and exquisite descriptions, as a work of a very superior class to the popular novels of the day, and one which every father of a family may safely put into the hands of his children of either sex.

CANALS IN FRANCE.

Dissertation on the Canal of Provence. By M. Jules Juliani, Merchant, forming the third part of the Letters on Marseilles. Paris, 1829.

THE incalculable advantages of canals are become proverbial. Experience has long since proved them to us. We shall not, therefore, attempt to show how much they contribute to the glory and usefulness of nations; but we cannot refrain from recommending to our readers the above publication. After having traced the benefits of canals in general, and given an historical view of the ancient and modern canals of either hemisphere, the author goes into a detailed description of the works to be achieved in opening a canal to bring the waters of the Durance to Marseilles, and the immense advantages which the public will derive from it. This canal, which will necessarily have the greatest influence on the future condition of Marseilles, will commence at the rock of Cantepedrix, and fall into the sea at Aren, after having traversed in divers directions about 150 miles of country. It will serve the two-fold purpose of irrigation and navigation. The author, with equal profoundness and sagacity, makes it appear that this canal will treble the value of the surrounding districts, and will render Marseilles capable of being made a manufacturing town.

It is surprising that the formation of this canal should have been so long delayed, considering the extraordinary profits that the capitalists who undertake it will derive; for, according to the calculations made, it will produce an annual sum of 2,700,000 francs, while the expense of making it will only be 15,150,000 francs, leaving more than seventeen per cent.

We regret our inability to expatiate on a book which certainly does great honour both to the talents and the feelings of its author. It is an acknowledgment due to the city of Marseilles, which numbers among its inhabitants many men distinguished for their knowledge, their philanthropy, and their patriotism, among whom we instance with pleasure, M. Ant. Ancy, author of an excellent treatise on Infant Education, a work which should be in the hands of all classes of society, and of which an abridgment should be made whose moderate price would bring it within the reach of the poorest.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

The History of Napoleon Buonaparte, with Engravings in steel and wood. 18mo. vol. 1. Murray. London, 1829.

THE getting up of this book, as of every thing which proceeds from the same quarter, is admirable, and augurs well for the series, of which it is the commencement. The life of Napoleon, also, must be considered a good specimen of the class of works to which it belongs, being vastly less pretending than the biographies of 'The Useful Knowledge Society,' and much more fair and moderate than those which have generally appeared in 'Constable's Miscellany.' The battle at Lodi Bridge offers a fair specimen of the author's talents at description, though we are doing him some injustice in quoting it, as it brings his work into comparison with one of the finest passages in that of Sir Walter Scott.

'The wooden bridge of Lodi formed the scene of one of the most celebrated actions of the war, and will ever be peculiarly mixed up with the name of Buonaparte himself. It was a great neglect in Beaulieu to leave it standing when he removed his headquarters to the east bank of the Adda: his outposts were driven rapidly through the old straggling town of Lodi on the 10th; and the French, sheltering themselves behind the walls and houses, lay ready to attempt the passage of the bridge. Beaulieu had placed a battery of thirty cannon so as to sweep it completely; and the enterprise of storming it in the face of this artillery, and of a whole army drawn up behind, is one of the most daring on record.

'Buonaparte's first care was to place as many guns as he could get in order in direct opposition to this

Austrian battery. A furious cannonade on his side of the river also now commenced. The General himself appeared in the midst of the fire, pointing with his own hand two guns in such a manner as to cut off the Austrians from the only path by which they could have advanced to undermine the bridge; and it was on this occasion that the soldiery, delighted with his dauntless exposure of his person, conferred on him his honorary nickname of *The Little Corporal*. In the mean time, he had sent General Beaumont and the cavalry to attempt the passage of the river by a distant ford, (which they had much difficulty in effecting,) and awaited with anxiety the moment when they should appear on the enemy's flank. When that took place, Beaulieu's line, of course, showed some confusion, and Napoleon instantly gave the word. A column of grenadiers, whom he had kept ready drawn up close to the bridge, but under shelter of the houses, were in a moment wheeled to the left, and their leading files placed on the bridge. They rushed on, shouting *Vive la Republique!* but the storm of grape-shot for a moment checked them. Buonaparte, Lannes, Berthier, and Lallemand, hurried to the front, and rallied and cheered the men. The column dashed across the bridge in despite of the tempest of fire that thinned them. The brave Lannes was the first who reached the other side, Napoleon himself the second. The Austrian artillerymen were bayoneted at their guns, ere the other troops, whom Beaulieu had removed too far back, in his anxiety to avoid the French battery, could come to their assistance. Beaumont pressing gallantly with his horse upon the flank, and Napoleon's infantry forming rapidly as they passed the bridge, and charging on the instant, the Austrian line became involved in inextricable confusion, broke up, and fled. The slaughter on their side was great; on the French, there fell only 200 men. With such rapidity, and consequently with so little loss, did Buonaparte execute this dazzling adventure—"the terrible passage," as he himself called it, "of the bridge of Lodi."

'It was, indeed, terrible to the enemy. It deprived them of another excellent line of defence; and blew up the enthusiasm of the French soldiery to a pitch of irresistible daring. Beaulieu, nevertheless, contrived to withdraw his troops in much better style than Buonaparte had anticipated. He gathered the scattered fragments of his force together, and soon threw the line of the Mincio, another tributary of the Po, between himself and his enemy. The great object, however, had been attained: the Austrian General escaped, and might yet defend Mantua, but no obstacle remained between the victorious invader and the rich and noble capital of Lombardy. The garrison of Pizzighitone, seeing themselves effectually cut off from the Austrian army, capitulated. The French cavalry pursued Beaulieu as far as Cremona, which town they seized; and Buonaparte himself prepared to march at once upon Milan. It was after one of these affairs that an old Hungarian officer was brought prisoner to Buonaparte, who entered into conversation with him, and among other matters questioned him "what he thought of the state of the war?" "Nothing," replied the old gentleman, who did not know he was addressing the General-in-chief—"nothing can be worse. Here is a young man who knows absolutely nothing of the rules of war; to-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, next day again in our front. Such violations of the principles of the art of war are intolerable!"—Pp. 39—41.

NEW MUSIC.

'*La Petite Capricieuse, Air Variee pour le Piano, et dediee à A. C. B. Par G. F. Kjalmark. Clementi and Co.*

A PLEASING and familiar *Grazioso e Scherzando*, in C, with five variations, respectively exhibiting the various styles, *Legato*, *Scherzando*, *Delicatamente*, *Agitato*, and *Alla Marcia*, quite teachable, and acceptable to pupils of moderate practice and acquirements. It is composed by the younger Kjalmark, who is a brilliant and excellent performer, as well as teacher, of his instrument, doing infinite credit to his preceptor, Moschelles.

No. 1. of the Gems of Melody for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, (ad lib.) Selected and Arranged by William Forde. Cocks and Co.

THIS is the commencing number of a very trifling, but pleasing, adaptation of admired airs, published briefly upon two pages for only 1s., and comprises Meyerbeer's 'Gioviette Cavalier,' from his 'Crociato.' 'Trifles light as air' are frequently highly acceptable for teachers and incipient performers.

'*Rise, gentle Moon!*' sung by Miss Love, in the historical drama of 'Charles the Twelfth, or the Siege of Stralsund.' Written by J. R. Planche, composed by John Barnett. Mayhew and Co.

THIS graceful and admired ballad has become so well known, that it may be, in a great measure, a work of supererogation to offer remarks respecting it; but it has not been sent to us before the present period, although its date of publication is rather distant. To those who have not heard it sung by Miss Love, or who have not yet met with it, we beg to say, that it is a very pleasing allegretto in waltz time, published in the key of C, (but performed a semi-tone lower, to render it more particularly suitable to the counter-tenor part of Miss Love's voice.) It is within a very moderate number of notes, consequently very easy of performance, and decidedly the most popular thing going.

Instructive Exercises for the Guitar, containing Twenty-four Progressive Lessons, composed by F. Horetzky, Op. 15, in two books, each 3s. Boosey and Co.

A SERIES of clever, well-arranged pieces, exhibiting a great variety of style and character, and in various keys; to a teacher of the guitar they must be peculiarly acceptable, and the author is evidently a talented musician and writer.

My heart is with Thee. A ballad, sung by Mr. Gibbon, at the London and Provincial Concerts. Written by a Lady, the Melody by Mr. Gibbon, the Symphony and Accompaniments by Mr. Coote. Dale.

MR. GIBBON'S melody is common-place, but in a flowing good style. The harmonising and arrangement of Mr. Coote, proves him to be a very well-informed and clever artist, and the *tout ensemble* is altogether pleasing and desirable. Two wrong notes, accidentally engraved in the concluding chords on the first page, create a very mischievous error, as they form the passage into the harmony of A minor, instead of C major.

Introduction, and the 'British Grenadier's March.' Arranged with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and inscribed to Miss Wright, by George Frederick Harris. Monro and May.

A FLOWING and brief Siciliano of one page, (in the key of C,) forms the introduction to the old martial air, and the whole arrangement and character of the piece eminently resembles that of 'La Petite Capricieuse,' noticed above, and composed by another George Frederick. The variations are eight in number, and exhibit much pleasing variety in a very familiar form, without puerility; the fifth is very characteristic and is intended to imitate a drum. We cannot but notice the unusually superior manner in which it is brought out, especially as to the printing and paper.

'*Flow, gentle Deva.* A Duet. Composed expressly for Mr. Braham and Mr. Phillips, and most respectfully dedicated to the Right Hon. the Earl of Cawdor, by John Parry. Harmonic Institution.

MR. PARRY is the Editor of the 'Welsh and Scottish Melodies,' and is a very highly respected and clever writer. On the title to this work he has caused the words to be engraved, and his duet is composed in a very appropriate manner to them, expressing, by turns, all the alterations of 'grief and joy,' of 'weal or woe,' &c.

'Flow gently Deva; on thy mossy banks
The valliant Tudor sleeps; sweet be his dreams;
And when he wakes, O may he wake to peace!' *Andante 6-8*
'Ah! no; I hear the clashing sound of arms.
Rouse the gallant warrior. Rise, Tudor, rise!
And lead us on—to death or victory!' *Rechtaites Agitato, in com. time.*
'Then shall the bards in sad notes ring our
knell, *Largo.*

Or chaunt in happy strains the song of Joy.—*Allegretto, 3-4.*

For two singers, (tenor and bass voices,) this duet must be very acceptable, and it is by no means difficult of performance.

EDINBURGH LITERARY GAZETTE.

A NEW rival of ours, to be ycleped 'The Edinburgh Literary Gazette,' is about to make its appearance in the north, on the 16th of the present month. The proprietors, we understand, have secured the co-operation of Professor Wilson, Mr. Lockhart, and we know not who besides. They have one contributor, who, if he really exerts himself for them, may well make us Southrons tremble for our reputation. If we had any jealousy of our brother periodicals, that one of them which should present its readers each twelvemonth with an article from the pen of Mr. De Quincey, would cause us more distress than one which should obtain, each week, all the fashionable intelligence that could be gleaned from all the discarded footmen in the metropolis.

A POETICAL EPISTLE.
(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

[This epistle was first published in 'The Horen,' a journal conducted by Schiller; who may, therefore, be regarded as the friend addressed in it; and what is said of him is well suited to his ardent and noble character.]

Now that the whole world reads, and that many a reader will only Turn impatiently over the leaves, and then snatching his own pen Dexterosly graft on the dwarfishest book a new portlier volume, I too, thou wilt have it, my friend, must add to the number, Writing to thee about writing, and telling thee all my my opinions, That so others again may broach their opinions about mine, And wave driving on wave may roll everlastingly onward. Thus however the fisherman goes out to sea, when the morning Summons him, if but the wind bids fair; he plies at his task still, Though his comrades by hundreds are skimming the glittering waters.

Generous friend, thou hast so much at heart,—the good of mankind first, Then that of thine own countrymen, and, above all, of thy next-door Neighbour: thou darest the mischief of mischievous books. We have seen such Often, alas! What, then, ought one to do? what might be accomplished, Would honest men knit firmly together! were princes in earnest! It is a grave, a momentous inquiry, but happens to find me In an agreeable humour. The corn-clad country is smiling Under the warm bright sky, and the gentlest breezes are blowing, Cooling their wings in the waves, and gathering scents from the blossoms; And, to the cheerful the world has a face of gladness; afar off Care is seen floating away in thin clouds that are ready to vanish.

All that my light slim pen marks down you may easily blot out; Nor are the traces of types much more enduring or deeper, Though it is said they defy eternity. True, the black column Speaks to a thousand at once; but anon, just as every one, after Seeing his face in the glass, forgets it, in spite of its sweetness, So words, too, are forgotten, although they be graven by iron.

Speeches are tossed to and fro with such marvellous ease, when a number Talk away, each only hearing himself in the words that he pours forth, Yea, only hearing himself in the words that proceed from his neighbour. Just in the same way fares it with books; all, every reader Reads himself out of the book that he reads; nay, has he a strong mind, Reads himself into the book, and amalgams his thoughts with the author's. Thus it is all lost labour, where'er you endeavour, by writings, Man's preconceived inclinations and made-up likings to alter. But you may do thus much; you may strengthen him in his opinions, Or, if he be but a youth, this and that you perchance may inculcate.

Shall I tell you my mind? it is life, life only, that fashions Men, and that teaches and trains them; words mean little, do little. True, we readily listen to all that confirms our own notions, But what we hear never forms those notions. When we dislike aught, We may perhaps go along with its advocate, if he be clever,

But when escaped from his clutches we hasten adown the old sheep-track. Would you be heard with delight, and be hearkened to willingly, you must Flatter. Whether you speak to the mob, or to nobles, or princes, You must tell them all stories that place, as though living, before them Just what they like, just what they themselves would wish to befall them.

Think you that all would have listened to Homer,—that all would have read him, Had he not smoothed a way into the heart, persuading his reader That he is just what he would be? and do we not in the high palace, Or in the chieftain's tent, see the warrior exult in the Iliad? While in the street, or the market, where citizens gather together, All far gladder hear of the craft of the vagrant Ulysses. There, every warrior beholdeth himself in his helmet and armour; Here, in Ulysses, the beggar sees even his rags are ennobled.

Thus was I walking one day on the well-paved quay of the city, Dearly beloved by old Neptune, in which winged lions are worshipped Almost as though they were gods, when a tale was a telling. A circle, Close, thick, breathless, surrounded the voluble tatterdemalion. Once, so he sang, I was driven by storms on the shores of an island, Called by the name of Utopia. I wot not whether another

Out of this company ever set foot there; it lies in the ocean, West of the Pillars of Hercules. There I was welcomed most kindly, Led to an inn, hard by, had the best of both eating and drinking, All were on tiptoe to serve me, my bed was the softest and warmest.

Thus did a month glide swift as a song. I had fully forgotten Cares grim looks and the furrows of want; when in secret this question 'Gan to disquiet me sore: What face will the reckoning put on, When thy meals are all done? There was not a doit in my pocket.

Do not bring me so much, I cried to the host; but he brought me Still more dishes and more. This increased my distress, and I could not

Eat any longer 'mid all my uneasiness: so I entreated, Pray, master host, let my bill be a fair one. At this he grew angry, Eyed me askance with a dark look, caught up a cudgel and swung it

Over my back, and the blows came pattering down on my shoulders, Down on my back without mercy, and beat me almost to a mummy.

Fast as I could I ran off, and inquired for the Justice: he forthwith

Sent for the host, who was now grown calm, and grave was his answer:

'So must it be unto all who outrage the laws of our island, Wronging a host whose rights are sacred, and wickedly asking

After a bill from the man who has courteously treated and fed them:

Was I then tamely to brook such an insult? in my own house too!

No! I should have but a sponge and never a heart in my bosom,

Had not my blood boiled over at such an offence to my honour.'

Then said the Justice to me: 'Friend, think no more of your beating, For if you had your deserts your punishment would be much harsher.

But if you choose to abide in this island and settle amongst us,

You must prove yourself worthy and fit to be one of our body.'

'Oh! I exclaimed, 'kind Sir, I have most unskilfully never

Felt any liking to labour, and nature gave me no talents So as to earn my bread at my ease: my brethren all called me Jack Do-nothing, and turned me away from the house of my father.'

'O then, welcome amongst us,' the Justice replied: thou shalt always Sit at the top of the table whenever the Commons assemble, And shalt have in the senate the place thou nobly deservest.

Only be with thy guard that no backslidings entice thee E'er to disgrace us by working, that no spade ever be met with, No oar ever be found in thy house; for if so, in a moment

Thou wert utterly ruined, and no one would honour or feed thee.

But to sit hour after hour in the market-place, folding thy arms thus

Over thy well-filled paunch, and hearing the merriest minstrels

Singing their ballads, and seeing the gay girls dancing, the glad boys

Gambolling: these are the duties that thou must promise and swear to.'

Such was the story he told; and there was not a hearer whose forehead

Did not grow open and cheerful, and all on that day began wishing,

That they could find such a host, nay, that they could get such a beating.

SONNET.—THE BOAT.

Why may not I, lulled like that boat to sleep By music of the waters and the sky, Motionless as the ripples passed me by, Be cradled on the bosom of the deep! While thro' the vault of heaven soft breezes creep, And the sun dances on the golden river, Why must I stem, with toil and harsh endeavour, The streams which towards their ocean boundary sweep? Is it that tempest by a spark divine, A spirit of life and love, I may not glide In idleness, nor be by wind or tide Borne passively, a strength that is not mine, But ever towards the founts aloft that play, By patient toil winning my weary way!

The Exhibition of works of living British Artists, at the Gallery of the British Institution, we are informed, will close on Saturday next.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—Dupin has calculated that the productive powers of France in 1780 were equal to the employment of 38,792,666 hands, and in 1826, to 48,814,889, showing an increase of productive power equivalent to the employment of 10,202,223 hands in forty-six years. For England he estimates the same power in 1780 at 31,281,052, and in 1826 at 60,206,311, showing an increase in the same period of time equal to 28,935,270 of new hands! Such have been the rapid strides made in the productive powers of both countries mainly by the extended use and growing perfection of machinery and the arts of industry.

DENMARK VACCINATION.—The report of the 'Danish Council of Health' states, that 28,419 individuals were inoculated with the vaccine matter during the year 1828 within the territory of Denmark Proper; namely, exclusive of its German possessions, Greenland, the Faroe islands, and the colonies. We believe this to be the only country in which it is a law that no person can be received, confirmed, or employed in a public office, unless he produce a certificate that he has had either the small-pox or the cow-pox.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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EXTRACTS FROM MY NEPHEW'S DIARY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

THE following documents I gleaned from the voluminous journal of a lately deceased nephew. They are evidently written in the most careless manner, yet not without an occasional spice of affectation; and, therefore, my regard for the memory of one who was almost a child to me would have restrained me from publishing them, if I had not really believed they might be of some slight use to the present generation of young men. Of their general sincerity I have no doubt, though a passage here and there occurs in which the author seems to have got up the feeling for the sake of writing about it. You will judge whether they are suitable to your journal.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, R.

Jan. 2.—I foresee this will be a remarkable year in my life, and I am determined to record its progress. The years I passed at college were barren—how could they be otherwise? What were mathematics to me, and what was I to mathematics? What even were the more genial studies which are encouraged in these ancient foundations? Interesting, no doubt, to a certain extent; for it is true, though Mr. Campbell says it, that distance does lend a sort of enchantment to the view, but nowise germane to the matter, nowise connected with the feelings and sympathies of which, as a citizen of this age, I am conscious. And then, all our social intercourse—how much it partook of the same character! How little it savoured of reality, and yet how desperately we struggled to give it that taste! There was none of the imaginary quietness of the cloister,—for, to the best of our ability, we were men of the world; and nothing of the genuine bustle of society,—for our attempts to mimic it, though very praiseworthy, were eminently unsuccessful. Henceforth the course of my life will be different. Stiff breezes, of course, frequently; sometimes real storms; now and then a raking fire from some hostile vessel; but still it will be a straight, steady, onward course,—a conscious progress; not that miserable tossing which brings with it the sensation of sickness, though we know all the while that we are only in

'A painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.'

My studies henceforth will mean something; my converse with men and——no, I did not mean women, though, by your smiling, Sir, you seem to say so—will all tend to something; and, come what will, that is a satisfaction. I will arrange my plans at once, (what delight in being able to arrange my plans for myself, without the interference of tutors and statutes!) and adhere to them. Let me see—to law's grave study—umph!—how much must one give to that? Will six hours do? Say seven; then there will remain seventeen. Give seven to sleep, and five to nature; the deuce is in it, if one cannot make something of the other five. Political economy? Yes, that is a good practical study, particularly belonging to this age. I begin with Mill's 'Elements' to-morrow. That will occupy, say two hours. Two from five and there remain three: an hour and a half of this will do for metaphysics,—an hour and a half still on hand. Hang it, I shall have too much time. Well, one will want so much for odds and ends:—poetry, novels, and now and then a little history; and, perhaps, a new language.

Jan. 5.—Law studying is very unfairly abused. Blackstone is very pleasant reading: I was quite annoyed to break off much earlier than I intended to-day, in consequence of an engagement to visit the National Gallery with some ladies. It is very hard that these public institutions are not open at more convenient hours. To this, in fact, may be attributed nearly all the idleness of young men. Dined out: a sad interruption to one's general studies.

Jan. 7.—Have cut all the pages of Mr. Mill's

work, and read the first chapter. It is a very wonderful book. What a model of a style! each sentence a light post carriage, fitted up for accommodation of one *idée nette*, as the French call it, and with none of the heavy baggage of clauses and qualifications. And a safe style; you are so sure that it is not tricking you; every word has been filtered half-a-dozen times through a logical sieve, till it is perfectly free of all figurative particles; and no thought is admitted which is not willing to take the form of a dilemma. He disgusts me with the vagueness and intangibility of the law books.

Feb. 1.—Law is an intolerable study. No plain general principles; nothing clear, nothing demonstrable; all a loose collection of facts and formalities. That I should submit to such drudgery! It is dry, disagreeable; and is it quite right? am I not destroying the powers of my mind by doing so? and is not this a crime, the greatest that can be committed? And what valuable time—time wanted for so many other studies—is consumed in these ruinous occupations! Five hours have I buried this morning in 'Preston upon the Quantity of Estates,' and, when one has made due allowance for eating, sleeping, talking, walking, and visiting, five hours really constitute a very considerable majority of all that belong to me. I will take the subject into my serious consideration.

March 3.—What a glorious relief! I have thrown off the incubus of a profession, and henceforth shall find, as Solomon did, a time for all things. There is a glorious satisfaction in the sacrifice I have made. To strictly meditate the thankless muse, instead of labouring to get on in the world! How I despise—no, that is not the word—how I pity the poor slaves who are still toiling night and day in the service of Mammon, grinding at his mill, trembling at his frown, or quailing beneath his lash! And it is not the mere luxury of freedom either, though that were much—there are the solid, tangible advantages. What a host of hours have I now at my disposal, which will yield a miserable return, if I get less than cent. per cent. out of them in the increased length of days, which wisdom confers on us; for Crichton died an octogenarian at thirty, and Newton was an older man than Methusalem. All my day to myself! How shall I dispose of it? Political economy—By the way, it is very strange, that, perfect writer as Mr. Mill is, his book has made less impression upon me than any I ever read. It is strange that a logical grappling-iron should not keep as firm hold of the mind as metaphorical bird-time; but so it is, and, therefore, henceforth I will try Ricardo or some of the *Dii Minores* of the school—Metaphysicians—Locke, Reid, Berkely, Hume—then a course of Greek philosophy, down all through the later Platonists—then have at the Germans, Kant, Fichte, Schiller, and the rest of them,—for which purpose the language must be learnt, but that will be the work of a very short time. Then to history. I doubt whether history is of any use—however, it must be read; so it may as well be done thoroughly. I will read once more through Herodotus and Thucydides, then Diodorus Siculus, and the rest,—then all the Romans, reading Niebuhr to illustrate them—then the old Latin-English histories and the Chroniclers—then to France—the old history will not take long—Joinville to illustrate chivalry, Davila because every one reads him; and then Thierry will do the rest. But the Revolution! Heaven and earth! there are ninety-six volumes must be read through, or a friend of mine assures me I shall not know a word about the causes of it, or the actors in it. Well, be it so. Then Italian history, Macchiavelli, Guicciardini; and to cut the matter short, as I have time on my hands, I will read through Muratori. Then there's only Spain and Germany left, and these will be soon settled. Next comes the literature of the different countries.

But I am very sleepy: so this, with my for studying physical science, I will res another day.

April 1.—How very absurd a notion it is, that the mind can gain any thing by mere inhaling: of all useless habits, simple reading is the most utterly, absolutely useless. We gain more by half an hour's writing than by a whole day of book-worming. This is the most important practical truth I have yet found out: it has saved me a world of trouble that I had created for myself; by acting upon it, my mind has gained more quickness and energy than it was ever conscious of in any previous part of its existence. The exercise of thought acquired from writing has enabled me to discover the holes in my metaphysical science, the vagueness of my notions on morals, the incoherency of my critical dogmas. The light that has burst in upon me, through the crevice of this one discovery, is dazzling almost to painfulness. I must positively betake myself to some of my old reading habits, in order that I may have a shade against its excessive brilliancy. And what a difference there is in the actual effect of the two pursuits! To read for its own sake, every one who has read knows and feels to be absurd; whereas, writing, which is the expression of a man's own thoughts, is good simply because it is so. We write, because we have something to say, and all ultimate pleasure is quite needless.

Aug. 3.—A lady asked me yesterday to show her some of my compositions in prose or verse. Ha! ha! to suppose that anything could remain in my desk, or that any one would take the intolerable trouble of manufacturing compositions for any purpose except to influence the opinions of the fools called the public; or sell them to the knaves called Journalists! I have believed many delusions in my time; but that was one to which I never yielded—thanks to my good genius.

Sept. 1.—This day commenced a novel. It will certainly be completed in six weeks; till that time, I shall seclude myself entirely from society, remove into a small lodging in Austin Friars, rise punctually at three o'clock in the morning, and to prevent any disturbance from without, dispense with a servant, and order the knocker to be muffled. My diet will be, in the morning, dry toast, sopped in weak tea; at dinner, barley-broth, and, now and then, (but rarely,) a potatoe; in the evening, for the purpose of waking early; very strong coffee.

Afternoon.—Have written three chapters. Character of my heroine—blue eyes, pale complexion, (mem. 'Oh, call it fair,' &c.) capable of intense feeling, and rides a bay filly (given by her uncle, an old East Indian); does not understand Latin or keep an album. A glorious creature! I am quite in love with her myself. What delight there will be in writing about her!

Sept. 4.—Did not rise till ten this morning; for what use can there be in doing so till I remove into my new lodging? The numerous interruptions. * * * * * Have just finished an argument with D— upon the origin of ideas. I never met with a man so wedded to falsehood. Some of the remarks I made it was quite impossible for him to answer; and yet he would not allow that he was convinced. It is pitiable to see a man of some talent so obstinate and ignorant. I have pinned him down into my novel. It is always well to strike while the iron is hot; so, for a time, I have interrupted the series of my story to introduce him.

Sept. 12.—Dined out yesterday. Hateful necessity! Emily C— is a beautiful creature, and unquestionably very clever. There was scarcely an observation I made which did not seem to strike her in the same way as it did myself. This has considerably changed my conception of my heroine. Hazel eyes are decidedly

preferable to blue. Emily C— is fond of billiards, and maintains that ladies have a full right to play with a cue. My heroine shall play with a cue. I will not read Political Economy—that's fixed. I escaped by a miracle from tumbling into an argument after dinner, with old Sir John L—, about the Corn Laws; and if I had, then should I have gone with the Cain-mark of a young *doctrinaire* upon me for the rest of my life. The change in my plan has occupied me so entirely that I have added nothing to the work to-day; but my time has been well employed in thinking.

Sept. 8. Saturday.—I have been adding greatly to my stock of characters during the last few days. Have been at eight parties. Society is, after all, the proper field for observation. There is a very plausible theory about plotting, meditating on one's own heart, and so on; but what, after all, does it end in?—self-torment or sleep. I will venture to say, that the man who sits down to think, invariably is either lulled to slumber by the bee-like humming of his thoughts, or kept awake by their hornet stings. In society, on the other hand—[*Hiatus valde defendendus.*]

November 1.—If I had not heard the controversy which has just taken place between D— and M— upon the old subject of ideas, I could not have imagined that it was possible for a human being to be so utterly deficient in logic as the latter. The views adopted by the former, and the reasoning by which he supported them, were absolutely unanswerable, to one who knows any thing of the experience of his own mind; and yet the coolness with which his opponent contradicted him! The more one believes, the more one is a man. M— believes nothing; he is therefore not a man.

March 9.—And so Louisa Mordaunt is dead! How well I remember the cheek that I saw two months ago so very pale and transparent, covered all over with the rosiness of childhood. Good heavens! it is not ten years since the time when I used to cultivate her youthful ambition for climbing trees, and to tease her by pulling down her long tresses, till they almost reached her feet, when she was summoned to show off in the drawing-room, and to row about on the lake, taking care that she should be well splashed at landing, all which she paid off by a hundred girlish wiles, worth a thousand of mine for cunning and wit. Only ten years! and during that time I have read—no not much of that either, but changed the whole of my opinions at least six times. And what of that—what have I had ever to do with these loose gloves, that I have stripped off so easily whenever they pinched my hand or became wet, or went out of fashion? Nothing! nothing! If they had belonged to me, they would have adhered. I cannot throw a leg or an arm to the winds whenever I get dissatisfied with them; they are mine, and so were those hours of childhood! They have passed into my character, and they will not perish! Louisa! you were worth all the French and English and German philosophers that ever flung dirt into the well from which truth is never to be drawn up.

April 7.—L— says, he believes nothing but what is revealed to him through his senses: two months ago, I should have despised him for the assertion; now I envy him. Believe *only* what he perceives by his senses! Would to God I could believe as much! The paper on which I am writing, the ink which stains it, the hand which holds this pen, would to God that I could believe in them! I ask not for a faith in unseen realities; the things around me are too impalpable for my grasp. I remember once in a typhus fever, while I was lying awake at night in that exquisite torture of weakness which takes hold of every separate limb and of the entire frame, I saw a form walk into my room and seize the light, and place itself at the foot of my bed. And then

it put out the light,—for there was no need of it,—and gazed at me with two gory eyes that were bright enough to illuminate the whole room. And then with its long thin fingers with which it was pointing all the while at me, it plucked out those eyes and pelted me with them. And I looked, and for a moment there were merely the hollow open sockets; but soon I saw starting into them other eyes more gory and bloody than those which it had cast away, and again it hurled them at me, and again they grew up more red and horrible. Oh! that I could see the men and women about me with only one millionth part of the definiteness with which that scene presents itself to me in my sleeping and waking dreams!

Many leaves are torn out here: in a loose piece of paper, I found the following, written in a paler ink than the rest.

Leonatus Posthumus was a liar. The being who embodies all that is contradictory and false in creation; the being with whose nature all discords are in harmony, and every thing that is harmonious in discordance; that being is not a woman, but a young man, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-six. Note him well; inconsistency is his, and yet he is consistently selfish; mawkishness is his, and yet he endures the mawkishness of no one but himself; he is indifferent, yet not tolerant; he does not contemplate, yet he never acts; he hates every thing, and here is his solitary praise; because in that every thing is included the one thing that deserves to be hated—himself. Oh! that I were a lawyer again! The ruin of my mind, indeed! Ha! ha! ha! that joke will be the death of me.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THIS delightful Exhibition, equally popular and fashionable, is not less attractive this season than it has been in any former year; on the contrary, the applause and encouragement which have rewarded the efforts of our water-colour painters seem to continue producing their due effect, and to have aroused them to fresh exertions. Excellence succeeds to excellence throughout the Gallery: led on from one brilliant production to another, we examine the numerous collection in detail, insensible of the labour, and unconscious of a single sensation of weariness; for, to the very last, specimens of taste and skill abound, and the attention is awakened, and the admiration excited, by an unceasing succession of interesting works. Mr. Robson, Mr. Prout, Mr. Dewint, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Gastineau, Mr. Christall, shine forth with their accustomed splendour; while the productions of Mr. Copley Fielding and Mr. Cox, although more numerous than in preceding years, are more than usually excellent. The former of these two artists, indeed, it must be allowed, bears away the palm from all his brother exhibitors. The success with which he has treated a variety of subjects in divers manners, all with consummate talent, and art, and effect, and with most discriminating propriety, is truly admirable. If his hand be recognisable in the several works he has produced, it is so to be known less by an identity of manner than by the spirited tone and artist-like style of the general treatment.

'The Vessels in Yarmouth Roads,' No. 11; the 'Telemachus going in search of Ulysses,' No. 103; the 'View over the Earl of Chichester's Park, from the Downs near Brighton,' No. 117; the 'View in the Isle of Ceylon,' No. 124; and the 'Shoreham Harbour,' No. 193, may be taken as examples of the various powers and of the extended range of taste and talent of this accomplished artist. Others aspire to excellence only in some single effect; having succeeded in making an impression, they think for the future but of how they shall turn to most profit, in a way least troublesome to themselves, the favour of the 'best of patrons,'—to use Mr. Burford's

courteous language,—'an enlightened public.' Reckless, therefore, of reputation, further than as it 'brings grist to the mill,' they go on, doing little more than copying from their own works—multiplying a hundred-fold a single effect, to the satiety, to the surfeit, even of the same enlightened public. They thus contribute their utmost to render the exhibition-room, which they crowd with their repetitions, a mere picture-bazaar. Mr. Fielding is not one of this class: he is no mannerist, as his 'Telemachus,' 'Brighton Downs,' and 'Shoreham' most amply testify. Every one of these is a master-piece in itself, and in a distinct manner. The 'Telemachus,' when first viewed, lies under the disadvantage—less, however, by comparison than by its succession in point of time,—of calling to mind the works of Turner: but when the feeling, hence arising, of want of originality in the general effect of the picture is overcome, the drawing appears truly admirable; the conception is poetical and classical, and the effect most golden and brilliant. The foreground, the figures, and the dark sea beyond, afford an example of richness and mellowness of tone in water-colours, not to be seen in the works of any other artist, and even in those of Mr. Fielding himself, rarely attained in so great a degree as in the picture before us. The view from Brighton Downs is the more to be admired on account of the poverty of the subject; yet what a delightful picture has the remarkable skill of this clever artist made of a landscape in itself so little interesting! The rich tone of the foreground, the brightness of the slanting downs going off into woods, in which the most harmonious variety of tints is intermingled, the termination of the prospect in a delightful blue distance, most artfully managed, produce effects as pleasing as they are powerful. 'In Shoreham Harbour' how complete is the gloaming effect of the passing storm-cloud! how ably is the delusive appearance of distance thrown before the church and vessels! and how rich and transparent is the foreground, with the reflection of the fisherman on the wet sand! And yet are all the effects we have admired in this and the other pictures wholly devoid of effort,—entirely free from every apparent artifice,—all appears perfectly unrestrained and natural. Of the other works of Mr. Fielding, 'The Vessels in Yarmouth Roads' deserves the preference, if, indeed, it be not equal to either of those we have dwelt on. It is full of spirit and skill; free, and bold, and natural. The remaining drawings are treasures, every one of them.

Mr. Cox has contributed a vast number of drawings of extraordinary merit. Many of his works, indeed, are placed side by side with those of Mr. Fielding, and stand the test of the comparison, to say the least, without disgrace. In one part of the room, we have four pictures by these two artists on similar subjects, in a juxtaposition, which much increases their interest. These are, if we remember rightly, 'Vessels off Gravesend,' 200; 'Coast of Folkestone,' 201; 'Dutch Hay-boats,' 209; 'Shore near Shanklin.' The first and third are by Cox, the second and fourth by Fielding: all four are small but delightful pictures. 'Calais Pier,' No. 212, by Cox, is one of his most important pictures; it is exceedingly clever, and the rich variety of colour in the costume of the throngs on the mole is delightful; yet, altogether, this is not one of the most sparkling and agreeable of the performances of our artist; nor are we quite satisfied that the scratching and hewing of the surface of the paper is a legitimate or commendable source of effect. To raise an objection to the employment of means so simple for producing a good and powerful result, may seem to contravene the principle which would look to the effect rather than to the mode pursued in attaining it; still it may be allowed us to suggest that knives and scissors are not brushes; that scraping, ploughing, and hacking the superficies of the material is not drawing in water-colour; and that, however successful the practice may have proved

in some instances, and in judicious hands, it is certainly one very liable to be carried to excess and to be abused. It will then degenerate into a trick, as that of scumbling has already done,—witness more than one striking instance in the present Gallery, afforded by the works of some of the most eminent among the exhibitors, and several other examples in the water-colour room of the Exhibition in Suffolk-street. Among the numerous works of Mr. Cox, we may distinguish as super-excellent, 'Pastoral Landscape,' 138; 'Interior of Maentreeog Church, North Wales,' 239, a simple, sketchy drawing, full of effect; 'Fish Market, Boulogne,' 296; and 'Gleaners—Afternoon,' a sunny and brilliant picture, 'Wandsworth Common,' 320, 'Boats on the Thames off Greenwich,' 321, and 'Coast Scene,' 337, are truly gems.

Mr. Dewint is much less universal in his subjects and style than Mr. Fielding and Mr. Cox. He has a manner somewhat hard, and his effects are more forced; yet have his productions a powerful charm. 'The Barley Field, Norfolk,' 95*, is a pleasing drawing, and one of considerable force. In the 'Elijah' No. 147, Mr. Dewint aspires to a higher character, and he has soared on no feeble pinion. The dryness and harshness in the trees in the corner of the picture may be objected to, but, throughout the rest of the drawing, the effect is delightful, and the composition is natural, picturesque, grand, and alpine.

Mr. Robson's drawings of mountain scenery excite general admiration; they are pictures certainly beautiful, but to us they appear too laboured and out of nature. A greater variety in manner would undeniably be desirable. Repetitions so frequent of similar effects, especially where those effects are so strong, never fail to tire and at last to offend. The architectural drawing in the Cathedral views of Mr. Robson is stiff and liny; 'Durham,' No. 204, forms a beautiful composition; but it may be questioned if there were no other mode of getting a morsel of favourite red into the corner, than by introducing the dandy portfolio and pencil-case.

Mr. Barrett appears even to more advantage than usual this year. His works, although a little too much bordering on mannerism, are delightful compositions, elegant, classical, and abounding in sentiment and poetry. The 'Ulysses on his return, with his old servant Umoëus,' No. 39, well merits applause in all these respects, as does also 'Sultry Evening,' No. 112. 'Sunset,' No. 273, 'Twilight,' 319, and 'Moonlight,' 376, are charming little drawings, and less pretending but scarcely less beautiful than the golden mid-day and evenings of Mr Barrett, and certainly more true and satisfactory, because more free from one overpowering and usurping effect.

Mr. Prout's works do not make so conspicuous a figure this year as they did last. They are fewer in number, and smaller in dimensions, however equal they may be in the display of talent. Of the architectural pictures 'At Venice,' a view of the Rialto, with the grand canal and boats and barges of the Continent in the foreground, is the largest: it is a splendid drawing; the water, boats and figures are richly coloured: the architecture, as usual, is most clear and effective. Of the other views of buildings, we should give the preference to 'Verona,' No. 79, (in the catalogue, by mistake, called Milan; a view of 'Milan,' at No. 70, being styled at 'Verona.') This is a most picturesque subject, replete with variety of outline and other ingredients of a powerful picture; and the skilful advantage taken of the variety of effects of light and shade, afforded by the nature of the view, has rendered it a most delightful production. The 'Place de la Pucelle, at Rouen,' where Joan of Arc was burnt, is not more interesting in its subject to those who delight in associations, than it is forcible and spirited as a picture. In No. 153, from 'The Lady of the Lake,' a vessel wrecked, Mr. Prout has treated a favourite subject with great success.

The tall and bulky vastness of the stranded hull, as it lies stripped of its equipments, and left exposed on the bare shore, is ably and feelingly pictured.

Mr. Gastineau's drawings breathe a remarkable grace and beauty; they do not excite admiration by forcible and powerful effect, but they charm by their simplicity, elegance and truth. We do not mention 'Brougham Castle,' and 'View in Biltane Burn, Scotland,' Nos. 202 and 203, with any desire to except the rest, but as two drawings which have left on us a strong impression of the qualities we have alluded to, as distinguishing the works of this artist.

Mr. Christall's wanderings in choice of subjects for his able pencil, have, during the past year, as it should seem, reached Scotland, where, in the simple style of head-dress and costume of the female peasantry, he has found models admirably suited to his classical taste. His principal drawing, 'Scotch Peasants, Loch Lomond,' 173, is an excellent specimen of grouping, and of grand and free design. The heads and the arrangement of the hair are perfectly classical; the former, perhaps, are even too refined for the occupation of the figures to which they belong; or rather as we should say, perhaps, that this apparent effect arises from a certain degree of discrepancy discernible in the drawings of Mr. Christall, and which consists in the greater display of pains and labour in the heads than in the other parts of the picture. This defect is sufficiently observable in the drawing now under consideration; but it is still more obvious in a picture otherwise truly simple and delightful, 'Scotch Peasants, Loch Achray,' 263, (unless we mistake the title and number.) In this drawing, a peasant girl of exquisite simplicity of form and drapery, and as to the head, exceedingly beautiful, is stepping into a brook, and has already one foot in the water. The head in this case, as in those we have mentioned, is more elaborate than the other parts of the drawing, and is, moreover, looking out of the picture, instead of down at the feet, as would be the natural attitude of a person in such a situation. In all the instances of this kind in Mr. Christall's drawings, the heads scarcely appear to belong to the picture. 'The Scotch Peasant,' Loch Lomond,' 303, 'A Girl sitting at needle-work, and the Scotch Spinner, Luss, N. B.' 368, are quite free from this objection, and are charming drawings. 'Fern Burners, Goodrich, Herefordshire,' is not one of the exceptions. The maiden, seated up in so bold and formal a manner, looks as if she were perched on a rickety waggon-load of fern, moving onwards, and appears endeavouring, by keeping herself erect, to preserve the equilibrium of the tottering mass. We were surprised, on examining the picture, to find her seated on *terra firma*.

The other numerous and interesting productions of the various clever and popular artists whose names and works figure in this exhibition, our want of space obliges us, however reluctantly, to dismiss with a more cursory notice. Mr. Hills' best work is No. 22, 'A Stag in Highland Landscape,' the landscape by Mr. Robson. The animal is most noble, and drawn with great life and spirit. He elevates his antlered crest, and snuffs the air as if endowed with life. The picture is altogether most masterly. 'Cedric showing to Richard and Ivanhoe the hier of Athelstane,' is a very clever drawing, by Mr. T. Fielding. There are several other pieces by the same artist, treating historical subjects with considerable effect and great simplicity. Mr. Hunt, in simple figures without number, is amazingly clever, but lamentably vulgar; and in a few landscapes, he is minute, harsh, and mannered. Mr. Byrne has several beautiful landscapes, but transgresses in attempting sunny effects, à la Turner, of which the town will soon grow nauseated even to the loathing of the prototype himself, unless he breaks the necks of some of his followers. Mr.

Austin's landscapes have a variety of powerful effects, but his pictures are not altogether agreeable and harmonious. The 'Interior of the Abbey St. Owen, at Rouen,' by F. Mackenzie, is an excellent architectural drawing. Mr. J. F. Lewis has seven or eight very clever sketchy pictures. His 'Oxford Bachelor' is capital; his 'Feeder and Dogs' is also excellent. The grouping of 'The Peasants of the Italian Tyrol at their devotions' is delightful; but the foliage is too massy and impenetrable. Mr. Evans, the drawing-master of Eton School, (as we understand,) proves himself fully competent to the important situation. He has a number of very clever drawings, principally river scenes in the neighbourhood of Eton. The 'Danish Merchant Ship off Yarmouth unloading Timber,' S. Coteman, is drawn with great boldness and clearness of effect, but the water is hard and muddy. 'Saul,' by G. Cattermole, 196, is a very clever sketch; the figure of the monarch is simply grand, and deserves to be treated on a larger scale. There is more composition and fancy in 'Morning,' by the same artist, but the contrasts in the colouring are more harsh and repulsive. The head of the female is pretty, although it has a too affected turn; that of the knight is very sketchy and spirited.

'The Corsair's Isle—the parting of Medora and Conrad—Evening,' No. 229, D. Harding, is a very classical and beautiful composition. The distance, the 'unclouded blaze of living light' over the dark blue sea, is not brilliant to excess, but is glowing, bright and natural. 'The Red Lion,' G. Pyne, No. 233, is remarkable among other merits for an exquisite effect of blue distant scenery, appearing beyond a natural avenue of umbrageous foliage. Mr. F. Nash has several very cleverly drawn landscapes, with the introduction of buildings or architectural ruins. The new discoveries near York are interesting, for the sake of the subject, independent of the merit displayed in the execution of the picture: but the view of the Gallery of the Louvre is the work in which Mr. Nash has displayed most taste and skill, and produced the most agreeable picture.

The skreens are as rich in pearls as Prince Esterhazy's hussar jacket. Some of the gems which adorn them we have noticed already: we regret that we cannot go through the list of those that remain, but must conclude with applauding the 'Roman woman of Subiaco' and the 'Gensano Peasants' of Mr. Penry Williams; both are exceedingly clever and delightful drawings. To our fair readers we are sure that the 'Wedding,' Miss L. Sharpe, will require no recommendation from us.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE Royal Academy is a mean, avaricious, paltry, shabby, stingy, miserable society. We defy its best friends to gainsay our assertion. 'Tis true it gives a dinner once a-year to Dukes and Marquisses, and other Lords and patrons,—for such an ostentation of hospitality promotes the interest as much as it flatters the ambition and pride of its members,—and, once in a revolution of nine summers, it sends a painter, a sculptor, and an architect to Rome. It is as rich as Croesus, they say; yet look at the dirty, beggarly condition of its domicile, which cannot have experienced even the freshening effect of a new coat of paint these fifty years! How ill does the munificent donation of his Majesty, the splendid gilt bronze chandelier, assort with the miserable shabbiness of all that surrounds it! (in non-exhibition seasons, we mean, of course.) One would have thought that the very possession of so splendid an ornament would have shamed the Council into the expenditure of a few poor pounds in the cleaning and embellishment of a room in which to suspend it. No such thing! Nor even a few shreds of cloth, and the cost of an old woman's labour for an hour or two, will the directors of the concerns of the establishment afford towards the mending of Thornhill's tattered copies (and very

good and fair copies they are, although ragged from age and neglect) of the famous Cartoons. They employ their livery-servants to receive the public and their money, rather than incur the petty expense of a six weeks' stipend to some worthy old gentleman of respectable look and address to preside at their receipt of customs. But, above all, (and this is our great complaint, and has set us reflecting on these niggardly proceedings,) look at the catalogue, the poor, wretched catalogue, without a rag to cover its nakedness. On a calculation of the number of these books sold, and the price exacted for them, it will be found that the Academy might present them to the public as elegant annuals, illustrated and bound in gold and satin, and yet be no losers. The first three hundred they dispense clear them of all cost; and the receipts from the thousands remaining, are so much net profit to go to their overflowing coffers; yet have they not the grace to allow us half a sheet of stained paper, nor even a fly leaf, to preserve the title-page from dust and moisture, or the peach-blossom kid that covers the delicate fingers of our fair companions from the soil of the ill-savouring ink. It was but yesterday, that, hap-pening to take up the glove of as charming a maiden as ever entered the exhibition room, either to see or to be seen, and who to our knowledge had never before shown a single *blue* symptom, how great was our surprise, on finding the forefinger very legibly impressed with broken scraps of horrid Latin. *Virtus . . . impetus ex naturâ doctrinâ . . .* Deep was the suffusion of the lovely girl, all innocent as she was of learning, of Latin, or of secret understanding, when the rough old gentleman, good uncle Matt, exclaimed, 'Ah, ah, my sweet slyboots, who has been lecturing you on learning, and virtue, and natural impulses? and that in Latin too! Must we look to our clerks, to our scholars, to our printers, as well as to our Don Basilius, and our music and drawing masters?' Vain was every protestation—the joke was circulated with little mercy, until, unfolding a dog-leaved roll lying on the table, we read aloud, 'The Exhibition of the Royal Academy, MDCCCXXIX. The sixty-first. *Virtus, etiam quodam impetus ex naturâ sumit, tamen perficienda doctrinâ est.* QUINCT. 12.

To prevent the recurrence of such untoward accidents to our fair companions; out of respect for the dead—languages we mean; from regard to cleanliness, as respects the living, to say nothing of neatness, less of elegance; and, though last not least, for the sake of their own credit; we humbly implore their High Mightinesses the President and Council of the Royal and Opulent Academy, for the future to afford the visitors to their Exhibition a wrapper to their catalogue.

Of the pictures to which this catalogue refers, it is not our intention this week even to commence a detailed account. We have the months of May and June before us; and this is probably the last Exhibition of the season to which our attention will be called. It generally forms the army of reserve; and we conclude that the case will be the same with this as with former campaigns. We were present at the opening, and the rooms were soon crowded with visitors and artists, and the exclamations, 'What a splendid Exhibition!' were general. We ourselves joined in the general cry; but, on addressing ourselves to the task of giving a report of its contents, we find the impression they have left by no means so flattering. Mr. Newton's portrait of 'A Young Lady, in a Cauchoise Dress,' No. 114, is the only picture with which we remain perfectly satisfied. We do not pledge ourselves, however, to this general opinion, and shall be happy to give our suffrage in favour of the Exhibition, if, on the second reading, we shall be able to find sufficient grounds. We shall commence the examination of its contents, in detail, next week. The Water-Colour Exhibition well deserves to be left in possession of the field in the interim.

EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS OF ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS.

THE display at the rooms of MM. Harding and Lepard, in Pall Mall East, of the drawings made from original paintings, for Lodge's 'Portraits of Illustrious Persons,' is not the least interesting, even as regards the arts,—as a literary work, the 'Portraits' belong to another department of our Journal,—of the many exhibitions which accumulate in this gay month, for the gratification of the world of elegance and taste. Independently of the curiosity which we naturally feel to contemplate authentic resemblances of the personages of note, whose actions have acquired for them a conspicuous place in history, to form acquaintance, as it were, with illustrious dead, and to realise or correct the notions which the tale of their exploits has created, of their aspect and figure,—a curiosity which these drawings afford us an opportunity of indulging most satisfactorily,—the collection presents us, moreover, with a partial history of the art of painting. The several masters from whose works the drawings which constitute it have been made, form links, in an unbroken chain, which connects the revival of the art in this country with the state in which it flourishes at present,—from Holbein, and even a predecessor of his, the unknown limner of the fifteenth century who has left us the portrait of Elizabeth of York, down to the great Sir Joshua. Through the ages which have intervened, we may trace, even in the copies before us, the expressive but hard manner of the early German school; the free and masterly style of the luxuriant Rubens; the ease and spirit of the accomplished Vandyke; the elegance and elaborate beauty of Lely; the courtly air and spiritless style of Kneller; and the ease and life, and the genius-directed touch of Reynolds. In short, we have felt a real pleasure of various kinds in going over these portraits. The chimneys of the two principal rooms, more especially, are calculated to excite a high degree of interest. Over the first, are Henry VIII. and his family; of these, the *bloody* Queen Mary is not the least pleasing; the portrait is one of the most highly-finished of the set; and notwithstanding our present well-grounded dread of the stake, we cannot deny that the indications of an amiable and genial spirit are to be perceived in her likeness. The portrait of Queen Elizabeth, notwithstanding the endeavour to flatter her into beauty, has a cold and uninviting physiognomy; it is remarkable principally as an instance of the taste of the times as exemplified in the costume, which is elaborately figured with allegorical devices: while a coiling serpent, emblematic of her wisdom, is figured on the sleeve, the skirt of the gown is set with ears and eyes most nicely painted. In the cold and formal physiognomy of Queen Elizabeth we could well fancy a blue; but who would suspect the sweet Lady Jane Grey, as here portrayed, of being a learned dame? This head is really beautiful; the artist who executed it, we perceive, is not known, and, judging from the copy, we should conclude the picture to be of a later date, or to have been executed by an artist who had made greater progress than Holbein. The chimney of the next room is occupied by the works of Vandyke, and the portraits, principally, of the Royal House of Stuart. Among the exceptions is that of the Earl of Arundel, by Rubens, which is one of the most spirited pictures in the whole collection, and has been copied with great discrimination and fidelity to character by Mr. Hilton.

Many portraits have been added to the Gallery as exhibited last year. Among these are the Marquis of Granby and Admiral Rodney, (both after Sir Joshua Reynolds,) Sir Robert Walpole, Sir Isaac Newton, the Philosopher Boyle, and the great Earl of Peterborough, which is considered as having peculiar claims to attention, since the personage it represents is an example, unique

until within the last two years, of a person in whom the command of armies and the Premiership had been united. Among the portraits of this collection which derive a peculiar and additional interest from their rarity, we find several which have never before been engraved. Such are those of H. Grey, Duke of Suffolk; Blanch Somerset, Baroness Arundel of Wardour; Lord Treasurer Southampton; Charlotte Tremouille, Countess of Derby; Henry Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, (of which a private plate had been engraved for the heretofore Earl Spencer;) Henry Danvers, Earl Danby; and Robert Dormer, Earl of Caernarvon, of whom there is extant a head only. Besides these, the following may be mentioned as fresh portraits of persons previously engraved from other pictures, viz., Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Christopher Hatton, one of the handsomest men of his time, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, the dashing Chancellor of his day; Sir Thomas Gresham, Lady Jane Grey, and Earl of Arundel and Surrey.

In quitting this Exhibition, we cannot refuse ourselves the satisfaction of offering a tribute of applause to the zeal and diligence with which the collection of drawings has been formed, and the liberal spirit with which the possessors of the several original paintings have lent them for the purposes of this splendid and popular work. Of the publication itself it may be said, that it is a laudable example of the adoption, for the classes of society blessed with opulence, and, as regards the elegancies of literature, of that principle happily, although too recently resorted to, which looks for reward and profit to an extensive sale rather than to costly price,—a principle by which the interests of the public and the publisher are equally promoted.

AN ITALIAN STORY.

A MOURNING maiden sat beside the tomb
Of one beloved, alone and silently;
Seeming amidst the elemental gloom

A creature of the elements to be;
So motionless and pale she was: her face
Was propped upon her elbow, and her knee
Supported this, while from her eyes apace
Two crystal streams were sent; her golden hair
Escaping from its bonds, with lawless grace
Swam on her ivory neck, which else were bare;
Or lifted by the west wind's amorous breath,
Floated abroad upon the midnight air,

Like a sweet meteor wantoning beneath
The cold moonbeams. Anon, the lady rose,
And from the tomb-stone took a faded wreath
Of amaranth and cypress, which her brows
Had garlanded at the sad funeral;
And bending over it, in deep repose

Stood fixed, like chiselled marble in the hall
Of a proud palace; with the dead leaves playing
Her fingers moved; yet 'twas unconscious all:

As o'er the chords of his beloved harp straying
A harper's hand makes fitful melody,
No impulse of triumphant song obeying,

But when inwrought in mingled memories, he,
Forgetful of his age and of mankind,
Sits on a cliff at sunset pensively,—
So strayed her fingers; but her absent mind
Was in the grave with the beloved dead,
Grudging to have been left alone behind

In a cold world, whence hope and joy were fled
With him that lay before her. They had been
Children together, in one mansion bred;

Together they had roamed through valleys green,
And stood upon the sea-cliff's dizzying peak,
Over the waters which might thence be seen,

Gazing delighted; too entranced to speak
The joy that either felt; and when soft tears
Stood in their eyes, and to her crimson cheek

The eloquent blood came rushing, when their ears
Were filled with sounds which air, and earth, and sea
Blend with the music of the eternal spheres

In one complex of mightiest harmony ;
 And when the gorgeous sun before them leapt
 Out of the night, whose dewy curtains he
 Putteth aside, and from the day-spring crept
 The lagging stars ;—in that most joyful hour
 They turned to one another and they wept,
 Feeling the presence of the awful power
 Who is the God of all created things,
 Whose shrine's the world, on which he down doth shower
 The fountains of deep joy, whose bubbling springs
 Are in man's soul ; that sick with passionate thought
 Each yearneth towards his like, and finding, clings
 To that firm stay. Thus with deep feeling fraught,
 Their hearts looked through the lovely universe,
 Then in each other found what'er they sought.
 And so they loved. Alas ! that e'er the curse
 Of Mammon fell upon the gentle earth !
 Or tyrannous gold, love's foe the most adverse,
 Broke from the hidden caverns of its birth !
 Young Cosmo's father was a stern old man,
 Loveless and cold ; him moved not any worth
 Of heart or mind, but ever pale and wan
 He brooded o'er his gains : with harsh delight,
 If in such dead hearts lively pleasure can
 Be ever found, toiling from day to night
 To cumber heap with heap : yet he was old
 And bent beneath his years, and never might
 Enjoy his store ! This man, athirst for gold,
 And careless of all else, his stern command
 Laid upon Cosmo, if he would behold
 His father's face again, to take the hand
 Of one he loved not ; proud, of high estate,
 The daughter of a magnate in the land.
 Alas ! that men should be so full of hate !
 Well knew the tyrant that his victim's heart
 Was to Rosina given : she, desolate,
 And scarce alive for grief, now walked apart
 Among the turfed valleys, where before
 She roamed with Cosmo ; so with tender art
 She hid her anguish, till the swift hours bore
 The wedding morn, and then with curious skill
 She drest herself, and a sweet sad smile wore
 Upon her lips ; so sweet, it bodied ill
 Mid such heart-breaking sorrow. The sun shone
 Gloriously, as up the church-crowned hill
 The rich procession moved ; and a glad tone
 Was in the pealing of the marriage bells ;
 Yet gloomy seemed the day to many a one,
 For sorrow, like a foul magician's spells,
 Darkened the beams, and jangling through the air,
 The music seemed to startle those still dells.
 Some knew Rosina's tale : so here and there
 It passed in stifled whispers, and the men
 Stole softly to the front, to see that fair
 And gentle dame ; but these rode back again
 Less like to wedding guests than a sad band
 Carrying the corpse of one untimely slain.
 The bridegroom rode not with them ; it was planned
 That he should meet them at the church, and all
 Might laugh to see upon the bride's right hand
 The crooked greybeard ride like a gallant tall,
 Had any heart to laugh ; but on they rode
 As sad and silent as a funeral
 To the church-door, and vainly there abode
 Till Cosmo should come forth ; so in they past ;
 They found him not ; nor seemed the church to bode
 A wedding, for the shutters were all fast,
 The dust lay on the floor, and round were hung
 A few black plumes, for on the Sunday last
 There was a burial : the dark hangings swung
 When the door opened. There was not a priest ;
 The font was dry, and here and there were flung
 The benches, from their Sunday rule released.
 But still they persevered ; a bridesman went
 To summon Cosmo ; and the fear increased
 When he returned not ; twice again they sent,
 And still no tidings ; then the sneering sire
 Rode back himself to speed him. Their intent
 Was baffled ; Cosmo, in his rich attire,
 Lay poisoned in his chamber ! Oh, how pale
 Came back the bridesmen ! And the chafing ire
 Of the old man was chilled ! How soon the tale
 Was whispered through the throng ; and she that came
 To be a bride rode in her wedding veil

From the sad house of woe ; self-scourging shame
 Gnawed at the old man's heart-strings, for he knew
 That he had slain the last who bore his name,
 And was alone. His tremulous looks he threw
 Upon Rosina, who in the church-yard knelt
 In prayerless agony ; then anguish due
 Convulsed him, for her broken heart he felt
 Had been his work ; so he was stricken sore !
 But she who saw that Heaven had justly dealt
 With him, drew near, and to upbraid forbore,
 But mixed her tears with his, and kissed his cheek,
 Trying to comfort him ; and when he tore
 The grey locks from his head, with counsel meek,
 Checking her sobs, she stilled his just despair,
 And from God bade him consolation seek,
 For earth had none. But when men came to bear
 The body to the grave, she went before
 Crowned with a garland, and she shed no tear ;
 Till after many nights she stole once more
 To sit beside her lover ; then her heart
 Gave way, and all its springs at once ran o'er ;
 And so from night to night with gentle art
 Deceiving those who watched her, she still came
 To weep upon his tomb, whose mortal part
 Was all that now remained, an empty name,—
 The memory of past joy, lifeless and tame !

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

THE strange discouragement of the opera buffa, not merely in this country, but even under those more congenial skies where it had its origin, and where it would have every natural auxiliary from the temper and genius of the people, seems to be abandoned in one or two cases by convention ; and the 'Barbiere di Siviglia,' is chiefly proof against it. This opera, the freshest creation, as it has been called, of the Gran Maestro, endures through all vicissitudes, and rivalry, and popular fickleness : it was applauded as warmly, when Madame Malibran Garcia took the part of Rosina, as in the days of Camporese. Considering that this cannot be owing to our having hitherto imperfectly known its music, or to its having been performed in a less able style formerly, or to any other of those causes which lift a drama upon its repetition to an unprecedented popularity, there can be but one conclusion, that the opera in itself is not made of perishable stuff. In some respects it has received an augmentation of strength, and in some it has fallen off, since we last heard it. Bordogni, the representative of the Count Almaviva, is a scientific and florid singer ; but he has not the power even of Curioni. Much of his natural sweetness of tone is consequently lost under the uproar of accompaniment ; and, even in the soft music of 'Ecco ridente il cielo,' his weakness scarcely allowed him to make any impression. He has, however, a manly person, an experienced deportment on the stage, and contrives to throw in his voice during the gaps and intervals, so as to aid the general effect, by precisely the same means as William Knivett does in his quartetts. Signor Graziani, who took the part of Bartolo, is by far the best representative of the character we have seen. His humour is dry, temperate, and easy. His action and utterance go well together ; and it might be difficult to determine whether the one or the other give him a better title to our praise. It was the fashion in our vicinage of the pit, to compare Le Vasseur with Porto, in the part of Basello, the music-master, and with no advantage to the former. But this was done, perhaps, on the old principle, 'extinctus amabitur,'—for, though no voice can reach the 'depths profound' with such boldness and strength of intonation, yet the quality of Porto's singing cannot be otherwise praised, than as it showed a rather miraculous command of such gruff and refractory materials, and his acting in serious parts was heavy ; whilst in comic character, he has not the judgment to save himself from mere buffoonery. Sorry should we be to say any thing that would diminish the fair fame of so excellent a gentleman as Signor Zuchelli ; but, when we offer an objection to his personation of Figaro, we conceive that as he herein aspires to an *unfair* fame, our scruples may be spared. In the first place, then, he is too cumbrous a creature for the agile and vivacious 'factotum della città.' In the next place, his drollery keeps pace too much with his powers of locomotion, and does not succeed, and vary, and twist itself with sufficient versatility. Neither can his good-natured face

express adequately the roguishness of his calling, and especially as shown in its particular agency throughout this opera. Perhaps even his great taste and vocal excellence prevent his due fluency in the character which the styles of Ambrogetti, De Begnis, and Pellegrini are so well adapted to support. In the more quiet comic parts, such as that of Don Magnifico in 'La Cenerentola' which he is now about to perform, or if it were not beneath him, even that of Bartolo, in this very opera, he would be unrivalled. But *jam satis*. It is a species of self-injury to find fault with Zuchelli.

As to Madame Malibran Garcia, she is an admirable, an almost perfect Rosina. Her look, her gestures, her voice, and the style of her singing, give each its tributary aid to the excellent effect of the whole. To us it seemed that in this part she both sang and acted better than in Desdemona. Her singing, though scarcely of the highest order, was everywhere free from fault,—tempered, expressive, and clever. Her acting is arch in the extreme, running through all the varieties of mood and disposition, which Rosina herself announces in the 'Io sono docile,' &c. A simplicity half-assumed, a gentleness that is always on the verge of something more impassioned,—maiden modesty mixed with the cunning which love makes premature,—this and much more is represented by her with a fidelity not even equalled by Mademoiselle Sontag. The first scene in which she appears at the balcony, opening with the words 'Non è venuto ancora?' admirably exemplified these attributes of the character. The impatience and mock obedience to her guardian, and sly by-play with her lover, were capital ; and seemed rather so, because this scene is generally sacrificed to give the heroine an opportunity of a better *entrata* with the air of 'Una voce poco fa.' This well-known composition scarcely savoured of itself, as sung by Mad. Malibran. Avoiding any competition with those who rest their credit on the agility with which they run through the flowing and ornamented passages, she makes a substitution for the quick and hackneyed cadences, in a more staccato and original style, and particularly in the return to the words 'E cento trappole,' which she diversifies by a most ingenious deviation from the old text. Here, too, she infuses some of her dramatic cleverness ; and passes from the first stanza, which is all self-commendation, into the second, which contains a confession of her being a vixen, with such an expressive emphasis, by way of transition, on the words 'Ma se mi toccano,' as would suffice of itself to distinguish her Rosina from all her predecessors. This is not to be considered in disparagement of those predecessors, for even in this song she has been surpassed by others, though not exactly in the same style. Another instance of her discretion in avoiding a comparison with more accomplished singers, occurs in the music scene, where, instead of Rodé's variations, or any other show-piece, her master directs her to try a canzonet, 'del maestro Garcia ;' and accordingly she sings a Spanish air,—we suppose, by her father, the late accomplished tenor at this theatre,—and a most wild and singular composition it is.

Without pursuing the minutiae of her part any further, we shall only express a hope, contrary to our contemporaries, of seeing her in some other comic character ere long ; and as Cenerentola is already taken by Mademoiselle Sontag, let us look forward to Ninetta ; or, if it were not a presumptuous wish, we might whisper the words, 'Il matrimonio segreto,'—but we have done.

Drury-Lane, Monday.

MASSANIELLO FOR EVER ! 'Massaniello, ou le Pêcheur de Portici,' at the King's Theatre, 'Massaniello, or the Dumb Girl of Portici,' at Drury-lane and the Coburg ! If the barrel-organs haven't enough of this by and by, then is 'Der Freyschutz' no longer a precedent. The original opera was successful enough in Paris to give a good promise of becoming popular here ; but people were warned by the fate of 'La Dame Blanche,' and so the 'Muette de Portici' of Auber was first presented to us in the shape of a ballet. Thus travestied, it has led the way to other versions of the same story, ornamented by the same music, and supported by the same stage-expedients. That particular one which was represented at Drury-lane for a first time on Monday last, is entitled a melo-dramatic opera ; but this name, though for most purposes enough comprehensive, does not yet give an adequate idea of all the attributes of the performance in question. Certainly there is the music, vocal and instrumental, and a dumb girl ; but there are also the *spectacle* on a more enlarged scale, and the dancing and *ceteras* infinite. If the music were not already known to all, we

should be tempted to say a good deal in its praise; for it is composed in an unusual and bold style, generally expressive, and always full of spirit. To those who object to its constant turbulence and sound, we would answer by drawing from their objection one cause of praise; viz., that by any process of ingenuity the composer should have been able to diversify the character of the parts, without changing the tone of the whole; that the noise, though never softened, should, nevertheless, be varied sufficiently to relieve the composition without the usual alternatives of *piano* and *forte*. There could be no question about the success of such a performance, with so much good scenery, such groups of choruses,—so many *ballerini*, and such an eruption of Vesuvius—not to mention the labours of the vocalists and orchestra, which were also very felicitous. Braham was Massaniello the Fisherman, who revolts and is crowned, and is poisoned by one of his fellow-conspirators. Miss Betts personates the young spouse of Alphonso,—Mr. T. Cooke, who happens unfortunately to be in love with Massaniello's sister, Fenella. The other fishermen, &c. are represented by Messrs. Bedford, Yarnold, Bland, and their compeers; and a Mademoiselle Alexandrine plays a mute but conspicuous part as the deaf and dumb girl, Fenella. Some expectation appeared to have been aroused by the announcement of the nature of this character or its supporter; and, when the *débütante* from Paris made her appearance, she was greeted with a most rapturous welcome. In her attitudes, gestures, dress and general demeanour, she accords so closely with the model of Mademoiselle Pauline Leroux, that we cannot but consider one or the other a mere plagiarist. As the Fenella of M. Laporte is and must be incomparable, we shall only say that Mr. Price has done his best, and showed a gentlemanly taste in offering to us even a reflection of that sweet image. Massaniello himself acted better than usual, and sang rather less boisterously. Were it possible to fancy that his subdued tones were indicative of a gentler taste, rather than of a weakened organ, his singing would have been more than ordinarily pleasing; but the suspicion of infirmity is almost as harsh as the evidence of it, though in this case there were a few passages which, however slight and un-Brahmanical, could be attributed only to the good discretion of the singer, uninfluenced by his self-distrust, or any other sinister motive. Of these we would particularise one only, towards the end of the play, when, immediately before his sudden reanimation, he whispers forth a melancholy stanza of an old song, whose burthen has by that time become familiar to the audience, and in so low and pitiful a tone, it serves of itself to awaken a dramatic sympathy with his reverse and approaching death. The other singers, and Miss Betts pre-eminently, pronounced their music 'trippingly from the tongue,' which is saying a good deal for a first performance, and of such original music.

The dancers and the painters should not be forgotten. Of the former, Angelica and little Rosa Byrne were the most conspicuous. Each was engaged in a *pas de deux*, and the latter in a *bolero* with her father, (we believe,) which were executed with much more grace than we expected to find out of the jurisdiction of the true Terpsichore. Stanfield had an old subject or two to refresh,—the Bay and Market-place of Naples, and, finally, a view of Vesuvius, an eruption, and universal ruin! 'Johnson, the mechanist of former Drury,' would die of fright, could he be resuscitated only to view the desperate showers of lava, the red tides down the mountain, the illuminated buildings, the red sheet tossed up and down in the middle distance, and the people dying in pairs beneath the fire-bolts from the boiling crater!

Massaniello for ever! as we said before. It deserves to live a long while, and the people are not likely to interrupt its longevity.

The Adelphi.

On Wednesday, Mr. Mathews and Mr. Yates appeared for the first time in their new entertainment. We have always thought those critics mistaken who prophesied that the talents of these eminent actors, even in that department in which they are both most eminently 'At home,' would at all interfere with each other; and we are glad to find our judgment confirmed by the proof of fact. Nothing could be more strikingly different in kind, than were the exhibitions of the senior and junior partner in the Adelphi firm, on their last appearance. The talent of Mathews is doubtless of a higher order, for it implies a very exquisite discernment of every thing rare and grotesque which grows upon the surface of human nature; nay, we have sometimes been half inclined to believe, an insight

into some of its secret holes and caverns. In the keenness of this perception, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, we are convinced he improves day by day. We remarked more of those delicate touches which are not rewarded by a shout from the pit, last night, than on any former occasion; and this may well console him for what is sufficiently obvious,—his loss of many of those tricks of imitation which he once possessed. At present, Yates is not much more than a mere mimic; or, if he is, the extreme excellence of his mimicry prevents us from discovering it. This, indeed, may well be the case; for we do not believe there is living, or in tradition, any actor equal to him in this one quality. In taking off the voice, the manner, the attitude, the language; in changing one voice, attitude, and language, at a moment's notice, into that which is most exactly its opposite; in making us recognise an old friend again, by the most undiscoverable traits, which we thought that we only had observed in him; and in compelling us to acknowledge the likeness of a stranger whom we have never heard of before;—he is far beyond what Mr. Mathews was in his best estate. Should he ever drop any of these agreeable merits, we trust he will gain for them the same compensation which has been awarded to his master in the art.

'The Spring Meeting,' in which Mathews figured, and into which he introduced two songs, three portraits, the most striking of which is the late Dr. Kitchiner, and about 500 puns, is at least as good as 'The Home Circuit,' though inferior to the 'Trip to America.' It is written with considerable spirit, and evidently under the eye of the performer. Yates followed in an Irish trial, Lord Norbury, the Judge—the Counsel for the plaintiff, Witness for the plaintiff, (a woman,) Witness for the plaintiff, (a man,) and Counsel for the defendant, being all enacted by the same Proteus. Nothing could be more admirably characteristic than this performance. It was too good for laughter.

Mathews then performed the second act of 'The Spring Meeting,' which was inferior to its predecessor, except in one admirable character, a Northumberland farmer, whom Mr. Mathews encounters in a stage coach, and upon whom he passes himself off as Mr. Bruffum, to the delight and consternation of the worthy man. We should also except a splendid story about an Irishman shelling peas, if it be new, as we hope for the sake of our age it is.

We did not stay to witness Yates's last exhibition in about two characters; but we hear from competent authority, and we can well believe from the Irish trial, that it deserved all praise.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

DR. CROTCH presided at the piano-forte, and Mr. Loder (the respected Professor of Bath) led the fifth Concert, which was performed on Monday, April 27th, and which exhibited the usual selection of choice and various musical compositions.

It commenced with Haydn's *sinfonia* in G, (letter R,) and we must beg to repeat a few remarks and suggestions we offered in our review of the fourth Concert, (on p. 206 of this work,) to account for an arrangement with respect to this *sinfonia* which took place.

'Now we are so anxious that all Haydn's compositions should be well known, that we wish they (the omnipotent Philharmonic Directors) would begin by playing the *first sinfonia* or overture he ever wrote, and proceed regularly to the *last*; for very many beautiful and clever orchestral compositions which we remember to have heard during the days of Old Ranelagh, &c., are now totally obsolete, and lost to the musical world,—for why? Because they have not parts for flutes, bassoons, clarionets, trumpets and drums. Let Dr. Crotch, J. B. Cramer, Atwood, or some other talented musician, adopt these *excessant* parts, and let us enjoy some *ancient* novelty!'

Our hint was taken, our propositions attended to, and we feel flattered by the circumstance. One of the very able directors of the present season, Mr. T. Cooke, whose versatile talent, whether as a composer, performer, leader, or vocalist, renders him, as a whole, unrivalled, undertook the task of making the adaptation proposed, and his additional parts for clarionets, trumpets, trombones, and drums, were exceedingly effective, and truly *amended* even Haydn, particularly the introduction of an extreme sharp sixth in the clarionet parts of the allegro movements upon the return to *motivo*, and again their responses of the *thema* in the finale. These improvements were not generally known, and we feel a pleasure in giving

publicity to a circumstance which does Mr. Cooke infinite credit.

No. 2.—Recitativo and air, 'Now heaven in fullest glory shone,' from Haydn's *Creation*, was performed by Zuchelli. As he had twice before sung the same song in the same place, (June 10th, 1822, and March 5th, 1827,) we cannot but think he might have offered some greater novelty.

No. 3.—Hummel's concerto in B minor, (op. 89,) was well performed by Mr. Schlesinger, who has been a pupil of Ries, and certainly does credit to his preceptor. The middle movement (a *larghetto* in G 2-4 time) commences with a quartetto for four horns, without accompaniment for any other instrument, and it was well performed by Platt, Tully, Rac and Kielbach. The whole assimilated remarkably well, considering the difficulty of the composition: a few flat ninths were not quite well in tune, but if a writer will venture unusual and extraneous modulations upon such instruments, he must expect a little 'contrary wind' occasionally.

No. 4.—Duetto, *Madame Camporese* and Signor Curioni, 'Ricciardo! che veggio,' from Rossini's opera, 'Ricciardo e Zoraida,' was executed with spirit and taste, but Curioni (his usual fault) sung a little too flat.

No. 5.—Mozart's unrivalled, melodious, and scientific overture to 'Zauberflöte,' went magnificently, and was deservedly encored.

No. 6.—Beethoven's grand *sinfonia* in D, perhaps his most perfect instrumental composition, also succeeded well, and commenced the act with splendour. We were glad to notice that the *grandest* *sinfonia* of the two performed, was chosen to commence the second instead of the *first* act, a practice with which the Philharmonic Concerts commenced their career, but which of late years has been altered, owing to an indefensible complaint of fatigue on the part of the performers upon wind instruments.

No. 7.—Aria, *Madame Camporese*, 'Bel raggio,' from Rossini's 'Semiramide,' went well, but requires no comment.

No. 8.—Concertante, violin and violoncello obligato, Messrs. Weichsel and Lindley, composed by the latter valued Professor. This performance reminded us of old times, and our old friends succeeded as heretofore. Weichsel's violin playing, if not as surprising as some fiddling we have heard at the Philharmonic, was orthodox, sound, and good, especially as to tone. These highly valued artists presented an unrivalled exhibition, as to the English tone and style, and accordingly received enthusiastic applause. We lament to add, that the composition of the tutti parts was common-place and any thing but estimable.

No. 9.—Rossini's clever trio 'Cruda sorte,' (also from his 'Ricciardo,') was sung by the three vocalists, Camporese, Curioni, and Zuchelli; and certainly, to introduce three, out of four vocal pieces, so similar in style and manner, and all by Rossini, was not in good taste. Not any singers at present to be found together can give the brilliant and striking effect to this trio, that Garcia, Madame Colbran, and Vestris did in the opera, when it was performed under the direction of Rossini in the year 1824. The concert concluded with Beethoven's overture to 'Fidelio,' and the whole went off with éclat.

CONCERT AT GUILDHALL.

THE grand performance for the benefit of the Distressed Weavers of Spitalfields, took place last Saturday; and we think was more numerously attended than the concert given at the same place for the benefit of the Refugees, on Thursday the 2d of last month. Handel's sublime and unrivalled oratorio, 'The Messiah,' was admirably performed, led by Cramer, and conducted by Sir George Smart, assisted by all the principal English musical professors. Mozart's beautiful accompaniments were added, and, we believe, without any omissions. The vocalists were not very numerous, but they were generally very successful; and Mademoiselle Sontag most kindly sung, 'Gratias agimus tibi' (with Willman's unrivalled clarionet accompaniment) at the end of the first part. She was (as might be expected) encored; but we are sorry to add, that her performance was really not of that highly transcendent nature which her votaries might have expected. Her commencing note she sang twice as long as it ought to be, both times of performance, in spite of Sir G. Smart's striking hints (or hits) upon the pianoforte. She resembled Catalani only in singing frequently too flat; her shake was

not performed with a proper intonation, for we particularly noticed that in the double cadenza with Willman, she sang G flat, instead of G natural, in making the shake upon F before the final close; and, although these remarks may shock and offend some of our readers, we offer them in the pure spirit of honest criticism, and feel pledged for the truth!

But to the oratorio: the airs and concerted pieces were apportioned to the principal singers, Miss Paton, Messrs. Braham and Phillips, in the usual manner; and the other parts were filled by Mr. and Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Wilkinson, Messrs. E. Taylor, Horncastle, Terrail, and Master Smith.

Braham opened 'The Messiah' in his customary excellent style. Mr. E. Taylor sang 'But who may abide,' passably well, but sometimes made four quavers in a bar instead of three. As we entertain the highest respect for this gentleman's talent and knowledge of music, we are sorry to be forced to make these remarks; but if he, or any other singer, would now, for the first time, sing as critically exact in time, as the orchestral instrumental performers are forced to play, he would deserve and receive more applause than can well be imagined.

Miss Wilkinson sang 'O thou that tellest,' exceedingly well. Her natural voice is admirably adapted for counter-tenor songs, as they are technically termed. She sang the note B below the staff, up to the F on the fifth line, with an efficient, round, and good tone, and her whole performance was admirable. Phillips was successful in 'The people that walked in darkness,' and Mozart's scientific, characteristic, and delightful additions went beautifully. The grand chorus, 'For unto us a child is born,' was encored. The pastoral symphony, intended to convey the idea of the angels descending from heaven to the shepherds, was as usual insufferably tedious. Miss Paton's recitatives were given in excellent and perfect style, as was her song, 'Rejoice greatly,' excepting a little episode in her cadence, which was too florid, too long, and not quite in good taste. This song is very difficult to be sung well, and the principal vocalists dislike it generally; Madame Mara always refused to sing it, and said, 'Although I might give an audience satisfaction, yet I can never please myself in it.' Miss Wilkinson sang 'He shall feed his flock,' chastely and beautifully, and Mrs. W. Knyvett followed with the second part, (where it modulates into the sub-dominant,) also very well, excepting once or twice, adding a thirteenth quaver to the tedious twelve-eight time; this repetition of the air we have always considered superfluous, and as tedious as the pastoral symphony which it resembles.

The second and third parts, consisting chiefly of heavy choruses, require no particular comment; they are by far the most scientific, devotional, and beautiful parts of the oratorio, and went off quite well; but, owing to the encoring of the Hallelujah and other choruses, as well as Sontag's song, the performance (which commenced exactly at twelve) did not conclude till past four o'clock; and the audience, as well as the performers, were all quite fatigued.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL RESEARCHES.—It has long been known to naturalists, that several caverns in Hungary and Germany are the receptacles of immense collections of the bones of bears, hyenas, &c., though not one of these animals is an inhabitant of those countries at the present day. This circumstance has derived additional importance from the subsequent discovery of various caves in other regions of Europe, in which similar collections have been met with in still greater quantities. Professor Buckland, who has given an account of those existing in England in his 'Reliquiæ Diluvianæ,' has discovered caves of a like description in France. When he visited the grottoes Oiselles, near Besançon, he predicted that the beds of stalactytes formed a covering for similar bones; and his prediction was confirmed, for, as soon as they were removed, a considerable number of skulls and bones were found, which belonged to that species of the bear having an arched forehead, the race of which is now entirely extinct: it is deserving of remark, that the bones of no other animal were met with on this spot. Another cave at Echenoz, near Vesoul, has recently been explored by M. Thiriat: he found it to contain the bones of hyenas and other herbaceous animals. Several individuals of distinguished erudition, particularly Professor Marcel de Serres and Dubreil, are at this moment employed in drawing up a description of a cave, containing the bones of the

hyenas, which was discovered three or four years ago at Lunell-Vicil, in the department of the Hérault. Another has been found at Saint Macaire, in the department of the Gironde, in which there is a collection of the bones of hyenas and other animals; and a fourth is spoken of as existing in the department of the Aude. In short, those caves which contain grottoes, seem to constitute one general phenomenon, peculiar to all hills or mountains which assimilate in conformation to the chain of the Jura; and the extinction of the animals which inhabited them is blended with the remarkable events that lie hidden in the ancient records of the world, and towards the solution of which Geology is directing its inquiries.—*Cuvier in the 'Analyse des Travaux de l'Acad. Roy. de Sciences.'* Paris, 1828.

GOTTINGEN.—The number of students during the present winter session, (1828, 1829,) amounts to 1386, which gives an excess of 15 above the number who frequented this University in the preceding summer session. Of the former, were 759 natives, and 627 foreigners; namely, of theology, 377; of jurisprudence, 573; of medicine, 283; and of the arts and sciences in other branches, 153. The present number is, however, less by 174 than it was at Easter 1827, when it reached 1560.

BRESLAU.—No less than 112 young men had matriculated in this University during the hibernal half year, and up to the end of February last; independently of 106 pupils, who had entered the medico-chirurgical institution. The total amount of the students, therefore, was 1218. In the year preceding they did not exceed 1094; so that the increase this year has been 124.

MENDICITY, ETC., IN BERLIN.—We are indebted to M. Engelhardt, a privy councillor of his Prussian Majesty, for the subsequent details, which are extracted from official documents. Notwithstanding the vigilance which is applied to the suppression of mendicity in Berlin, it is an evil which seems to be constantly on the increase. This remark is justified by the return of beggars apprehended from 1822 to 1825, from which it appears that 359 were arrested in 1822, and 677 in 1825. Unfortunately, no general returns have been made up since the latter of these years. The police have probably been unwilling to record their latches. According to special Tables, drawn up by the Directors of the Poor, the following were the numbers of the poor relieved at their own dwellings, and the monies expended upon them:

	£	s.	d.
In 1822 relieved 2990 persons at a cost of	4252	7	0
1823	3028	4711	4 0
1824	3205	6739	4 0
1826	3475	7568	5 0

Since this period, the numbers of the poor, and the amount of monies expended upon them, have increased from year to year. The number of suicides, inclusive of the military, committed during the five years ending 1827, were, of male persons, 104, and of females, 20; forming an average of nearly 25 per annum out of a population of more than 220,000 souls.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The author of the new sacred poem, 'The Opening of the Sixth Seal,' is about to publish an essay on a more efficient mode of attaining a general and practical knowledge, including instructions for a course of study suited to gain that object. This work will, we understand, appear at such a price as will place it within the reach of all classes, and thus become the more extensively useful.

We are requested by Mr. Marshall, publisher and proprietor of 'The Gem,' to state, that the volume of that annual for 1830 will be published on the 1st of November, 1829. Mr. Cooper, of the Royal Academy, is engaged in superintending the engravings, which will be all of the highest class, and copied from original designs. The editorial department, which is no longer under the control of Mr. Hood, has been placed in the hands of a gentleman of competent ability, who will be supported by all the eminent writers whose names appeared as contributors to the last volume, with the addition of many others of great celebrity, who have never written for any annual.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Carpenter's School Speaker, 4th edit., 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Dix's Land Surveyor, 5th edit., royal 12mo., 7s.
Olney Hymns, with Essay by Montgomery, 12mo., 4s.
The Christian Defence against Unbelief, 12mo. 5s. 6d.
Elemens de la Grammaire Francoise de la Homond nas gros, 2s. 6d.
Tales of a Physician by Harrison, 1 vol. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Dr. Good's Study of Medicine, 3rd edit., by S. Cooper, 5 vols. 8vo., 3l. 15s.
Pinnock's Grammar of Modern Geography and History, 2d edit., 18mo., 5s. 6d.
Sketches of Irish Character, by Mrs. Hall, 3 vols. 8vo., 12s.

Scenes in Africa and America, by Rev. J. Taylor, new edit., 2 vols. in 1, 12mo., 8s.
The Age, a Poem in Eight Books, 7s. 6d.
Burke's Dictionary of Peersage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom, 3rd edit., 8vo., 1l. 15s.
Stratton Hill, a Tale of the Civil Wars, by the Author of 'Letters from the East,' 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Sectarian, or the Church and the Meeting-house, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 7s.
Dr. Busby's Catechism of Music, 9d.
Wunderboon's German Grammar, 12mo., 8s.
The Beaver and Elephant, Stories for Children, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Murray's Practical Remarks on Modern Rates, 12mo., 4s.
The Hope of Immortality, a Poem, 6s.
Chapters on Churchyards, 2 vols., 8s.
The Life of Francis I., King of France, with Portrait, 2 vols. 8vo., 28s.
Description of 300 Animals, 12mo., new edit. enlarged, 8s.
Southey's Colloquies, 2 vols. 8vo., 1l. 10s.
Southey's All for Love, 6s. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Watts's Scripture History, 12mo., 4s.
Northcote's Fables, post 8vo., 14s.
Greenshaw's Memoirs of L. Richmond, 8vo., 8th edit., 10s.
Tydler's History of Scotland, vol. 2, 8vo., 12s.
Bacon on Syphilis, 8vo., 9s.
A Treatise on the Police and Crimes of the Metropolis, 8vo., 12s.
Faulkner's Historical and Topographical History of Chelsea and its Environs, 3 vols., 8vo., 3l. 2s.
A Commentary, Mythological, Historical, and Geographical, on Pope's Homer and Dryden's Æneid of Virgil, 8vo., 12s.
The Illustrated and Speaking French Grammar, with easy Exercises, by C. L. Lasque, 12mo., 5s. 6d.
Bowdler's Theological Essays, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
The First Part of Dr. Watts's Reputonum Theologicum, 5s.
Jones's (Wm.) Course of Lectures on the Apocalypse, Part I. 8s. 6d.
Curtis on Deaf and Dumb, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Reay Modden, 3 vols., post 8vo., 24s.
D'Erline on the Cynic, 3 vols., 12mo., 24s.
Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 2d Division, History and Biography, vol. 1., 2l. 2s.
Library of Useful Knowledge: History of Greece, 8vo., 5s.
Calmet's Dictionary of Holy Bible, with the Fragments of the late Charles Taylor, 8th edit., with portrait, and additional maps, 6 vols., 4to., 10l. 10s.
Conway's Personal Narrative through Norway, Sweden, &c., 8s. 6d.
Baines's Companion to the Lakes, with map, 6s. 6d.; without map, 5s. 6d.
Thompson's Conspectus, 18mo., 8th edit., 5s. 6d.
Dr. Paris on Diet, 4th edit., 8vo., 10s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	April.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon.	27	43	44	20. 50	S.W.	Rn. A.M. Cum. Nim.
Tues.	28	43	42	20. 24	S.W.-NW	Fair Cl. Cirrostratus
Wed.	29	42	40	20. 37	N.	Ditto. Ditto.
Thur.	30	45	43	20. 60	NW to W	Ditto. Ditto.
May	1	52	50	20. 44	W.	Ditto. Cumulus.
Sat.	2	58	52	20. 44	W to SW.	Ditto. Cirrostratus
Sun.	3	56	52	20. 44	S.W.	Ditto. Ditto.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week. Tempestuous N.W. wind on Tuesday.

Highest temperature at noon, 61°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Perigee on Thursday.
The Moon and Venus in conj. on Saturday, at 11 h. 20m. P.M.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 8° 7' in Taurus.
Mars's ditto ditto 16° 33' in Gemini.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 13° 42' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 25° 29' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 12° 44' in Taurus.
Length of day on Sunday, 14 h. 54 min. Increased 7 h. 10 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 25" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .003831.

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For a high character of this work, see 'The Literary Gazette,' August 2, 1838, and all the Reviews.

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This day is published, Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence, No. VII. of the

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

CONTENTS: I. Sismondi's History of France.—II. Language and Literature of Holland.—III. Ancient National Poetry of Spain.—IV. Scandinavian Mythology.—V. French Criminal Trials.—VI. Mexico.—VII. Victor Hugo's Poems and Novels.—VIII. Von Hammer's History of the Ottoman Empire.—IX. Foreign Views of the Catholic Question.—X. CRITICAL SKETCHES.—X. Coquerel's History of English Literature.—XI. Bp. Munster's Account of a MS. of St. John's Gospel.—XII. Pictorial Treatise on Heat.—XIII. Martinez de la Rosa's Works.—XIV. Guerrazzi's Battle of Benevento, an Historical Romance.—XV. Annuaire of the Board of Longitude for 1839; M. Arago's Notice of the Steam Engine.—Miscellaneous Literary Notices, No. VII.—List of New Works published on the Continent, from January to March, 1839.

No. VIII. will be Published in July.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for

MAY, contains: Commercial Relations of the Country—Progress of the London University—Sporting Scenes in India, No. I.; Leaving Cantonments in Hot Weather—Lines by Thos. Campbell, Esq.—Memoirs of the War in Spain, by Marshal Suchet, Duke d'Albufera—Provincial Sketches, No. II.; Rank—Convent of St. Bernard—The Wine of Blood—Portraits of the French Players, No. II.; Mademoiselle Jenny Colon—The Image of the Dead, by Mrs. Hemans—Continental Cities and Scenery, No. II.; Vienna—Basilia, a Tale of modern Athens—Passages from a Poet's Dream Book—The 'Bubble Refutation'—The Young Surgeon, No. II.—Sketches of Parisian Society, Literature, &c.—Henri III. et sa Cour—John Bullism—The Naval Officer and Tales of Military Life—The Religion of Politics—Lines written near Larissa, in Thessaly—Epigram—The usual Varieties in Art, Science, Criticism, Biography, &c.

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Edinburgh, No. 10, Prince's-street, March 2, 1839.

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PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY.

Sir Thomas More: or, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, by Robert Southey, Esq., Poet Laureate. In 2 vols., 8vo. Murray. London, 1829.

WHEN a popular journal* recently noted, as an ominous sign of the times, the universal, unaccountable dislike to speaking truth on any subject of importance, it only gave with naïve fidelity the result of every thinking man's experience and consciousness. There would be little hope of social improvement if this now endemic indisposition were wholly ascribable to what at first sight might appear to be its only possible cause—a determined tacit withdrawal of all interest in the commonweal on the part of almost all its influential members. We fly for refuge from so desperate an hypothesis to a milder, though a scarcely less humiliating solution, by which the state of facts thus signalised may better be referred to intellectual than to moral inertness—to want of clearness than to positive obliquity in the social views and feelings of our countrymen. The superstitions of the infant age of nations—the individual ties which once attached the governed to their governors—even the strength of feeling (though often linked with rather obscure ideas) which the names of *constitution* or *liberty* have been wont to excite in Englishmen, have naturally decayed; nor has the social instinct—the *sapientia solgeris*†—of earlier times been as yet replaced by principles more suited to our more advanced progress; nor has the moral truth involved in many a fast-decaying prejudice as yet received its needful purification—its appropriate philosophical expression.

To those who view with anxiety the dangerous transition which our national mind and regimen has yet to complete, we may venture to suggest a ground of favourable anticipation, as a fair and legitimate counterpoise for those discouraging symptoms to which allusion has already been made. This is the increase of individual power in every branch of moral action and influence—a tenet which may meet with incredulity from many who first listen to its naked exposition. Mistakes are made, when, looking at the past with reference only to a few distinguished persons and occurrences, we declaim about the woe-ful diminution of energy which has happened from old times to the present. It is forgotten, that, in centuries of feudal pride and turbulence, the prominence of a few was only purchased by the moral annihilation of numbers; and when the later and nobler exploits of mental power in past ages are brought into comparison with those of the present, besides that the unfairness is not seldom committed of arraying on the one side the muster-roll of centuries—on the other, the poor handful of a single generation,—it is forgotten, that a higher range of mental cultivation is more equally diffused amongst more numerous partakers, although it should be granted that the qualities are more rarely combined which constitute the highest rank of genius.

From the tone of the foregoing observations, it will readily be understood that we cannot exactly sympathise with a vein which, more or less, runs through the whole of the work before us, and which is mingled and made up of a certain ill-

explained terror for the effects which are to follow from the fatal demolition of such bulwarks as the Test Act and exclusion of the Catholics, combined with an even more mysterious feeling of the delinquency which has been incurred by the Government of this country, in not extending, by some undefined means, its moral influence, and in not anticipating the pious zeal of Methodists and Dissenters, by infusing, through what agency *non liquet*, a commensurate enthusiasm into the Church. We have for some time back been so pleasingly accustomed to compare the frequent prophecies, ascribed to our author, in the pages of 'The Quarterly Review,' with the events which seemed to follow solely in order to their falsification, that we cannot help indulging in pleasing hopes of further blessings on the strength of his present Jeremiads. Hardly had the oracle announced, in plainer language than is prudent for oracles, that the duration of the Test and Corporation Acts would be identical with that of the Church, than this indispensable integrant of our ecclesiastical polity came down, like the walls of Jericho, without even a flourish of trumpets. Scarcely was the ink dry, or the types removed from their forms, which had announced a renewed lease of the Irish half of the House of Commons (the outside of it, namely) to the Catholics, than the proprietor and manager of St. Stephen's themselves open the door to their unqualified admission. We cannot but hope, that his dolorous animadversions on the want of stricter discipline, ecclesiastical and civil, are but (with reverence to their gravity) as cuckoo songs bespeaking summer, which augur the removal of remaining restrictions.

One more point we wish to settle with Mr. Southey, before we proceed directly to the work before us. This is his apprehension of an inordinate and mischievous increase of national wealth; a feeling in which we certainly cannot seriously participate, whatever we may think of some anomalies and abuses in the public distribution of riches. Indeed, we were for some time at a loss to account for the uneasiness of our author on this head, until at length we found a clue to it in a notion which, strange though it be, our author is not singular in holding, the notion that our national debt is a portion of our national wealth. That it *was* a portion of national wealth, we are ready to acknowledge; but we really wish we could pacify Mr. Southey's pious fears that it is, or ever will be again. We really think the mass of debt incurred in the late war has not augmented national wealth in that degree which should affect a patriotic mind with serious disquiet, as we are not aware of any items greatly more important than brick-bats, cuirasses, and helmets, imported by young ladies from the field of Waterloo; and sets of teeth, transmitted from the same cadaverous market by the agents of the London dentists. Nor, we think, need our author apprehend any private inconvenience from the vast excess of wealth under which he conceives the land to groan, nor need he anticipate the collector's domiciliary visit for the purpose, not, as wont, of exaction, but of restitution, of absolutely pressing him to participate in that dividend of our overflowing affluence, which the embarrassment of holding it must finally force upon Government: and of which, if we reckon the debt at 860,000,000, and the population, for the sake of round numbers, at 22,000,000; Mr. Southey's individual share, which we beg him to

believe there is no very imminent risque of being thrown on his hands, will amount to 39l. 2s. 6d.

We insert the following extract from the work before us as uniting most of its merits, as well as many of its peculiarities, and we adjourn a more detailed examination of both to the epoch of our next appearance:

‘MONTESINOS.

‘But how is this to be effected? Announce the speedy Restoration of the Jews, and you will find believers. Preach up the duty of converting the Turks, and you may form a society for that express purpose. But if you propose to render civilization complete by extending it to those classes who are brutalised by the institutions of society, half the persons whom you address will ask how this is to begin? and the other half, where it is to end? Undoubtedly both are grave questions. Owen of Lanark indeed would answer both: but because he promises too much, no trial is made of the good which his schemes might probably perform.

‘SIR THOMAS MORE.

‘In your opinion then he has shown how the beginning might be made.

‘MONTESINOS.

‘If I were his countryman, I would class him in a triad as one of the three men who have in this generation given an impulse to the moral world. Clarkson and Dr. Bell are the other two. They have seen the first fruits of their harvest. So I think would Owen ere this, if he had not alarmed the better part of the nation by proclaiming, upon the most momentous of all subjects, opinions which are alike fatal to individual happiness and to the general good. Yet I admire the man; and readily admit that his charity is a better plank than the faith of an intolerant and bitter-minded bigot, who, as Warburton says, “counterworks his Creator, makes God after man's image, and chuses the worst model he can find... himself!”

‘MR THOMAS MORE.

‘You must, however, acknowledge that the prejudice which he has thus excited against his political speculations, is not unfounded: for the connection between moral truth and political wisdom is close and indissoluble; and he who shows himself grievously erroneous upon one important point, must look to have his opinions properly distrusted upon others. To maintain that the state ought not to concern itself with the religion of the subjects is the greatest and most perilous of all political errors: and to regard religion with indifference is the most dangerous of all moral ones; if indeed in any case that may be called an error, which assuredly in most is less a mistake of the understanding than a sin of the will.

‘MONTESINOS.

‘A craniologist, I dare say, would pronounce that the organ of theopathy is wanting in Owen's head, that of benevolence being so large as to have left no room for it.

‘SIR THOMAS MORE.

‘Away with such systems! Where there is most love of God, there will there be the truest and most enlarged philanthropy. No other foundation is secure. There is no other means whereby nations can be reformed, than that by which alone individuals can be regenerated. In the laws of God conscience is made the basis of policy; and in proportion as human laws depart from that groundwork, error and evil are the sure result.

‘MONTESINOS.

‘So Lord Brooke teaches, the wisest man that ever uttered dark sayings in verse. National happiness must be produced through the influence of religious laws. There is nothing, however, in the practical part of Owen's polity to exclude them; and indeed so far as his scheme of society might easily and beneficially be put in execution, it would strengthen their influence; its purport and effect being

“That private hearts may unto public ends”

* ‘The Quarterly Review.’

† Vico, *Scienza Nuova*.

'A set of journeymen in London endeavoured to make the attempt. They were chiefly, printers. A committee was appointed to digest their plan, and the Report which they put forth upon the subject was worthy of more attention than it obtained. In this Report they declared themselves fully persuaded that by combining their industry, their skill and their mental faculties, they should not merely bid defiance to poverty, but secure a competency of the goods of life, a great accession of intellectual enjoyments and rational amusements, and, above all, the means of giving their children an education which would ensure them an adequate portion of useful knowledge, and confirm them in virtuous habits. Clubs and Friendly Societies, they said, had made them familiar with the blessed effects of union; and they were certain that by thus uniting they should obtain the power of creating new wealth for themselves, procure a larger quantity of the means of subsistence for the same money, and enable their wives to perform their domestic duties more skilfully and in half the time which those occupations now required. They calculated upon an average saving of one fourth per cent. by purchasing articles for the community in wholesale: upon a saving of time not less advantageous, by a proper distribution of domestic occupations, and upon the benefit of avoiding waste by having at hand all conveniences and facilities for economy. For the children, large school-rooms were to be provided, (appropriate to other purposes after school hours,) and a large playground, which would keep them from the accidents and temptations of the streets. Constant superintendence was to be exercised over them, by changing the teachers every three hours, and they hoped to unite the advantages of public and private education, the children being at all times accessible to their parents, and constantly with them at certain times of the day. For themselves, their dwellings would be more commodious, their food better, their habits cleaner; and their wives, not being worn down by over exertion, nor by the distraction of conflicting duties, would become better companions, and be better fitted to participate in innocent recreations. The Establishment would in reality be a College of useful arts: it would have its lectures, its library, its infirmary, and its medical practitioners.

'The result of their estimates was that a saving of 7,780 per annum might be effected by means of the proposed plan upon the expenditure of 250 families, averaging four persons in a family; and that if each adult male member paid one guinea per week to the general fund, the collective sum would provide the whole establishment with all the necessities and many of the comforts of life in abundance, besides furnishing a capital for the purposes of production and traffic. Some objections they anticipated, and first, the difficulty of making so many persons agree and act cordially together. To this they allowed little weight, the only condition which they required upon admission being a formal acknowledgement of this maxim, that while every member had a right to do separately for himself whatever he could, without trespassing upon others, it was his duty to do as much as he could, without injury to himself, for the benefit and comfort of the society. So plain a proposition, they thought, was not likely to be contravened: and if it were, every adult member might quit the society when he pleased; and the majority of course possessed the power of expelling any individual who disturbed its peace, either paying him the fair value of his share in the permanent stock, or allowing him to sell out. A second objection was, that under such a system, the poor, the indolent and inefficient would fare as well as the more wealthy, industrious and useful. But the answer to this was, that a community of goods was not what they proposed: their plan of association rather resembled that of regimental messes; and as the contributions were to be regulated according to the means of those who could afford least, such as could afford more indulgences might have them at their own expense. As for any misdirection or mal-administration of the funds, that must be provided against, as in other cases, by regular inspection. And for the injury which the small retail trade would suffer if such plans were generally adopted, it would be so gradual that it could hardly be called an evil: the general expenditure would be increased rather than diminished, and the retail dealer would find other modes of life. Lastly, the increase of population was objected, as a consequence which must follow from the success of such plans, and aggravate the miseries of posterity. But they repelled this argument with just indignation, and maintained that if a taste for comfort could be diffused over the whole community, it would constitute a much more effectual check upon excessive

population than the misery which results from blind improvidence ever has, or ever can be expected to do.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'Enough of the theory. Let us hear how it proved in practice.

'MONTESINOS.

'There was a difficulty in the way which was not so easily obviated as the theoretical objections. London, which furnishes facilities for most things, affords none for an experiment of this kind. Space was wanted, and buildings adapted for the intended manner of life. The speculators proposed to raise 12,000*l.* in shares of 100*l.* each, and with the money to erect a quadrangle according to Mr. Owen's designs; the property of the buildings was to be vested in the shareholders, and the society to pay a rental of 7½ per cent. The capital was not forthcoming. The experiment was commenced with insufficient means, and under circumstances every way inconvenient. Of necessity therefore it failed; and then the failure was imputed to the impracticability of the scheme, whereas, had it been fairly set in action, it could hardly have failed to work well.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'Still in Utopia! Would you think thus favourably of the scheme, if it did not in some degree accord with the dreams of your youth?

'MONTESINOS.

'That consideration is more likely to put me on my guard against illusion. But though Owen's views evidently tend to an entire community of goods, and these speculators looked to such a result of their experiment as possible, and as a consummation devoutly to be wished, they did not propose to go this length. What they aimed at was plainly practicable if it could have been fairly started, and the direct results must have been of unquestionable advantage to themselves, and utility to the commonwealth.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'A community of goods, you imply, then, would be productive of good to neither?

'MONTESINOS.

'Theory and experience are alike against it. The Jesuits are the only persons who ever made the experiment upon an adequate scale, and, well as they succeeded in Paraguay, the result did not induce them to establish their later missions upon the same foundation.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'Was the fault in the system, or in the Jesuits? Surely they set their standard so low that no inference against the principle of such a polity can be drawn from the result.

'MONTESINOS.

'The standard was the same in the Chiquito as in the Paraguay Reductions. They may more properly be said to have aimed at taming and domesticating the savages than at civilising them. But in the course of their experience they perceived that the disposition to have and to hold is the main spring of all improvements in society: and the desire of increasing their comforts and enjoyments called forth in the Chiquitos a degree of active and intelligent industry, to which the Guarani, notwithstanding the advantage of a much earlier settlement, never attained. But this is a wide excursion. Let us return from the Guapore and the Uruguay to the Thames.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'What then are the advantages, which, according to your view of the subject, might be expected from the Owenite plan, modified as you think it ought to be?

'MONTESINOS.

'To the individuals so associated, I am persuaded the benefit would not fall short of what these speculators proposed to themselves. And to society at large there would be the great and unequivocal good of exalting one whole class, and that a numerous one, . . . bettering their condition in every way, moral and physical, . . . increasing their respectability, their comforts, their means and their expenditure. This further advantage would arise, that, as no person would be admitted into such a community unless his character would bear inquiry, nor be allowed to continue in it if he deserved expulsion, the members would virtually be bound to their good behaviour: and the evil of a defective order would be remedied as far as such associations might extend. The effect even of the Saxon law, would thus in a great degree be brought about, and that without the slightest trenchment upon individual freedom, and in all respects unexceptionably.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'Something of this might be effected more easily by making your parochial government more efficient; that is, by making it what it ought to be, and indeed what it originally was.

'MONTESINOS.

'A parish is in itself a little commonwealth; but in these little governments, as in some great ones, though the machinery exists and is kept up, it no longer works according to its original design. What you have indicated is certainly one practicable means of producing great improvement where it is most needed; so it is perceived to be, and so it will one day be made. But the best parochial police must fall far short of effecting what these voluntary associations might accomplish. The difficulty is that which Archimedes felt: a place is wanted where to plant the machine; and in London this difficulty is almost insuperable. In a provincial town the experiment might more easily be made; but funds for the first outlay are not likely to be forthcoming. Large sums are sometimes bequeathed by humourists in strange ways, . . . to odd purposes more frequently than to useful ones. That such a chance may occur in this case is barely possible. It is somewhat less unlikely that capital may be embarked in it as a speculation, when no other means of employing it are at hand. And perhaps it is even probable that the principle may be taken up by some religious enthusiast, as the foundation for a new sect.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'In that case the evil would be greater than the good. The fanatics who should set out on such a principle would soon find themselves on the road to Munster.

'MONTESINOS.

'I think not. The Moravians on the continent carry it further than we are now contemplating; and yet they are an inoffensive, and even, in some respects, an exemplary people: so much so, that in spite of the obloquy which they provoked at their outset, no sect has ever in so great a degree enjoyed and deserved the good will and good opinion of all other Christian communities. There are more points of resemblance between Geneva and Rome, than between Hernhut and Munster. The danger in these days is not from religious fanaticism, but from the fanaticism of impiety.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'The one generates the other, and the state of things with you affords opportunity and encouragement for both. But therefore do you think that the Owenite scheme is likely to be carried into effect only by sectarian agency?

'MONTESINOS.

'Because a degree of generous and virtuous excitement is required for overcoming the first difficulties, which nothing but religious feeling can call forth. With all Owen's efforts and all his eloquence, (and there are few men who speak better, or who write so well,) he has not been able in ten years to raise funds for trying his experiment: while during that time the Bible Society has every year levied large contributions upon the public, and more than once a larger sum within the year than he has asked for. Had he connected his scheme with any system of belief, though it had been as visionary as Swedenborgianism, as fabulous as Pöpyery, as monstrous as Calvinism, as absurd as the dreams of Joanna Southcote, . . . or perhaps even as cold as Unitarianism, the money would have been forthcoming.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'And surely it is honourable to human nature that it should be so!

'MONTESINOS.

'How? honourable to human nature that we should be acted upon more powerfully by error and delusion, than by a reasonable prospect of direct and tangible benefit to ourselves and others?

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'Say rather that what is spiritual affects men more than what is material; that they seek more ardently after ideal good than after palpable and perishable realities. This is honourable to your nature: and no man will ever be ranked among the great benefactors of his species unless he feels and understands this truth and acts upon it. Upon this ground it is that the moral Archimedes must take his stand. We must take wider views of the subject. For the present I leave you to your young companions, who are waiting you with expectation in their looks.'—Vol. i. pp. 132—145.

PICTURE-DEALING.

A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters, in which is included a short Biographical Notice of the Artists, with a copious Description of their principal Pictures, and a Statement of the Prices at which such Pictures have been sold, &c. &c. By John Smith, Dealer in Pictures, late of Great Marlborough-street. Part I., 1 vol., large 8vo., pp. 412. Smith and Son. London, 1829.

Observations on the Arts, with Tables of the principal Painters of the various Italian, Spanish, French, Flemish, Dutch, and German Schools: their Scholars and Imitators, with Lives of the most celebrated Painters of those Schools. By T. Winstanley. 12mo., pp. 132. Jennings. London, 1829.

'Whereby, my little friends, we see,
That an original may sometimes be
No better than its fac-simile;
A useful truth, I trow,
Which picture-buyers won't believe,
But which picture-dealers know.
Southey's Pilgrimage to Compostella.

Of all the victims of knavery, the last, and the least, to be pitied are collectors of objects of virtù, on whom counterfeit works have been palmed for originals. In the first place, if they have been deceived by the excellence of the copy into a persuasion of its originality, they are not greatly sufferers: the injury they have sustained is more in imagination than in reality. As long, at any rate, as they remain under the happy delusion, they are in possession of a full and fair equivalent to the object sought for; and, even after the film which may have obscured their vision has been removed, they must continue for a time, at least, in a state much resembling that in which persons born blind find themselves when restored to the blessing of sight: they are unable to distinguish between one object and another. As, in the latter case, it is clear that the happiness of a person who begins thus late to exercise the faculty of seeing, could not be materially affected, if, for the rest of his life, he were to call a horse an ox, and, *vice versa*, an ox a horse, provided he continue to enjoy the paces of the easy-going animal in his airings, and be served at table with slices from the tender sirloin of the rougher galloper; so, no more need it interfere with the repose of the real lover of the art of painting, that to what he formerly denominated a Raphael he must henceforth give the name of a Del Sarto. The quality of the picture itself, its capability of affording intellectual gratification, is not in the least affected by this change of appellation; and, if the work ever deserved admiration, it will continue to do so still.

'If,' says Richardson, 'it is doubtful whether a picture or a drawing is a copy or an original, it is of little consequence which it is; and more or less in proportion as it is doubtful. If the case be exceeding difficult, or impossible to be determined, 'tis no matter whether it be determined or not. The picture, supposing it to be a copy, must be in a manner as good as the original; and, supposing that to be one of the best of the master, 'tis the greater curiosity that he could be so well imitated.' A case very much in point is the anecdote recorded of a copy of Raphael's celebrated portrait of Leo X. That picture was copied by Andrea del Sarto, for the Duke of Mantua, by order of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and was imitated with such consummate skill, and the copy was in every respect so excellent a painting, that it deceived Giulio Romano himself, the favourite disciple of Raphael, and the one among all the pupils of that great master whom he most frequently employed in working upon and copying his drawings. While Giulio was engaged in his great works at Mantua, Andrea paid a visit to that city, and the two artists went together over the ducal gallery. As was natural, they tarried before the exquisite portrait of the celebrated Pope, painted, it was supposed, by the illustrious master of one of them. Giulio was at home, and, of course, was the Cicerone on the occasion. He performed his office *secundum artem*; he drew the attention of his companion

to the superb performance, enthusiastically pointed out its excellences, decanted most learnedly on its merits, distinguished the traits remaining of his own pencil, and when at length his brother artist, after indulging for some time in the amusement and gratification afforded by an error so flattering to himself, advertised him of the real truth, he would not be persuaded that the picture before them was a copy, until Andrea, by a particular sign, proved that the work was not that executed by Raphael. Now, if to possess a beautiful work of art, or a finely painted portrait of the illustrious John de' Medici, were the object which the Duke of Mantua had in view when he made the request which led to the employment of Del Sarto in imitating Raphael's picture, it is clear that the copy must have answered his purpose as well as the original could have done. It may be allowed, however, that if the application was made from the desire to have some work or other of the hand of 'the divine artist,' such a wish could only be satisfied by the original; but this would have been a wish not wholly inspired by a love of art.

This anecdote leads us to reflect on the motives by which amateur purchasers of pictures are commonly actuated, and which the author of the smaller of the two works of which the titles are placed at the head of this article, considers to be taste and caprice. To these we should be inclined to add a third, viz., ostentation. To the class of persons who are guided by taste, it can import but little, as we have already endeavoured to show, whether a work be rightly named or otherwise, whether it be a copy or an original: excellence in the one or the other is what they seek, and, finding that quality, they are satisfied. To the man who buys pictures from ostentation, it is of equally trifling consequence whether the acquisition he makes be that of an original or a counterfeit; but, if it be the latter, it is of infinite importance to his peace and self-complacency that he be by no means undeceived. In this case stood Richardson's 'very honest gentleman,' as he seems to have been himself aware. 'Some years since,' says the author of the 'Treatise on Painting,' 'a very honest gentleman (a rough man) came to me, and, amongst other discourse, with abundance of civility, invited me to his house. I have (says he) a picture of Rubens, 'tis a rare good one; Mr. — was to other day to see it, and says it is a copy, G—d d—n him; if any one says that picture is a copy, by G—d, I'll break his head; pray Mr. Richardson will you do me the favour to come and give me your opinion of it?' It may well be asked, what business has such a discriminating 'honest gentleman' as this with a painting? We could find it in our hearts to applaud the broker who, on being applied to procure pictures for such and other like numskulls, should put them off with forgeries as the only works of art they are worthy of possessing.

We may repeat then, that in our opinion little sympathy is to be felt in the complaints of picture-fanciers who have suffered by the impositions of 'picture-jockeys.' Persons who really understand in what the beauties of the art consist, will not, cannot be materially deceived, and such only deserve to possess real gems. In such as do not understand and feel the excellences of art, what is the motive for making collections of paintings but mere affectation? What, in fact, is your ignorant picture-fancier, in most instances, but a fop and a pretender? He sails under false colours—himself a deceiver, he almost deserves to be made the prey of the machinations of others more profoundly artful than himself. 'In most instances,' we say, however; for there is at any rate one exception. It is that of a young and opulent person, whose natural taste inclines him to intellectual elegancies, but who is necessarily inexperienced,—who has not yet enjoyed opportunities for that cultivation which even taste requires. The indignation is indeed excited on beholding such an one rendered by his enthusiasm the victim of the snares of the crafty picture-dealer.

To him, however, one single, simple lesson of prudence and common sense will suffice, if he be worth the trouble of saving. Let him not trust to the representations of others, and still less let him feel confident in the virtue of innate taste; but let him defer making acquisitions until his judgment be formed by observation and study, and until experience have taught him what the world possesses of works of real value. The proper, indeed the only effectual mode of arriving at this degree of cultivation of the taste is, by actual observation of the most excellent works, assisted by the study of books which treat of the principles of the art. The person who has gone through a due course of this kind with attention, and a sincere desire to form a sound taste, might safely trust, to his own opinion in the choice of productions of art, and protect himself effectually from the chicanery of picture-dealers. That collectors of articles of virtù are not in general thus qualified to decide and select for themselves, is to be ascribed to their negligence or their want of real taste. More than one instance might be named of a collector of paintings of noble birth, whose knowledge even of the niceties of the art would surpass that of the most proficient dealers. The latter, however, are a wily race, and it is well to be perfectly conversant with their tricks, and on guard against their manoeuvres; the more so as they have at all times much in their power on the score of the consideration to be given for a desired acquisition, however independent the purchaser may be of them in other respects. It is with this view of the subject, that we direct the attention of such of our readers as take an interest in the arts, to the two works which now lie on our table and have suggested the foregoing observations. The authors are gentlemen who have made the purchase and sale of pictures their profession: the reputation of both, for integrity and honest dealing, is above reproach: and the books with which they have favoured us, prove them to be actuated by that true and honourable commercial principle which prefers negotiating with a person who understands the nature and value of the object of treaty to dealing with one who is ignorant, and whom they have the power, if they possessed the desire, to deceive. They are aware, however, that this principle is by no means that followed by the community of their brethren, whose practices they make no scruple of denouncing. The disclosures they hazard are as amusing as they are instructive. Mr. Winstanley draws the following rather indulgent character of picture-dealers:

'They are at present a numerous community, greatly varied in the shades of their individual character, and may be compared with all the different grades of respectability that exist between the opulent merchant and Jew pedlar. I know several whose character for honest and upright intercourse with the world stands eminently high; and when I see the noble and wealthy ones of our country in familiar and confidential intercourse with them, my good opinion of them is confirmed; and I feel that I can rely upon their integrity as much as I can on that of any merchant or trader in the Empire. I also, as a lover of the Arts, feel myself indebted to their enterprise and spirit, which have, under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty, brought into our country the pictorial riches of Italy, of Spain, and of every part of civilized Europe. Let the most brilliant Collections of this country be stripped of those works of Art which have been placed there through the spirit and judgment of Picture Dealers, and it would be seen how far those Collections, thus "shorn of their beams," had a claim to the character which their possessors boast of. The Admirers of Art owe a debt of gratitude which I am proud to have an opportunity to acknowledge, to the eminent Dealers who brought into this country the riches which now adorn the princely Collections of the Marquis of Stafford, of Lord Grosvenor, of the Right Hon. Robert Peel, and many others, who have thus contributed to the elevation of this country to a high rank in the scale of nations, by their liberal and exalted patronage and protection of the Arts. The Dealers who move in a lower sphere are of as many different degrees in taste and judgment, and of integrity, as there are degrees of difference in the excellence and value of the works they deal in. They

look upon the Arts as a business only, nor can their benign influence affect these traffickers more than as relates to pounds, shillings and pence. With such men, a Collector must cautiously use his own judgment and experience, and it may be found difficult to establish a confidence with them. Yet I am well convinced that when such a confidence is placed in one of these men, he, as well as his more opulent fellow-trafficker, will rarely betray his trust. There are no doubt many individuals in this trade, like every other, who are unworthy of confidence; but I am induced to hope they are but few. Much also of what is attributed to the want of honesty in Picture Dealers, may be fairly attributed to their want of knowledge. I feel very often surprised when I reflect on what has been done and said both by myself and others respecting Pictures, from ignorance. It is a fruitful source of error; and when the intellectual qualifications and state of the understanding of some men who practise the calling of "Picture Dealers" are considered, it is not to be wondered at that both they and those who deal with them, suffer from the effects of ignorance as well as dishonesty. There is another source from which springs much of the chicanery and trick attributed to picture dealing—it is the consequence of gentlemen Collectors turning traffickers in Pictures. I have frequently found men professing to be Amateurs of the Arts, and who collect Pictures, endeavouring to over-reach a Dealer, by making deceptive, and to themselves, advantageous, terms of exchange, and by over-rating the price and value of their own Pictures, fancying that they improve their bargains to the prejudice of the Dealer. When men of opulence condescend to such transactions, they deserve to be the victims of a conduct of which they set the example, and to suffer by transactions in which they thus participate.—Pp. 41—43.

Mr. Smith is less lenient towards the tricks practised by the lower class of persons who profess the same calling as himself, than Mr. Winstanley; probably because he has had more experience of their knavish proceedings: and he exposes the manoeuvres they are in the habit of resorting to for the purposes of deception more in detail. The following evidence is worthy of a report in a House of Commons Committee:

'In exhibiting the various deceptions and manoeuvres of designing dealers, it will be proper to commence with that which is most common, namely, placing the name of a first-rate master upon a picture by an imitator, or on a copy which is frequently disguised by dirt or varnish, &c.; but a copy, if modern, may be easily detected by its newness, as on being pressed by the nail the colour will be found to be still soft. These fabricators disguise a copy by dirt and varnish, using especial care to have it painted on an old canvas or panel, to which seals and other documents are attached at the back, so that unguarded purchasers are often deceived by apparently the most authentic evidences of originality. Amateurs are frequently invited to look at cases of pictures, which are said to be just arrived from the continent. This imitation is accompanied by a plausible history of the collection from whence they are said to be derived, perhaps that of some "ancient family in Italy or Holland." These assurances are occasionally strengthened by invoices, letters, and other corroborative documents. . . .

'Another scheme is to place pictures in an auction, and to run them up to large sums, in order to give them a fictitious value, with the hope of entrapping some unwary bidder; should this fail, the picture is afterwards put up at some other auction, with an observation that it was formerly sold for the sum at which it had been knocked down at a previous sale, and the sacrifice of half or two-thirds of that apparent purchase money, is perhaps an inducement to an unsuspecting spectator to become the unfortunate buyer.

'Another plan, very extensively practised by certain dealers, and by which one or two apparently knowing ones have been duped, as well as less cautious gentlemen, who do not buy with a view to profit, is the placing of old, or purposely dirtied, pictures at brokers, or old clothes and other shops, where the vendors appear to know nothing whatever about them; but they tell some simple story of having bought them "at an old mansion in the country," or of "an antiquated lady, in whose family they are said to have been for the last two centuries."

The following paragraph exposes a system of cheating, and of evading the laws of the land, more villainous than any of those above-mentioned. Its parallel in effrontery and extortion

could hardly be furnished by the whole annals of roguery. But for the perusal of Mr. Smith's book, we might have continued, to the end of our lives, to consider the 'Avare' of the immortal Molière a highly coloured picture rather than a portraiture of real life:

'Before closing this unpleasant subject, it may not be considered altogether inappropriate to glance at a system of dealing in which a certain class of pictures is found to be a most convenient medium, on account of their indefinite value: the writer alludes to the traffic of bill discounting, and the purchase of *post obito*. The necessitous applicants to these unmerciful and ruinous accommodators are usually compelled to take a third, and sometimes one half, the amount of their bonds or bills in pictures, which, of course, are ascribed to the best masters, and valued accordingly at enormous prices. By this nefarious practice, some have enriched themselves, and are now living in affluence. An instance of this sort of dealing occurred very lately, in which a collection of pictures, valued to the needy gentleman at 5000*l.*, did not net, at auction, 500*l.*!

4,500*l.* extra procuration fee! A noble one truly! Such forced connoisseurship who shall counsel? Henceforth, we think, we must relent from our indifference to the lamentations of the victims of picture-jockeys.

A word or two, before we quit this subject, on the nature of the two books now under our consideration. Mr. Winstanley's, which we believe was prior in point of publication, is a small volume of 132 pages, duodecimo, and is well calculated to serve for a manual. Its contents may be summed up in a few lines, by giving the titles of its chapters, which are equally concise, judicious, and instructive. The following is a list of them: 'On the state of the arts in England as regards the works of Foreign Painters.' 'On purchasing Paintings.' 'On the means of acquiring the necessary knowledge of the works of Painters.' 'On copies.' 'On damaged pictures, and attempts at cleaning.' 'On the value of pictures, and on picture dealing.' 'On the Dutch and Flemish Schools.' 'On the German Schools.' 'On the French School.' 'On the Italian School.' These are accompanied by tables of the principal painters of the various schools and their imitators, arranged alphabetically, and by lists separately formed according to the subjects which the respective artists were in the habit of treating. The advantage of this distinct classification according to subject, is too obvious to need to be pointed out. The date of the period at which each artist flourished is set opposite to his name.

Mr. Smith's work is of a different and more elaborate kind. The introduction, from which the extracts already given have been taken, occupies only a few pages, and treats principally of the subject of picture-dealing. The rest of the volume is the commencement of a catalogue raisonné, (which the author, if he receive sufficient encouragement, proposes to carry through four more volumes) of the works of Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters. The artists whose works form the subject of the first volume, are Gerard Dow, Peter Van Slingelandt, (the limner who occupied three years in painting the portraits of the family Meerman, and who worked a whole month at a lace frill,) Francis and William Van Mieris, Adrian Ostade, Isaac Ostade, and Philip Wouwermans. Short but interesting biographical sketches of each artist are prefixed to the account of his works. We extract the first description in the book, not only as a specimen of the manner in which the catalogue is *raisonné*, but as an amusing sample in respect to *subject* of that style of painting, to which English taste gives so decided and obstinate a preference. The description is one of the principal pictures of Gerard Dow:

'I. Interior of a room with a ground ceiling and arched windows. An interesting old woman, habited in the costume of the time, stands in front, occupied in scraping carrots upon the top of a cask; at her right

is a boy with a mouse-trap in his hand, which he is holding up to the light of a large window, in order to see the little prisoner. This object appears to have drawn him from his studies, as he still holds a palette of colours in his hand. On the opposite side (or left of the picture) is a hen-coop with a bright brass can and a red cabbage on it, over which are a dead cock and some partridges and other objects hanging against the wall, and upon a shelf still higher, are some jugs and plates; various other objects are distributed about the room, and at the further end is seen an old man reading by candle-light. This is in every respect an admirable picture, both in composition and exquisite finish, and has, besides, the advantage of clearness throughout, it being illumined by two large windows.'

The history of each painting is traced through the different collections into which it has passed, in the following manner:

'Collection of M. Jan Van Orvielle, Amsterdam, 1705, 1100 florins, 179*l.*; — of M. A. Bout, 1793, 2605 florins, 186*l.*; — of the Widow Reuver Arnst, 1736; when it was sold, with the entire collection, to the Prince of Hesse, for 40,000 florins. From the latter gallery it was transferred, with many other fine pictures, by the chances of war, into the collection of Josephine, at Malmaison, at the distribution of which collection it was purchased by the present proprietor, M. Valdow, at Paris, and is now worth 1200 guineas.'

We beg leave to protest against the conclusion, from the manner in which we have introduced this description, that we are insensible to the merits of Gerard Dow. We have often dwelt on his exquisite works with true, but not exclusive, delight; and it is a satisfaction to us to find that Mr. Smith, whose elegant volume has inspired us with a sentiment of respect towards his person and character, although as a picture-dealer he has been obliged to cater for the public taste, and has been led to make the low school of art the object of his consideration and research, is far from being a *sinker* by nature, and insensible to the higher claims of the more elevated style of art. To prove this in his favour, we conclude our extracts and our article with the following significant passage from his introduction:

'Historic painting is acknowledged to be the brightest and noblest branch of the art: yet the difficulties opposed to its attainment appear to be too often overlooked, or not sufficiently understood; but it should be known, that the half of life is required to prepare the painter with the necessary knowledge and material, during which long period the artist must toil day and night, silently, and, it may be, totally unknown. Should he reflect during his arduous studies upon his future prospects, as to what are the rewards and honours that await him, and what are his hopes and support beyond the casual and uncertain orders of private individuals, —sources of support much too feeble and uncertain to keep alive the necessary energies of mind, and do justice to the merits of a first-rate historical painter. And what are the honours that await him? Perhaps an academical wreath; a poor encouragement to struggling genius, when the same reward may be obtained by the production of a few good portraits, and the suffrages of R. A.'s, too often acquired by obsequious solicitations. Let the munificent encouragement of the French Government be kept in mind; the rewards and honours it has bestowed upon artists in this branch, from the time of Louis XIII. to the present day, and more particularly under the reign of Napoleon, who well knew the value of great painters, as being one of the most effectual means of immortalising himself and his epoch.'

THE VISION OF NOUREDIN.

The Vision of Nouredin, and other Poems. By Sforza. Post 8vo., pp. 192. Hurst, Chance, and Co. London, 1829.

THE author of these poems is apparently a man of considerable fancy and cleverness; and we regret, therefore, that, not daring to be original, he should have chosen the very worst models from which it is possible for a man to copy. We are not anxious to agitate again the question which has been so many times discussed in our pages, whether Lord Byron or Mr. Moore are poets of the highest order; but it is an acknowledgment which we claim as much from their vehement admirers, as from those who agree in

our somewhat more moderate estimate of them, that it is impossible, in the whole hemisphere of poetry, to fix upon two stars whose light will be less brilliant when it is communicated to any surrounding satellites. To whatever cause this may be owing,—to their mighty genius, which defies imitation, or to the essentially unnatural quality of their style, which made it a monopoly in the hands of those who had first the skill to devise it,—such is the fact, ascertained beyond all doubt, by a thousand courageous experiments, and as many unfortunate failures.

Moreover, it is generally the fault of those imitators, that they draw indifferently from either of these two models; which, though both, in our opinion, decidedly faulty, are yet quite different in the quality of their offences. It was said of Milton, that the English language sunk under him, because he imparted to it a strength and coherency which his commentator did not understand. An admirer of Byron may be disposed to catch at the strange compliment which Milton did not want, and to maintain that the English language was insufficient also for him, seeing that he entirely discarded it from his compositions. The dialect which he substituted in its room, was, we must own, far better contrived to express his thoughts, for it is broken, incoherent, lawless,—a stream, not running onward with any steady deep current, but grating harshly against small pebbles which the foam that covers it prevents from being visible at the surface. Mr. Moore, on the other hand, is a very great master of English, the lower or conversational English; and that language, vastly superior for poetry to the language of almost any other country, and inferior only to the English of our old dramatists, and of one or two modern poets, he might have taught with infinite advantage to our young verse writers, and have been really a benefactor in his generation. But, afraid of enclosing his thoughts in such a very transparent case, through which, if they were faulty, their weakness must be at once discerned, he determined to change the nature of the entertainment altogether, and, instead of inviting his readers to look through the glass, to make them look at it,—for which purpose he painted it over with all the grotesque figures that a perverse Egyptian wit ever devised. Now the imitators blend both these strange poeticising schemes. They take, as a ground-work, Byron's knotty and opaque language, and upon this paint Moore's quaint devices: but this plan does not answer, the colours run; and, if there was much confusion in the original, there is not a distinct line in the copies.

We shall say no more of 'Noureddin and other poems,' than that we think they illustrate the opinions we have just expressed, and that, nevertheless, we believe the author to be a man of considerable talent. Nearly every young Englishman has a period of Mooreism and Byronism; but various circumstances, such as the want of solitude or the want of association with higher minds, or, worst of all, the habit of writing verse, and the praise he receives in exchange for it, may keep him there beyond the natural time. But still his mind is not to be judged by its exercises while in the cave of the sorcerers. He may yet be disenchanted, and become as sincere and natural as he is now (unconsciously) artificial and affected. That this consummation may speedily happen to Sforza, is our earnest wish for him; in the mean time, we commend the following extracts to our readers, begging them to take our critical word for it, that, with all their faults, they do indicate powers worthy of a cultivation which they have never enjoyed:

'The Nymphs upon the banks are dancing
Of the placid, speckled lake,
And now in festive groups advancing,
For the groves its shores forsake:
But who is he that keeps so near
Young Amadis, that cheerful maiden?
Noureddin 'tis—what doth he here?
Does he not see the day-light fading—

Does he not hear the anthem stealing
In a slow and holy strain?
Thinks he not of the minstrel kneeling?
He does, he does, but all in vain—
And who is she they Rhoda name?
Does he not know her gentle manner?
Oh what could tempt him to prefer
The lightsome Amadis to her?
But where's Rosalba? many an eve
Hath passed since that he should have met her,
Yet those who taught him to deceive,
Have not allured him to forget her;
Though gentle lips and radiant eyes
Sweet tones and looks of kindness bring him,
They cannot check the rising sighs,
Nor quell the inward griefs that sting him.
How gladly would he then have fled
To the appointed spot of meeting,
But vainly had he thither sped,
For no one stayed to give him greeting;—
Too oft in hope's reviving hour,
Already had he there resorted,
To feel despair with deeper power,
And thence return more desert-hearted.
But yet he could not wholly keep
Away, for some seducing power,
Preserving hope from utter sleep,
Still cheered him at the evening hour;—
That hour at length was come again
And he upon his search was gone,
Lamenting, as he wandered on,
How oft that search had been in vain.
The well-known grove was now in view,
And softened by that hallowed hue
Which the sun's glareless light imprints,
In pensive rays and fading tints,
Gave to his breast a holy glow
Too soothing to betoken woe.

'The lute Rosalba there had left
Was hanging in her jasmine bower,
Yet, though of her sweet touch bereft,
Had lost not its enchanting power,
But plaintively kept throbbing on,
So soft, that as they streamed along,
Its sounds, at that faint whispering hour,
Seemed like the wings of angels flying,
At intervals, about the air,—
Or voice of one from heaven sighing
For errors that had lost him there;—
But hush! Noureddin sweeps its strings,
Sad as the lay he sweetly sings.
The evening primrose has oped its leaf,
The sound of the vesper harp grows faint,
And the breeze seems whispering tales of grief,
As it goes thro' the air with a mournful plaint:
I know why sadness haunts this spot,
Rosalba hither cometh not.

'Float on, ye zephyrs, and tell her how
I linger here in music and sorrow,
In the grove of lutes, where I keep my vow
From dying day till dawning morrow.
Oh! hear me, though she hears me not,
And bid her seek the appointed spot.

'Tell her with tears these eyes are wet—
Say with what pangs this heart is aching—
That heart, which, she knows, adores her yet,
And the fonder burns as 'tis nearer breaking.
Oh! love me still, or love me not;
Rosalba, fly to this desert spot.

'He ceased: a figure flitted by,
When turning on a sudden round,
Kneeling before him on the ground,
The form of Rhoda met his eye.
And who is Rhoda, that she now
Should be so near Noureddin's side?
What makes her thus before him bow,
Can aught that she asks be denied?

'"Rhoda!" impatiently he cried,
"If thou hast tracked my footsteps here,
Whether or not with love sincere,
To try the magic of thy art
In aught that can seduce this heart,
Thy hopes are vain, thou may'st depart!"

'"Tis as I feared," the maiden sighed,
Leaving the spot where she had knelt,—
"Tis as I feared, I am denied,
But still my heart would less have felt
If there had been some softness thrown
Into thy all-refusing tone—
Language by which the heart is broken,
At least in pity might be spoken.

Perchance, had Amadis been nigh,
A kinder beam had lit thine eye;
No matter, I have learnt to brook
Ere this, the sternness of a look;
Sorrow and I too oft have met
For me to feel much new regret.
Ne'er did I cast a kindly eye
On any being that I loved,
That did not always frown or fly,
As if my look were disapproved:
Ne'er did I feel affection's glow,
But just as it appeared returned,
Another came to overthrow
The passion that for me had burned.
Ne'er did my features wear a smile,
Ne'er did my bosom heave a sigh,
But some one always seemed the while
To mock them as they flitted by—
As if it were my fate to be
Ne'er blest with others' sympathy.
But go, Noureddin! join the throng
Of those who will not feel for me:
Nay, look not so, I know ere long
I shall but be despised by thee.
It is my doom to suffer so:
I feel that I must live apart:
There's none will e'er consent to know
The fondness of poor Rhoda's heart."
"Rhoda!" Noureddin wildly sobbed,
"Madden no more this burning brow,"
Ne'er have before these heart-strings throbb'd
With such contending pangs as now!
Call me the demon that I seem,
Think me unfeeling as thou wilt,
Curse me with hate's most deep extreme;
For, strange as thou this truth may deem,
It only lures my soul to guilt
To hear thy gentle voice complain
In such a sad and tender strain.
There's one to whom my vows are plighted,
Too long already hath been slighted,
Whose voice and form resemble thine
So much that, could ye both be mine,
Around ye both my arm should twine.
Yes, there is one—nay do not start,
It is not Amadis, I swear,
Though one whose image from my heart
Hath Amadis oft strove to tear.
But thou whose melting accents creep
Like poisonous sweetness through my veins,
Hast lulled my memory to sleep,
And loosened so my bosom's chains,
That, were Rosalba here to stray
All beautiful as first she shone,
I could not turn my eyes away
To gaze on her, till thou wert gone.
Oh that I could, with neither loth,
Give this divided heart to both!"
"Be it so, then," the maiden cried.
"Now let thy heart resume its place,
Both are already at thy side,
Approach, and in these features trace
Thine own long sought Rosalba's face!"
Noureddin nearer to her came—
Rosalba—Rhoda—were the same!
'But scarcely had her lips met his,
Smiling in transport at her scheme,
When in an ecstasy of bliss
He woke—Bliss ever is a dream!"

The Garden of Silence.

'EVENING was dying, but seem'd loth to die;
Beams of the lingering sun, still shining on,
Languid and lulling as love's parting glance,
Shed light upon the beauty of the scene:
For all was beautiful, as all was still;
The breeze had sigh'd and faint'd, and the leaves
Lay on the air in placid, sleek repose,
Smooth as a silken eyelash when asleep!
'From verdant slopes, in ambient decline,
Came foamless waters gradually down,
Stealing without a murmur, soft and slow,
As tears down beauty's cheek, but pure and bright
As virtue's smiles, meandering o'er stones
Worn white as ivory by their kiss, until
The vales beneath shone surfaced with their flow
In streaks of liquid silver; whilst, from out
Founts in which angels might have bathed their lips,
Gushed falls of fragrant fluid, sparkling so,
And gliding down so mutely, that they seem'd
More like the melting of those lucent gems
Of which their vase was modelled, than the rich
Effusion of its waters.

'Here and there,
Mid groves of cypresses and olive trees,
The rose and lily were together twined,
Like lovers in each other's arms, as if
Beneath the shade they had embraced to die:
The sun-flower, gazing on his god so long,
Drooped down his head abashed, and gazed no more;
The primrose, that at eve expands its leaf,
Was loth to waken, and remained unopened;—
All, all was motionless, the trees, the flowers,
In deep serenity of sleep; but yet
So delicately, sensitively tranced,
A fairy's tongue had almost feared to speak,
Lest it should shake the foliage from their boughs,
Or breathe the blossoms from their stems:—a hymn,
A kiss from holy lips—the Muezzin's strain:
From Mecca's wall—the sigh of penitence—
The nightingale's sweet note—the lute's soft sound—
Even the voice of love had been untimely
In that all-slumbering hour!

TALES OF A PHYSICIAN.

Tales of a Physician. By W. H. Harrison. 12mo., pp. 248. Jennings. London, 1829.

THERE is no class of society which, of late years, has made more valuable contributions to literature, than our provincial physicians. The text of their works has been, for the most part, some professional theory or observation, but they have generally contrived to illustrate remarks which proved a general knowledge at least as extensive as falls to the lot of most professed litterateurs and men of science. Those who are acquainted with society in the great towns of England, well know that the favourable estimate which we form of them from their publications is not at all abated by personal intercourse. They furnish, we will say it boldly, almost the only specimens of the professional character which we can regard without disgust. They are free from the pedantry and *esprit du corps* of their own class in the metropolis; from the insolent ignorance and grossness of conversation which distinguish a large proportion of the gentlemen of the bar; from the *petit maître* pretension, or solemn dullness, which, alas the day! is too sadly characteristic of the body which once reckoned South and Butler among its members. They correspond more nearly than any other men to the curates in the novels of the last century—a class which, owing to the greater estrangement of the clergy in general from their flocks, and the assimilation of manners between those who still reside with them to those of ordinary guests, has ceased to exist. With a little dash of stiffness, just enough to be in harmony with their powder, and to preserve them a distinct caste, the provincial physicians constitute by far the most enlightened and enlightening men whom it is possible to encounter any where out of the metropolis, or, except rarely, in it.

That those who have given such proofs of the extent of their extensive acquirements and superiority of mind should not now and then have favoured us with the result of that experience of human nature which they must have gleaned during their visits to patients in such a variety of mental and bodily temperaments,—may well be regarded as a misfortune. A few, probably, have been deterred by extreme delicacy of feeling; a few, by a somewhat rigorous notion that their professional duties ought to leave them no time for such observations; and a few, from being materialists, and therefore incapable of perceiving any thing which was not the result of physical causes. But, as none of these restraints can operate upon the majority of this amiable and educated class, we trust they will soon add to our reasons of gratitude to them, that of having made us better acquainted with the habits and feelings of our fellow-men. The present volume is a fair beginning in this line, if it be really from the pen of a physician, and we welcome it with pleasure. The stories are not very striking in point of incident, but they are told in a pleasant style, and with great feeling. One of them, 'The Gossip,'

from which we shall make an extract, contains a striking account of the visits of Mr. Everton, the exemplary rector of the parish in which our physician resided, to a poor girl of the town who had come back to her native village to die; these visits, which had produced the most happy effects upon the feelings of the girl, gave rise to the following dialogue between two of his parishioners and a bustling, virtuous, church-going, heartless scandal-monger, called Mrs. Crowfoot:

'A Lady.—Well, Mrs. Crowfoot, what news have you for us? is there any thing stirring abroad this morning?

'Mrs. C.—News, indeed! what novelty is likely to find its way to a dull village like ours, and to me, of all others of its inhabitants, who trouble myself so little with matters which do not concern me?

'Miss M.—True, Mrs. Crowfoot, your domestic concerns, if properly attended to, as doubtless they are, must pretty fully occupy your time, and leave you little to throw away upon the affairs of others.

'Mrs. C.—By the by, Miss Meadowcroft, I have seen your servant walking about very frequently with a gay-looking fellow of a sailor.

'Miss M.—Poor girl! I don't wonder at it; she must find the house of an old maid dull enough, and I cannot blame her for picking up a beau if she can. I can only say that the maid is more fortunate than her mistress has ever been.

'Mrs. C.—But this man is a loose character, I am quite persuaded: I saw him with her but an hour ago, at the coach-office, and the fellow took her round the neck as familiarly as possible, and kissed her previously to his getting on the mail.

'Miss M.—Happy girl! how I envy her!

'Mrs. C.—Nay, madam, if you choose to wink at such gross improprieties on the part of your servant, I have certainly nothing to do with it; but I thought it proper that you should be informed of it.

'Miss M.—For which I am infinitely indebted to you, madam: but unless the "impropriety code" has been very recently amended by the Imperial House of Petticoats, I apprehend that a brother kissing his sister is no offence in law; for precisely in that relation do the sailor and my poor Patty stand to each other.

'A Lady.—So our rector's lady has presented him with a son?

'Mrs. C.—Ah, poor woman!

'A Lady.—Why, what is the matter? she is doing well, I hope.

'Mrs. C.—For aught I know to the contrary, she is

'Miss M.—Then, whence your pity, Mrs. Crowfoot?

'Mrs. C.—Poor woman!

'Miss M.—Poor, indeed! Now I think she is about the wealthiest woman I know of; she is rich in beauty, rich in graces, christian, moral, and personal; rich in health, a very monopolizer of the love of all around her; and, finally, rich in one of the kindest, most benevolent, and talented husbands in the world.

'Mrs. C.—Talented he is, no doubt; at least, so people say; but I am no judge in such matters.

'Miss M.—The breath of calumny has never rested upon his character either as a Christian or a man.

'Mrs. C.—Ah, madam! we are all frail mortals at the best.

'Miss M.—The maxim, coming from a lady of your experience, madam, cannot be doubted for a moment.

'Mrs. C.—A Christian minister too! Oh! I have heard a story of him that has made my heart ache.

'A Lady.—'Tis said, that, to unburden our bosoms of the cause of a heartache, is one remedy for its affliction.

'Miss M.—A consolation which will not be wanting to Mrs. Crowfoot upon the present occasion.

'Mrs. C.—I would not for the world that what I am about to mention should be repeated; but you most of you remember that impudent hussy, Hannah Clover, who thought so much of a pretty face that brought her to ruin. Well, do you know, she has had the assurance to return to her native place, and is actually residing, under a feigned name, in the Dark House?

'Miss M.—Poor deluded girl! I do well remember her, and my heart bled for her at the time. Her mother died, and her father, who had been educated as a gentleman, with ideas of expense above his means, became involved in difficulties. Someway he was hardly used; so, to avoid a prison, he fled to a foreign land, and left poor Hannah virtually an orphan, upon the

wide world, without a friend to help her. But what has this to do with our worthy pastor? You do not mean to say that he led her astray, do you?

'Mrs. C.—No, but I mean to say, that, several times since her return to the village, Mr. Everton has been seen entering that house, where no person who had a character to lose would venture. His horse has been seen tied to the door-post for hours together. What think you of that, madam?

'Miss M.—Think! why that it was ten chances to one the poor horse caught cold.

'Mrs. C.—It may be well for you to jest upon the matter, but I assure you it is a fact.

'Miss M.—May I presume to inquire what evidence you have of it?

'Mrs. C.—I had it, madam, be assured, from good authority.

'Miss M.—Then I must crave leave to doubt; for that same "good authority," to my certain knowledge, is a common liar.

'Mrs. C.—Well then, madam, if I must speak out, I have had the evidence of my own senses, I followed him down the lane in which the house is situated.

'Miss M.—I am heartily rejoiced to find that you tread so closely on the steps of your minister.

'Mrs. C.—Nay, but I saw him enter the door with my own eyes.

'Miss M.—Then, madam, I devoutly wish that your own eyes had followed him into the house; for, if they had, I am persuaded we should have heard little or nothing from you upon the subject.

'Mrs. C.—I follow him into such an abode of vice and iniquity! Upon my word, madam, you appear to have an exalted opinion of me.

'Miss M.—Why, upon your own showing, you were at the door; and there is an ugly proverb against those who venture on the threshold of vice.

'Mrs. C.—But let me ask you, madam, what motive but one, and that an evil one, could Mr. Everton have in visiting a girl of so notoriously abandoned a character?

'Miss M.—I grant you, that he could have had but one evil motive, but he might have had many good ones; of which, I presume, I have your permission to choose any, or all; and, yielding to you the undisputed possession of the bad one, I wish you a good morning. One word, however, before we part. This is not the first nor the second company in which you have sported versions of this story, with the benefit of your charitable inference. I warn you against a further repetition of it. Whatever purpose led Mr. Everton to that poor girl's dwelling, I will stake my life it was a charitable one; and, believe me, madam, they who report it otherwise will repent it in shame and degradation.

The conclusion is equally striking in another way.

'It happened, upon most occasions, that Mr. Everton visited Hannah alone, although he was more than once attended by Mr. Blandford or myself; but in one instance, unaccompanied by us, he went not alone; for a dark figure traced his steps, and glided after him unperceived into the sick one's apartment, where he retired into a recess, and the minister proceeded in his duty unobserved, as he thought, by any other eyes than those of God and the penitent.

'After some conversation, in which the seriousness and sincerity of his manner were not less conspicuous than its soothing kindness, he read, as usual, to her, from the Scriptures, and then knelt by her bed-side to pray. He concluded his devotional exercises with the Lord's prayer; and the "amen," which was pronounced at its close, was echoed in a voice hoarse and dissonant, which appeared to Mr. Everton to proceed from some person in the room. He turned his head, and beheld the dark figure of Black Barnabas kneeling beside him. "Ruthless man!" said the minister, "is not the chamber of death sacred from your intrusion? Stand up, and tell me wherefore you are come." Barnabas remained kneeling, but, crossing his arms upon his breast, exclaimed, "Pardon me, in that I so lately presumed to arrest the minister of God upon his errand of peace."

"Kneel not," was the reply, "to a fellow-sinner. May God Almighty forgive thee all thy sins as freely as I have long since forgiven thine offence to me! But rise, and I will teach you how to implore His forgiveness, which alone can avail you."

"Reverend sir," said the intruder, "I will not disguise from you that my object in following you into this chamber was the gratification of a curiosity ex-

cited by your frequent, and to me mysterious, visits to this house. I have been a witness of your pious labours. Believe me, the word of God was not always strange to my ears, nor foreign to my lips; but calamity (undeserved of men, though well merited of Heaven), which should have chastened my spirit, hardened my heart, and made me what you see, an outcast of the world, and an alien from my God.

"When you commenced the Lord's prayer, recollections of other days came upon me; my heart melted, and, yielding to an impulse mysterious but irresistible, I sunk upon my knees by your side."

"He had scarcely finished speaking, when the curtains were suddenly thrown aside, and Hannah, starting up in the bed, and fixing her eyes upon Barnabas, exclaimed, with a shriek, "My father! my father!" and sunk back, in a state of insensibility, upon her pillow. Barnabas rushed to the bed, and, parting the black locks which hung over his brow, he cried out, "My Hannah! my child!" and cast himself beside her. As soon as the father and daughter had recovered from the shock of this mutual recognition, Mr. Everton departed, promising to see them again on the following day.

"When Mr. Everton made the promised repetition of his visit to the Dark House, he found Barnabas sitting by the side of his daughter's bed. "Sir," said he, rising, "Hannah has been telling me all that you have done for her; that you have led her out of the dark labyrinth in which sin had involved her, making peaceful her last moments, and giving her a blessed hope of everlasting rest in that world whither she feels she is hastening. In all my wanderings, the misery of remorse which I have endured has been more on her account than on my own. I felt myself a devoted being; that my ruin was certain; but I could not endure the thought of my child's perdition. She will now be taken from me, and the eye which hath not wept for many a day will shed tears upon her early grave; but they will not now be bitter tears. And all this, Sir, I owe to you, and for this I am your bounden slave."

"You owe it to God," said the clergyman; "and to Him, and not to the frail instrument of His power, give the glory."

"He then approached the bed, and saw that nature, which had held out so long, was giving way at last, and, turning to her father, he said, "I should wish the physician to see your daughter; my horse is at the door, mount him, and go instantly for Dr. ****, and, if you find him not, bring Mr. Blandford." Barnabas departed on the instant. The clergyman then took the hand of the suffering girl, and inquired how she was. She replied, "Sir, I feel that I am going at last; but, blessed be God Almighty, who hath taken me 'out of the mire and clay, and set my feet upon a rock,' the prospect of death is not a gloomy one. I am going to that blessed country, whither you have directed my way, for which you have the dying thanks of a sinful, but, I trust, not ungrateful heart. May God bless you, Sir,—may He will surely bless you;—may he bless the way of your bosom, and the child of your hopes. Pray, Sir, if they come not before I go hence, convey my humble, yet deep acknowledgments to those kind gentlemen, whose attention to the diseases of my perishing frame has given me time to profit by your instructions and prayers, and to make my peace with Him whom I have so wickedly offended. One thing only presses on my spirit in the hour of its departure. Alas, my father! his life has been a wild and a fearful one! He will listen to your voice as to that of an angel from heaven. Oh, Sir! do for him what you have done for his once wretched daughter." The minister promised that his endeavours should not be wanting. "May the spirit of God," said the poor girl, "rest upon your holy labours!" and then, though we have been widely separated on earth, we shall meet again in heaven. But my breath is fast fleeing, and I would that it may depart from me in prayer." Mr. Everton read some sentences from the Bible appropriate to the solemn occasion, and then prayed fervently. Poor Hannah followed him with her lips, but her voice was not heard. There was a sudden lighting up of her countenance, as she raised her head a little; and uttering, in a low but distinct tone, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!" fell back upon her pillow, and spoke not again. On that instant, there was a noise from without like the approach of a multitude, and, on the next, a loud thundering at the outer door of the building, accompanied by a cry from many voices of "Bring forth the hypocrite!" Mr. Everton rushed to the window in front of the house, and,

throwing up the sash, demanded the meaning of the tumult. He soon discovered, from the expressions which fell from the mob, (composed of the very dregs of the people,) that he was the object of their attack, and that his alleged offence was his frequent visits to poor Hannah. He said, "My friends, what have you ever seen in the conduct of your minister, that you should suspect him of so horrible a crime?" His voice was rendered inaudible by cries of "Unbar the door, or we will pull the house about your ears!"

"There was a struggle in Everton's bosom between his natural courage, which would prompt him to resist unlawful violence, and a feeling that a christian minister should, to maintain the influence so essential to the usefulness of his character, not only be, but appear to be, virtuous; and that, therefore, something should be yielded even to the prejudices of his parishioners. He walked deliberately from the window, and throwing open the door, he exclaimed, pointing to the room of the poor penitent: "There! you would not hear the living: let the dead speak for me!" The foremost of the rabble rushed into the apartment, where they found upon the bed their minister's hat, an open Bible, and a corpse. This appeared to have wrought conviction on the majority of the multitude, for many of them slunk from the spot, as if ashamed of the disgraceful part they had acted; but there were some who still gathered about Mr. Everton, crying out, "The dead tell no tales," and were proceeding to offer violence to his person. One of them, more audacious than the rest, advanced, and laid his hand upon the collar of the clergyman, who, disengaging himself, without a blow, threw his assailant at a considerable distance from him; an action which proved the signal for a general attack. The noise, however, of the trampling of hoofs, and the immediate appearance of three horsemen, for a moment, arrested the attention of the mob. The foremost of the three dashed his horse into the crowd, and, clearing the way up to the minister, cast himself from the saddle, and, with one blow of his fist, laid in the dust a ruffian who was in the act of striking Mr. Everton; another, and another, shared a similar fate. The rabble, whose numbers were somewhat thinned by desertion, now fell back as Mr. Blandford and myself rode up to the scene of action. He who had dealt about him such effective blows now advanced to the mob, who were gathered into a body within a few yards of the house. He cast off the slouched hat, which had thrown a deeper shade upon his dark brow, and exclaimed, "What would ye with this just man? Look upon my countenance! there are many among you who cannot have forgotten me; nay, I see that ye have not. Yes; I am indeed the father of that poor girl who has been plucked from ruin by the minister of whom this day has proved ye are not worthy. You know well, that, lawless as I have been, I am not a man to wink at the dishonour of my daughter, still less to defend the partner of her shame. Hence then, to your homes, for the first of you that shall raise his hand against the innocent object of your cowardly attack, I swear shall never lift it again."

"The rabble, finding that they were altogether in the wrong, and fearing the arrival of the magistracy, soon dispersed; and the minister, mounting his horse, immediately rode home, whither he arrived, providentially, before the tidings of the outrage which had been committed upon him.

"The circumstance, however, was soon generally known, and was taken up with much spirit by the neighbouring gentry; and the Earl of R**** came over to the village, for the purpose of aiding in bringing the offenders to punishment, and tracing the evil report to its source, which latter object was not difficult of attainment.

"Mrs. Crowfoot, to whom the circumstance of Mr. Everton's repeated visits to the Dark House had been casually mentioned, without a hint to his prejudice, and who, by her own confession, had taken the trouble on one occasion to follow him thither, had reasoned upon it after the manner of her tribe, and had published as a fact her own charitable inference on the subject. The respectable portion of those to whom the story was repeated, treated it with the contempt it deserved, and even the gossiping part of the community stood too much in awe of Mr. Everton's character to give currency to the report; but it had reached the ears of the lower classes, of whom there are, in every town or village, many who are eager to catch at the alleged delinquencies of their superiors. Hence, then, a result which had nearly proved of serious injury to Mr. Everton.

"The worthy minister, however, could not be prevailed upon to take any steps against the offending

party; but such and so general was the indignation excited against the authors of so scandalous a report, that Mrs. Crowfoot was compelled to quit the neighbourhood.

"Black Barnabas, as he was called, in consideration of the active part he had taken in defending Mr. Everton from the attack of the rioters, was given to understand, that, if he were willing to abandon the lawless course of life he had hitherto pursued, his past offences against the revenue should not be remembered to his prejudice."

THE HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.

The History, Principles, Practice, and Results of the Hamiltonian System, &c. By J. Hamilton, author of 'The Hamiltonian System.' Sowler. Manchester, 1829.

In our last number we stated what we conceived to be the ultimate object of our ancestors in fixing upon language as the basis of education in our public schools. We now proceed, according to our promise, to examine whether the same object, viz., that of forming a manly character, is professed by Mr. Hamilton and the advocates of his system.

Strange as the assertion may sound, we are convinced that there never was a time when wise men had more temptation to publish one set of doctrines for the use of the public, and to retain another for their own, than in the present day, when all men are jumping at the fruit of the tree of knowledge. While the number of the disciples continues small, and they live together in joy and singleness of heart, that philosopher is a mean secretive Ananias who will not consent to hold his thoughts in common—who will keep back any portion for his solitary indulgence. But when thousands are crowding into the ranks without any temptation but the hope of bettering themselves by sharing in the general spoil,—swine who, he knows right well, infinitely prefer their husks to his pearls,—he is not to be accused of unpardonable selfishness, if he dispenses only among the crowd the less costly part of his viands, and keeps what is most strong and nourishing for the support of that life which is fainting, and well nigh perishing, under the heat, and pressure, and suffocation. And certainly, if there be any convictions of his mind of which he is at liberty to suppress the utterance, he may most lawfully conceal from the knowledge of the society around him that which refers to projects for its own improvement. For how the world may allow the possessor of ideas in which they are not partakers to go at large, because they consider his madness of a kind which will injure nobody but himself, most assuredly the moment they discover that he is busy with plots for disturbing their quietness, that moment will they call aloud for a dark room and a straight-waistcoat. Perhaps, therefore, he is reasonable, certainly he is pardonable, who, having in an honest and true heart projected such a scheme, points not to the ultimate end, which is ever present to his own imagination, but only to some of those more direct predicate consequences which the world may be able to discern with no stronger telescope, and may strive to reach with no loftier ambition, than its own. Suppose, then, Mr. Hamilton, having strongly present to his mind the conviction that his mode of education will be the means of strengthening and forming a manly character, but knowing also that the world cares nothing for this object, cares nothing for character at all, except so far as it tends to bring a direct return of its own commodities, we should not now blame him if he had not put this substantively forward as the motive of his undertaking, but had simply announced his intention of teaching languages in the best possible mode, and had trusted for the accomplishment of his nobler end to the sure working of the principle which he had discovered and revealed. We rest nothing, therefore, upon the fact of Mr. Hamilton's mode alluded to, nor to the possibility of his system, or

any system of teaching languages, conducting mainly to this end. We admit that he may have kept his counsel upon this matter from policy; and if this exoteric reason of his system nowise wars against and renders impossible this inward conviction, we shall cheerfully embrace all the assistance he can afford us in realising it. We will endeavour to gain what light we can upon this subject from Mr. Hamilton himself. In his lecture delivered at Liverpool on the 18th of March last, we find the following passage, which has been probably laboured more than any other passage Mr. Hamilton ever uttered or wrote:

'But how does the study of Greek and Latin cause all this mischief? By the most simple process that can be conceived: by taking up all the time of the student, and consequently preventing him from reading!—reading, whose effects mankind seem to be utterly unaware of;—reading, the only real—the only effectual source of instruction;—reading, the pure spring of nine-tenths of our intellectual enjoyments,—the only cure for all our ignorances;—reading, without which no man ever yet possessed extensive information;—reading, which alone constitutes the difference between the blockhead and the man of learning;—reading, the loss of which no knowledge of Greek particles, nor the most intimate acquaintance with the rules of syntax and prosody, will ever be able to compensate;—reading, the most valuable gift of the Divinity, has been sacrificed to the acquirement of what never constituted real learning, and which constitutes it now less than ever; and to the contemptible vanity of being supposed a classical scholar, often without the shadow of a title to it. That this picture is not charged, I would appeal to the experience of almost every man capable of understanding me,—to every man whose position in society has given him an opportunity of knowing those who compose it: I would appeal to the minister of the gospel, the physician, the lawyer, the gentleman. I would entreat every parent to inquire into its truth, before it be too late to prevent its baneful effects upon his offspring.

'Reading is, then, of ten thousand fold the importance of any other science, because it is the mother of them all; and, as it must not be sacrificed to Greek or Latin, so neither should it be sacrificed to any thing else.'

Again,

'As reading is the source of all real instruction, as is self-evident to any man who reflects on the subject, so it is also the sole—the only means by which the words of a language can be acquired. It is inconceivable that those persons whose business is the instruction of others in the languages, should not have found out this obvious truth, that to speak or write a language, we must know it by heart; and that so far as we know it in this manner, so far reaches the copiousness, harmony, and variety of our style in speaking or in writing, and no farther!'

We have made these extracts, because they are the only passages in this lecture which contain any exposition of Mr. Hamilton's objects. All the rest of the paper is occupied with an exposition of his system. And now let us compare them with the views of our ancestors upon this subject. Our ancestors thought that the difference between a blockhead and a man of learning, or any other kind of sense, was, that in the one the faculties were dead and dormant, and those of the other in a state of cultivation; Mr. Hamilton affirms the difference to consist in reading. Our ancestors believed that whatever tended to give life and expression to the mind, tended to cure it of its ignorance; Mr. Hamilton says, the only cure for ignorance is reading. Our ancestors thought the mother of all the sciences was that great science which contains them all—the science of our own natures: Mr. Hamilton says, the mother of all sciences is reading. Our ancestors thought that there was between thought and language a connection so vital, that, if the one were taught, the other would be called out: Mr. Hamilton makes reading, which he considers the omnipotent instrument as well as the self-sufficient object of education, the means of teaching the words of a language; that is to say, he considers the ultimate end of teaching languages to be the inculcation into the memory of the language, not con-

sidered as connected with any thoughts. Lastly, our ancestors believed that only by receiving into our heads the spirit of the language could we hope either to turn a language to the slightest account: or, what is more important, to obtain by means of it, the faculties which shall turn it to account. Mr. Hamilton, leaving the faculties entirely out of the question, says that all the objects which he contemplates from the study will accrue to those who learn its words by heart.

YET MR. HAMILTON IS TO ACCOMPLISH THE SAME ENDS AS ARE CONTEMPLATED BY THE PRESENT SYSTEM, WITH ONLY THE DIFFERENCE, THAT MONTHS INSTEAD OF YEARS WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE ATTAINMENT OF THEM.

But then 'The Westminster Review,' in an article written expressly to prove that this system is the masterpiece of human wisdom, asserts, that nevertheless the author of it is an exceedingly stupid man; so it is probable that Mr. Hamilton may have mistaken his own end altogether, and may be working, under the guidance of some divine instinct, in the straightest direction for it. This hypothesis is at once so precise, and so characteristic of a Westminster Reviewer, that we must take time to examine it. We will do so by quoting a passage from the review, which contains, not the views of the system which are entertained by its stupid author, but by its enlightened advocate:

'1. The fundamental principle of the Hamiltonian system is peculiar to it: it is, that it is the office of the instructor to teach, and not to assign the lesson to the pupil and to order him to learn it. Without doubt every instructor, whatever kind of knowledge he undertake to communicate, at some part or other of the course, teaches to a certain extent. The distinctive character of the Hamiltonian method is, that in the beginning especially, and up to the advanced section of the course, the teacher communicates every thing to the pupil; he does not leave him for a moment, and, least of all, does he leave him for the purpose of exciting his inventive faculty; he trusts nothing to his pupil's sagacity; he even affords him no opportunity to try it; every thing is mechanical. Supposing his scholar to be ignorant of every thing relating to the subject-matter to be studied, the Hamiltonian teacher tells his pupil whatever it is requisite that he should know. The teacher gives, the pupil receives; the teacher does nothing but communicate that which he has already learnt, the pupil does nothing but learn that of which he was hitherto ignorant. Extraordinary as it may appear, this mode of instruction is absolutely new: until Mr. Hamilton pointed it out, its peculiar importance and excellence was not perceived. We do not say that no idea of it had ever occurred to any reflecting man. There are proofs on record of its having been discerned by some philosophers who have studied and analysed with success the faculties of the human mind. But what we affirm is that no one had ever before perceived it with such clearness, or appreciated it with such justice, as to make it the all-important principle, which ought to be laid down as the foundation of every mode of instruction.'

This is manly, and we thank the reviewer for it. We ask nothing more. The Hamiltonian system is wholly MECHANICAL; in other words, the object of it is not in the least degree to call forth the faculties of the pupil. Now, the whole object of our ancestors was to call forth the faculties of the pupil.

YET MR. HAMILTON IS TO ACCOMPLISH THE SAME ENDS AS ARE CONTEMPLATED BY THE PRESENT SYSTEM, WITH ONLY THE DIFFERENCE, THAT MONTHS INSTEAD OF YEARS WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE ATTAINMENT OF THEM.

Before we proceed to the last part of our article, which we reserve for another number, we must notice a delicious argument of 'The Westminster Review,' to disprove the ordinary opinion, that the mere imposition of words upon the memory does not promote the true end of education. 'The fallacy of this notion,' says the Reviewer, 'when once pointed out, is so obvious, and even so startling, that it is astonishing it should have misled any one for a

moment. The error lies in the conception that in the process of instruction, the faculties of the teacher who communicates alone are active, while those of the pupil, who receives, because he only receives, are passive; AS IF ACTIVITY OF THE INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES WERE NOT, IN THE VERY NATURE OF THINGS, ESSENTIAL TO THE RECEPTION OF A NEW IDEA.'

Let us make use of this argument to expose a notion which has hitherto been very prevalent, not in morals but in physics, we mean that when food is crammed down the throat of a child or a man, his system does not receive so much advantage from the food, as when he swallows and masticates it for himself. The fallacy of this notion is so obvious and striking, that it is wonderful it should have misled any one beyond a moment; as if the activity of the digestive organs were not in the very nature of the thing essential to the reception of—nourishment! If our readers remark the two sentences, they will see that there is not the least more dishonesty in the use of the word 'nourishment' instead of 'food' in the last, than of 'idea' in the first in place of 'words.' However confused the Reviewer's notion may be of the nature of an 'idea,' (and we can give him credit for a very tolerable quantity of perplexity on this subject,) we do not apprehend that he meant 'idea' to be synonymous with 'words.' If he did, we are quite content, and the phrase will stand in its naked assumption, 'as if activity of the intellectual faculties were not essential to the reception of a new word!' But if he meant by idea, as we suppose he did, not a word, but that which results to the mind from a word, then in assuming that an idea is received at all by the imposition of words upon the memory, he will simply have begged the whole question. And these are the fallacy-exposers of the 19th century!

In our next number, which we hope will finish the subject, we shall consider the advantages supposed to result from the new system, in saving time for other studies, and the real principle upon which reforms in our public institutions for education ought to be conducted.

THE KING'S INTENDED PRESENT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—It will be observed by the report of the proceedings of the Artists' Benevolent Fund Society, at the annual meeting and dinner, on Saturday, of which the daily papers have given a full account, that his Majesty has been pleased to exercise his munificence and to give a new proof of his anxiety to promote a general taste for the arts, by authorising the purchase of two of the best paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, for the purpose of presenting them to the National Gallery. The speech of the President of the Royal Academy will be read with interest. The expressions of humility which it contains, afford a new illustration of the often-repeated axiom, that modesty is the constant attendant on genius. Had its tone been a little less courtly, the effect would have been more powerful. The President of the Royal Academy should bear in mind that mummery passed its perihelion when Mr. Brougham made his famous harangue at Liverpool in praise of Lord Eldon, and an evident reaction towards honesty has since taken place in all classes, except the strugglers for the *ancien régime*. It may be added, however, that as long as Sir Thomas sends to the exhibition such admirable portraits as those which now figure in the rooms of Somerset-house as the resemblances of the Duchess of Richmond and Mr. Soane, he has no occasion to anticipate a decline in his talents. To all but himself his powers appear undiminished.

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ARACHNE—A MEDITATION.

Woe betide, and curses, the unnatural cleanliness of English cities! I have profited little by my idle and rustic life; but at least I have learned not to condemn a spider. Here I wander up and down the stairs as unhappy as the great Florentine poet, and cannot find from garret to cellar even one of the insects I delight in. I have been used to think them the companions, almost as it were the geni, of my old walks, my old trees, my old recollections, and daily thoughts. In this barren and mechanical metropolis I rejoiced, after many weeks, to discover among my shelves one small but genuine and living cobweb. I immediately proceeded to secure it as well as I might from the incursions of the enemy and the besom of destruction. I raised in front a huge rampart with the mighty and generous old folio of Raleigh, and strengthened the flanks with bastions of Don Quixote, the Greek Testament, and Wordsworth. Above the whole as a donjon keep, I exalted Mr. Bentham's last five volumes on the law of evidence, and to make sure against any casual approach, I took care that the name should be visible. I fondly believed that I had successfully fulfilled all the duties of a wise governor and friendly protector; and in the gladness of my heart, whenever I was sure that nobody was at hand, I removed a part of the fortifications, and contemplated the fairy palace which I had encircled with these bulwarks of such distant ages and various architecture. The elaborate construction and scientific form of the building inspired the housemaid with a salutary and holy terror. But my cousin Mary, (whose embroidery, by the way, almost equals that of Arachne), came into the room to superintend the hanging of one of her own drawings, of which she had made me a present, and was surprised at the aspect of my precious pile. She lifted in her delicate hands one or two of Mr. Bentham's volumes; their weight oppressed her, their name puzzled her, she let them fall on the magic web below, and my comfort was destroyed for ever.

Yes, for ever! I cannot hope that in this capital, which is the domain of house-maids and brooms, I shall be able to maintain near me even a single spider. Yet, O! blind and clownish generation! when will you construct a web so airy and regular? What be your engineering and your weavings,—what be your ground-plans and your diagrams, compared to the exact beauty of a cobweb? Look at those fine threads, those strengthening diagonals, those sharply-drawn and concentric circles, and then boast of the bare and meagre Roman castramentation, or of the clumsy art of Flemish engineering. When shall your bounties, or your prohibitions, or your free-trade, the mightiness of your machines, or the skill of your throwsters, draw out a line which would show finer than a cable beside this thin and silver thread? The labyrinths of your old gardens! The mazes of your modern cities! Bring Egypt and Crete, bring Le Notre and the seventeenth century, set London and Pekin beside a cobweb, and teach yourselves to be abashed by the art of the insect, and the mystery of its habitation! Learn from this how coarse the lace on a queen's bosom; how rude and inartificial the devices of human oresters and princely huntsmen; how irregularly knotted and ignorantly arranged the nets which catch in the blue Mediterranean and around the promontories of the north, the fish for the feasts of luxury, and the kettle of Domitian. Where is the Retiarian Gladiator who will weave his web out of his own bowels, and fight without a weapon? Or when was the golden hair of Euphrosyne bound with a net, the silk whereof was a living portion of the goddess?

What an agile tumbler is the spider! How boldly, and yet how surely, does he climb, and creep, and spring, among his lofty and tremulous rigging! See him dropping from some tall thin bough, as if he were descending from a star; and

when he has reached the ground, he swoons not, nor is bruised; he leaves it to the son of Jupiter to be maimed, to the son of Apollo to be slain, by a fall to earth: wise mechanist, he suspends himself as surely as if he were upheld by the golden chain that unites the worlds; rare dancer, he touches the sod as lightly as a butterfly or a breeze; aspiring vaulter, that will not live below his former home, with the airy nimbleness of a bird he mounts the moonbeam ladder that himself has made, draws after him the polished staircase of ductile crystal, that no crawling worm may follow him to his castle, and sits in state, where, from his breezy chambers and gossamer case-ments, he may look out with contempt on the deeds of the rude labourer and puzzled artist—MAN!

And in those dim and quiet recesses, wherein he often dwells, like Mahomet in his cave, or Luther at Wurtzburg, or Socrates in the shadow, how notably and profoundly doth he not meditate on the powers of nature, and the laws of existence! Speak of the cob-web brains of philosophers and poets! Where, I prithee, is the man whose brain deserves so honourable an epithet? Let us estimate the inward thought and pregnancy of speculation by the outward achievement which is its sign and type. What moralist, what man of fancy, hath ever figured and embodied his conception of the universe and the causes of things in so clear and complex a plan as a cobweb, and with a hand so plastic as the spider? Must not he be a genuine recipient and expositor of the principles of truth, who constructs out of his own blood and thoughts so complete, definite, and significant a symbol of the system of creation? How methodically are the great lines and main supports arranged, how carefully and strongly compacted; how minute, delicate, and suitable the small connections and details! How well is every part adapted to all the others! how bold and magnificent the general design! how perfect the execution! how full of intelligence and life! and how clear in the mind of the artist must needs be the view of all the moral and physical relations of the world; how strictly practical, and allied with the individual character; how dependent on his connection with all above him, and all below him! What philosopher has certainly discovered, and steadily maintained, any one law of the invisible, or, I might almost say, any one of the visible, universe? Leave these dreams to the young men, who are unfit even (as Hector quotes from Aristotle) to 'study moral philosophy, and therefore still more assuredly unfit to study the ways, and webs, and intellects of spiders. Happy man would he be whose mind should approach the method, and delicacy, and sensibility of a cobweb!

The age is unworthy of these contemplations, or else might it not fairly be urged that a cobweb is the evidence and badge of a calm and reverent antiquity? When the conqueror is a handful of dust no larger than has a thousand times been marked and stained by the bloody hoof of his charger, when his conquests have fallen to fragments, and his dynasty has passed away,—then in the silent halls of his splendour and about the mouldering pillars of his monuments, the spider weaves his glimmering web, the one true heir to the fame of Alexander and the empire of Darius. And when mighty armaments, moved by as many millions of men as were drowned in the deluge, have been shaking asunder or banding together kingdoms, when the thousand leaders have been feasting together in palaces, waited on by ten thousand captive princes, when the riches dug in many ages from many hundred mines have been heaped for a trophy into a mountain, and the sins of the triumphant are builded into a mountain taller than this, bloody and burning, when all this has endured for a space, then comes in to inherit the palaces and the trophies, and to write its moralising on the wealth and the iniquity, that small and grey phi-

losopher the spider, and runs to and fro over the banquet-table of Sardanapalus and Semiramis, and makes a roof in the entry of the pyramid, and spreads the mantle of his new possession on the throne of the Cæsars. For gladiator, and spectator, and emperor, what now has the circus but a spider? What now has Timur instead of his hundred diadems, but a cobweb? What fills the skull of Archimedes, but that one little diagram? That twilight web is wavering where the banners of monarchs and the veils of the lovely have passed away. That thin pale thread succeeds to all of brightest and most permanent on earth. That brief and significant inscription has marked the tombs of Adam and the Patriarchs, and it shall be written on the sepulchres of mankind, when the world shall not contain a living man.

A SECOND POETICAL EPISTLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

[The following epistle is a sequel to the one, a translation of which appeared in 'The Athenæum' of last week, and handles another branch of the same argument. It is much to be regretted that Goethe did not pursue it further, and that he has not given us any more compositions of the same class. In this instance, as in others, after showing that he could equal or surpass the greatest masters in their own peculiar province of the art, after exhibiting specimens that were models of perfection, he seems to have thought that this particular portion of his intellectual nature was now sufficiently developed, and has turned aside to cultivate some other. Thus it has happened that these two epistles stand alone among his works, as, indeed, they do in the whole field of modern literature; at least, where else is any thing to be found worthy of being compared with those most exquisite and delightful productions of the good sense and good breeding of the Romans, the satires and epistles of Horace? Other writers who have attempted to imitate Horace, not even excepting Pope, have expanded, and hardened, and stiffened, and embittered him. But Goethe's epistles have all Horace's playful gaiety and graceful lightness of touch, with more than all his Socratic irony and wisdom; and, like his, they breathe that spirit of universal kindness and philosophical indulgence towards all the waywardnesses of human nature, which, whatever the disciples of Chesterfield may assert to the contrary, is the soul of all good breeding, and without something of which, all good breeding is a hollow mask, cold and brittle, and not worth a straw.—It may be as well to remark, with reference to the latter part of this epistle, especially considering the tenfold velocity with which the wheel of fashion has been running round of late years, that it was first published in the year 1795.]

EXCELLENT friend! thou knittest thy brows; thou exclaimest, that jesting Here has been quite out of place; thy question was grave and momentous, And it required to be answered as gravely. I know not, by heaven, How it has happened that some pert demon of laughter possessed me; But I will now continue more seriously. Men, thou declarest, Men may look after themselves, and watch over their lives and their lessons: Choose they to go wrong, let them: but think of thy daughters at home, think How these pandaring poets are teaching them all that is evil.

This is a mischief, I answer, 'tis easy to remedy; more so Than many think perhaps. Girls are so good, and so glad to have something They may be busy about. Give the eldest the keys of the cellar, That she may see thy wines placed right whenever the merchant Or when the vintager sends in the barrels of generous liquor Here will be much for a damsel to look to: such numbers of vassels, Bottles, and emptied casks, to be kept all clean and in order. Oft, too, will she observe how the must keeps frothing and stirring, And she will pour in more when it falls short: so may the bubbles Easily float to the mouth of the vat; and the noblest of juices Ripen in delicate clearness, to gladden the years that are coming. Daily, moreover, she draws it unweariedly, filling the bottles Ever afresh, that its spirit may always enliven the table. Next, let another be queen of the kitchen; then, in good earnest, She will have work enough; dinners and suppers all summer and winter,

And they must always be savoury, yet without draining the strong box.
 When Spring opens its doors, she has motherly cares for the poultry,
 Feeding the ducklings betimes in the yard and the yellow-beaked chickens.
 All that the season produces she brings in its turn to the table,
 Happy if only before hand. Daily she changes the dishes,
 Tasking her wits to devise a variety. Soon as the summer
 Ripens the fruit, she stores for the winter. Down in the cool vault
 Cabbages lie fermenting, and vinegar mellows the gurkins,
 While, in the breeze-loving loft, she treasures the gifts of Pomona.
 Joyfully lists she to the praise from her father, brothers, and sisters;
 But if in aught she miscarry, alack! 'tis a greater misfortune,
 Than if thy debtor absconded and left thee his note for thy money.
 Thus will the maiden be ever more busy, and quietly grow up
 Full of all household virtues, and happy the man who shall wed her.
 Then, if she wishes to read, she will take up a treatise on cooking,
 Such as the restless presses have issued already by hundreds.
 Has she a sister? her care be the garden. Thou dost not condemn it,
 Surely, to girdle thy house with a belt of romantical dampness:
 But it is laid out neatly in beds, for the use of the kitchen,
 Bearing the wholesomest herbs, and the fruits that make children so happy.
 Thus, like a patriarch, let thy own house be a kingdom in little,
 And let thy offspring around thee be ever thy truest servants.
 If thou hast still more daughters who like sitting quiet and working
 Works such as women delight in, 'tis only the better: the needle
 Finds little leisure to rust in the year round: be they so homely
 While they are staying at home, when abroad they would willingly look like
 Ladies with nothing to do. How much, too, has sewing and darning,
 Washing and pleating increased! now that every damsel is wearing
 White Arcadian garments, with long-tailed petticoats trailing,
 Sweeping the streets and the garden, and stirring a dust in the ball-room.
 Verily, had I a whole round dozen of daughters to manage,
 I should be ne'er at a loss for employment; they get up employment
 All for themselves in abundance; and so not a volume the year through
 Should ever come from the book-lender's library over my threshold.

J. C. H.

THE INVITATION.

Rise, my love, the loud-voiced wind
 Leaps with shouting through the sky,
 And the myriad lamps of light
 Which bespeck an azure night,
 Dimly glimmer forth on high,
 As the blasts the folds unwind
 Which conceal them from the eye.
 O'er the top-cloud of the storm
 Doth the crescent-shaped queen
 High uplift one lustrous horn
 Glowing like red gold, unshorn
 Of one beam; meanwhile between
 Dark cloud-veils, its sister form
 Sleeps a quiet sleep unseen!
 And the undistinguished trees
 Whose dark outline meets the cloud,
 Their sad neighbourhood reveal
 Only by the awe we feel,
 When with whispers long and loud
 Flits among them the night breeze
 Like a ghost which leaves a shroud!

The smooth lake, whose waters lave
 Yon hill's base, is murky and dim;
 Neither moon, nor cloud, nor star,
 Darting through it from afar,
 Rise again in fashion trim
 On the pebbles which it pave:—
 Nature wears a semblance grim!

In the gale I mark a sound,
 Which to none but gifted ear
 Is revealed;—a sound of power!
 'Tis the spirit of the hour!
 He to men who dare to hear
 Will the secret spells expound
 Which uphold this earthly sphere!

While his sister spirit sits
 In the beamy moon above,
 And as on his shadow-wings
 O'er the joyous earth he springs,
 Greets him with her looks of love,
 Then he laughs and rocks by fits
 The tall hill and feathery grove.

My sweet girl, we fear him not!
 For high converse we have held
 With swarth forms, with satyrs rude,
 With all shapes that haunt the wood,
 The dark cave, the sunny field:
 In church-yards for ghosts we've sought
 By no human dread repelled!

He doth love! Love hath no fear!
 And the over-arching sky
 Be the storms athwart it thrown,
 Be the sun in glory shown,
 Must be ever to thine eye
 Love's eternal fane, a sphere
 Which no evil cometh nigh.

He doth love! And so do we!
 He fears not! How can we dread!
 Then come forth and let the wind
 All thy golden locks unbind,
 Toss thy arms above thy head
 Like a Maenad frantically
 In the forests wandered!

And his still deep voice shall fall
 Like sweet music on thy soul;
 For there's nought that joys and lives
 But to thee its pleasure gives
 From those orbs aloft that roll
 To the withered leaves which all
 The light winds at will control!

And I'll hear his whispers too,
 For the waves and skies by me
 Are beloved, and godlike man
 Nature's all-comprising plan;
 And while listening thus with thee
 All things seem more sweetly true
 To the primal harmony!

THE HUNGERFORDS—A FAMILY SKETCH.

I AM a very old quack, and it is quite time I should retire from the active duties of my profession. To you, my dear children,—dear for your own sakes, and dear because I see revive many of those traits which have distinguished the characters of both your parents,—to your hearts I commit the preservation of my memory, and to your heads the continuance of my traffic. Listen, darlings, while I utter in your ears the words of one anxious, deeply anxious, to see you as straightforward, high-minded, triumphant impostors as himself. Nay, why do I so limit the expression of my paternal hopes? You may be greater, wiser, mightier men than ever I have been. My empiricism, I confess, has been too discursive, too all-embracing. In the ambition of my boyish heart, fired as it was with recollections of the great men who had preceded me, and upheld by a consciousness of what I could myself achieve, I deemed that the whole world of trickery was within my grasp, and wept by anticipation, that there would in time be no more worlds to subdue. I was wrong, I acknowledge it; but you, dears, will profit by my experience. I apportion out among you the different provinces of my vast empire; hear and remember my instructions for their management:

FRANK! my first-born, you were always your mother's darling; and yet, I know not how it is,

you inherit but little of her wit. That dull, heavy look of your's would be worth a hundred thousand pounds to such a shrewd dog as your brother Adolphus. He, poor fellow, has got an unfortunate appearance of cleverness, which, I fear, will ruin him. How strangely the gifts of Providence are dispensed! But something might be done for you yet. Let me see, what is that log fit for? I have it. Frank, you shall be a poet.

A poet! But I can't make verses, Sir!

That did not occur to me. But, hang it, what can it signify? I will give you directions. In the top shelf of my library, close to the fire-place, you will find a row of books, on which you will see written 'Old Plays.' A little way off, you will see books labelled 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained.'

What am I to do with them, Sir?

Why you may take as much from them as you like, and nobody will be the wiser. But that's not the thing. You do not suppose that you will have to write a great many poems in order to be a poet, do you?

Yes, Sir. What else am I to do?

Che! che! the child is quite hopeless. Why, Frank, if you can only start off with a poem of 400 lines, upon the Conversion of St. Paul, you are a made man; and, far from having to write any more, every review in the empire will be full of such phrases as these: 'Why does Mr. Frank Hungerford, who tuned his matin lyre so sweetly, never favour us with a noon-day song?' intimating, you perceive, that you would be a monstrous fool if you did. 'For our own parts, we admire this abstinence of Mr. Hungerford. True genius does not court opportunities of display.' This you say is a made reputation. You will be praised just because you don't write. How do you like that, Frank?

But how am I to live, if I do nothing else all my life?

How are you to live? Why, Frank, your ignorance of the world, for a young man of twenty-four, and my son, is really shocking. Are you not aware that you will dine out every day, that you will be paid all round by the annuals 100l. each not to write in the others, and that you have every possible chance of a plum?

But surely Frank's face will not pass for a poet's, Sir. He has not got his eye into a fine frenzy, or any thing of that sort.

My dear Adolphus, why will you be always setting up to be so much wiser than your father? Why, it was that desperate face of his that put me upon making him into a poet, which, in most cases, is not by any means a profession I should recommend. Don't you see how easy it will be to describe him as a man of a deeply meditative countenance, withdrawn from outward objects, and poring in silence over his own heart? Well, so much for you, and that is one good job over.

CHARLES! what are you doing there? Come, Sir, and attend to me: there is occupation enough in the world for your impudence. The only faults of all my dear children are excess in their peculiar virtues. Frank in stupidity, Ambrose in vulgarity, Adolphus in cunning, you in brazen-facedness; Charles, you must be the drawing-room quack.

Why the devil do you put me to such a business as that? There is not a person in the world hates men and women as I do.

My dear Charles, how very unworthy that is of you! I know you hate men and women, but ought that to prevent you from imposing upon them? Be sure, Charles, that to accomplish any great objects, to gratify any ultimate desire—we must put a curb upon all our inclinations. We must take, as Mr. Warren the Benthamite told you the other day, a distant and large view of our self-interest, instead of a narrow and neighbouring one.

But I am quite sure that my impudence will turn to no account in society. I dare say I shall be quite shamefaced and foolish in the presence of women.

And if you are, so much the better; it was just the course I meant to prescribe for you. A really shy man may just as well go hang himself; for there is not a person whom he converses with that does not hold him a bore and a curse, and he holds the same opinion himself much more strongly than any of them. But an impudent man cannot do a better thing than begin with an air of extreme bashfulness and constraint. Let me explain to you: that slouching, devil-may-care gait of yours must be converted, as it will without the least difficulty, upon your first entering your profession, into a student-like awkwardness. You must tumble into a room, thus, as if your legs and body, like two country footmen, were squabbling about whose place it was to support the other—your head must make an effort to stand up, but weighed down by your anxiety to conceal the blushes which cover it—must present the appearance which a clever critic on phrenology attributed to the man who should be so unfortunate as to have an organ of secretiveness, and one of self-esteem, battling with each other—then let your whole demeanour express the painful scepticism by which your mind is racked respecting the propriety of addressing yourself to the first person who comes forward to salute you, or of cutting your way under the hostile fire of some fifty Christian and turbaned heads into the presence of the lady of the house—then retire—not (need I mention it?) without knocking two hats out of the hands of the gentlemen holding the same, into the arms of the lovely being with whom they are conversing—retire, I say, into a remote corner to a table, which will afford you the opportunity of throwing a volume of engravings upon the fair ankle nearest you—then descending—

You need not go on, Sir; I can do all this, and a great deal more of the same kind, if it is necessary.

It is necessary, you may depend upon it, for what will follow? There is some compassionate person in every English company. Say a married lady, or a single one of a certain age. Well, she observes your confusion, and takes you from that day under her patronage. Be sure you throw yourself in the way of meeting her again and again. Whether she is worth anything herself or not, her descriptions of you to others as a young man in whom there is really a great deal more than appears, with other phrases of the same sort, will do you good. And then, attend to me, let there be no medium; do not let the shell of shyness scale off by degrees, but, all at once, when you have attracted the notice of a sufficient number of persons—some from pity for your sufferings, some from a wish to ascertain your genius,—start up before them at once in the panoply which the gods provided you with, the true, impudent, Charles Hungerford; and the world is your's, my lad, if you will only take it.

I have but one more caution before I dismiss you. When you have once assumed your character, let your conversation be free from all affectation. There is a trick among young men of the present day, who fancy themselves quacks, but have no right to the title of talking to women especially, in paradoxes—starting opinions just the reverse of what are true and generally believed, affecting to abhor virtue and admire crime—laughing at any thing great, and professing to worship littleness—with any thing else that is intended to earn from female mouths the remark, 'What a very odd person that is!'—Now that is vile and vulgar—what no real impostor would ever practise: depend upon it, women like honesty and truth, and plain speaking, let fools tell you what they will to the contrary; and every genuine quack must, at least with them, be as direct and straightforward as his nature will let him

AMBROSE! you are drunk, and therefore I will not settle your profession at present.

Shan't I do for the Church, Sir?

No, Sir, you will not do for the Church. 'You will drink nothing but salt water all your life, if you begin to drink before you get into the sea,' was the bitter paradox of a friend of mine, who knew its truth from experience; for he was one of those worthy fellows, who, though devoting all his health and talents to his profession, being drunk three nights in the week with his parishioners, and three with his patron, yet never obtained a living with more than four hundred pounds a year. Such a fact is a perfect scandal to the richest establishment in Europe. No, Ambrose, my present notion is, that you should start as a metaphysician, for which purpose I shall send you over to l'Ecole Normale, at Paris.

What is that, Sir?

It is a metaphysical parliament, where young men meet to pass laws of the human mind. At the commencement of every session, M. Cousin, the President, delivers a speech from the throne, recommending certain new sensations to their attention. They then resolve themselves into committees of the whole house, to consider of those sensations, and every member is at liberty to propose any new clause he pleases. The chairman then reports progress, and asks leave to sit again the next day. Now, if you attend these committees every night drunk, I am sure you will be able to suggest more sensations than all the Frenchmen have yet discovered; then you will establish a course of lectures; will hiccup about *la charte* and the nineteenth century; and will be voted the greatest philosopher and most tipsy man in Paris.

There's my own boy, ADOLPHUS. Ah! you fine skulking little dog, with that winking eye that never looks straight at any thing! In principle, I always thought you were the best of the brood. In action, however, you have sometimes come off badly; for you carry the mark of your knavishness too honestly about with you; and honesty, Adolphus, will not do in this bad world: however, do not be discouraged, my own pet. You will get on as well as any of them; only it goes to my heart that I must put a genius like yours to a more common-place trade than any of your brothers. I am sorry to say it, Adolphus; but you must be a lawyer.

My dear Sir, a lawyer! why surely that profession has a bad name enough in itself, without my adding to the opprobrium by the face upon which you have bestowed such gratifying compliments.

But a boy of your wit, Adolphus, ought to perceive that this very circumstance will be immensely in your favour. Just observe the way in which lawyers are generally spoken of: 'By Jove, that fellow is a cunning rascal, I would not willingly be in his clutches,' which means, being translated, I wish, my dear friend, that I had you in his clutches—and do you not in your conscience believe, that the very man whom the objector would pitch upon to conduct a cause for him, is that same cunning rascal. The truth is, as you know very well, that nothing can be more vulgar than the usual attacks upon lawyers. They are not worse knaves than those other men—only mankind wants them for its knavish purposes, and so they are voted knaves by convention. And this being the case, you see how very convenient it is that they should carry about with them some sign-board of their accomplishments, something which will set the world at ease about putting them to the uses for which it intends them.

I feel the truth of what you say, and yet one would like, now and then, to do a sly piece of knavery without being suspected of it.

One would certainly; but, as I have already told your brother, a quack must be a devoted, self-denying man, ready to lay his most cherished inclinations upon the altar of duty.

ELIZA, my little quean, who said that when I portioned out my kingdom to my children, you should have Cordelia's share? No such thing; but what I shall do with you requires some thought. Will you be a blue, Lizzy?

No, Sir, I won't.

That is very decisive; and yet I think those mahogany locks—I did not call them red; and that nose, a slight tendency to snub, you must allow; and those lips, a little beyond the average thickness; and that left shoulder, declining generously to rival its sister in height; I think, I say, that with these peculiarities, it might be well to open an Album, and take Greek into your consideration. *Qu'en dites vous, ma fille?*

I am determined; I will be a beauty, Papa.

There spoke thy father's spirit. You shall be a beauty, my love. I am getting old and feeble, or I should never have made so mean and compromising a speech as that which just escaped me. It is the business of vulgar men to follow nature; it is the glorious vocation of the quack to contend and master it. If nature has made him stupid, it is his right to say, I will have reputation for talent; if cowardly, I will be revered for my courage; if frightful, I will be adored for my loveliness. Decree to be beautiful, Eliza, and your nose shall be pronounced an exquisite improvement upon the Grecian model; your lips will be extolled for their fulness and richness; and the departure from uniformity in your shoulders will have the charm of a piquant innovation. Go forth, my children, in this spirit of compelling the world to think of you that which you know you are not; and you will, you must, prosper. The blessing of an aged quack go with you!

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

A SECOND visit to the Exhibition has satisfied us that it is a good, a superior one. It is creditable to the exhibitors; and, looking to the present state of the arts on the continent, it does honour to the country. It presents a vast and gratifying display of efforts of bold and unshackled talent, following original impulse, unincumbered by the trammels of example, school, or fashion, but employed in embodying fine ideas, spontaneously and naturally emanating, and expressed without labour or manner. This praise is well merited by the performances more especially of Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Etty, Mr. Calcott, and Mr. Turner.

Mr. Etty's picture, 'Benaiah slaying two lion-like men of Moab,' in regard to the attempt at least, is the principal work in the exhibition. It is a noble and courageous effort, and the ardour which has dictated it, and borne the artist through with it, deserves every encouragement. The painting also is a grand work of art: it is conceived with spirit, and executed with great vigour and power. It is quite in the terrible, or *fiero*, style; and, if it be not in the manner of the great founder of that school of art, we do not despair of beholding, at no very distant period, a production from the pencil of Mr. Etty which may rank him as a worthy follower of Michael Angelo. At present two attainments of opposite character are necessary to place him on the list of the accomplished disciples of so illustrious a master—elevation in sentiment, and a chastened hand. Refinement is the desideratum in Mr. Etty, whether he paints a Venus or a Samson. The picture now under consideration would have admitted of more of that quality without any sacrifice of energy. We have the man of strength, but not the hero; we contemplate the superiority of brute force, but not the victory of loftier courage and higher mind. We will not urge an objection obviously presenting itself to an undue degree of coarseness in the details of the drawing, because, in its present situation, the picture is not fairly seen. It is impossible to retire from it to a sufficient distance to obtain a proper point of view. Mr. Etty's second picture, 'Hero, having thrown

herself from the tower at the sight of Leander drowned, dies on his body,' (No. 31,) is a very masterly painting; the colouring is most rich and effective; the composition is extraordinary, but certainly not remarkable for its grace and beauty.

The produce of Mr. Wilkie's travels has naturally excited the curiosity, and formed points of attraction for the attention of all classes of visitors. His foreign works prove to be exactly such as might have been expected from Wilkie in Spain and Wilkie in Italy. He has caught the character of the country in each case: his subjects are consequently of a higher cast than those on which his pencil had before been employed, and he has adopted a manner of execution suited to his subjects. The principal of these works is 'The Defence of Saragossa,' No. 128. It is a noble and masterly production. The story is admirably told. Every thing bespeaks an obstinate struggle in a noble cause, in which all hearts and hands are enlisted. Men, women, and children, and laymen and priests, high-born and low-born, all perform their parts; and the crucifix itself,—no unworthy employment, since, the cause is that of country against the foreign invader,—while it directs the pointing of the artillery, seems to confer the blessing of religion on the aim. The figure of the heroine is full of ardour and enthusiasm; the activity of the groups about the piece of ordnance has a fine contrast in any occupation of a more quiet nature, but of an interest no less intense, and which is intimately allied with the main action, of the figures in any other part of the picture. Between the mighty wheels of the cannon, there is the sturdy mastiff; while in the part of the picture in which the employment of the figures breathes more repose and less of war, the carrier pigeon with outstretched wings awaits the completion of the despatch. We would not be critical over much, yet we cannot help observing what has appeared to us a defect common to most of the Spanish productions of Mr. Wilkie, and which in this picture more especially has an unpleasant effect: we allude to a want of variety in the heads; the features, with the exception of the boy, seem to be all taken from one model—the noses are absolutely the same.

No. 110, 'Cardinals, Priests, and Roman Citizens washing the Pilgrims' feet; a ceremony which takes place during the holy week in the convent of the Santa Trinità de Pelligrini, at Rome.' Might it be allowed us to express a preference where all is so excellent, we should select this picture as the best of those exhibited by Mr. Wilkie. As a whole, it is charmingly composed, and painted in a manner truly artist-like; it is full of feeling and character. The group on the left hand (of the picture), the Cardinal performing the last office of humility by kissing, after having washed, the feet of the pilgrim, is one of the most affecting incidents we remember to have seen in a painting. The humility is most expressive, profound, sincere, absorbing, free from every taint of ostentation. Nor can the emotion of the pilgrim be overlooked; it is most delightfully indicative of manly piety and modesty—the pain is all on his side; he cannot look on the act of humility of which he is the object, performed by a prelate, who, by the sanctity of his office, attested by the cardinal robes, is raised so far above him, and he conceals his face. The figures themselves are both fine; that of the pilgrim is noble, even beneath his modest bearing and garb of poverty. The group is one which we should never grow weary of contemplating. On the other side, the older pilgrim, with hands closed together on his knees, yet from age and duller nature less susceptible of lively emotion than his more youthful companion, abounds in character nicely discriminated in the conception, and well defined in the execution.

'The Spanish Posado,' No. 56, represents a guerilla council of war, at which a Dominican, a Monk of the Escorial, and a Jesuit, are delibe-

rating with an emissary in the costume of Valencia. This is also a masterly picture, although, perhaps, less stirring than either of the two before-mentioned. The Valencian emissary, resting his clenched hand on the board, is fine; and the group on the ground beneath the table, the old guitar-player, and the goatherd and his sister, is delightful.

We purpose noticing the rest of Mr. Wilkie's historical productions in the order of the rooms in which they are situated. We turn now to a picture of another description, in which a clever artist, abandoning his pencil to the guidance of nature, has produced a most enchanting work:

'The Fountain—Morning,' A. W. Calcott, R. A., No. 10.—This is one of the most delightful landscape compositions we have ever beheld: it is pure, simple, classical, and beautiful: the scene is lonely, yet perfectly natural; faithful to nature in her most pleasing combinations: it is Italian, and, although evidently a composition, calls to mind the character and many of the component parts of the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Formian Villa. We have the snowy summits of the Appennine chain, mountains thence gradually diminishing, and bounding the plain in the form of gentle hills, clothed with luxuriant fertility; a long line of country of this kind terminates in a promontory washed by the distant sea, which bounds the horizon. In the foreground and middle are a fountain and classical building, arcadian figures, a broad stream flowing through an aqueduct. The distance and sky are exquisite. The composition, from the description, may appear Claudelike: it is so in reality, but only because the ancient and modern artist have derived their inspiration from the same mistress: the treatment and effects are Mr. Calcott's own, they are perfectly free from charlatanism: the colouring, although appearing to disadvantage amid the glare which surrounds it, is glowing without extravagance, chaste without tameness.

'A Dutch Ferry,' No. 66, is another exquisite production by the same artist. That it is the representation of a scene of a tame description, may be allowed; but it possesses a character of interest and peculiarity in its very tameness. On first regarding the picture, the immense share of canvas unoccupied as it were, seems objectionable; but, when it is dwelt on, the effect of the distant line of flat land-hedging, the surface of the unruffled expanse of water, is so completely in the character of the country from which the scene is taken, that the whole becomes admirable. In the sky of this picture, as in all he has ever painted, Mr. Calcott is remarkably natural and happy; the sentiment of accordance between the lifeless calm of the water and that of the atmosphere is perfect. The figure of the market-woman, in a scarlet jacket, crossing the ferry in a boat, makes a most pleasing, effective, and natural diversion.

What a contrast to the paintings of Mr. Calcott is that of Mr. Turner, 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' No. 42. Yet, much as we have praised the former, we feel no disposition to condemn the latter, however opposite in its kind and character. If sober reason will not allow us altogether to approve this wonderful display of Mr. Turner's power, yet can we not withhold from it our admiration. The colouring may be violent, and 'overstep the modesty of nature'; and, were that alone to be considered, the picture could not be justified: but the poetical feeling which pervades the whole composition, the ease and boldness with which the effects are produced, the hardihood which dared to make the attempt,—extort our wonder and applause. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that the subject is not drawn from the common realities of life. Nor do we see that the blood-red effects which accompany the mounting car of the God of day and light, tingling the scattered vapours with brightest amber, and burnishing the galley of the hero, protected by the Ægis-bearing Goddess, are at all

more out of nature than the Cyclops himself. How colossal and mysterious the form of the monster appears, as we view him writhing under the agonies of the recently-inflicted torture, and obscured by the vapours of Ætna!

We are warned to close our notice of the Exhibition for the present; we regret to be obliged to stop so early, as we had proposed to go through all the principal productions in the various branches of art in this our first account, in order to avoid every imputation of undue preference. We trust, however, that our readers will see, in the quality and subjects of the pictures to which we have drawn their attention, ample justification for the precedence yielded them. The painters, it will be observed, on whose works we have paid our tribute of applause, all artists of the first rank, are Academicians, and yet not portrait-painters; a fact which we notice by way of correcting a complaint put forth, certainly with too little reason, that the most influential members of the Academy are opposed to the admission amongst them of those who pursue the higher branches of the art. We are happy to have this occasion of doing merited justice to the Academy, as a set-off to the liberty we took with their administration of their Institution in our last Number. This we are the more desirous of doing, as the printer's mistake, in the change of a single syllable, gave a more serious tone to the character of the article than we had felt or contemplated in writing it.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE lecture delivered at this Institution on Friday last, was one promised at the preceding meeting, on the ingenious and far-famed block machinery of Mr. Brunel. The models of this machinery were handsomely lent for the purpose by the Board of Admiralty, if we understood rightly, and were explained by Mr. Farraday in the clear, sensible, and intelligible manner usual in the lessons of that gentleman, which have ranked him as a lecturer so high in the estimation of all who have enjoyed the gratification of hearing him. It must be confessed, however, that the time devoted to the lecture at the meetings of the Royal Institution, is insufficient to do full justice to such a subject as the one which Mr. Farraday was engaged to elucidate: the time that was allowed, Mr. Farraday made the most of. The discourse would be unintelligible, without the accompanying experiments; and we shall not therefore attempt to report it. The models themselves were beautiful specimens of workmanship. Their exactness, as Mr. Farraday observed, was attested by the effect which the increase in the temperature of the theatre, occasioned by the concourse of company, had produced on them: it had so deranged them as to render the performance of several of the operations difficult.

After the lecture, the company was much gratified with the examination of the models.

Captain Waite of the Indian staff very obligingly took the opportunity of exhibiting to those who remained in the theatre, some very splendid Persian shawls of admirable workmanship. In the library, also, there were displayed a Persian carpet, and a rich show of arms from the kingdom of Cutch, all, we believe, the property of Captain Waite. Among the latter was a shield formed of rhinoceros hide and embossed with gold and jewellery, and several cups made from the horn of the same animal. The rich decorations on the handles and scabbards of the arms were elegant, and remarkable for their resemblance to the early style of Italian decoration.

GIBSON'S HISTORY.—A neat edition of this work is in course of publication at Leipzig in monthly parts: it will contain three hundred sheets, and be comprised in twelve volumes, at an expense not exceeding—*Eighteen Shillings!* for nearly five thousand pages!!

FRENCH CHARACTERS.

No. II.—THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

WHO is not acquainted with the industrious and spirited class of commercial travellers, the active representatives of the trade which annually circulates through all our provinces the products of the generous soil of Burgundy, of the olive-grounds of the Durance, the workshops of the Lyonnese, and the manufactories of Alsace? The commercial traveller usually commences his career at the desk. Long is he condemned to fathom the mysteries of double entry, and constrained to master the difficult calculations of 'The Cambist' and 'The Complete Merchant.' He sighs continually for that day of deliverance, when, shaking off the vulgar dust of the warehouse, he will see himself, like another Ganymede, carried off on the wings of the *Celerifère* or of the *Jumelles*, to make all France acquainted with his wonderful talents.

Five feet six inches, duly cast up, complete the stature of our Apollo Belvidere; the bellicose moustache juts fiercely out upon his upper lip, and ripening puberty has already clothed his chin with the small tuft which a recent Israelitish fashion has appended to the visages of our exquisites. The education of the commercial traveller has, therefore, received its last finish; but it should have been stated, that his tongue, by long practice, has attained a marvelous tact in rolling off mercantile periods, and distils its soft persuasions with an insinuation that goes directly to the hearts of his customers. Our hero is now ripe for his circuit, and it is time to bring him on the scene. Prepared for his departure, drunk with joy and hope, he rushes to the gate. With less impatience, with less pride, did Alexander set foot in the stirrup of Bucephalus, to fly to the conquest of the universe.

He throws off in the diligence with an act of gallantry. Securing his place behind, he immediately begins to pay his court to a young and pretty *voyageuse*, who is accompanied by a sort of bear, gouty, asthmatical, and octogenarian, whom she calls her husband, but who would better pass for her great-grandfather. Under the guardianship of his Antigone, the cripple is going to take the waters of Mont-d'or, that will not prevent him from very soon taking those of the Styx. Our Celadon takes care to separate the ill-assorted pair, and slyly slips in between them, but to play another part than that of the god Terminus. On the road, how obliging he is! what minute cares! what polite attention! If a slight jolt shakes the springs of the carriage, his protecting arm quickly encircles the waist of the alarmed fair, to shield her from the rebound; and ever and anon his restless touch interrogates a gracious and delicate hand to be assured that she does not suffer from the inclemency of the season. At the approach of night, amid the louder respirations of the other passengers, are heard mingling his tender sighs. But hush! we will imitate the discretion of our hero, who, though he is always successful among the women, never makes a boast of his intrigues.

Arrived at the inn, our traveller is known by his loudness and his petulance. 'Ho there! Somebody! garçon! chambermaid!' A score of valets are scarcely sufficient to wait on him. The meats are all insipid to the palate of this new Sardanapalus; the sauces he denounces in epigrams; the partridges he metamorphoses into crows; and the warren-bred rabbits learnt to run in hutches. Then of the wines, 'Infamous Surène! perfidious Piquette!' cries he, not recognising in the wines which he denounces the divine ambrosia, the ingenious mixture which he had himself compounded by regular chemical process in the great laboratory of Bercy. He is, however, an excellent paymaster, and as opposite as the Chancellor's budget to any thing like economy.

Hardly recovered from the fatigues of the pre-

ceding day, he rises to address himself to the business of his toilet, in which he is ever a model of exquism and good taste. For his calling is to be the ambassador of fashions, the missionary of novelties, to the provinces. There he undauntedly introduces the boldest innovations—those happy temerities, those strokes of policy in the empire of dress, which possess the merit of exciting the hootings of the profane vulgar towards their heroic authors, until they become generally adopted. He propagates and accelerates civilization wherever he goes; and, deprived of his importations, many a province would still abound with top-boots, three-caped coats, and hats à la Robinson.

Perfumed and pommatumed, he begins his morning round, eager to prevent the calls of a jealous competitor who has closely pursued him since his departure to divide his custom. No one knows better than he the secret of carrying a door by storm, or is more profoundly versed in the theory of blockading anti-rooms. 'Monsieur and Madame are not in.' What matter? These sophisms, the official fibs of the gouvernante, the ready evasions of the portress, and the halbert of the old Swiss, were not made to exclude him. He laughs at all such barriers; and some witty pleasantry, some ingenious stratagem, or, if need be, the irresistible talisman of a piece of money, speedily puts him in possession of the place. He darts, like an arrow, into the interior. He presents himself with the air of a man of the world and the finish of fine manners, commencing with an excuse for his indiscretion: 'To pay so early a visit to the ladies! It is transgressing all etiquette at one bound! But the hour-hand was too slow for his impatience! He was hungering and thirsting to salute the adorable lady of the house. 'Pon honour! she is a prodigy, and has discovered the secret of perpetual youth! A second Ninon, she is destined to inspire passions even in grey hairs!' All the young progeny become, by turns, the objects of his restless solicitude. Happy if in the multitude of questions that he puts, no grave anachronism, no gross mistake of sex or name, slips out to betray his entire ignorance of the genealogy of the interesting family. His next care is to make an abundant distribution among the young gormandizers of sugar-plums and other sweetmeats, in which even poor Azor is allowed to participate,—a pampered dog—a Sibarite quadruped—which he has the politeness to call charming, and to extol as the very model of shocks,—the very mirror of spaniels.

Nothing can be more racy and varied than the conversation of this amiable babblers. He knows every thing, has seen, has studied every thing. He is a perfect walking treatise on statistics, and with amazing sagacity contrasts the Germanic phlegm of the Alsatian female with the vivacity of the mettlesome Picard, the pyramidal coiffure of the Cauchois with the colinettes of the herb-women of the north. His memory is an inexhaustible source of bons-mots and anecdotes. Proteus-like, he can assume any shape for the amusement of his customers: he becomes successively, singer, quack, ventriloquist, mildord Anglais, polychinelli vampire; and, what is more, he mimicks to a miracle all the dramatic talents of the capital, Brunet, Odry, Potier, and even the great Talma. He is a man at once unique and universal. Has he to treat with some veteran soldier covered with wounds? It is a brother in arms whom he has the felicity of embracing. With a physiologist? He will discuss, without knowing a word of the matter, medicine or anatomy,—will speak of the principle of irritation, and unfold, organ after organ, the whole system of Dr. Gall. He will make speeches with the deputy, homilies with the country curate, ariettes with the composer, begrave with blue stockings; and on occasion you shall see him seize the needle, and with artistical skill put the last stitch in a flower on the tambour of a fair embroiderer.

When he has glanced at a thousand topics of conversation and assailed each person on his weak side, he turns insensibly to business, and introduces the subject—not by pressing entreaties or base solicitations. No: he will not even let his offers of service escape him, but with a playful and careless air; yet, without having received the slightest encouragement, he has already seized his portfolio, and the eager pen hastens officiously to take down the order to which he has acquired a claim. But stay! How I am detracting from the prestige of so much amiability! If perchance some morose and intractable customer take it into his head to protest against this summary method of doing business, the imperturbable traveller does not swerve. What! deface his order-book for the first time with an ignominious erasure! It were a scandalous disgrace! No! never! Better deliver the wine gratis! So he dispatches it at all risks; and the only favour he begs in return is, that of its being tasted on its arrival. The palate of Mahomet himself would not have resolution to send back to the entrepot the flower of Beaujolais, the nectar of Vignoble!

Thus by means of this clever intermediary are the products of our soil and manufactures annually poured forth and dispersed, and the affluent fortunes of great mercantile houses proportionately extended. The darling child of the Graces and of commerce, a hunter of adventures, the widow's cruse for anecdote, a far more amusing talker than your eternal prosers of the Tribune or the Court, a professed epicurean, an everlasting rattle and yet the prince of good fellows, a courtier but a useful and disinterested one,—such is the commercial traveller, whose physiognomy, together with his manœuvres and his attractions, forms a whole the most piquant and picturesque. But soon is the period of his peregrinations accomplished: the traveller, in his turn, falls into the bonds of matrimony. He now becomes head-man in the counting-house. The liting butterfly of the provinces, the cosmopolitish Lovelace, gives way to the grave and sententious financier. He no longer counts his amours but his millions, and already thinks no eyes so fair as those of his iron-chest. Happy if the gilded ceilings of the *Chaussée d'Antin* do not becloud that face in which smiles and pleasures used to play; substituting for his open manners and engaging wiles, the cold politeness of etiquette, the formal urbanity of the great world, and fixing every trait of aristocratic bearing on the sovereign of the strong-box. For, if he can but resist the intoxicating tendency of his new position, we shall see him devoting a portion of his treasures to the public good, to the encouragement of elementary instruction, to philanthropic institutions, and to the propagation of useful truths. He will sit with impartiality in the chair of consular justice; and, when his solid information, his high commercial rank, and the frankness and independence of his character, shall have recommended him to the confidence of his brother citizens, he will be raised to the legislative office, and take his seat by the side of Koulin, Lafitte, the Ternaux, and Casimir Perrier, in the midst of the national representatives. 'You all carry the field-marshal's baton in your cartridge-box,' said the founder of the Charter to his grenadiers: the commercial traveller also carries the caduceus of Mercury in his bag, and it only remains for him to take it out.

H. A. O. REICHARD.—There never was a writer, who enjoyed a more completely European reputation than this 'Palinurus' of modern tourists. Respected in his own country and among the literati of the Continent for the solid services he had rendered to geography and other natural sciences, and having for a long series of years enjoyed the confidence of his Sovereign, the Grand-Duke of Saxe Weimar, in his character of Secretary for the War department, the period of his useful career terminated at Gotha on the 17th of January last. He died in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

MISS WILKINSON'S CONCERT.

On Monday, the 4th inst., Miss Wilkinson's concert was held at the King's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square; and the combined influence of the very distinguished patronage under which it was announced, and the attractive list of pieces and performers, brought together one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the season.

The Concert opened with the magnificent overture, 'Der Freischütz,' in the performance of which, the sublime conceptions of Weber were embodied in the most perfect execution, combining precision, harmony, and expression, in an extraordinary degree.

The Duetto 'Io di tutto mi contento' from Mosca, which was sung by Madame Stockhausen and Signor De Begnis, was extremely well received. There is certainly no singer on the stage who combines the sly humour, rapid utterance, and comic expression necessary to the execution of *buffo* songs, in so high a degree as De Begnis. A duet of this description, between himself and his accomplished and beautiful wife, is one of the most agreeable things to hear imaginable, and produces, generally, an impression of unmixed delight on persons of the most opposite tastes in music. Madame Stockhausen is not so well qualified for performances of this description as the inimitable Madame Ronzi De Begnis; but, in her absence, she was, perhaps, the best available substitute, and acquitted herself with great accuracy and sweetness.

The familiar Cavatina 'Di piacer mi balza il cor' received new graces from Madame Camporese, who sang with the characteristic simplicity and chasteness of a perfect musician, what is too frequently, in the hands of less scientific singers, overlaid with meretricious and inappropriate ornament. It was the only song sung by this lady during the evening; but it was received with all the favour which its perfect execution deserved.

Of the Glee which followed, by Mrs. Knyvett, and Messrs Vaughan, Knyvett, and Phillips, little can be said in praise. The words and music are beneath mediocrity; but the harmony of the voices engaged was sufficiently attractive to draw forth an encore! though, to an ear of the least refinement, the preceding song was worth a hundred such as this.

Signor Puzzi's Concerto on the French horn was a performance of extraordinary ability, but, like Concertos in general, too long and too laboured, and calculated to excite sympathy for the exertions and sufferings of the performer, rather than delight in the auditor.

The Recitative and Air of Mercadante, 'Numi she intesi mai,' and 'Se m'abandoni, bella speranza,' were given to Madame Malibran Garcia, who did ample justice to the beautiful and expressive music of the composer. The touching exclamation in the former, 'Oh martir peggio di morte!' and the concluding lines of the latter:

'Di tradirmi il ben che adorno,
No capace il cor non ha,'

were given with the utmost feeling and tenderness, and portrayed a degree of sorrowful abandonment which bordered on reality.

Mr. Phillips sang the Irish melody of Moore, 'Oft in the stilly night,' with strict adherence to the characteristic sentiment of the song, for which the fine rich tones of his voice are well adapted.

The Aria of Nicolini, 'Il braccio mio loquise,' introduced Miss Wilkinson, who was received, on her appearance, with that general and cordial expression of welcome which indicated, in the strongest manner, the favourable opinion of the audience. Her execution of this fine composition was in the best style, and gave unequivocal satisfaction. Miss Wilkinson may be said to combine, in a greater degree than almost any English singer that we have heard, all the leading characteristics of Madame Pasta's style; and it is

impossible to hear her sing any of Madame Pasta's songs, without being strongly reminded of the great original from whom the pupil has caught the spirit, if not the genius, by which that queen of song may be truly said to be inspired. In the midst of this, there is also the same simple and unaffected modesty, which is equally characteristic of the teacher and the pupil; and, we believe, Madame Pasta herself considered Miss Wilkinson to be the most successful of her English *élèves*.

Mrs. Knyvett's ballad, 'Bid me not forget thy smile,' appeared to us a waste of agreeable sounds (for such they undoubtedly were) on silly words and common-place composition,—as tame, and void of invention or expression, as could be well imagined. Mori's fantasia on the violin, from Mayseder, was brilliant, and well performed; and Madame Stockhausen's Swiss air, accompanied by her husband on the harp, had novelty and nationality to recommend it; but each of the three preceding performances were of very inferior interest to the fine duetto, from Rossini, 'M'abbraccia, Argivio,' which was sung in excellent style by Miss Wilkinson and Signor Donzelli, and concluded the first part, with justly-merited applause.

The Overture to 'La Gazza Ladra' opened the second part; and this was followed by the ballad 'On the Banks of Allan Water,' which was sung by Miss Stephens, with her characteristic simplicity; but, as it appeared to us at least, with less sweetness of tone, and power of expression, than usual.

The Spanish air, 'Baselito nuevo,' by Madame De Vigo, accompanied on the harp by Mr. Holst, was a sort of musical *jeu d'esprit*, diverting from the singular arrangement of its parts, and the play on certain words, the effect of which was so marked, as to keep the audience in continued laughter, without either the words or the thoughts of the song being intelligible to the great majority. It was encored, as the liveliest joke of the evening, for it was nothing more.

Madame Malibran Garcia and Miss Wilkinson sang together the beautiful duetto 'Dunque mio ben' from Zingarelli, in the most exquisitely expressive and highly-finished style. The ladies were themselves occasionally drawn into a smile at the ardently amorous dialogue they had to sustain, in which the doubts of the suitor were propounded in impatient queries, and the vows of the innamorata were breathed forth in answer. It was, in short, as inappropriate as would be the balcony scene of 'Romeo and Juliet' sustained by two ladies, as the subjoined lines of the dialogue will show:

Dunque, mio ben, tu mia sarai?
— Si cara speme, io tua sarò.
Il tuo bel cuore?—
— Ti giura amore.
E la tua fede?—
— Sempre tua avrai.
E m'amerai?—
— Costante ognor.
O cari palpiti! soave accenti!
Dolce momenti! felice amor!

Every line, however, of this amorous dialogue was beautifully sung; and the rich mingled tones of the mutual felicitations were such as would become the bower of Jessica in the bright moonlight of an Italian evening.

The remaining pieces were exceedingly well executed, and well received. Donzelli's Aria, 'L'angeur per una bella' was, perhaps, sung with too much indifference. Neither his articulation nor expression betokened any thing like the feelings which the song itself expresses. Miss Wilkinson's song, 'O bid your faithful Ariel fly,' was as full of freshness, vigour, and animation as the former was deficient in these qualities; and Madame Malibran Garcia's 'Una voce poco fa' was a most brilliant and appropriate conclusion to one of the best concerts, on the whole, that we have for a long while enjoyed.

We were glad to hear that the crowded room (filled as it was in every part) did not indicate

the whole extent of the patronage extended to Miss Wilkinson on this occasion; but that, in addition to this, she received the most flattering testimonies to her acknowledged merits from other quarters. We know of no English singer whose talents, and constant readiness to afford her gratuitous aid to all charitable or patriotic purposes, more richly deserve support; and we are rejoiced to find that her modesty, which is as remarkable as any of her other qualities, does not prevent her from receiving it.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

THE first appearance of Mademoiselle Sontag on the boards of the King's theatre this season was an epoch sufficiently remarkable to gather together as large a concourse of spectators as we have witnessed on any except benefit nights. A reported dispute between herself and the manager, which seemed likely to prevent her from being engaged at all, contributed a little to the curiosity of the Public, and circumstances of a more peculiar nature, which have been made notorious, gave to the lady an interest, hardly less in degree, though perhaps not so legitimate in kind, as that with which she was invested when first she burst upon us in the blaze of her continental glory, and caused such excitement, according to the due operation of the *omne ignotum, &c.* Unfortunately, the opening scene of the opera in which she thus reappeared, was not one which favoured the display of huge applause on the part of the audience, inasmuch as the major part of that audience could not be aware of our heroine's presence until after the lapse of some time, and some of her own singing to boot. Cenerentola is placed in the extreme background as becoms her, whilst her two Goneril and Regan sisters are showing off their vile proportions at the front of the stage. Neither is it for the natives to conjecture that this German goddess would be found attired in so homely a garb, with unadorned hair falling carelessly upon her shoulder, and withdrawing from their observation, or exhibiting a mien so meek and unassuming. And this may account for the equivocal welcome which she received at our hands, and which certainly did not enough testify the strength of our grateful memory of all her past achievements.

The ballad which Cenerentola sings by snatches in the first scene, 'Una volta c'era un Re,' gave us an opportunity of ascertaining that her voice had lost no strength or sweetness since we heard it last in this theatre; but, as we have said on another occasion, it may have gained some additional fulness and mellowness. The slow character of the air is particularly adapted to show the extent of those attributes; and, as the opera proceeded, we had abundant proof that her other and more extraordinary faculties—the quickness, and flow, and rich ornament, and unerring precision of tone—were as vivid and wonderful as ever. The quintet and sextet were led with a spirit and vigour unusual in the present prolific days of *prime donne*; and the variations introduced in her last cavatina 'Non piu mesta accanto al fuoco,' were not surpassed by the most florid portions of her more celebrated performances.

In person Mademoiselle Sontag has suffered a change. Her face is no longer curved by those soft and flowing lines which belong to the freshness of youth: its outline is a little broken, it has become paler and much more aged; and her figure too—but this is most ungracious. It is not in our province to take cognizance of such things as these—would that it were no man's! Surely too, enough remains in the execution of her character of Cenerentola yet unnoticed to save us from such truant garrulity. In point of acting, she arrives at a critical time; for Madame Malibran, her compeer in so many respects, is transcendent in this one, and by means which are similar to her own. Each might be a Cenerentola, and the accomplishments of each are not sufficiently unlike in quality, to exempt them from a fair comparison. Whatever might be the result of such a trial, we will, in the mean time, say that Mademoiselle Sontag gives to her part that interest which she has never yet failed to infuse into whatever character she has supported. If it want the vivacity, and energy, and variety of which we can imagine it capable, still in her hands it is never dull, nor displeasing, nor imperfect to any sensible degree. Sometimes there is around it the fascination which Mademoiselle Sontag alone can command; and with the whole performance is interwoven that personal sympathy, which we suspect has been the ladder to her present fame.

The Don Magnifico of Zuchelli is admirable indeed. It is impossible that any thing should be more pious, silly, and entertaining. The air 'Thiei vampolli feminini' gave him scope for the exhibition of his voice to the extremes of its compass—no ordinary grasp for a bass singer; and the effect produced by this first effort was excellently followed up by the whole performance, which combines the highest musical taste and talent, with a liveliness of dramatic power not very often excelled. Unhappily, this success was at times neutralised by the insufficient acting of Le Vasseur, who supported the part of Dandini much against the grain; and the famous duet, 'Un segreto d'un portanza,' between the two, in the second act, had little of that effervescence and humour which resulted from the harmonious union of brother wits, when Pellegrini had the part of the Lying Valet. Signor Donzelli supplied the place of Torri, in the character of Don Ramiro, and this substitution almost made amends for that of which we have just complained; on the whole, this playful and most entertaining opera was represented, on Tuesday night, with a vast preponderance of excellence over defect; although, as we have said before, M. Le Vasseur must never attempt buffo parts, and poor Signora Specchi is as ridiculous a creature as ever scared crows.

Covent-Garden.

LAST night Miss Smithson made her first appearance in this country since she came to her reputation. We have seen several persons who positively avow that they discovered and admired the extraordinary talents of this lady long before they received the Parisian imprimatur. Alas! we can make no such boast. We believe it was our fortune to see her once in some character, on some boards; but where it was or where it happened, we cannot, after infinite pains, call to mind: we say it with shame and confusion of face, we always believed that her name was Smith. And now in what way shall we atone our error? Who shall prescribe the form of the recantation? By what subtle artifice shall we at once save our self-respect and exhibit our profound respect for Miss Smithson? We have taken thought, and thus will we do it: Illustrious Parisians! blame us not that we in our ignorance did not perceive the virtues of this all accomplished lady.

'We could not see the Spanish feet,
Because 'twas not in sight.'

You will not deny 'the soft impeachment,' that you educated talents which were lying dormant; you supplied whatever was wanting; you, in short, created the splendid *artiste* you have returned to us. Till the air of Paris has blown upon us, what are we, any of us? what is our philosophy, till that has given it life? what our criticism, till that has furnished it with profound and consistent laws? and what our religion, till—but, in that point, your services, like the tears of Mrs. Malaprop for the death of her husband, defy enumeration. And how then can we judge of actors and actresses, till they have passed through your moulding hands? We have only furnished the raw material; but it is for you to manufacture it into beauty and use. So much for our own vindication—now for Miss Smithson.

Miss Smithson has a handsome face, a good figure, rather *embonpoint*, and she acts Jane Shore infinitely better than we think Jane Shore deserves to be acted. This is all we shall say at present. It has been rather a favourite exercise with some of our first actresses to inform the dead carcasses of Rowe with life, and no doubt in doing so they gave the highest proof of their genius which it was possible to furnish. Still we must be permitted to question whether they had a right thus to exercise their powers, whether they were spending their time lawfully, in imitating that which is essentially worthless and which deserves to rot. But an *artiste*, who, far as she may be and is above the ordinary tribe of actresses, stands at a much greater distance below the mistresses of the art, we are quite sure, ought not to undertake the task. She cannot thoroughly imbue with spirit that which is in itself spiritless, and she may receive her own conceptions by pitching them at so necessarily low a level. Let Miss Smithson, therefore, give us an opportunity of judging her in some real character, and she may depend upon it that we shall see her, and study her performance with minds much prejudiced in her favour by this first performance, and anxious that she should attain the highest excellence which the warmest of her admirers believe to be within her reach. The other parts were well filled. The part of Hastings, though immeasurably more unworthy of Mr. Kemble than that of Jane Shore was of Miss Smithson, of course received all justice at his hands.

VARIETIES.

CHARACTER OF A GOOD PRINCE.—It cannot be said of the late Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar that his 'virtues were written in water'; or that their memory has faded with the moment which called them forth. It is no fleeting monument built upon the unstable sand, which a sovereign erects to his own fame, when he breaks the manacles that doom his subjects to the mental and physical slavery of feudal despotism; when he gives them free institutions and equal laws; and hallows his sacred office by that spirit of peace and goodwill, which acknowledges no distinction between the peasant in his homely frock and the noble in his rich attire. In an age, when liberality is a cloak for the most intolerant party spirit, and to wield a sceptre is become, in its malignant eyes, a title to obloquy and contempt, we should ill discharge our duty, did we omit any occasion of vindicating the princely character, and of adding one more name to the list of rulers who have conferred lustre on their times and country. And this name is not new to English ears; there are few amongst us who have forgotten that he was the first Sovereign who, in his native sphere, consummated the great conflict in which Europe had triumphantly wrestled for her liberties, by blessing his subjects with a free and well-ordered constitution. 'Never,' says a learned theologian, 'never can his people forget the anxiety with which he promoted their intellectual amelioration; inciting them by the animating example of his own devotion to the arts and sciences; fostering the improvements of the mind by institutions which his liberality endowed with means, and his benevolence with a befitting spirit; and affording shelter and protection to freedom of thought and education. Did he imagine that, by impeding the general enlightenment, by plunging his people in a deeper night of darkness, or encompassing them with a twilight of mental gloom, he should more effectually secure the power of the sovereign, the dignity of the throne, or the maintenance of public order and tranquillity? Never had such thoughts a habitation in the mind of our accomplished ruler; and well may we rank him among the most enlightened princes of the present age, when we behold him hailing every advancing step which his subjects made in the career of intellectual improvement, as a fresh source of blessing and happiness to the Sovereign and his people. No compulsion, no prohibition, which might shackle the aspirations of the mind, dared expect from him either favour or approval: whatever was ascertained to be reconcilable with rational considerations and conformable to an honest love of truth and justice, whether it concerned the relations between Prince and subject, or social regulations and institutions, or the most exalted objects of human existence, became endeared to his attention and regard, was recommended by him to earnest and conscientious investigation, and submitted to the free and unfettered discussion both of the tongue and pen.' 'What recollections,' says another writer, 'has not this excellent Prince left behind him! Can we forget his indefatigable activity? his unceasing ambition to acquire a better judgment? his lively concern for the interests of humanity, and his cordial desire to second their advancement? his patriotism and heroic intrepidity? his immovable justice and respect for public freedom? and that exalted love for his country and his people which rendered him ever watchful for their comfort and happiness? These are truly thoughts that breathe enviable incense, and words that glow with a grateful eloquence, over the grave of a Prince who justly 'plucked allegiance from men's hearts.'

RUSSIAN LIBRARIES.—The University of Dorpat (of recent formation) already contains 50,000 volumes; University of Wilna, 30,000 vols., mostly in the Polish language; Convent of Petchersky, about 10,000 vols.; Church of St. Nicholas, nearly 5,000 vols.; University of Charkow, nearly 21,000 vols.; University of Kasan, 16,000 vols. comprising many Mongol and Tartar MSS.; University of Astrachan, 7,000 vols.; Gymnasium of Irkutsk, 5,000 vols. (The Japanese tongue is taught in this college.)

THE COLOSSEUM.—The Committee of management of the affairs of the Colosseum are taking active steps towards the completion of this vast and spirited undertaking. Among other measures they have sent a circular to all the artists in town, proposing to them to send their works for exhibition in the rooms appropriated for the purpose. A permanent exhibition of this kind might be rendered a very interesting place of resort, especially if, as we understand, is likely to be the

* Prof. Schotte of Jena.

case, works of old masters, for which the owners are desirous of finding purchasers, shall be added to it. The admission of modern paintings should not be too indiscriminate. The estimation of works of art is as liable as that of the persons who execute them, to be affected by the character of the company in which they are seen.

UNIVERSAL CATALOGUE OF MSS.—We hasten to supply an important omission in our notice of this undertaking, in a former number (No. 79, 1st col. p. 249). Professor Haenel's Catalogue embraces a Summary of all MSS. relating to Roman and West-Gothic Laws and Jurisprudence in general: the materials for which are the result of personal researches in the most celebrated libraries of Switzerland, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Sicily, Holland, England, Scotland, and Ireland.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE following subjects are discussed in the forthcoming No. (97) of 'The Edinburgh Review':—Census of the Population; Law of Mortality, &c.—Œuvres de Collier; Recent State of France—The Game Laws—Stewart's Planter's Guide—Interior of Africa—Library of Entertaining Knowledge—Mill's Essay on Government; Utilitarian Logic and Politics—Law of Legitimacy—The Last of the Catholic Question; its Principle, History, and Effects, &c., &c.

Mr. Peel having signified his desire that the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the practice of the several Courts of Law, should turn their attention to the subject of Arrests on Mesne Process, and Imprisonment for Debt, a work written by Mr. Northhouse will be published in a few days, dedicated, 'by permission,' to the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Home Department, abounding with information upon the subject, and which has been for a considerable period in preparation, entitled, 'The present State of the principal Debtors' Prisons of the Metropolis, comprising the King's Bench, the Fleet, Whitecross-street Prison, Horsemonger Lane Prison, the Marshalsea, and the Borough Compter; with a variety of anecdote, illustrative of the impolicy and inhumanity of imprisonment for Debt, and the opinions of Dr. Johnson, Lord Eldon, the late Lord Mansfield, Lord Coke, Sir James Scarlett, the Law Commissioners, and several eminent Barristers, Attorneys at Law, &c., upon the subject.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The British Historical Intelligencer, 8vo., 12s.
Rev. P. Allwood's Key to the Revelation of St. John, 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Fuller on Justification, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Journey from Calcutta to Europe by way of Egypt, by Mrs. Chas. Lushington, 8s. 6d.
Bickersteth's Christian Student, 12mo., 9s.
Reichard's Descriptive Road Book of France, new edition, 18mo., 10s. 6d.
Lodge's Portraits, No. 1, fourth edition, 7s. 6d.
Margaret Coryton, a novel, by L. Cliffe, Esq., 3 vols., 11. 7s.
Edwards's Eton Latin Grammar, 5th edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lakes, a poem, by C. D. Silvery, 2 vols. 12mo., 10s.
Franceur's Complete Course of Pure Mathematics, translated by R. Blakelock, 8vo., 15s.
Hilton's Natural History and Zoology, 4to., 5s.
W. Wilson's Manual of Instruction for Infant Schools, 12mo., plates, 7s. 6d.
Journal of an Embassy to the Coast of Ava, in 1827, by John Crawford, 1 vol. 4to., plates, 31. 13s. 6d.
Romances of Real Life, by the author of 'Hungarian Tales,' 3 vols. post 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.
The Life and Services of Captain P. Bearer, by Captain W. H. Smyth, 8vo., 8s. 6d.
The Life of Belisarius, by Lord Mahon, 8vo., 12s.
Shreds and Patches of History, 2 vols. 12mo., 10s. 6d.
Mrs. H. More's Poems, new edition, post 8vo., 8s.
Mrs. H. More's Sacred Dramas, new edition, post 8vo., 5s. 6d.
Cunningham's Critical Examination of Faber on Prophecy, 6s.
Rev. P. Fraser's Sermons on the Lives of the First Promulgators of Christianity, 8vo., 8s.
Rev. J. Slade's Annotations on the Epistles, 2 vols. 8vo., 18s.
Anecdotes of Dogs, by Capt. Thomas Brown, 12mo., 8s. 6d.
Tales of Field and Flood, by John Malcolm, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
Armand's Epitome of the Game of Whist, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Stewart's Stories from the History of Scotland, 18mo., 4s.
The Poetical Sketch Book, by T. K. Hervey, 1 vol. 8vo., 10s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	May.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon.	4.58	49	29.55	NW-SW	Clear.	Cumulus.
Tues.	3.59	56	29.77	S.W.	Fair Cl.	Cirrostratus
Wed.	6.57	53½	29.76	Ditto.	Rn. A.M.	Ditto.
Thur.	7.57	50	29.76	SW-NW	SW. Showers.	Cum. Cirr.
Frid.	8.62	54	29.93	W to SW.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.
Sat.	9.59	57	29.93	W.	Cl. Cl.	Ditto.
Sun.	10.84	54	29.93	N. to E.	Serene.	Cumulus.

Nights and mornings fair excepting on Wednesday. Highest temperature at noon, 69°.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury and Venus in conjunction on Monday. at noon.
Mars and the Moon ditto on Tuesday, at 9 h. P.M.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 16° 43' in Taurus.
Mars's ditto ditto ditto 21° 10' in Gemini.
Jupiter's ditto ditto ditto 13° 0' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto ditto 28° 58' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto ditto 19° 30' in Taurus.
Length of day on Sunday, 15 h. 18 min. Increased 7 h. 23 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 24" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .004559.

In a few days will be published, price 7s. 6d.,
THE VISION OF NOUREDDIN, and other
 Poems. By SPORZA.
 London: Hurst, Chance, and Co., St. Paul's Church-yard.

This day is published, price SIX SHILLINGS,
THE FOREIGN REVIEW, No. VI.
 Contents: Art. I. Russia, Turkey, and India.—III. Kreuzer; Symbolism, and Mythology of the Greeks.—III. Klopstock's Life and Odes.—IV. Kosegarten, Arabian Literature.—V. Macielowski, History of Roman Law.—VI. Voltaire.—VII. The Dispute of Brunswick and Hanover.—VIII. Galsot, English Revolution of 1688.—IX. to XIV. Short Reviews of the newest Classical, German, Polish, French, Italian, and Spanish Publications.—XV. Necrology, Gioja, Hassel, Schlegel.

Black, Young, and Young, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden; and Bossange, Barthès, and Lowell, Great Marlborough-street.

No. VII. will appear in June.

This day is published, in 3 vols. post 8vo., price 24s. in boards,
REAY MORDEN; a Novel.—Dic mihi quid
 melius desideras?—*Marital.*

Published by G. A. Douglas, 19, Castle-street, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London; and John Cumming, Dublin.
 'Reay Morden' is a clever and spirited work. The style is throughout at once energetic and lively; and, in many passages, we recognise a mind of intense power.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

'He (the author) is evidently a person of some ability, and his natural talents have been cultivated by a gentlemanly education. He has studied human nature to some purpose, and stored his mind with a great deal of general information.'—*Edinburgh Observer.*

This day is published, in 18mo., the fourth edition, newly arranged, and very materially improved, with an entirely new set of copper-plate engravings, price 8s., handsomely half-bound.

SYLLABIC SPELLING; or, a Summary Method of Teaching Children to Spell and Read with facility and pleasure. The fourth edition, with an entirely new set of Copper-plate Engravings, and an improved arrangement adapted to them. By Mrs. WILLIAMS, author of the 'Conversations on English Grammar.'

N.B. This edition contains a variety of testimonials in favour of the system, from some of the most respectable Professors of the English language, as well as from several parents, whose children (amused and interested by this novel mode of instruction) have learned in the course of a very few months to read correctly, and with perfect ease, the longest and most difficult words.

'The object of the useful little book before us is to reduce the difficulties of learning to read, and the author sets about it in a way that entitles her to the thanks of all mankind. Her book is a Primer; but the child will want no other book—for when this is properly thumbed, the pupil will be able to read the Encyclopedia through aloud.'—*Spectator of April 11.*

Boxes with appropriate Counters, for the amusement of young beginners, may be had, if required, of the publishers. Printed for Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., Ave Maria-lane.

This day is published,
PORTUGAL ILLUSTRATED; by the Rev. W. M. KINSEY, B.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Auckland. Embellished with a Map, Plates of Coins, Vignettes, and various Engravings of Costumes, Landscape Scenery, &c. Second edition, with large additional matter, and several new embellishments. Handsomely printed in imperial 8vo., price two guineas, in boards.

'Few books of the present day have had a more attractive or imposing appearance than the work of Mr. Kinsey. It is well calculated to afford that kind of information which is precisely adapted to the actual wants of the greater number of readers. It gives distinct and very admirable descriptions of Portuguese scenery; not of its landscapes merely, but of that which is more interesting—that which is formed by the grouping of objects met in every day life—by the peopling of the scenes of Portugal with their proper inhabitants.'—*Athenæum.*

'The chief merit of "Portugal Illustrated" consists in the vast mass of information it contains upon every thing that concerns Portugal and the Portuguese; character, manners, religion, scenery, customs, costume, music, literature, &c., are all more or less ably described. The style is lively and pleasing; the sentiments are generally liberal; the remarks are frequently just and to the purpose. The Map and the Engravings are correctly and neatly executed, and add much to the value and interest of the work.'—*Weekly Review.*

'Mr. Kinsey's work is neither a Statistical Treatise, nor a regular Tour, but a piece of literary Mosaic, in which prose is garnished with poetry, and history, geography, and antiquity blended with personal anecdotes, sketches of character, descriptions of scenery and political discussions, forming on the whole a tolerably instructive and very amusing melange. But the greatest charm of the book lies in its embellishments, which consist of more than thirty engravings, and about twenty vignettes, executed in the first style of excellence. They are all, we believe, from original drawings. Some are landscapes, some views of cities, palaces, or ancient castles, one or two are portraits, &c.; and there are nine very beautiful coloured plates of the national costumes. Taste has presided over this department equally in the design and the execution. It is, in short, one of the finest specimens of an illustrated book which we have seen—a literary luxury, designed, one would suppose, exclusively for the unsolled fingers of the aristocracy, yet sold at a price which is remarkably moderate, considering the cost at which it must have been got up.'—*Scootman.*

Printed for Treuttel, Wurtz, and Co., 30, Soho-square.

No. VII., price 7s. 6d., of the
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Contents: I. Blomond's History of France.—II. Language and Literature of Holland.—III. Ancient National Poetry of Spain.—IV. Scandinavian Mythology.—V. French Criminal Trials.—VI. Mexico.—VII. Victor Hugo's Poems and Novels.—VIII. Von Hammer's History of the Ottoman Empire.—IX. Foreign Views of the Catholic Question.—X. Carracci Sketches.—XI. Coquerel's History of English Literature.—XII. Bp. Munter's Account of a MS. of St. John's Gospel.—XIII. Pelet's Treatise on Heat.—XIV. Martinez de la Rosa's Works.—XV. Guerazzi's Battle of Benevento, an Historical Romance.—XVI. Annuaire of the Board of Longitude for 1829; M. Arago's Notice of the Steam Engine.—Miscellaneous Literary Notices, No. VII.—List of New Works published on the Continent from January to March, 1830.

No. VIII. will be Published in July.

Printed for Treuttel, Wurtz, and Co., 30, Soho-square; of whom may be had, just published, in 8vo., price 15s. in boards, Vol. II., of

HISTORIC SURVEY of GERMAN POETRY, interspersed with various translations. By W. TAYLOR, of Norwich.

THE EXHIBITION of LODGE'S PORTRAITS of the MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES of GREAT BRITAIN, from the Galleries of his Majesty, the Nobility, and from Public Collections, is OPEN DAILY, from nine till six, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East, corner of Suffolk-street.

Admittance, by Tickets only, which may be had free of expense, on application to Messrs. Harding and Lepard.

FINE ARTS.—MONTGOMERY GALLERY, 309, Regent-street.—Mr. J. RAWSON WALKER has the honour to submit to Public Inspection TEN PAINTINGS, to illustrate parts of Montgomery's celebrated Poem, 'The World before the Flood.'—Open from nine till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d.

A POLLONICON, a Grand Musical Instrument, under the immediate patronage of his Majesty, invented and constructed by FLIGHT and ROBSON, Organ Builders, is now OPEN to EXHIBITION daily, from One to Four, performing, by its self acting powers, Mozart's Overture to 'Idomeneus,' and Weber's celebrated Overture to 'Oberon,' which it executes with a grandeur and brilliancy of effect superior to any instrument in Europe, at the Rooms, 101, St. Martin's-lane.—Admittance, 1s.

This day is published,

HISTORY of RUSSIA, and of PETER THE GREAT. By GENERAL COUNT PHILIP DE SEGUI, Author of the 'History of Napoleon's Expedition to Russia.' Handsomely printed in one volume, 8vo. Price 10s. 6d. in boards; also, in French, 8s.

'Count Segur has here done for the general reader what the latter would scarcely have done for himself. He has gone over the lengthy volumes of Karamzin, Levesque, and others, and presents us with the essence of Russian history in a brief but spirited abridgement, which even a busy man may read during the snatches of leisure he can find in a single week. It is executed, we think, with care and judgment. The matter is well selected, and the reflections intermixed show penetration and good sense. The style displays vivacity and taste; but is not quite free of the false brilliancy into which the example of Montesquieu has seduced many French writers. We confess that a work like this gives us just as much information on the subject of Russian annals, as we desire, or have time to make use of; and we are well pleased to have it presented in so attractive a form. The translation seems to be upon the whole well executed.'—*Scotsman.*

'If the history of such a country, in all its details, were yet to be written, Count Segur is not exactly the person we should choose for that task. But when it is desirable to condense those details, to strip them of all that is obscure or doubtful, to pass lightly over that which lacks sufficient interest, and to present in strong and vivid colours, events likely to excite curiosity and rivet attention, the author of "The History of Napoleon, and of the Grand Army in 1812," and the skilful painter of that disastrous retreat to which nothing of its kind in ancient or modern times can be compared, is precisely the writer whom we should expect ably and successfully to execute so important an undertaking. In this sense, therefore, we are glad that Count Segur has written the history of Russia, and still more gratified are we that he has compressed in into a single volume.'—*Weekly Review.*

'Count Segur's candid and liberal "Narrative of Napoleon's Expedition to Russia in 1812," has made his name favourably known in the republic of letters. The work now before us, which is on a subject of far greater extent and difficulty, will not diminish his reputation.'—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

'Count Segur professes to give a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of Russia, of the characters of the men that conducted to her alternate debasement and elevation; he has redeemed his pledge, leaving those who would seek for a minutely description to consult the pages of more verbose authors. The style of Segur, as will readily be conceded by those who have read his History of the great Russian Campaign, is full of vigour and animation; his pen paints a character in a sentence, gives a scene, full of stir and bustle, breathing a reality and freshness, in half a page—then passes on to a new subject, casting abroad scintillations of a fervid, acute, and elastic spirit. The author's account of Peter is very beautifully written.'—*Weekly Times.*

'We state our impression, without asserting it as a fact, that M. Segur's is a good book; and we would add, with much more confidence, that it is a better book than, we think, nine out of ten clever men would have written on so very difficult a subject.'—*Athenæum.*

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SONTAG and VELLUTI.—Argyll Rooms.—The Nobility and Gentry are respectfully acquainted, that **THREE GRAND MORNING CONCERTS** will take place at the above Rooms, May 15. 22, and 30, for which are engaged Mademoiselle Sontag and Signor Velluti, Mademoiselle Blasis, Signor Curioni, Signor Torri, and Signor Pellegrini. Conductor, Sir George Smart.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at the Argyll Rooms, where boxes can be secured; and at the principal Music Warehouses. Doors to be opened at one o'clock, and the performance will commence at two.

HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.

MR. HAMILTON respectfully informs the Public, that he has arranged with his Son-in-Law, Mr. UNDERWOOD, 41, Leicester-square, to give to Heads of Scholastic Institutions the fullest and plainest instructions for the introduction of the Hamiltonian System into their Establishments.—Mr. Hamilton has at present an Establishment in London; but Classes for the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German Languages, meet at Mr. Underwood's, 41, Leicester-square; where also his Books may be had; and at Mr. Joy's, St. Paul's Church-yard, and at Boosey and Son's, Broad-street.

BARNETT'S SONGS of the MINSTRELS;
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THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 82.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1829.

Price 8d.

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DIALOGUE.

[Since the publication of Mr. Southey's 'Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society' several of our distinguished statesmen and authors have, we understand, been honoured with visits of the same questionable kind with that which was paid by the illustrious author of the 'Utopia' to the poet of Keswick. Several reports of the dialogues which ensued upon these occasions have reached us, from parties of such respectability as to leave us no doubt of their authenticity. We have selected one out of the number, which, however much it may disappoint the reader, if he has the unfairness to suppose that the conversation of ghosts is at all like what it was in the days of their earthly pilgrimage, or that living men can retain their usual spirit and self-possession in the presence of such companions, is, at least, interesting from the personages who took part in it, and from the subject which they discussed. We have been reluctantly compelled to abridge, and translate into our own language, Mr. Brougham's account of the circumstances which preceded the interview.—Ed.]

AFTER the adjournment of the House on Friday evening, Mr. Brougham retired to his chambers more than usually fatigued; for, though his speeches on the subject of Mr. O'Connell were short, he had been engaged in three heavy causes during the day. He took up one of the numerous briefs upon his desk, looked it over, found himself too sleepy to proceed, and commenced writing an article for 'The Edinburgh Review.' This being finished, in the course of three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Brougham prepared two speeches for the House of Commons, one upon the *Indian Question*, and the other upon the English Law of Real Property. He was proceeding to abridge the 'Mechanique Celeste,' for the Useful Knowledge Society; but, before this was half completed, he was overtaken by an unaccountable slumber, which must have continued, he thinks, nearly two hours. During this time, a stranger, it appears, entered the room, and when Mr. Brougham awoke, was sitting upon the chair opposite to him, reading part the first of 'A Familiar Account of Bacon's Novum Organum Scientiarum.'

Mr. BROUGHAM (awaking).—Now the China monopoly, Mr. Speaker.—The motion of the earth in that orbit.—Uses and trusts were the invention of an age—I beg your pardon, Sir, I—Oh! I remember, your name is Wilkins; I have been talking over your case with the junior counsel, Mr. Wilkins; and I certainly think we shall now suit them: you have got the evidence of the girl Myan, if it should be necessary?

Nae, nae, Harry Brougham; you hae na got it yet; that's na my cause.

Oh, that appeal before the Privy Council, to be sure. How could I be so forgetful? I hope your natural clemency will come in aid of me, Sir George; for really I have not found a moment to work at that brief. To-morrow, I hope—

Sir George! me Sir George! What will he say next—Dinna you know, Mr. Brougham, one Robert Burns whom ye never trappit into any o' your courts or session-houses, though, may be, he had enough troubles and sorrows of his ain for a' that?

Burns, Burns; upon my word, I am losing my Scotch shamefully. It is a very long time since I was at Edinburgh, and—

Well, I can speak English, lad, as well as you, if need be; however, I like now and then in my conversation as of old time in my verse:

'To turn the scythe aside
And spare the sybil dear.'

So that shall be no impediment to our conversing freely. I suppose you can spare a few minutes of your valuable time for a little quiet talk with the ghost of an old Scotchman, let alone a man and a poet, as some have been kind enough to call me.

A ghost, good heaven! did you say a ghost, Sir? Ha! ha! ha!—(a patient from St. Luke's; I dare say, I ought not to have laughed.) If I have the honour of really addressing that great poet, (he is wonderfully like the bust,) I should be glad—I think I am going mad myself—it must be the light falling on the retina—I have forgotten the explanation,—if I have the honour—

Ah! Harry Brougham, Harry Brougham! how much more do we poets cling to the real and the tangible than you philosophers! When I see a thing with my eyes, hear it with my ears, and touch it with my hands, I believe in it; but, when you have done all this, you must prove to yourselves that you have done so, otherwise you put no faith in the evidence of your senses. Come, come, be an honest and practical man, as you are; leave theories about the retina to those who have need of such fancies to conceal their ignorance; and do not be induced by a word—a prejudice—to travel miles round, for the purpose of avoiding a fact, when to acknowledge it is so much simpler and straighter.

A word! a prejudice! I certainly never saw it in that light before. I thought the prejudice was the other way. It would be very ridiculous to yield to such a delusion; but is it not something more ridiculous to lose any opportunity of gaining information, merely because we do not understand whence it comes? Well, there is not much danger of discovery: so I will let the lurking superstition that I brought with me from 'the land of cakes' have its way, as far as believing in the apparition goes, and keep my philosophy to prevent me from being frightened by it. Mr. Burns, though I do not exactly understand to what I am indebted for the honour of your visit—though I cannot perfectly satisfy myself if you were admitted at the door by my clerk, or if, imagining that you must contract some defilement from an entrance through which attorneys were passing continually to and fro, you preferred the less common route of the chimney; though I am totally at a loss to know why I, of all men in the world, whom most people know to be a lawyer, and some believe to be a statesman—a few nickname a philosopher, and, therefore, all deny to be a poet—should have been singled out from my species for this most unusual honour, in preference to so many of the fraternity of which, during your residence amongst us, you were *facile princeps*—in preference to my friend and countryman, Thomas Campbell—in preference to my neighbour, I forget his name, in the North, who wrote a quarto about a morning walk, and votes for Lord Lowther—in preference to Moore, like yourself, a writer of songs, and, like yourself, a friend of the aristocracy—(Ghost writhes and frowns, and ejaculates under his breath, 'God help him then!')—though I say I am perfectly in the dark on all these points, yet I shall be most happy to discourse an hour with you, provided you will prescribe the terms of our intercourse, with the nature of which I blush to say that I have hitherto been deplorably unacquainted.

The communion between us, Mr. Brougham,

will not be difficult on either side, since, if it be not easy for you to divest yourself of your fleshly nature, and to hold converse with spirits, yet it is by no means impossible for us to put on afresh the cloak of that ancient humanity which was once so native and necessary to us, that we could not even so entirely cast it off at death but that portions of it still cling about our departing souls. But whatever may be the condition of the existence of other spirits, of which I know, perhaps, as little as yourself, this I feel to be the law of mine, that it should not return into the world which it has quitted, except for the end either of repairing some ill committed by it during its sojourn there, or to perform some good which, from negligence or inability, it then left unaccomplished. And this will explain why I have sought you out rather than any of those men whom you have named, towards one of whom, at least, I feel drawn with the cords of a most close and brotherly affection.

If that be your object, we shall indeed converse familiarly. No scepticism about the supernatural of my visitor will diminish the pleasure I shall feel in being selected as his agent for conferring any practical benefit upon the human species.

So I hoped and believed. Nay, if I had not seen in so many acts of your life indications of a sincere love for mankind, I should yet have taken your words as cheering evidence; for the world must be altered since I knew it, if such avowals of sympathy conduce to the personal interest of him who utters them.

Not much, I believe. But in what way do you propose to make the philanthropy for which you are kind enough to give me credit available?

In no new way. I do not come to suggest any experiments in addition to those you have already originated or supported, for improving the condition of society. Enough mills are at work if they will only grind, and if there be grist to be put in them. And it is just about this same matter of the grist and the grinding, that an Ayrshire ploughman fancies he may furnish some hints to Mr. Brougham.

I think I understand you. Your practical experience of the lower classes may, you think, suggest some improvement in the methods which have been hitherto devised for educating them.

At any rate, I am desirous to hear what the methods are, as I have not yet very clear notions on the subject.

I will endeavour to explain. A person brought up like yourself in a country containing parish schools, will easily conjecture that, when a system of education at all efficient was put in operation, the elementary processes of reading and writing would soon become familiar to the largest portion of the subjects of this empire. The difficulty which had been in part foreseen by the enemies of education, though they drew a mischievous inference from it, was in the next step—to provide suitable books upon which the new-found talent could be exercised. In a very short time, through the vigilance of various bodies of religionists, chiefly sectarians, books enough and to spare were provided; but, as might have been expected, the quality of the provisions bore no assignable ratio to their quantity. The political tracts which were scattered over the land by the radicals were not much better; and, if they had been ever

so good, they were too vigorously and sternly denounced by the spiritual teachers of all communions, to make it possible that they should circulate among their submissive flocks. There was but one remaining experiment to be made. Science, physical and moral, was still an untilled field: to cultivate it, could awaken little jealousy in the interested, and not much suspicion in the timid. If treated rationally, it would excite interest without awakening the vehement passions of party politics, and give an energy and steadiness to the mind, almost sufficient to counteract the enfeebling influences of a fanatical religion. Upon this hint, we issued the tracts which compose the *Library of Useful Knowledge*,—tracts, the object of which has been to present the humbler classes with a popular view of the principal branches of physical science, in cheap and convenient forms.

Cheapness and convenience are great merits in books designed for the lower orders.

Is that the only part of our plan which meets your approbation?

Any scheme must be good, Mr. Brougham, as it appears to me, which tends to make those who were formerly brutes, men.

Exactly—that is my reason for supporting the Useful Knowledge Society, and exulting in its successes.

You think that it has made some into men, who were not so before.

I think that 20,000 copies of the tracts have been circulated.

May I venture without offending the dignity of our subject, or showing any conceit of my own weakness to state my own experience in this matter.

He must be a strange collector of evidence, who would not think the testimony of Robert Burns of weight in such a case.

Well then, Sir, if without presumption I may speak of the difference between that ploughman upon whom the world in its kindness has bestowed quite as much praise as he deserved, and his fellows, I should say that it consisted not in his being a much wiser man than they—for Heaven can testify that he knew as little as the dullest of them about the laws of mechanics, and what was the construction of the ploughs with which he turned up the sods, or how these sods were classified in the cabinets of the geologists;—but if he in any degree was other than they, it was on this account, that while they merely drove an instrument which they called the plough, and turned up from the ground what they named sods, and measured their course by the aspect of the heavens and the habitual instinct which taught them to fly from the rain or profit by the sunshine,—to him that plough, and those sods, and that sky, and the rain, and the sunshine, were all living things, which he knew, felt, and believed in; they were all distinct, all real; they became, I know not how, parts of himself, and then he became and knew himself to be a man. And every hour something new seemed added, not so much to what he saw as to what he was; a feeling so strong as even to overpower him of himself and of his own powers took possession of him, till that which had been life and consciousness became pride, and in the mad desire to make higher proof of his strength, by defying the conscience which restrained it—he threw away in the arms of some vain Dalilah, that moral dignity in which, as in the locks of Samson, lay the secret of his might; and then his perceptions waxed dimmer, and his belief became less strong, and the clouds became to him clouds of the valley merely, and the flowers lost their brilliancy, and the earth its greenness; and though nature might still look fresh in his verse, (for that she had consecrated to herself,) yet in his heart was she cold and dead. This, Sir, was the process of my education, and to the first part of that process, I believe,

must every mind be subjected which is to become a living and a true mind. To guard against that last stage of it which arose from the perverseness of the human will, should be the other object of your discipline.

But how would you apply this experience to the particular case before you? for it seems to me that our society proposes to itself exactly the two rules you mention, namely, that of teaching facts by means of physical science, and the regulation of life by means of moral science.

You speak of teaching facts, what kind of facts do you mean?

Such, for instance, to take the plainest instance, as the revolution of the earth round the sun, and the period of it.

Is this the simplest of your facts?

Why yes, one would think it is almost as elementary as any that one could pitch upon.

Alas! then, how I shall be laughed at when I mention a fact ten hundred thousand times more simple than this of which I believe that a large majority of our rustic population are ignorant!

What can you mean?

Why, that there is a sun, or an earth, or trees, or stars, or any thing that they behold daily with their eyes, and hear hourly with their ears, or touch momentarily with their hands. Do you believe that to nine-tenths of our free population, the whole of nature, to use the expression of one of your living poets, is more than a landscape to a blind man's eye? Do you believe that there is any thing really known to these ninety-nine hundredths, except the food and drink which they receive into their bellies?

Your assertions have a strange sound; but they savour of experience, and, I am inclined to believe, of truth. But what conclusion do you draw from them?

This conclusion, that you will do nothing towards improving the lower classes, unless you begin at the roots of their ignorance, unless you awaken their attention to the objects in the world around them, a world on which they move, a world to which they are slaves, but of which they are as practically ignorant as if it or they had no existence.

Perhaps there might be more in what you have been just saying, if the class of persons to whom the Society addressed itself were agricultural labourers. I can easily believe that the state of these people is what you describe it to be, that no objects but those which meet them in their every-day occupations, make any impression upon them, and that, consequently, they must be led through the study of them to what is more high and abstract. But the class among which our tracts circulates, is a very different one. They are not agricultural labourers, nor even mechanics, but shopkeepers, apprentices, and clerks in offices.

Fair creatures! is it for them that all these big words are intended?

Yes, and let me tell you that from the best information we are able to gather, these persons are fully able to comprehend the big words. You must remember that they have their wits sharpened by social intercourse, by occasional peeps at the life of a class above their own; and (more than both causes together) by their engagements bringing much more directly before their eyes the direct connection between business and the profits of business. All these circumstances, you perceive, completely take them out of the rule which you have laid down, and make it even necessary, if it were not desirable, to provide them with a stronger meat than might be fit for the babes and sucklings of the farm-yard.

There are two kinds of wit, Mr. Brougham, the one—

[To be concluded in our next.]

JOURNAL OF AN EMBASSY TO AVA.

Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Court of Ava, in the Year 1827. By John Crawford, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., &c., late Envoy. With an Appendix, containing a Description of Fossil Remains, by Professor Buckland and Mr. Clift. 4to., pp. 605. Colburn. London, 1829.

THE author of this work is advantageously known to the public by a History of the Indian Archipelago, and an account of his Embassy to the Courts of Siam and Cochin China. The present very handsome volume contains a narrative of the visit made by him, as envoy, at the close of the year 1826, to the Court of Ava. Before he proceeded on this mission, he had been residing, for several months, as Civil Commissioner at Rangoon, and thus had the benefit of carrying with him on his embassy much previously acquired knowledge as to the customs and institutions of the country. The purport of his journey, or rather voyage, up the Irrawadi to the Burman capital, was the negotiation of a commercial treaty, on terms of perfect reciprocity, with the ministers of the 'Golden Foot.' The chief advantages which the embassy in reality produced seem to have been the increase of information, both moral and scientific, with regard to the country, people, and government, and the impression of English firmness, candour, and good faith, which must have resulted from the negotiations. As to the ostensible objects of the mission, they were in a great degree frustrated by the unconquerable obstinacy, stupidity, and faithlessness of that barbarous despotism. Something, however, was doubtless gained by having the laws of commercial intercourse between the two countries, insufficient as they are, definitely recorded in a public document.

We shall not attempt to follow Mr. Crawford in his progress up the noble river, which was traversed by his steam-boat from Rangoon to Ava. He and his companions appear on all occasions to have made the most minute, extensive, and judicious observations which their circumstances admitted. And in one department alone, that of geology, the envoy, whose distinguished life has necessarily been devoted to other pursuits than those of physical science, has yet done more than all previous travellers to enlarge and sharpen our knowledge of the Eastern World; while the labours of Dr. Wallich, in botanical discovery, have scarcely been less successful.

The book is remarkably clear from affectation or pretension, and we have met with but few volumes of equal size and on similar subjects which were such agreeable reading. This arises chiefly, we apprehend, not from the freshness and singularity of the subject, but from the remarkably even and unwavering view, distinguished by uniform good sense and acuteness, and leaving no vagueness on which paradoxes might be built, which characterises Mr. Crawford's mode of regarding every thing around him. In every detail recorded on these pages, we discover the working of a lively but calm and steadfast intellect, a mind trained in the public affairs of large communities; and as to its scientific perceptions, far more cultivated than is usual in any but cloistered inquirers. There is throughout an unusual modesty as to the expression of individual feeling; and the keen relish of the author for picturesque and romantic beauty, and for the splendours of ancient architecture and the peculiarities of national tradition, which is never manifested in any elaborate displays of his tastes and emotions, can only be inferred from the fullness and clearness with which he describes what some more rhetorical travellers would content themselves with vaguely panegyricising. There is, however, among others, a description of a pageant of gilded war-boats, on the broad waters that surround the 'city of gems,' of which Milton would have known how to make a glorious use.

We will now give some extracts which must,

we think, be interesting to our readers. The first shall be a very striking instance of wild superstition :

'In reference to the actions now alluded to, a singular fact has been ascertained, which affords a curious specimen of the superstition, credulity, and folly of the Burmese and their Government. Finding that all their ordinary efforts to make head against the invaders were unavailing, they had recourse to magic; and among other projects of this nature, sent down to their army before Prome, all the women at Ava who had the reputation of having a familiar spirit, in order to put a spell on the foreigners, and, as it was said, *unman* them. These females, who rather labour under some mental derangement than are impostors, are called by the Burmans Nat-kadaw, or female nats. They profess to hold an intercourse with the demigods of that name, and to be inspired by them with supernatural powers. The presence of such persons was known to the British army; and among the wounded, after the action at Sim-bike, there was found a young girl about fifteen or sixteen years of age, dressed in male attire, believed to be one of them. Her sex was recognised, and attention was paid to her; but she expired in half an hour after being taken prisoner. Lieutenant Montmorency told me, that he had seen this poor creature; that she had received wounds in the neck and head, and held up both her hands, making a *shiko*, or Burman obeisance, to every one that from pity or curiosity came to see her.'—Pp. 41, 42.

A hint to gentlemen smokers :

'In my first interview with the Siamese Minister, on my mission to that country in 1822, the servile demeanour of his officers and followers towards him, forcibly struck my companions and myself as highly offensive. In the demeanour of his officers and retainers towards the Wungyi, upon the present occasion, there was in comparison very little to offend. The former sat on chairs, and, in the discussion which ensued, offered their opinions with perfect freedom; and the latter were seated on the floor, in the usual Oriental posture, without exhibiting any constraint or embarrassment. The only exception to this was the person charged with his Excellency's spit-box, and who, prostrate in the Siamese fashion, held the precious utensil over his head, without venturing to look upwards.'—Pp. 13, 14.

Important to Aldermen :

'By the construction which the Burmans put on the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, the lives of animals seem to be respected pretty much in proportion to their magnitude, under the belief, I imagine, that the larger the animal, the more advanced towards perfection is the soul of which it is the receptacle.'—P. 27.

The life of an actor :

'Pa-k'hok-ko, and the domain annexed to it, lately constituted the estate assigned to Maung-shu-nyan, a celebrated actor. This person, a native of Rangoon, gained the present King's favour by his professional talents, his quickness at repartee, and his accomplishments as a buffoon; and he received a title of nobility, with an estate, as marks of royal favour. During the war, he had a small command, but disgraced himself by a precipitate flight. He was in the stockade where Thongba Wungyi was killed, on the 7th of July, 1824. After this, he fell into disgrace, quarrelled with some of the principal courtiers, and was discovered to be an atrocious oppressor, having put several persons on his estate to death. The King discovered his mistake in promoting him, imprisoned him twice as a correctional punishment; but, finding him irreclaimable, he deprived him of his estate, and confiscated his personal property.'—P. 75.

The value of a white elephant :

'While we were at Ava, a report was brought that a white elephant had been seen; but it was stated, at the same time, that its capture and transport on a sledge over the cultivated country would be accompanied by the destruction of ten thousand baskets of rice. His Majesty is said to have exclaimed more with the enthusiasm of an amateur than the consideration of a patriot king, "What signifies the destruction of ten thousand baskets of rice, in comparison with the possession of a white elephant?" and the order was given for the hunt.'—Pp. 143, 144.

The veracity of Burmese historians :

'I learnt last night, from good authority, that the Court Historiographer had recorded in the National Chronicle his account of the war with the English. It was to the following purport:—In the years 1186 and 87, the Kula-pyu, or white strangers of the West, fas-

tened a quarrel upon the Lord of the Golden Palace. They landed at Rangoon, took that place and Prome, and were permitted to advance as far as Yandabo; for the King, from motives of piety and regard to life, made no effort whatever to oppose them. The strangers had spent vast sums of money in their enterprise; and by the time they reached Yandabo, their resources were exhausted, and they were in great distress. They petitioned the King, who, in his clemency and generosity, sent them large sums of money to pay their expenses back, and ordered them out of the country.'—P. 176.

The following short but comprehensive passage will give a good notion of the degree to which the Burmese are advanced in the finer departments of rascality :

'Mr. Judson informed me, that when he was in prison, he overheard two chiefs, who were subjected to a temporary confinement for some peccadillo, discouraging together on moral subjects. The elder of the two asked the other if he knew the proper definition of an "upright man." The younger professed his ignorance; when the senior added, "Then I will tell you: an upright man is exactly the same thing as a witless man, or a simpleton." Maongrit, the senior Atwen-wun, who gave in a formal note at the last conference, recommending to all parties loyalty, disinterestedness, and truth, was detected, in the course of the day, in what was little short of a forgery; and the following anecdote will prove with how ill a grace he appeared as the advocate of loyalty and disinterestedness:—As the British troops were advancing to Prome, he was entrusted, as a Privy Counsellor of the King, with putting that important post in a state of defence. He levied heavy contributions upon the inhabitants for this purpose, appropriated them all to his own use, neglected the fortifications, and Prome consequently fell without resistance into our hands. A superior officer, I believe the Prince of Sarawadi, discovered his notorious malversation and neglect of duty, degraded him from his office, forced him to refund, and placed him in two pair of fetters. In this state he continued for many months. He was at last restored to office through the influence of Kaulen Mengyi, and was now, of course, the devoted creature of this Minister.'—P. 227.

This illustrates the coarser class of peccadilloes as practised in Burma :

'The part of the country they passed through was much infested by robbers; and yesterday they saw the spot where a man had been a few hours before murdered, on account of a load of rice which he was carrying to Ava. A little of the rice was still scattered about; and the bamboo, on which the baskets were carried, was still lying on the ground.'—P. 235.

Our readers will see by the next extract, that the exportation of young ladies to the 'Golden Kingdom' is not likely to be profitable; and, in fact, Mr. Crawford has not provided for it in his commercial treaty :

'An old Siamese woman, who was taken prisoner in her youth, in one of the incursions into Siam, and whose prime cost was a flask of spirits, was pointed out to me at Rangoon. She was sold a second time, I was told, at the enhanced price of five ticals, or 12s. 6d.'—P. 246.

A Burman compliment :

'Turning round to me immediately before going away, the junior Atwen-wun congratulated himself upon his good fortune in having met "so valuable a friend: a true friend," he added, "is not to be met with above once in a creation or existence!" This piece of bombast was delivered with immoveable gravity.'—P. 266.

Burman diplomacy :

'Sir A. Campbell informed me, that one of the negotiations, which preceded the peace, and in which the Burmans had no object but that of putting off time and deceiving us until the force was collected, which was afterwards defeated near Prome, one of the chiefs, the Governor of the province of Sarawadi, a little shrewd old man, who was always counting his beads, was loud in his praise of all peace-makers, and assured the commander of the British army, that he in particular would be quite sure of meeting his reward in some distinguished and elevated transmigration, if through his means the British granted a favourable peace to the Burmans. I was present when Sir A. Campbell saw this person for the first time afterwards, and when he was reminded of the compliment in question: the old man was nothing abashed, but joined

very heartily in the laugh which the recollection of this circumstance created.'—Pp. 266, 267.

Burmese piety :

'The colour appropriated for the dress of the priesthood is yellow, and it would be deemed nothing less than sacrilege in any one else to use it: so peculiarly sacred is it held, that it is not uncommon to see one of the people pay his devotions, in due form, to the old garment of a priest on a bush, hung out to dry, or to one after being washed.'—P. 377.

When the steam-vessel, on its return, reached Rangoon, the town was besieged by the rebellious Talains :

'Lieutenant Rawlinson, who was left here by Sir A. Campbell to await our arrival, and all the English merchants, were standing on the public wharf, looking out for us, and immediately came on board, bringing along with them our letters and packets. They informed us that this day had been decided on by the Burmans, as a fortunate one, for making a *sortie*; and, indeed, they had scarcely given us the information, when the attack actually commenced. We were eye-witnesses to a considerable part of this action, and our friends, who returned to the stockade, and mounted the tops of the houses, had a full view of the whole. The courage and conduct of both parties were upon the very lowest scale. The Burmans crept out of the stockade, and came unawares upon their enemy, on the eastern or Tacklay side of the stockade. The Talains, who were cooking or sleeping, fled precipitately, and without offering any resistance, to their boats, which were soon seen crossing the river in numbers and in great haste, although not pursued. A few Talains were killed, and a few taken prisoners. The Burman attack in the direction of the Pagoda was not so fortunate: here they were repulsed, and sustained some loss. The total killed, wounded, and prisoners, was, after all, very trifling on either side. We received various and different accounts of the casualties; but so discordant, that none could be relied on. The Burmans admitted their own loss in wounded to be fourteen. We had the misfortune to be eye-witnesses to the capture of one petty Talain chief, and an act of more savage ferocity cannot well be imagined. He had attempted to escape by swimming across the river, and was pursued by two armed Burmans in a small canoe. He attempted to avoid capture by repeated diving, but was at last wounded by a spear and taken. He was tied to the canoe, and dragged down the river for a quarter of a mile, to the spot where we were anchored, and within five yards of us. He was landed by dragging him by the hair of the head, and one of the victors drew a sword, as if to decapitate him. We remonstrated against this act of brutality, as an insult to ourselves, and thus for a moment at least saved the life of the prisoner. Thirty ticals, it appears, are paid for every Talain's head. The prisoners are generally taken before the Wungyi, where some are executed and others reprieved. Some of our gentlemen who entered the town after the action had ceased, saw the prisoners brought in. The men were dragged by the hair of the head, and the women and children were scarcely better treated. Among the prisoners there were some Chinese, who were sold by the captors on the spot to the highest bidder. These had not joined the Talains, nor were they taken in arms: they had not, however, quitted the suburbs, where their dwellings were, when the Burmans retired to the stockade, and this, which was considered suspicious, was an offence which merited punishment.'—Pp. 337—339.

The work contains very full and amusing descriptions of a boat-race; the reception at Court; a man whose face, forehead, ears, and cheeks, inclusive, were overgrown with hair; of a village of lepers, which is even pleasant, so far as it reminds us of De Maistre's delightful tale, 'Le Lepreux de la Cité d'Aorte,' and a hundred other wonders and splendours.

The following comparison, which so few Europeans have had an opportunity of making, between Burmese and Siamese religion, is curious :

'Here, as in almost all the modern Burman temples I have seen, the fane containing the principal images of Buddha are of carved wood, gilt all over. Within the area was pointed out to us a circular fabric with a domed roof: this was the library of the temple, but the doors being shut, and none of the attendants at hand, we were unable to gain admission. Judging from this specimen of the Burman temples, and what I had before seen, I have no scruple in considering that they are ge-

nerally inferior to those of Siam, both in magnitude and splendour: the images especially are much fewer and smaller. I had not yet seen a single statue in brass, nor do I believe the art of casting them in metal is known to the Burmans, although daily practised by the Siamese. This, however, is accounted for by the abundance of fine white marble of which the Burmans are possessed, and of which their best statues are formed. The richly carved wood of the doors, windows, and roofs of the Siamese temples, constitutes their best ornament. In the Burman temples there is nothing comparable to it. While the Siamese are spacious buildings, open, diversified, and richly ornamented within, the majority of the modern temples of Ava are but solid masses of brick and mortar, presenting nothing but a mere exterior to gratify curiosity. I may take this opportunity of observing, that the Burman priests seem to be less numerous than those of Siam: it is not to be inferred from this, however, that the Burmans are less pious than their neighbours. This fact, and the inferiority of the temples, is to be accounted for by the religious charity of the two people being somewhat differently directed. For every temple in Siam there seemed to be twenty in Ava. None but the rich and powerful build temples in the first, and the inferior classes are satisfied with making contributions to the edifices constructed by their superiors. Here, therefore, large temples only are constructed. In Ava every petty chief builds his own temple, and deems this, and not the endowment of monasteries, the principal road to salvation. In Siam, a monastery is a necessary appendage to a temple. In Ava, the monasteries and temples are separate and distinct, and those who have power over the wealth of the country alone can endow the former. In Siam it is the fashion for every male inhabitant to enter the priesthood once in his life, however short the period. This custom does not exist among the Burmans.—Pp. 164, 165.

Burmese temples:

'Sept. 25.—We repeated our visit this morning to the ruins of Pagan. This place is stated, in Burman chronology, to have been founded by a King named Samud-da-raj in the year of the grand æra 799, of Gautama 651, of Salivana, called by the Burmans Sumundri, 29, corresponding with the year of Christ 107. It was destroyed in the year of Christ 1356, but appears to have ceased to be the seat of Government in favour of Chit-kaing thirty four years earlier. In this long interval of one thousand two hundred and fifteen years there reigned fifty-seven Kings, giving an average to each reign of more than twenty-one years. These reigns, long in a barbarous state of society, would seem to imply that order and tranquility generally prevailed while the seat of Government was at Pagan; and that this was the case may perhaps appear probable, from the frequent mention made in the chronological list of sons and grandsons succeeding fathers and grandfathers, and brothers succeeding brothers, while there were but few changes of dynasty.'

'The oldest of the temples pointed out to us, dated in the reign of King Pyan-byā, or from 846 to 864. Nine temples are ascribed by tradition to this prince; but all of them small, in a ruinous state, and without any interesting relics. The first temple which we visited had the appellation of Thapin-nyu, or "the Omniscient," which is an epithet of Gautama. It is one of the finest, has been restored, and is occasionally used as a place of worship. A short account of this will suffice to convey a notion of the style, character, and extent of all the large temples, for the whole of these are upon the same model. They are built of brick and lime; and the freestone, which is so abundant in the country, and apparently so easily worked, is generally to be seen only in the pavement of the ground-floor and court-yard, or in the construction of stairs. The bricks are well burnt, and commonly about fourteen or fifteen inches long, and eight broad. The form of the temple is an equilateral quadrangle, having on each side four large wings, also of a quadrangular form. In these last are the entrances, and they contain the principal images of Gautama. Each side of the temple measures about two hundred and thirty feet. The whole consists of four stages, or stories, diminishing in size as they ascend. The ground story only has wings. The centre of the building consists of a solid mass of masonry: over this, and rising from the last story of the building, is a steeple, in form not unlike a mitre, ending in a thin spire, which is crowned with an iron umbrella, as in the modern temples. Round each stage of the building is an arched corridor, and on one side a flight of stairs leads all the way to the last story. We ascended by this flight, and found it to consist of a hundred and sixty steps, giving

a height which may be estimated at eighty feet. The whole height of the building, including the spire, we were informed by our guides, was a hundred and thirty-five cubits, or about two hundred and ten feet. Round this temple, like all the rest, there is a court fenced by a brick wall, with gateways. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this temple, as well as of almost all the other buildings of Pagan, is the prevalence of the arch. The gateways, the doors, the galleries, and the roofs of all smaller temples, are invariably formed by a well-turned Gothic arch. It had been alleged, that the art of turning an arch has been lost by the modern Burmans. There is no foundation for this opinion; for, in the vicinity of Rangoon, I have seen several very good arches in buildings of recent structure. The truth is, that their modern buildings, consisting generally of masses of solid masonry, or of wood, necessarily exclude the use of the arch. The temple of Thapin-nyu contains some modern images of Gautama, of an enormous size, composed of common brick and plaster, gilt over, but very rudely and clumsily executed. Its construction is ascribed to Alaum-chao-su, a prince of Pagan, whose reign commenced in 1081, and ended in 1151 of Christ.—Pp. 62—64.

We shall take another opportunity of noticing the important chapters in which Mr. Crawford gives a general view of all the points which are most remarkable in the social system of Burma.

THE HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.

The History, Principles, Practice, and Results of the Hamiltonian System, &c. By J. Hamilton, author of 'The Hamiltonian System.' Sowler. Manchester, 1829.

HAVING ascertained the OBJECTS of Mr. Hamilton's system from his own statement, and from the statement of its advocate in 'The Westminster' having shown that these objects do not coincide with those which the present system undertakes to accomplish, and having thence inferred that Mr. Hamilton's promise of shortening the quantity of labour necessary to accomplish these ends is unfounded and deceitful,—we proceed to inquire in what sense a knowledge of language may be acquired upon this system, and what is the value of that knowledge. To understand this question, we invite our readers to the following document extracted from 'The Morning Chronicle' of November 16, 1825, upon which Mr. Hamilton places considerable reliance, and which, we believe, has been more effectual in recommending his scheme than all his own arguments together:

'Extract from the Morning Chronicle of Wednesday, November 16th, 1825.—Hamiltonian System.—We yesterday were present at an examination of eight lads who have been under Mr. Hamilton since some time in the month of May last, with a view to ascertain the efficacy of his system in communicating a knowledge of languages. These eight lads, all of them between the ages of twelve and fourteen, are the children of poor people, who, when they were first placed under Mr. Hamilton, possessed no other instruction than common reading and writing. They were obtained from a common country school, through the interposition of a Member of Parliament, who takes an active part in promoting charity schools throughout the country; and the choice was determined by the consent of the parents, and not by the cleverness of the boys.

'They had been employed in learning Latin, French, and latterly Italian; and yesterday they were examined by several distinguished individuals, among whom we recognised John Smith, Esq., M.P.; G. Smith, Esq., M.P.; Mr. J. Mill, the historian of British India; Major Camac; Major Thompson; Mr. Cowell, &c. &c. They first read different portions of the Gospel of St. John, in Latin, and of Cæsar's Commentaries, selected by the visitors. The translation was executed with an ease which it would be in vain to expect in any of the boys who attend our common schools, even in their third or fourth year; and proved, that the principle of exciting the attention of boys to the utmost, during the process by which the meaning of words is fixed in their memory, had given them a great familiarity with so much of the language as is contained in the books above alluded to. Their knowledge of the parts of speech was respectable, but not so remarkable; as the Hamiltonian System follows the natural

mode of acquiring language, and only employs the boys in analysing, when they have already attained a certain familiarity with any language.

'The same experiments were repeated in French and Italian with the same success; and, upon the whole, we cannot but think the success has been complete. It is impossible to conceive a more impartial mode of putting any system to the test, than to make such an experiment on the children of our peasantry.'

Now what possible objection can be made to this evidence? Are not the witnesses honest men?—Undoubtedly. Are they not intelligent men?—Undoubtedly. Would they prevaricate, then, wilfully in stating what they saw, or are they likely to have been deceived respecting what they saw? Both suppositions are incredible. Then does not this overturn, or at least overreach, all that you have been saying previously against the system? Not one word, or one letter of it, not even if, as Mr. Hamilton states, 'The Morning Chronicle' reports underrate the quantity of knowledge procured by the boys,—not even if the time spent in acquiring it was four days instead of four months. Taking the evidence in the largest sense, adding to it any thing which observers may have omitted to take note of, it will amount to this, that, in a certain extremely short space of time, it is possible for boys to learn by heart a considerable body—if it will serve your purpose, say the whole—of the words of a language. Mr. Hume, Mr. Mill, and the rest of the witnesses say this, and no more. On this point, we take their assertions to be gospel; for thus far they are founded upon the evidence of their senses. But on the conclusion which these gentlemen, or any of them, may ground upon these observations, we must take leave to hold ourselves perfectly independent. Our confidence in their veracity, which is unlimited, does not compel us to go the length of adapting our faith, which is obstinate, to their notions; and we should be unworthy of an honest reader, if we did not say, that, while there are not six men in London whose words we would admit more unreservedly in a point of evidence, there are not six whose notions we should be more cautious of taking as our guides in any question with which the spiritual faculties of man's nature are any wise concerned.

We assume, therefore, that Mr. Hamilton's education machine has the power of projecting a considerably larger number of words into the memory of a pupil than any one previously invented; that to effect this object is the end of Mr. Hamilton's system; that the effects of the process upon the mind of the pupil are not treated as worthy of any primary consideration; and that the only argument which has been brought forward to prove that the mind may possibly gain something by a scheme which has been formed without any reference to it, is that redoubted one of the fallacy-hating Westminster Reviewer which we exposed last week. But then the saving of time! Ah! the saving of time—we had forgotten that. For, say the advocates of the Hamiltonian System, all may be very true that you say about the necessity of educating the faculties and so forth; but then observe what an immense number of hours we redeem, which may, if it seems good, be given to that purpose. Thus, if an Eton boy is twelve thousand hours in learning two languages which an Hamiltonian boy can learn in twelve hundred, there will remain ten thousand eight hundred hours in which the latter may improve his faculties, or amuse himself in any other more advantageous manner. Happy young gentleman! but is there no scheme laid out by his tutors, or by you his tutors' tutors, for the employment of these useful hours? Oh! certainly, the time which he saves from that which your system consumes in Greek and Latin, will be devoted to Mathematics pure and mixed, metaphysics, mineralogy, geognosics, logic, mensuration, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. So we expected; and pray in what measure are these studies to be pursued by the pupil? Are they to be taught in the shortest manner possible; that is,

to say, as you have defined it, in a way purely mechanical? If not, then we should like to know why just the one study which you have singled out to teach, without the least reference to the cultivation of thought, is just that one which of all knowledge has most connection with thought, being the study of that by which thought is expressed? If so, the selection is, to say the least, somewhat singular. But it is not a selection; you will conduct all other studies in the same manner, you will make them all purely MECHANICAL. 'The Westminster Review,' in the article to which we have alluded, confesses this intention, and even hints that more progress (in which opinion we agree with it) has been made in the process of mechanising the other branches of education than this one. Well then, seeing all studies are to be taught without reference to the cultivation of the faculties, and seeing the hours rescued from the study shortened, are to be devoted to those neglected, what precisely did you mean by telling us that you are saving time for the cultivation of the mind? In what corner have you husbanded from the important objects of education, the few moments that are destined for this comparatively trifling one?

Let 'The Westminster Review' make answer!

'We trust we cannot be supposed to mean that it is not a part of the duty of the teacher to cultivate the intellectual faculties of his pupil. That, without doubt, is one of the very highest and most important departments of education; but the preceding observations relate to the communication of knowledge—the statement of facts or phenomena, the materials on which the intellectual faculties are to operate.'

These lines were written by their author in perfect unconsciousness that he was expressing any sentiment at all extraordinary, and to nine-tenths of those who read 'The Westminster Review' they will appear as innocent and commonplace as they appeared to him! But, merciful Heaven! to what a state must we have come when they can be so written and so read? To what a state must that age have been reduced which could hear with coolness and indifference that the education of our souls, the end for which we are created, which God ordained to be the business of our whole lives, to which the magnificent frame of nature, though contrived, no doubt, for the accomplishment of other ends equally glorious, nevertheless condescends to minister, for promoting which our ancestors knew all studies to be framed, and therefore selected, as the one which should form the groundwork of their institutions for study, that one which they believed would tend most directly to secure it; lastly, alas! that we should be induced to place this argument last, from a conviction that the lowest step in the ladder should be that which the age will most readily reach at—without which it is impossible, with any effect, to comprehend and grasp even the material objects we prefer to it,—that this education of our souls is to be no longer the object of the one study hitherto consecrated to the accomplishment of it, no longer the object of any other which is to engage the attention of the child or the man—but to be the occupation of the few moments which can be stolen from the task of cramming the memory, an occupation which very soon, even if the scheme should not be already ripe, will be shortened by some device as 'purely mechanical' as the Hamiltonian system of teaching languages! We have said what must be that age which can listen to such sentiments with calmness and indifference. But let us speak more honestly. These are not words whispered into the ears of the men of our generation by some counsellor who knows that they are ripe for evil, but is afraid of venturing too far. No! the words are spoken boldly,—they are not new to the age for which they are intended: they are uttered by a man of the age, they are but the echo of its own hollow voice. And it is, therefore, that we cannot speak, as some in the halls and colleges speak, with contempt of those who come forward with

their quack nostrums in education. We know that those who advocate any scheme which has for its principle the denial of man's spiritual nature, which has for its effect the weakening it, will find eager and believing auditors. We know that the Pythoneses who counsel the people to desert the strength of their forefathers—if they be drunk, yet it is with the vapours which those who seek after them have inhaled as well as they; that, if the trembling tripod on which they exalt themselves gives no authority to their words, yet that they have skill to add such lying prophecies of the glory that is to descend upon these latter times, as may well flatter weak heads into acquiescence with their most hurtful suggestions. And we know, moreover, that the evil is even now partly accomplished; that the age has already thrown off more than half its spiritual armour; and that, while on this very account good men are the more painfully anxious to preserve for it what yet remains, it hopes that it may, in time, feel the necessity of resuming what is gone, the age is but too likely to lighten itself of a weight which it has contrived to render nearly useless.

It is no great subject for laughter, but one for trembling apprehension, to see a quack prescribing the medicine which is the best calculated to aggravate a patient's disorder, when we know that it is also just the medicine which, because he is in that disorder, the patient will love. The ignorance and the stupidity of the adviser* does not diminish, but rather increases, the grounds of alarm, for it puts him more nearly on a level with his dupe. If Achitophel had wished to ruin Absalom, he would not have succeeded so well as Hushai.

But be Mr. Hamilton and his assessors, 'The Edinburgh' and 'Westminster Reviews,' Hushais or Achitophels, we pray equally that the counsels of them, and of all who instruct the age how it can become more low-thinking and mechanical than it is at present, may be turned into foolishness. And since the succour which in the present day, as in every former one, we derive ultimately from Providence, must be expected to reach us through some earthly agent, where shall we look for the instrument by which we are to be protected against our own bad inclinations and rash movements? To whom can we turn so naturally as to those in whose hands are placed the keys of that true knowledge which our fathers deposited for our use in the ancient institutions of this land? It is not enough now-a-days that the guardians of our public schools and universities should go through their accustomed tasks, teach the set number of hours, and now and then put forth a pamphlet against innovations in the system under which they have grown up.—Other duties are required of them now, stricter in their nature, more troublesome in their fulfilment. That duty, say the hirelings of the age, and the timid counsellors who gave heed to them, is to watch the tremendous force of public opinion which is marching against their institutions, and, before it is too late, to secure an honourable capitulation: that duty, say we, is to take careful note from the watch-towers, of this fearful force, to understand its composition, to study what weakness in the garrison has tempted its ferocity, to examine why so many good and honourable men have enlisted on its side, and then to prepare for a stout and manly RESISTANCE.

Talk of resisting public opinion in the nineteenth century! How long is it since we have escaped from Warburton's lunatic asylum? If we are mad to talk so, we will at least show that our madness has a method in it; for we will point out the way in which we believe the resistance may be most effectual, not merely in preserving from destruction schools and colleges, those limbs of our

* 'The Westminster Review' very generously converts the folly and ignorance with which it charges Mr. Hamilton into an argument in favour of his system.

system in which, though themselves feeble and tottering, we firmly believe all the little life yet left in our system resides—but in imparting to the rest of the body, now conspiring against these its members, new influxes of health and vigour.

Our ancestors, if the principle be true which we have laid down and attempted to defend through the whole of this article, bequeathed to us this idea, that the object of education being the formation of a manly character, and the main* constituent of a manly character being activity of thought and feeling, that study which is most livingly connected with our thoughts and feelings, is the best instrument of education. That this study is language, and that the two languages most adapted to the purposes of education are the two classical languages, because in them the main end of teaching is not lost in the pursuit of inferior ends, we endeavoured to prove, are corollaries from the former propositions. We intimated further, that in devising machinery for realising these objects, our ancestors were likely enough to display great ignorance. To them this ignorance was of little moment; for so vivid and strong was their perception of the end after which they were labouring, that no torrents or Alps in their way would prevent their reaching it, but would only render their minds more nervous for fresh enterprise. But to us weak in conception and mechanical in our natures these obstructions are most mischievous: it does not strengthen our limbs to be obliged to climb over heaps of lumber, for we do not see, as the elder men did, whereto we are tending, and so the greater part of us (constituting that class to which the enemies of the public schools are always pointing, as men who know no more of Latin and Greek than when sent to them) lie down upon the chairs and boxes, by which we ought to mount, while the more resolute of us (constituting that class which are usually spoken of as men who can write excellent Latin verses, but are very dull persons in company, and of little use in their generation) jump about among those chairs and boxes *pour nous faire vifs*. The spiritual end for which this machinery was devised, being thus in great part frustrated, the heads of our public schools must not be surprised, if to their just charges against the quack schemes of the day, that they are merely mechanical, the advocates of these schemes should respond, 'But are not your plans mechanical also? Are not you busied with teaching the words of a language rather than the language itself? What more therefore do ye than others? And what reason can you assign for the immense portion of time you spend in a kind of instruction which we can accomplish in half the time? for its expense, when we can do the work at half the price?' And almost as little must they be surprised, though far more deeply grieved, if they hear a wise and honourable man exclaiming, 'True, all this quackery is disgusting enough: it is miserable indeed when men openly avow that they seek nothing but low and mechanical ends! But what is the alternative? Simply between honest men who avow such ends, and those who, with higher pretensions, accomplish no higher end. And when into the scale of honesty are thrown likewise cheapness and celerity, though I see all the miserable lightness of the new scheme, yet I am half inclined to make election in favour of it. The Hamiltonian system, for instance, I admit all that you can say against it, I admit

* We have stated this idea imperfectly, because we have left out, as not belonging directly to the present subject, the cultivation of the *will*, which language does not promote, but which our fathers provided for by the introduction of religious education into their seminaries. On a future occasion, we may, perhaps, apply the doctrine which we have been now advocating, to this part of the system also, and endeavour to show, that while the principle of our ancestors, of giving a religious education, ought to be stoutly maintained against all the theorizing of our age—a great deal of the machinery has become mischievous, and destructive of the spiritual end for which it was formed.

that the testimonies of its advocates do not prove that it is ever likely to form or improve a single mind. But they do prove, that, as a system of word-teaching, it is more expeditious than the ordinary ones, and unless you can show that something better than word-teaching goes on at Eton and Westminster, I certainly shall vote for Hamilton, seeing the sooner a boy gets through this hammering, deadening process the better.

Alas! that such words should be uttered and that there should be rational ground for their utterance. They are not all true, for there is—we know it, we feel it—there is a spirit in these ancient schools which is not yet burnt out. The flame is low and smouldering, but it is there still; the guardians who are intrusted with its preservation have not yet deserved to be buried alive in the cemeteries of those who gave them the charge; and at times, many who have been nursed in these venerable halls have profited by its light and warmth. But when we contrast the heavy impositions which are laid in these institutions upon the memory, with the little diligence which is showing in calling out the faculties of the mind; when we see how the schemes intended to foster the creative powers have been converted into the merest tool-work, and have become, as a great poet has remarked, some of the chief means of corrupting our poetical perceptions and destroying our feeling of the connection between thoughts and words; when we see how much more time is devoted to drilling and disciplining the man than to awakening the life and feelings of the man; when we see how little is done to awaken a love of knowledge, how much to excite bad motives in the pursuit of it; when we see how almost entirely the great end of creating a moral being has been lost sight of in these institutions, and what a hollow sound rings in the forms, which prove this object paramount to all others in the minds of those who founded them; when we see what cruel inventions of puerile tyranny are tolerated, even encouraged there, though acknowledged to be debasing to the character, because they are said to promote that learning of which the end is the formation of character; when we see all this, who shall deny that the demon of selfishness and materialism which has possessed all of us, has entered likewise into the institutions from which we should draw our virtue and spirituality, and that they are fitting themselves for the destruction which the age is preparing for them by having drunk of the wine-cup of its abominations? Whenever, then, they are summoned before the tribunal of public opinion to give an account of their stewardship, they will find many who will give a reluctant verdict against them,—of those who, if the conflict were between what is old, venerable, and spiritual, and what is upstart, mean, and mechanical, would be their staunchest allies. It will be with them as it was with the Templars in former days. The bad hated the spirit of the order, and longed for the wealth which it had amassed; the good were appalled at the crimes which had brought down to the low worldly level of the men who were to be their judges, the chosen Knights of Christ's Sepulchre. The numbers of godly men who had worn their double cross, the thousand trophies which in past times they had won from the infidel, were, in the eyes of the one, but so many reasons of hatred; in those of the other, but so many proofs of their degeneracy. And so they fell; not because they had defied men's opinions too proudly, but because they had bowed down before them too weakly; not because they had held themselves aloft in strict separation from the corruptions of the times, but because they had defiled themselves with all; not because they had not adapted their spirit (according to the pretty, honied, modern phrase) to the improved notions of the fourteenth century, but because they parted with every thing that was a reason for their existence.

Let those whom we are addressing ponder this

lesson deeply in their minds. We repeat it,—RESIST PUBLIC OPINION, and, like other devils, he will flee from you. But you must have the means, the will to resist him; you must be able to show that you are not amenable to his laws, that you belong to a country over which his jurisdiction does not extend. Meet him upon his own ground, and you fall. (The purposes to which they are framed, his plans are all-sufficient to accomplish. Nothing which you can devise will match them. Try as you will, you cannot cram boys with words more quickly than Mr. Hamilton, or make them swallow so much *swill* in the same time as the Chresto-mathics, or turn them into such thorough political urchins as pour from Mr. Thomas Campbell's school at Glasgow. If you determine to measure yourselves against these men in these experiments—abide the result! But frankly acknowledge yourselves unequal to such great achievements,—confess that it is your humble ambition to prepare your pupils for a class into which none of your rivals have ever thought it worth while to introduce them,—the class of MEN; show them that you understand what are the qualities required of this class, what is the mode of cultivating them; keep this, the primary end of your institutions, in view, and in conformity with it model your system, not caring what changes you make in it which will make it more efficient for this purpose, but not introducing one change merely to please the varying taste and fashions of man—not troubling yourself about the shortness or the length of the way to any of your more secondary ends, but remembering that no time is wasted which is employed in educating the mind and character, that every moment is useless which does not tend to that object—recall, in short, to yourselves and to us, the OBJECTS which our originating fathers conceived, and for accomplishing these and no others, use the MEANS which their mechanical descendants have invented, and then do not fear any attacks which can be directed against you. If there be still, as there will be, fierce opposers—let them come on! Let there be a gathering in every dark corner of the land—from every lane and alley, from every cabin and house where quacks and mountebanks have their thrones. Let their host be swelled with all the restless and factious spirits who find it for their comfort to charge institutions with all that is discordant and mischievous in their own nature, and who, believing this, call (and indeed upon most excellent grounds) for their overthrow. Let them find somewhere in one of the ragged regiments a place for those who cling to every establishment so long as it fails to fulfil the purpose for which it was formed, but who, the moment it becomes something better than a hive for indolence and selfishness, fly off, and desert to the enemy. Thus formed, let the troops be disciplined in the training schools of the age, where they may learn every ferocious and every mean accomplishment; let them march to the battle, waving their rag banners, fortunately reconverted from dirty newspapers and lying reviews, screeching voices yelping the war-cry of the nineteenth century in their rear, and their discordant band playing the dead march of intellect in the front, one and all, villains or dupes, mob chieftains or mob slaves—let them come. They will find opposed to them a sturdy phalanx of all that is wise and generous in the land, those who have loved the places in which they have been nourished, and rejoice to see them renovated; those who feel the want of that advantage, and thank God that it is reserved for their sons; the young, who find nothing to satisfy them in the husks which the quacks offer them; the middle-aged, who feel the pressure of maternal cares weighing them down, and the need of something spiritual to support the pressure; the aged, who prefer the true and permanent to the insincere and the vacillating. And every new year, as it withdraws some from the hostile ranks, by engaging them on some new scheme of vanity,

will supply the good cause with fresh recruits, sent forth to be the enthusiastic defenders of a system to the worth of which they bear living testimony, till these noble institutions shall find a consolation for the hatred of an age which they have defied in the love and veneration of an age which they have regenerated.

ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE.

Romances of Real Life. By the Author of 'Hungarian Tales.' 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1829.

THE worst circumstance about this book, is the discrepancy between the name and the character of the work. A 'Romance of Real Life' can only be one of two things—the romance may be in the form or in the spirit. It may consist in a picture of the more ordinary tendencies and states of human nature, but clothed in some wild, barbaric, or fanciful costume; or it may exhibit the rarer, and more subtle, and more potent qualities of humanity, which, wherever they are developed, are sufficiently impressive to make of little importance the outward shapes in which they display themselves. But to a 'Romance of Real Life,' reality is above all necessary. It must contain nothing which is not proper to men as they are, or to man as in idea he is.

Now, Mr. Colburn's 'Romances of Real Life' are very clever stories, but utterly devoid of reality. They are in general, indeed, so peculiar in the incidents, that it is clear the writer has most sedulously sought for strange occurrences and situations, and has avoided all such as appeared to have in themselves the quality of reality. And to this, probably, the book is indebted for the title of 'Romances.' The phrase 'Real Life,' is, we suppose, designed to indicate that it contains neither fairies nor demons, and that its personages are all fleshy and featherless bipeds. This merit we do not deny. But we would suggest to the lady whose book is before us, that unreal personages are much less likely to pervert our conceptions of truth when they come with no pretence of representing human nature at all, or of being subjected to the same laws with ourselves, than when they appear in the form and with the name of man. The fiend takes a human shape when he would tempt us; it is when he is baffled and flying that he appears in his native deformity. Now we will venture to assert that among persons of equal talent with the writer before us, there is no one whose characters have less of reality than the personages in these volumes. They display fancy and eloquence, a vivid taste for the beautiful, and an active mastery over striking situations, and abundance of amiable and moral feeling. But the persons are not living men and women; and the motives by which they are actuated, are mixed in far other proportions in our bosoms. They are, in truth, mere creatures of the fancy. We amuse ourselves with their dances, and postures, and flutterings, and admire the scenery of the stage on which they appear; but we are disturbed and fretted by the aspect of beings professing to be human, with whom we feel it is impossible to sympathise. We do not deny that if we judge these tales with reference to the individual author, they then assume a relative value exactly in proportion to the worth of the mind from which they proceeded. But in relation to human nature, we fear they are utterly valueless. Neither do we mean to deny that judging the 'Romances of Real Life' with regard to the merit of ordinary novels and the taste of ordinary novel-readers, they are amusing, touching, and eloquent. We only wish our readers to remember in their admiration; that 'The Reign of Terror,' and the 'Lettre de Cachet' are different in kind as well as degree from 'Wilhelm Meister,' 'The Bride of Lammermuir,' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' Next to the 'Lettre de Cachet,' with which our readers are probably acquainted, nearly the most interesting is 'The Bride of Zante.' It is a sort of Greek version of

'Auld Robin Gray,' the conclusion will give a fair notion of our authoress's more impassioned manner.

'It was on one of my earliest days of convalescence, that the suffocating state of the atmosphere induced me to entreat permission to pass the morning in Athanasia's shadowy apartment; which, opening to a court refreshed by many fountains, and itself encrusted with marble, offered a most luxurious retreat for the sultry noon.

'I was reclining on a divan, the book over which I was dreaming gradually becoming too heavy for my languid hands, while Athanasia with her usual soft tranquillity of brow and listlessness of demeanour sat twisting her everlasting silken cord beside an opposite lattice; when old Irene the nurse, drawing mysteriously towards me, whispered significantly that a stranger—a young Zantiote peasant—importunately demanded an interview. "Shall she return, my son, or—"

"'Tis Zaphryne!" I exclaimed, interrupting her—

"admit her instantly."

"Nay, the damsel named herself Agostna."

"Will you," said I, turning towards Madama Gordeleni, "will you permit me to receive in your presence, and solicit your notice for a very fair and gentle countrywoman of your's, in whose fate I am warmly interested?"

Athanasia calmly consented, yet certainly her large dark inexpressive eyes wore a wider character of surprise and curiosity than I had ever yet seen them exhibit. In the mean time, my own astonishment was scarcely inferior. The infirm Agostna! what could have brought her to the city?

'She entered to determine my perplexity, and having bent her feeble way towards Athanasia, and pressed the hem of her garment respectfully to her lips, she turned unto my couch. Apparently startled by the spectacle of my wasted features and attenuated limbs, she paused abruptly, knelt down in her humbleness, crossed her hands devoutly over her bosom, and either wept or prayed—or both.

"Agostna," I exclaimed at length, touched by the continuance of her emotion, "speak, maiden! Thou art silent—thou dost tremble—tears are on thy face—some evil hath befallen Zaphryne!"

'Still she trembled, still wept, but answered not a word.

"She is no more!" I ejaculated. Agostna waved her head in denial. "In sorrow then, or in sickness? Perhaps Alexius hath perished on the seas?"

"Alas! no," replied Agostna, recovering her voice. "I could wish him with the dead; for no further joy awaits him among the living."

"Agostna!" I faltered, "thou seest that I am worn with disease, trifle not with my exhausted strength,—torment me not with suspense; but say on!—what has chanced?"

"Nought, save evil, gracious Sir!" replied the young Greek, in a clear, but very gentle voice; "and chiefest in thy grievous sickness; which, while it augmented our sorrow, deprived us of thine interposition. The Count Lengrazio's malice was but the more deeply aggravated by Zavò's unexpected release; he swore that his purpose should not be overmastered; and well has he kept his oath. Scarcely had he found himself compelled to resign his hold upon the lands of my kinsman, when Zavò—suddenly summoned before the Proveditor in council—was required to produce his hereditary titles to their possession. The old man answered—and he said it proudly—that the parchments were deposited among our island archives; but the Zantiote records were searched, and not a single deed allusive unto Zavò's possessions could be found!"

"Treachery!" I exclaimed, "base and manifest treachery!"

"Not one in the whole island doubts it," resumed Agostna; while Athanasia, now interested in the relation, drew near to listen. "Nay, so completely was the common voice upon our side, that he dared not follow the persuasions of the Barnabotto Lengrazio, to declare my kinsman's lands confiscate to the State. He gave him, indeed, a month of grace wherein to seek out the missing documents, or otherwise substantiate his claims."

"And he hath been unsuccessful—Agostna! I read it in thine eyes."

"Alas! alas! his hopes have been altogether thwarted; and, worse than all, a fierce emotion of resentment, and a resolution to meet in every extreme

the black machination of his enemy, have been enkindled within his heart."

"And what marvel?" I exclaimed. "Hath he not been persecuted—oppressed—hunted by a blood-bound!"

"No marvel; but the greater sorrow," replied Agostna, mournfully; "for Raolo, whose interest with my lord the Proveditor is known as far exceeding that of Lengrazio, has but too well profited by the strife in the old man's mind, stimulating his desire of vengeance, and enhancing the joy of triumph!"

"And has promised in requital for Zaphryne's hand, to circumvent the scheming of the Barnabotto?"

"Even so, gracious Sir," replied Agostna. "Tomorrow expires the month of reprieve—and—"

"Why have I not heard of this?" I exclaimed. "Why thus tardy, Agostna, in thine appeal?"

"Day after day, hour after hour, have we tarried by thy portal;—Zaphryne—Zavò—my very self—to implore thine aid or thy good counsel. But then, alas! death was in thy chamber;—and now—all were too late!"

"Nay!" interrupted Athanasia, touched by the deep feeling evinced by the young peasant; "tomorrow is a far hour;—we will speak this night with the noble Proveditor."

"Ere night," answered Agostna, faintly bending once more her fearful looks upon the ground, "Zaphryne will be the bride of Raolo."

"She shall not, if there be hope in Heaven," I exclaimed, rising from my couch.

"No—no!" faltered Agostna, laying her cold, trembling hand on my arm, "I pray thee, gracious Sir,—spare thyself all hurtful effort. By this hour,—yea! by this hour, their vows are breathed before the altar."

"The hazard," I exclaimed, about to leave the chamber, "is at least worth the attempt."

"Be it mine then," said Madama Gordeleni, with more decision than I had ever seen her assume. "I will myself unto the palace. Within there!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands;—"my veil, Irene!—thine own!—bid my attendants follow me with a *calesse*,—and thyself attend my going forth."

Again Agostna reverentially kissed the hem of her garment.

"Yet stay!" said Athanasia, turning towards me,—"one mode of certain success occurs to my thoughts,—to mine, who know well by what base means, our nation is compelled to propitiate its Venetian oppressors. The Proveditor has often expressed his admiration of thy favourite horse,—thine Arabian?"

"Often—often;—has even sought it in purchase at my hands."

"Resign it to him then."

"As a gift—as a *bribe*, willingly; but no traffic with such a reptile."

"As thou wilt;—he will not quarrel with the terms;" and with a kindly speed, Athanasia Gordeleni exerted herself to depart upon her errand.

The minutes of suspense, meanwhile, were grievous; and Agostna did but aggravate my impatience by relating to me that her especial errand in the city had been from Zaphryne unto myself. "Go to him!" she had said, "for unto none, save so kindly a heart, can I entrust the fulfilling of my thought. Tell him that—Alexius—that the returning vessel for which I have watched so long, is expected, hour by hour, within the harbour. Bid him look upon the face of the despairing man,—he will not despise it that it is a poor one, and a lowly—and comfort him, even with such vain comforting as words can convey. Bid him say that my heart was faithful, although my hand was submissive unto a father's prayer; and that the death I shall daily implore, will be the more tranquil, the more sweet, that I know my Alexius resigned to the decree of Heaven's high will. Bid the stranger confirm his early mercy to the miserable Zaphryne; and when he leaves the Zantiote shores, take from its poisoned atmosphere that wronged lover of her youth whom she dare not to look upon; and say, Agostna, for thou knowest well how faithful he is—and how full of trust;—that he was true to me, and will be true to him."

"It shall not need—it shall not need!" I exclaimed, interrupting the weeping girl;—"or Heaven knows I would have fulfilled her prayer."

Irene—poor decrepit soul!—now panted into the chamber, bringing me from the lips of her mistress an assurance, on the part of Count Michael, that Zavò's case should be favourably adjudged in the morrow's

council. I had no time to curse the venal wretch,—not even in my heart;—I prepared myself,—feeble as I was,—to mount my propitious Arabian for the last time;—fly to the valley,—and rescue Zaphryne from a destiny so abhorrent to her heart.

"Out on thee! for a madman," exclaimed old Irene. "Has thy path fallen under an evil eye?—Thou to ride in the fierce noonshine?—thou to brave an atmosphere which my sweet mistress, in the fulness of health, dared not to re-traverse on her homeward way?—Why myself, although inured to weather changes, I felt as I ran hither from the Proveditor's, even as a hart that panteth for the water-brooks."

Careless of her vehement expostulations, and far more regardless of Agostna's beseeching looks, I desisted not from my preparations.

"Go not,—oh! go not, my son!" said the aged crone, yet more importunately. "There is a stillness—an oppression—as of a coming storm; the breathlessness of nature pausing for the issue. Yesternight the fishers of Chieri beheld the waters of the great deep troubled,—although tideless, and breezeless,—as if by the concussion of some distant earthquake. Go not, my son."

I had her look to Agostna's evident distemperance, not to my contingent calamities. I told her plainly that I would go,—and go I did; climbing, rather than vaulting, as was my wont, upon my favourite horse—the Arabian—whose matchless speed I was determined should serve me even this one more time. It recognised the well-known hand, however feeble, which gave it the rein; and flew like wind,—where wind, Heaven knows, there was none. A terrific breathlessness seemed, indeed, to overspread the earth.

I reached the hill commanding the valley of the vines; I looked towards the grassy ascent terminating its correspondent limit;—I looked to the sea—"it was as unruddied as glass might be;" I looked towards the trees—the palm-trees—and lo! there remained but one solitary, widowed, desolate stem;—the other, and Zaphryne, were lost for ever to the eyes of their Alexius!

Still I went forward. Too late to save, I felt that I might yet console and re-assure;—I might promise to become the comforter of him she loved;—might cheer her upon her return from the ill-starred nuptial ceremony. I went forward,—passed the outskirts of the vineyards; and beheld, some few hundreds of yards before me,—just ascending the shrubby hill,—the bridal procession; two by two, garlanded, and in gorgeous array; and headed by the Ionian Zaphryne, and Raolo the Venetian!—beings whose union appeared forbidden by the voice of nature itself.

Was it the overpowering consciousness of disappointment, or was it the sulphureous oppression of the lurid atmosphere, which wrought so deadly a faintness in my heart, and caused me to lean so heavily upon my saddle?—My horse, my gallant horse, paused abruptly,—trembling in every limb,—as if appalled by some hideous vision. I urged him on—in vain!—the earth trembled and rocked beneath his rooted feet! I remembered that I was in Zante; and attempted to subdue my own shuddering consciousness, by a self-assurance of the frequency,—the innocuous frequency of the phenomenon. I observed that the bridal procession, which had nearly attained the brow of the hill, was halting in disorder,—but secure from all perilous vicinity to a dwelling made with hands. The Zantiote youths were supporting and striving to assure their gentle partners of the day—the fair bride-maidens of a fairer bride.—Yet the Venetian—as I distinctly saw—dared not even approach the wife so lately sworn his own!

Again the undulating earth quivered, as from some remote shock; and Raolo, no longer able to repress his feelings, turned towards Zaphryne, and attempted to fold her to his bosom. With what a gesture of loathing did she repel his arm!—with what strength did she burst from his detaining grasp,—defy his entreaties,—and, with the speed of a fawn, ascend the hill, and enter the frail cottage,—which already toppled with the force of the repeated concussion.

My heart grew sick!—in another moment the ground once more heaved like the billow of a swelling sea; and when I gained courage to look towards the summit of the hill, eddying clouds of dust obscured the ruins of Zavò's dwelling. All was over!—the victim had immolated herself upon the very altar, in the tenacious preservation of which her sacrifice had originated; and a gray-headed man was tearing his hair, and shrieking forth the name of—Zaphryne.—Vol. i. pp. 206—221.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs, &c., &c. By Captain Thomas Brown, F.R.S.E., F.L.S., M.R.P.S.E., M.W.S., &c. 12mo. pp. 570, with Engravings. Oliver and Boyd. Edinburgh, 1829.

Dogs! what a glorious subject! For an article? No; for an encyclopædia. Show us a man who has lived with dogs for thirty years, on terms, not of mere acquaintanceship, but of friendship and affection, and we will 'wear him in our heart of hearts,' as one whose conversation cannot be dull, for he has facts to tell more interesting than are to be found in all the fashionable novels,—whose mind cannot be uncultivated, or else his companions would have turned him off,—whose affections cannot be cold, or he could never have loved and been loved by the noblest and best of God's creatures. The present volume is a very fair collection of stories, though nearly as good could be furnished, perhaps, out of most persons' individual experience. The following is one of the best:

An astonishing Dandy.

'Mr. McIntyre, patent-mangle manufacturer, Regent Bridge, Edinburgh, has a dog of the Newfoundland breed, crossed with some other, named Dandie, whose sagacious qualifications are truly astonishing and almost incredible. As the animal continues daily to give the most striking proofs of his powers, he is well known in the neighbourhood, and any person may satisfy himself of the reality of those feats, many of which the writer has himself had the pleasure to witness.

'When Mr. M. is in company, how numerous soever it may be, if he but say to the dog, "Dandie, bring me my hat," he immediately picks out the hat from all the others, and puts it in his master's hand.

'Should every gentleman in company throw a pen-knife on the floor, the dog, when commanded, will select his master's knife from the heap, and bring it to him.

'A pack of cards being scattered in the room, if his master has previously selected one of them, the dog will find it out and bring it to him.

'A comb was hid on the top of a mantel-piece in the room, and the dog required to bring it, which he almost immediately did, although in the search he found a number of articles also belonging to his master, purposely strewed around, all which he passed over, and brought the identical comb which he was required to find, fully proving that he is not guided by the sense of smell, but that he perfectly understands whatever is spoken to him.

'One evening, some gentlemen being in company, one of them accidentally dropped a shilling on the floor, which, after the most careful search, could not be found. Mr. M., seeing his dog sitting in a corner, and looking as if quite unconscious of what was passing, said to him, "Dandie, find us the shilling, and you shall have a biscuit." The dog immediately jumped upon the table, and laid down the shilling, which he had previously picked up without having been perceived.

'One time, having been left in a room in the house of Mrs. Thomas, High-street, he remained quiet for a considerable time; but, as no one opened the door, he became impatient, and rang the bell; and when the servant opened the door, she was surprised to find the dog pulling the bell-rope. Since that period, which was the first time he was observed to do it, he pulls the bell whenever he is desired; and, what appears still more remarkable, if there is no bell-rope in the room, he will examine the table, and if he finds a hand-bell, he takes it in his mouth and rings it.

'Mr. M., having one evening supped with a friend, on his return home, as it was rather late, he found all the family in bed. He could not find his boot-jack in the place where it usually lay, nor could he find it any where in the room after the strictest search. He then said to his dog, "Dandie, I cannot find my boot-jack,—search for it." The faithful animal, quite sensible of what had been said to him, scratched at the room-door, which his master opened. Dandie proceeded to a very distant part of the house, and soon returned, carrying in his mouth the boot-jack, which Mr. M. now recollected to have left that morning under a sofa.

'A number of gentlemen, well acquainted with Dandie, are daily in the habit of giving him a penny, which he takes to a baker's shop and purchases bread for himself. One of these gentlemen, who lives in James's-square, when passing some time ago, was accosted by

Dandie, in expectation of his usual present. Mr. T. then said to him, "I have not a penny with me to-day, but I have one at home." Having returned to his house some time after, he heard a noise at the door, which was opened by the servant, when in sprang Dandie to receive his penny. In a frolic Mr. T. gave him a bad one, which he, as usual, carried to the baker, but was refused his bread, as the money was bad. He immediately returned to Mr. T.'s, knocked at the door, and, when the servant opened it, laid the penny down at her feet, and walked off, seemingly with the greatest contempt.

'Although Dandie, in general, makes an immediate purchase of bread with the money which he receives, yet the following circumstance clearly demonstrates that he possesses more prudent foresight than many who are reckoned rational beings:

'One Sunday, when it was very unlikely that he could have received a present of money, Dandie was observed to bring home a loaf. Mr. M., being somewhat surprised at this, desired the servant to search the room to see if any money could be found. While she was engaged in this task, the dog seemed quite unconcerned till she approached the bed, when he ran to her, and gently drew her back from it. Mr. M. then secured the dog, which kept struggling and growling, while the servant went under the bed, where she found sevenpence-halfpenny under a bit of cloth; but from that time he never could endure the girl, and was frequently observed to hide his money in a corner of a saw-pit, under the dust.

'When Mr. M. has company, if he desire the dog to see any one of the gentlemen home, it will walk with him till he reach his home, and then return to his master, how great soever the distance may be.

'A brother of Mr. M.'s and another gentleman went one day to Newhaven, and took Dandie along with them. After having bathed, they entered a garden in the town, and having taken some refreshment in one of the arbours, they took a walk around the garden, the gentleman leaving his hat and gloves in the place. In the mean time, some strangers came into the garden, and went into the arbour which the others had left. Dandie immediately, without being ordered, ran to the place and brought off the hat and gloves, which he presented to the owner. One of the gloves, however, had been left; but it was no sooner mentioned to the dog than he rushed to the place, jumped again into the midst of the astonished company, and brought off the glove in triumph.

'A gentleman living with Mr. M., going out to supper one evening, locked the garden-gate behind him, and laid the key on the top of the wall, which is about seven feet high. When he returned, expecting to let himself in the same way, to his great surprise the key could not be found, and he was obliged to go round to the front door, which was a considerable distance about. The next morning strict search was made for the key, but still no trace of it could be discovered. At last, perceiving that the dog followed him wherever he went, he said to him, "Dandie, you have the key,—go fetch it." Dandie immediately went into the garden, and scratched away the earth from the root of a cabbage, and produced the key, which he himself had undoubtedly hid in that place.

'If his master place him on a chair, and request him to sing, he will instantly commence a howling, which he gives high or low as signs are made to him with the finger.

'About three years ago, a mangle was sent by a cart from the warehouse, Regent Bridge, to Portobello, at which time the dog was not present. Afterwards, Mr. M. went to his own house, North Back of the Canon-gate, and took Dandie with him, to have the mangle delivered. When he had proceeded a little way, the dog ran off; and he lost sight of him. He still walked forward; and in a little time he found the cart in which the mangle was, turned towards Edinburgh, with Dandie holding fast by the reins, and the carter in the greatest perplexity, who now stated that the dog had overtaken him, jumped on his cart, and examined the mangle, and then had seized the reins of the horse and turned him fairly round, and would not let go his hold, although he had beaten him with a stick. On Mr. M.'s arrival, however, the dog quietly allowed the carter to proceed to his place of destination.—Pp. 218—223.

We have much more to say about these same dogs.

We reserve our notice of Miss Nina Sontag till next week, when we shall have had an opportunity of comparing her with her sister. They appear together to-night, Wednesday, at Mr. Kemble's benefit.

NEW MUSIC.

Second Volume, Songs of the Minstrels. The Poetry written by Harry Stoe Van Dyk, the Music composed by John Barnett. Mayhew and Co.

THE following Preface of the Composer will, perhaps, better commence our notice of this very agreeable work, than any thing else we could offer:

'The flattering success which attended the first volume of the "Songs of the Minstrels" has induced me to offer to the notice of the musical Public a second, containing imitations of the style of twelve other national airs.

'The lamented death of my talented friend, Harry Stoe Van Dyk, soon after the completion of the first volume, rendered it necessary for me to make a selection from his songs, not written with the view of forming part of this work. Should the present volume, therefore, be deemed inferior in character to the former, the connoisseur must remember that I have not had so wide a field to range in, which circumstance will, I think, entitle me to his indulgence.

'JOHN BARNETT.'

This second volume is, we think, quite as interesting as its predecessor, and we trust it will find a place in the musical library of every person of good taste. The author has evinced considerable ingenuity in the selection of so much variety, and we subjoin a list of the subjects offered.

- * No. 1. The Minstrel's Song of Love . . . Saxon Minstrel, Allegretto, F. 3-4.
- 2. The Hindoo Lover's Serenade . . . Hindoostanee, Andantino, G. 2-4.
- 3. Zephyr to Ray, or, The Persian Rose, Persian, Allegretto, E flat, 6-8.
- * 4. The Warrior's Dream . . . Moorish, Allegretto, A Minor, 6-8.
- 5. The Masquerade, or Juan and Lorenza, Castilian, Spirito, A. 6-8.
- * 6. The Spot where I was born . . . Portuguese, Andante, G. Common Time.
- 7. The Maid of Tartary . . . Russian, Simplice, C Minor, 2-4.
- * 8. The Canadian Barque . . . Canadian, Moderato, F. 6-8.
- 9. The Banner of the Cross . . . Greek, Pomposo, C. 2-4.
- 10. The Minstrel's Lament . . . Neapolitan, Affettuoso, E flat, Common Time.
- 11. 'Tis a very Dark Night . . . Turkish, Andantino, F. 2-4.
- * 12. The Tyrol Warrior Boy . . . Tyrolean, Allegretto, C. 3-8.

Those marked *, are also harmonised for two or three voices.

The whole presents so pleasing and clever an arrangement, that we forbear making any comparisons or selections, but again warmly recommend the whole as an unusually acceptable production.

The Cabinet. A Collection of favourite Melodies for the Flute, No. 1. Cocks and Co.

THIS is the commencing Number of a Periodical which promises to offer a desirable selection of airs, well-arranged for the flute, and published in a very neat form, at the moderate expense of 3s. each Number of 14 pages, containing between 20 and 30 pieces. This first book comprises the following variety, viz: Rondo, by Mozart; German Song, Beethoven; Romance and Polonaise, Mayseider; 'O mein lieber Augustin,' with variations by Camies; Romance, by Dressler and Haydn; Arietta, Mozart; Polonaise, Oginski; 'The Campbells are comin',' as a Rondo, by Bernard Lee; Aria, Berbiguier; Aria, Romberg; Petit Polonaise, Moscheles; Three Waltzes, by Herz; 'Roy's Wife,' by Dressler; Rondo and Minuetto, by Berbiguier; 'Nel cor pio,' Kuhlau; Two Ariettas, Mozart; 'Deh Calma,' from Rossini's 'Otello,' and 'Cara deh attendimi,' from his 'Zelmira'; Rondo, Berbiguier; Russian Air, Fecca; 'British Grenadier's March,' and Pastoralle, by Viotti. Thus is presented literally a scrap-book for the Flutist of the most useful description.

Duet. Myrtillo's Lament, from the 'Pastor Fido,' 'If words of Love offend thee,' a celebrated German Air; adapted by F. F. Mett. Ewer and Johanning.

AN easy trifle of only twenty bars, within the compass of but nine notes: very simple and quite German.

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ODD CHAPTER FROM A STORY WITH- OUT A NAME.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE have had occasion to allude to some lectures of Miss Corrie, on the subject of hoydenism. These admonitions were elicited by some symptoms of that vice which had appeared in Ellen, when she was hovering between her twelfth and fifteenth year. Some faults of this description Miss Corrie had allowed her to commit with impunity. She had not made severe remonstrances against Ellen, when she instructed her little pony to leap hurdles; she had only feebly objected to her playing bowls with her father, and she had even yielded, to her earnest intercession, (for fear of offending Mr. M'Kinnon,) that she might learn to swim, provided a bathing-woman could be found competent to undertake that branch of her education. But it was necessary, as she remarked, to draw a line. These pursuits, though certainly not befitting a lady, could not seriously injure her introduction into society. But when Ellen, instead of confining herself to these personal extravagances, began to use her tongue with prodigious volubility;—when, overstepping the modesty of nature in her conversation, and in defiance of all the rules of freemasonry, she took occasion to inform several gentlemen that Miss Eliza Nugent had called Mr. Courtney 'such a love;' when she narrated a delicate embarrassment, in which Miss Mordaunt had been detected; and one day, even went so far as to impeach the governess herself of wearing false curls,—it was high time to interfere. The two former offences occasioned a severe reprimand, the effect of which upon Ellen's mind was somewhat lessened by the great amusement which Miss Corrie seemed to take in dwelling upon embarrassments which the unfortunate disclosures had caused to the young ladies in question. But the last offence, the imputation of fictitious hair, Miss Corrie treated in the manner it deserved; because, as she rightly observed, that the two first were breaches of decorum, but an untruth was a moral crime. It caused Miss Corrie no little trouble to account for the extraordinary turn her pupil's mind seemed to have taken. Certainly, whatever defects might be discovered in her system of education, no one could charge it with a tendency to produce an undisciplined, or, as it was vulgarly called, a natural character. Some mothers had thought her plans too artificial; some fathers had complained that she had made their daughters merely show girls; but neither fathers nor mothers had as yet had reason to complain that those of their children who were under her care, grew up with an indifference or contempt for the world and the world's law.

Miss Corrie's adroitness generally enabled her to procure some compensation for any disappointment of her hopes. She was certainly mortified at finding that her education-machine did not manufacture the article in the style she had expected. Her vanity was touched in its most sensitive point; but then she soothed it by reflecting, that if her talents had failed in one point, they would be successful in another. She had not been able to make Ellen a lady at thirteen, but she could succeed in making her father believe that all his daughter's waywardness and wildness was the result of the discipline she had undergone, and persuading him also, which he was ready enough to believe, that this waywardness, instead of being a blemish, was a beauty; so that her reputation would be effectually vindicated, both in the eyes of others and her own. She found this task not difficult: a few pretty phrases, such as 'child of nature,' 'sweet unsophisticated little creature,' 'dear open-hearted child, little does she know what selfish beings there are in the world,' and so on; a few well-applied maxims, such as 'make a female honest when a child—she will be any thing else when she is a woman,' 'the greatest romp always makes the most perfect lady,' and the

like, somewhat modified by suitable remarks about the propriety, for the child's own sake, of checking this lovely disposition, were effectual in convincing M'Kinnon that the whole aim of Miss Corrie had been to make Ellen just what she was, which was just the best she could be. On this occasion, Miss Corrie's superficial views deceived herself as much as others. As she judged of character entirely by its outward indications, and never considered how much was due to education, and how much to circumstances, it never entered into her head to consider the motives or cause of Ellen's conduct. All her former trials had been made in London; and she expected that the effects of her system would have corresponded exactly in appearance as well as in reality with what she had observed in former pupils; but in this case, it happened, by a rare accident, that she underrated her own success. Had her views of character been less superficial, she would have found that she had much less cause for regret—could she have examined more deeply into the hoydenism of Ellen, she would not have detected in it any thing at variance with what it had been the object of her eight years' toils to cultivate. She would have seen none of that innocent glee of heart, which is indifferent to every thing without, because it is self-satisfied; none of that gaiety which moves at its own bidding, and will obey no bidding but its own; none of that self-independence which produces entire carelessness about the opinion of other creatures. She would have seen an object in all Ellen's excess, a method in all her madness. If she let her pony run away with her over hill and greensward, it was not because she liked the exercise, but because she liked the fame of exploit. She did not talk for the pleasure of talking, but for the pleasure of being listened to. She did not tell secrets because her heart was too open to conceal any thing, but because she knew that those who were not much interested in having them concealed, would like her infinitely the better for telling them.

Ellen M'Kinnon possessed, as we have said, an exquisite quickness of observation, and she instinctively caught the only method by which a female, between infancy and womanhood, can hope to gain distinction. She observed her little companions who were brought out to exhibit, and she saw, that of those who followed the directions of their governesses, and behaved like good girls, and sat upright in their chairs, instead of being rewarded, as they were promised, by every body's loving them, were called conceited 'pugs,' little old women, and other hard names, which she did not covet. Accordingly, leaving other little actresses to look demure, and be frightened at the number of spectators, she resolved to tread the stage boldly, play antics, and not to assume the decorous manner of a regular performer till she had attained the age when it was expected from her. Her success answered her expectations; her vanity found plentiful materials to feed upon; she was gratified by praises, and gratified by censures, which she could hardly distinguish from praises; gratified by being told by one person that she was the wretchedest little gipsy alive, and gratified by overhearing another remark, that she was the most artless of human beings.

And in truth, there were in Ellen Mackinnon gifts which were quite sufficient to account for any admiration which she received from the members of our sex.

[Here followeth an account of this young lady's person, which I take to be very like all other accounts of all other young ladies' persons, saving that the one here spoken of, being only fifteen years of age, fell necessarily somewhat short of the heroines of other novels in some of the perfections of face and form. Wherefore, I have thought it good to say merely that she had black eyes and was somewhat above the middle stature. Which three things, viz. her age, her height, and her eyes, being given, I have no doubt that any person with a

proper theory of the beautiful, and a sound knowledge of mathematics, will be able to describe the figure. After which, the author proceedeth to speak of a young gentleman, a cousin of the Miss Ellen Mackinnon hereinbefore named, whom he mentions to be the son of a very accomplished gentleman, and a much more accomplished lady, hight Montgomery, who, being, for reasons in his novel particularized, somewhat tired of the great world, had, within about four years before the date of this present chapter, taken up their residence in a very small village, situated on the sea-coast of Devonshire, about six miles from the great village of Melcove, and remarkable, as he most tiresomely explaineth through twelve pages, for some exceedingly wild scenery which the visitors of the watering-places, led astray by the delusive reports in the guide-books, which inform them that they may, at a trifling expense of time and trouble, see a miniature likeness of the Alps in Switzerland, most rashly frequent, to the no small detriment of the panels of their carriages, knees of their horses, and to the entire destruction of the wheels of such curricles, sociables, and dog-carts, as are hired for the day. He addeth, moreover, that, besides the said Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, with their children, therein called Florence (a name, by the by, more properly appertaining to a woman, and here employed, abusively, of the other sex) and Maria, the other residents in the village were a drunken clergyman, two drunken and rival apothecaries, and sundry gentlemen of that class who, their occupation being the importation of French brandy, feel delicate scruples about occasioning trouble to the officers of his Majesty's customs. Having thus accounted for the reasons which may have given Mr. Montgomery a greater taste for the society of our worthy rector than he might elsewhere have felt, being a man somewhat squeamish in his disposition, and mentioned, moreover, that his visits were more long than frequent, because that there were no roads, he proceedeth with a rare knowledge of human nature, such as belongeth, in these later days, to few besides himself and the writers in 'The Court Journal,' (whereof, indeed, he boasteth that he is one,) to describe the kind of regard which subsisted between the two cousins, indicating the same principally by the fact of their riding together upon two ponies. He then goeth on as follows:]

Ellen was now about thirteen years of age, and Florence, who had thought considerably more than most youths of his time of life, (he was only senior to his cousin by a year,) began to entertain considerable fears that she would speedily acquire the cold manners of womanhood, and that their relation to each other must henceforth be much less intimate and agreeable. As this reflection was somewhat painful to our young hero, perhaps we ought not to think very hardly of him, when we confess that his youthful taste was not so utterly revolted as it ought, no doubt, to have been, at the development of hoydenish and unfeminine dispositions in his cousin. For, besides that along with these very strange habits Ellen likewise received about this time such an accession of girlish loveliness as might have been sufficient to make even an older logician than Florence fancy some mysterious connection between the two, the self-interest of the youth was so strangely promoted by a disposition which kept alive, and even increased, the freedom of that intercourse which he feared was about to be destroyed, that he must have been a very resolute moralist indeed, if his judgment on this point had not been something warped. Not that Florence could care for his cousin's public declaration of an intention to elope with him at the first convenient opportunity, for he partly understood that Ellen had studied a character, and that this was one of her ways of supporting it. But it was not in nature that he should think so lightly of their long sittings together, and their long walks together, and their long rides on

the Devonshire hills—the hills, I say—for in spite of the pretty matrimonial allegory drawn by a poet of the county, who wrote a panegyric on the lanes, Ellen and Florence, who had not learned the pleasures of connubial solitude, preferred a ground on which two could ride abreast.

All this was exceedingly proper in the opinion of the most prudent persons, and Ellen had entered her sixteenth year before they appeared to have occupied any part of the attention of the Secretary of State for the Home Department at Melcove. It was, I think, on a fine March day, in that year, that Miss Corrie first expressed an inclination to accompany the young people in one of their rides. If they did not like this proposal, they behaved very magnanimously under it; for Florence immediately offered his own horse for the service, and procured another from his father. Alas! that I should be called to narrate the particulars of that ride. Alas! that I should be obliged to allude to a difference of feeling which was but too soon manifested between Miss Corrie and the charger upon which she rode, to the various systems of coercion and conciliation which were from time to time resorted to by the lady, and which all proved ineffectual to quell the obstinate spirit of rebellion which had seized the other party, to the unpleasant consequences of such vehement discussions when they take place upon a hill-side in the teeth of a very high March wind, or, finally, to the necessity under which Meteor felt himself of parting with his female companion upon their reaching a small rivulet.

Yet this journey, so disastrous in its consequences, was undertaken with the worthiest intentions. For Miss Corrie had of late observed, that the intercourse between Ellen and Florence had been more shy and constrained than in former days, that they romped seldom, yet were not much less together, that Florence's public salutations at parting were by no means so tender as they had been, that their rides took a longer time, and she heard from competent authority were often performed at a walking pace instead of a full gallop—and lastly, she had received information from a quarter entitled to some dependence, that they had been seen seated together rather listlessly upon a hill-top, while their ponies were grazing,—not apparently engaged in conversation, but the fingers of Florence, as the deponent verily thought, were playing with Ellen's dark tresses. From all which circumstances, Miss Corrie, who knew of nothing between the first stage of a passion and its final catastrophe, concluded that they were already desperately in love—an opinion which with her usual profusion of sage maxims she mentioned to Mr. M'Kinnon. The worthy rector divulged the observation to Mr. Montgomery, accompanying the communication with some comments upon the extraordinary sagacity of his governess in drawing such decisive conclusions from such slight facts. The latter was not equally struck with this proof of wisdom, but nevertheless, he thought it a subject worthy of serious consideration. Florence's mother, with whom he discussed the question, and who happened to know considerably more of her son's character and feelings than all his other friends together, did not agree with him, that an attachment had already taken place, but thought that what was false as history, might be true as prophecy. On all accounts, therefore, it was thought wise that Florence should leave Devonshire. Mr. Montgomery hinted at Eton; but this was overruled by a remonstrance on the part of his lady, who represented the misery which a boy must suffer in having the whole scheme of his life changed without feeling that he had arrived at any new crisis of it. Florence's attainments would have fitted him for the University; but woe to the youth, though he be a Crichton, whose parents despatch him to an English University at sixteen. He either retains the diffidence of a boy and carries it forward into manhood and becomes a misery to himself; or he throws it aside with

every other quality which his education has given him, and becomes a misery to every one else.

From all these evils, that previous knowledge of society which is most agreeably and safely acquired by travelling, seemed to be a likely preservative. Accordingly at Mr. Montgomery's request, Mr. Melmoth consented nothing loath to start with his young pupil as soon as the arrangements for his departure could be completed.

I imagine that Florence's feelings, when he was apprised of their decision, were what most other boys who possess affectionate dispositions and great sensibility, joined to a lively disposition and imagination, would have experienced in similar circumstances. There was in them much of joy and much of sorrow: the latter, I dare say, seemed to him the larger ingredient, the former I should think really predominated.

He did not long delay a visit to the parsonage, in hopes that he should have been the first to inform Ellen of his intended departure; but in this he was disappointed. Miss Corrie had heard the fact upon credible authority, the night before, and she had too much thirst for finding out the state of her pupil's feelings to suffer any delay in making the experiment which was to confirm all she had conjectured. Accordingly, the next morning she came into Ellen's room, and, after a great deal of circumlocution, which Ellen knew very well was to introduce some subject on which Miss Corrie wished to know her feelings, said, with an air of indifference which Ellen understood equally well, was to throw her off her guard.

'Pray Miss M'Kinnon, did you see Mr. Florence Montgomery yesterday?'

'No ma'am.'

'Indeed; poor young man, he must be very much affected not to come near us.'

'Affected! I hope Meteor is not ill; he had a slight cold the day before yesterday. Would you like to send and inquire after your friend, Miss Corrie?'

'No, Miss M'Kinnon,' said the governess indignantly; 'I do not think you would exhibit so much unfeeling levity, if you knew to what I was alluding.'

'Oh, very likely not: I suppose you will think proper to tell me what it is presently; till then, I shall resume my work.' And she drew a little piece of muslin (upon which she was enacting some strange devices) out of a bag, and fixed her eyes intently upon it,—her usual resource, when she knew her governess meant to watch the movements of her face more closely than she thought proper.

'You have not heard, then, that he is to leave home so shortly.'

'Where is he going?' said Ellen, in rather a tremulous voice. 'Oh, I suppose to Exeter to dine with that ugly old Sir John Montgomery! Well, I pity him.'

'He is going to Italy, Miss M'Kinnon, for one and perhaps two years.'

'To Italy!' said Ellen, shaking her locks till they fell over her whole face, then fixing the eyes which she had taken such pains to conceal on some part of her work, and finally starting up. 'To Italy! Miss Corrie. Then he shall bring me some lava from Mount Vesuvius! Would not you like to have a piece for that collection of yours with the long name? Yes, I am sure you would; and there comes Florence down the walk, I will go, and ask him immediately;' and she ran out of the room to meet Florence with a laugh, which those who have felt the triumph of eluding the sagacity of a curious person, will not imagine was totally feigned to hide her real feelings.

In a few minutes Ellen was mounted on her pony by the side of Florence. Their ride that morning was unusually long and unusually silent. Florence had announced his departure in a few words, and Ellen's remarks upon the communi-

cation were very brief, and (probably owing to a slight cold she had caught) rather indistinctly uttered. Before the close of their ride they arrived at the top of their favourite cliff, and, according to their usual custom, dismounted, turned their ponies to graze upon the heath, and seated themselves side by side, on a spot which afforded them a view of little else than the dark waters which were against the base of the rock.

'You seem very fond of looking at that sea,' said Ellen, after they had been some time seated: 'I should think you would see enough of it in a few days to satisfy you.'

'I was not looking at it with much pleasure, I assure you, Ellen; indeed, I do not know why my eyes turned that way; but, when I am unhappy, I like the dashing of the waves better than any other sound one can listen to.'

'Oh! if that is the case, I should be sorry to prevent you from enjoying your favourite music, by talking or sitting near you. Mercury and I will retire if you please: I must get into the habit of riding alone; and so, fair Sir, good morning. Perhaps, when you return (here her voice trembled a little) three or four years hence from Italy, you will favour me with a call.'

'Now, Ellen, this is too bad: when I saw you every day and almost every hour, and never thought that a time was coming when we should be separated from each other, I did not think much of your waywardness; for I knew that when I met you next, you would have forgotten my offence, and be like yourself again. But now when we are so soon to be separated, I think you need not be very angry or pettish with me, even though I am not quite so gay on the day of our parting as on all the other days of the year—'

'And what should you have to be sorry for?' said the little coquette, resuming her place by his side. 'Why, are you not going to Italy, which we have both of us so often wished to see, where the sky is always blue, and where there are beautiful vineyards, and where the peasants are singing all day, and rowing in those pretty gondolas all night; and yet you pretend to be sorry!—and you expect me to be as good natured as you are, though I am to stay in this horrid Melcove with that detestable Miss Corrie, and without you!'

'Will that make any difference, Ellen?'

'Why, to be sure it will, a great difference. In the first place, who will ride with me? I am determined Miss Martnell shall not persuade me to go with her; and as for Papa, you know he never rides except to make calls upon his parishioners: and it will be very pleasant to stop and pass a long morning, whenever Mrs. Jenkins looked rather pale at church, or to settle about the christening of Mrs. Merriman's thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth children. And then, you know, whenever we had a party, I always sent you over to Maria to desire her to be very poorly, and to want me particularly at Branston, to keep up her spirits; and now I shall have always to be present when Papa gives a tea-party, and I must sit up with my elbows, and looking as demure as possible, and listening with a grave face, whilst five old maids and their five companions give lectures on propriety. Oh! it makes me cry to think of it!'

'Well, I am glad that I have been able to do so much good in my time,' said Florence, rather hurt at Ellen's utilitarian reasons for regretting his absence; 'but my father's servant, Thomas, who has been chiefly employed about my horse, will have very little to do now, and I am sure he will be perfectly at your service to supply my place.'

'Thank you; but pray who is ill-natured now? I only mentioned what a good servant you had been to me, that I might show what a number of reasons I had to wish for your stay, and so you take it into your wise head that I shall not miss

you, as my very good friend and cousin. You are sadly capricious, my dear Florence."

"And so you will really think of me sometimes, when you do not want to ride, or to have an excuse for getting away from old ladies?"

"You had better not ask me that question too often, or you may tempt me to return it; and that, I am afraid, would lead you to tell very naughty stories."

"I do not care how often you ask it. I shall think of you at all times and in all places. If the skies look ever so bright, I shall think of the cloudy days we rode and walked together; and if the gondolas move ever so softly, I shall think of our tossing about in the little boats at Melcove; and, if the songs are sung ever so sweetly, I shall think of your 'Nanny wilt thou gang with me,' as sweeter and pleasanter than all of them. You do not believe me? Then I must take a security for my recollections; there, that lock is sadly in your eyes; I must relieve you of it."

"Any you please," said Ellen, leaning her head towards him to undergo the operation, till her cheek, by some accident, encountered his lips; "but I should have thought this flower, or this disagreeable nettle, that has stung me, whilst I was gathering its companions, will answer the purpose of recollecting our parting just as well."

"Our parting, perhaps, Ellen, if you gave it to me; but there are many other hours of our intercourse that I should like to remember much better than this last and saddest one; and this lock will not let me forget any moment that we have been together."

"At least, then, we must exchange tokens; for, though I am not much afraid that the good people of Melcove will drive you out of my head, I should like to have something which will always keep you present to my mind, as you are determined to run away from our sight."

"My dearest Ellen—"

"It is past five o'clock!" exclaimed Ellen, starting up, after a considerable interval; "I must positively return. But, before we go, promise me one thing."

"What is that?"

"That you will not let any Italian Signora call you 'Mio Ben,' as the ladies and gentlemen in Metastasio nickname each other. Now, in spite of my Italian master, I think Ben a very ugly name. Mr. Benjamin Montgomery! how shocking!"

"No one shall call me 'Mio Ben' but Ellen McKinnon. If she calls me so, I shall tell her, as I do now, that she is my own dear, sweet, little cousin."

"I shall never call you any thing but 'Mio Florence.'"

After a very affectionate conclusion of this tender interview, the children rose to depart. During their ride to the Rectory, they said something about a correspondence, gave each other yet one more adieu, and separated. When Ellen reached home, she found her father and Miss Corrie at dinner. She came in without changing her riding costume, in order to apologise for her delay; and, though she immediately withdrew, Miss Corrie had time to perceive that her eyes were unusually red. When she returned, however, she said something about the day proving very dusty, and being then very misty; which remarks, I suppose, were intended to account for the phenomenon that alarmed the acute perceptions of her vigilant Governess. At any rate, I, as her biographer, am not bound to suggest any other explanation than that which she vouchsafed to give.

Want of room necessarily compels us to omit three theatrical notices; one of 'Comus,' one of Miss Smithson in 'Juliet,' and one of Mademoiselle Vertpré, in her various characters.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Continued from p. 283.)

WELL deserving of being classed with the paintings noticed in our last Number, and worthy in short to be ranked among the best works in the Exhibition, is Mr. Hilton's picture, 'The Meeting of Abraham's Servant and Rebekah,' No. 180. There is much beautiful painting and a considerable display of grand design in this performance: a fine rich, yet sober, tone of colour pervades the whole picture: the groups of male figures are well conceived, and painted with much effect; in those of the female attendants or companions of Rebekah, there is an evident *Raffaello* feeling. The idea and conduct of more than one of these forms is traceable in fact to the celebrated 'Incendio di Borgo,' of which the copy is now exhibiting in St. Martin's-lane. The principal figure, however—that of Rebekah—is not good: it is any thing but in the style of Raphael: it may be said rather to have the awkwardness and lifelessness of the Madonnas of the paintings of the Greek school before the commencement of the æra of revival. Mr. Hilton, while he was studying the forms, should have secured a little of the Promethean fire, of his illustrious master. As it is, this want of animation, and a too great lengthiness in the stature of the females in general, detract greatly from the effect of a picture which would otherwise be excellent.

Mr. Danby's picture, 'Subject from the Revelations,' the angel flying through the midst of Heaven, crying 'Woe, woe, woe to the inhabitants of the earth,' No. 4, is not equal to its argument, nor to the high reputation of the artist. There appears no sublimity in the design, and little effect in the treatment. The observation that the painting is beneath its subject, is still more applicable to another 'Subject from the Revelations,' No. 317, the mighty angel swearing by the Eternal, and by all created things, that there should be time no longer. The quotation of the sacred verses which have suggested the subjects of Mr. Danby's labours, impugns his want of success: they had better have been omitted from the catalogue.

Mr. Howard's 'Night,' No. 92, is a performance, about the merit of which we hesitate to come to a positive decision. The picture is in illustration of the following passage in the 'Paradise Lost':

Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty at length
Apparent Queen unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

A countless bevy of sylph-like sisters, each bearing one bright star in her forehead, float about the invisible space: the Dioscuri, on their milk-white steeds, gallop up the arch of the firmament: Hesperus, of Herculean stature, and sedate in character, is seated on a cloud on one side; on the other, is the Moon, enthroned in earthly form, but unsubstantial, her head encircled with silvery glory, a mantle of mist unfolding itself before her; far below is the less brilliant abode of mortals, contrasting by the deep tints of its verdure with the hue of silver and sapphire of the celestial regions. The forms are light, and the faces pretty, while the powerful colouring in the right-hand corner of the picture, gives great effect to the mysterious character of the other parts.

Mr. H. P. Briggs is a very clever artist: his works ever possess some strong claims to admiration. This is the case with his painting of 'Queen Margaret of Anjou, who, after her defeat at the battle of Hexham, fleeing with her son into a forest, meets with robbers, and confides the young prince to their protection.' There is a vast deal of masterly effect about this picture; but the whole is spoiled by the too forced and apparent study in the details of the composition. The general idea,

both as to form and colour, and head of the principal robber, who arrests the violence of his accomplice with one hand while he puts the other behind him to conceal the weapon with which it is armed, is good; the action is so far sufficiently 'suited to the word,' and yet, by accident or mismanagement, has the attitude acquired such a fantastical air as to bear hard on the ridiculous. The child is the most *pleasing* part of the picture; yet even this figure does not appear to wear with perfect ease, and as if it belonged to him, his not unnatural position. No objection can be made as to the want of truth or propriety in the action of the little prince; it may be exactly such as the circumstances would have called forth; yet are the labour and placing of the artist in this arrangement, however natural, of the figure, far too obvious.

'The Landscape,' No. 9, is one of the most powerful, brilliant, and happy of Mr. Constable's productions. Nor is the *manner of the artist*, (the effect which Mr. Turner—but for the truth in attributing the saying to that gentleman we pretend not to vouch—is said to have likened to the splashing from a white-washing cieling,) so strong and objectionable in this picture as in many which Mr. Constable has heretofore exhibited.

The 'Greek Girl' of Mr. Pickersgill, No. 18, is a very prettily composed female figure, in rich costume, but wholly guiltless of any thing Greek in its character. The same objection is applicable to the 'Greek Girl' of Mr. Howard, and one or two other similar subjects in the Exhibition. The 'Study of a Greek Lady,' J. Hollins, No. 130, is the sole exception to this remark. In this picture, the head, costume, and attitude, are all in perfect unison of character, and truly *Hellenish*.

'Lord Byron's Dream,' No. 157, C. L. Eastlake, is more Oriental than Mr. Pickersgill's Greek. The landscape is noble and beautiful, and the air of quiet and repose which pervades the scene in the foreground, bespeaks no less the solitude of the desert when unintruded on by the passing stranger and his camel, than that deathly stillness in southern climes imposed on all nature by those noontide rays which, under a sky like ours, invite to activity, and animate to exertion.

The name of the artist, and style of the painting, in No. 1, 'Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise,' Dubufe, are most decidedly French. We know not whether Mr. Dubufe be a native of France; but whether he be or not, we think many of our own painters might improve themselves, as to form and drawing, by attending to this picture. We cannot say that the style, either as to composition, expression, or colouring, is what we would wish to see prevalent in the British school.

We have hitherto confined our attention to the Great Room, and it may be as well to conclude our observations on its contents before proceeding to notice other pictures, the subjects of which would naturally class them with those already mentioned, but which are dispersed in the other apartments. We take a glance, therefore, at the portraits,—a mere glance however must it be,—for to follow them in their series, or to dwell on them, would only be productive of disgust, such a mass of trash does the aggregate present. We shall separate a few of the most striking, and most deserving of distinction, still confining ourselves to the Great Room. First and foremost of the artists of this class, in merit as in rank, is Sir Thomas Lawrence, of course, and among his productions 'The Duchess of Richmond' stands pre-eminent. This is a painting in the own true style of the artist; a lovely subject, designed with most courtly elegance, but with a slight dash of affectation. The treatment of the drapery is most masterly, and the head is absolutely living. Yet are we weary of Sir Thomas's red curtains, (in one sense so negligently, in another so laboriously introduced,) whatever be their effect

in throwing out the heads of his beauties. The manner or practice is absolutely inexcusable in a case like that of the portrait now in our contemplation, in which the artifice is so palpable, and in which the drapery is so obviously forced into the picture merely to place the head on. Beautiful and living as that head may be, its charm is not powerful enough to divert the attention from the shock it receives from the absurd employment of a slip—for it is a mere slip—of a red stuff of some description, hung between massive columns. The portraits of Miss Macdonald and Lord Durham, are also quite in Sir Thomas's style. As to the former, the very light of life and youth flashes from the sparkling eyes, while smiles sit in dimples on the cheeks; nor will the round and lovely arms pass unnoticed, relieved as they are with all their fineness of form, symmetry, and plumpness, by the black velvet which forms their background. It seems to be the universal opinion, that the 'portrait of the Marchioness of Salisbury,' No. 193, is unworthy of Sir Thomas Lawrence; nor, in justice to the President, are we disposed to dissent from this general judgment. And yet what we had heard of this picture, when in hand, raised our expectations of it very high. Alone in the air of life about the head, could we trace the work of this first of modern portrait-painters. The drapery appears like shreds of satin, and for the drawing, it may be asked, if even in a lay figure, the left leg could be placed, or remain in the position, in which that limb appears in this picture.

Mr. Jackson has, as usual, several very clever portraits. Dr. Wollaston's is a most pleasing one: the sentiment expressed in the whole figure, but in the head more especially and strongly, is delightful. Mr. Wilkie's 'portrait of the late Earl of Kellie,' has excited universal admiration. 'The portrait of Sir John Richardson,' by Mr. Phillips, is that of a pale subject; but the head is full of expression and character. Mr. Clint's 'portrait of Lord Spencer,' is also highly characteristic. Mr. Pickersgill's 'Jeremy Bentham,' is excellent both as a subject and a portrait.

'The portrait of the Dowager Countess of Dartmouth,' No. 199, is evidently hung in an unfavourable light. Although appearing to disadvantage as to colour, the expression of life and character thrown into the countenance are extraordinary, and bespeak it an admirable portrait.

POETRY.

Oh! would I were a bird! that I might fly,
Far, to some wave-embowered paradise,
From this hard iron world and all that in it be!
Some land which in another sphere doth lie,
Some blissful land of sunny hills and skies,
Some starry isle in yon blue sea,
A cloud-begirt Inare me,
Where spirits meek and wise
Might loftiest converse hold, my love, with thee and me!
Alas! this world! it is a weary weight
Crushing soft hearts, and then these only pine,
Consumed by their own fire away until they die!
While those whose very love is full of hate
Live on, e'en to the last, unweariedly!
But we have quaffed love's fiery wine,
Have prest the grapes incarnadine
Of lustrous poesy,
Then how should men not hate two spirits so divine!
Would we were in yon star! Joy's wreaths are
twined
Perchance of amaranth there; Death waves not
there,
Perchance, her filmy wings, but all is life and love!
There beauty is, unshaped and uncombined,
Bearing no seeds of dank and loveless care;
And the rich webs which Phansy strove,
To weave from waterfall and grove,
And every flow'et fair,
Live, dearest, in that orb which beams so far above!
Oh! that our bark was launched upon the sea
Which islands that calm sphere! How might we
sweep

Piloted by the breath of that divine command,
Which hung the suns in the immensity
Of trackless void: how might we cease to weep,
If with the plumed cherubic band,
Holding our watch o'er sea and land,
We climb the ethereal steep
Shouting, an armed host of brothers hand in hand!
Alas! we have no wings to soar away,
From this old earth, and o'er the dark abyss,
Which yawns between our hope and us, to bridge our
flight;
And shadowy death who hears not when we pray,
Flits here and there, grudging us her cold kiss;
Nor grants the cup of stern delight,
With liquid Lethe bubbling bright,
Quaffing whose fiery bliss
We'd seek the eternal realms of star-enthroned Night!
Then we'll live on, but not in this harsh world!
And if a bright creation of our own
Can give us love and hope, we'll seek them there and
find!
Following no wandering star through darkness
hurled,
No fabled Cyclad on her wave-built throne;
But from the wealth of our own mind,
Building a fame, that there enshrined
The god whom all disown,
May hold his glorious state, in two hearts so entwined!

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE subject of the Lecture at the Meeting on Friday last was the process and history of Wood Engraving. Mr. Mason, the Lecturer, commenced his discourse by explaining that the material altogether best adapted for the purposes of the wood-engraver was box-wood, which is preferred above all other sorts of wood, notwithstanding the small dimensions of the pieces in which alone it can be obtained. The inconvenience arising from this defect in size is remedied, it was showed, in some measure, by the union of several blocks, through the means of screws, as in the instance of an engraving about twelve inches square from Mr. Haydon's 'Dentatus,' a cut which was executed on four conjoined blocks. In procuring the material, Mr. Mason explained, it was formerly the custom to cut the tree crossways, or transversely to the grain; but this practice has been abandoned, and it is now the usage to work it downwards and according to the grain.

After exhibiting the various sorts of instruments employed in the process of wood-engraving, and illustrating, by actual operation, the manner of using them, Mr. Mason alluded to the different effects produced by the methods pursued in engraving on wood and copper; and explained that in engravings on copper the engraved parts represent the picture, while the contrary is the case with regard to wood, in which the impression is made by the raised parts, which operate much in the same manner as letter-press type. After these explanations, Mr. Mason took an impression from the cut made in the course of his illustrations, and thus completed his remarks on the process of the art.

The lecturer then proceeded to review the history of Wood Engraving, and, to illustrate this branch of his subject, produced, among several other of the earliest efforts of artists, a splendid work on the Apocalypse, by Albert Durer. The advances made by the art were then traced through its successive improvements, from the single wood-cut to the complicated process, in which several blocks are employed to produce various gradations of tint. One remarkable instance of this was referred to by the lecturer, in an engraving from a painting by Varley, in which no less than ten blocks had been used, and which in its effect nearly approached the depth and clearness of the original.

Mr. Mason paid a well-merited tribute to the memory of the lately-deceased Bewick. Before the time of that celebrated artist, he observed, the art of engraving on wood had made but little

progress in this country, as is sufficiently proved by the inferior character of illustrations of the kind to be found in old works. Honourable mention was made of the obligation under which the art lay to the Society of Arts, who, perceiving from the success of the efforts of Mr. Bewick the great value of which this mode of illustration might be rendered, rewarded him with a present of six guineas on the execution of a small cut, one of the series of his 'History of the Old Hound,' and which, whatever might have been its comparative merit at that period, would now be considered but an indifferent performance. After tracing the improvement effected in the art by Bewick, and enumerating his works, Mr. Mason congratulated his audience on the change that had taken place with regard to the successful practice of Wood Engraving in this country; remarking, that while we were formerly far behind the nations of the Continent in this branch of art, we now stood pre-eminent, and that we had attained a great superiority over the Germans, by whom it was now neglected.

The objects on the table of the Library, on this occasion, had reference to the subject of the lecture; among them, besides the illustrated Apocalypse of Albert Durer, already mentioned as having been alluded to and produced during the lecture, we noticed a curiously illustrated French missal, and several very interesting etcetera.

EVENING.

Up, my friend, and through the fields
We, in joy, will go,
Seeking all that Nature yields
To all who seek her so;
Over sunny vales and hills,
Bounding like a roe,
And by jewel-paven rills
From pure founts that flow.

Up, for now new leaves and flowers
In the fields are seen,
Nourished by the vernal showers
And the sky serene;
And throughout the lively hours,
'Neath the leavy screen,
Birds build up their slender bowers
In the new-sprung green.

And, some say, that at this time,
In the budding wood,
Dryads, to hear to hear the chime
Of their songs, have stood;
Joyous maids, a race sublime,
Beautiful, and good,
Goddesses in heavenly prime,
Hallowing solitude.

See, the clouds are all asleep
In the still blue sky;
Not a wave is on the deep,
Not a wind on high;
And the dews, which Heaven doth weep,
When the earth is dry,
All the hills in verdure steep,
Falling silently.

Then arise, and put to rest
Grief, and care, and pain!
All things, with the human breast,
Brotherhood maintain;
And the mountain's snowy crest,
River, lake, and plain,
Will the pure heart, grief-oppressed,
Soon make glad again!

OPINION OF M. GEOFFREY DE ST. HELAIRE, AS TO THE FACULTY OF SIGHT IN MOLES.—M. Geoffrey de St. Helaire has satisfied himself that notwithstanding the extreme minuteness of the organ of sight in the mole, that animal sees. Gales had acknowledged this fact, but Aristotle had denied it. M. Geoffrey reconciles the apparent contradiction by showing that there are two descriptions of moles, of which the one, the kind commonly known, has an eye disengaged from the eyelids, and sees; the other, smaller than the common mole, has eyes covered by the lids, and does not see.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

SINCE our last notice of the proceedings at this theatre, two operas have been produced with a success which would excuse a much longer critique than that for which we are able to find room. The first was 'La Gazza Ladra,' on Tuesday night, supported by Madame Malibran, Bordogni, Zuchelli, and Pelegrini; the second was, the 'Semiramide,' on Thursday night, represented for the benefit of Madame Pisoni, who combined on that occasion the talents of Mademoiselle Sontag, Zuchelli, Galli, and Bordogni, with her own, and thus threw a greater strength into the opera than could be fairly expected in ordinary times. But of its forerunner first, and with some reason, for it pleased us most. To be candid, then, and not to lure a dissident reader on through preliminary sentences of half confession, we say at once, that the Ninetta of Madame Malibran is not merely the most clever of her own performances, at least of those which we have witnessed, but by far the most vivid representation of the character itself which we have seen, or hope to see, or fancy that we can see. It is as impassioned a piece of acting as any that an English audience of this generation can remember. From the first note, look, or movement, to the very last in the drama, through all the vicissitudes of feeling, with every degree of gentleness or intensity, there is the same strength of conception, the same beautiful colouring, the same profusion of resource, but employed every where to bring out and realise the character within the true limits, those limits perhaps being wider than would be suggested to a common mind, but sufficiently definite not to destroy the effect of unity of conception. It is, perhaps, an unfair judgment into which men are betrayed upon beholding any work so varied, to discriminate in all its parts—they say it wants simplicity and truth. Simplicity it does want; but the performance is true so far as it expresses a character felt and conceived by the artist. Madame Malibran would animate every part she undertook with a lively and quick spirit that corresponds possibly with her own. If she had been born the real Ninetta, the manifestations of her temper would have been such as we now see them on the stage. If Madame Pasta had been the housemaid of Fabrizio, she would have undergone her destiny in a different mood; she would have loved her suitor and her father otherwise; she might have been condemned to death with a patient and sublime composure; she would have been restored to her family without any of the ecstasy and childlike multitude of devices for throwing off her happiness which are natural in one of a less lofty spirit. And this distinction we could wish to observe in all these matters: for the operatic heroes and heroines are not bound to adapt themselves to any fixed standard of the characters they support. Those characters are and must be modified as they wish them to be; for the trashy language which is put into their mouths will suit one personage as well as another, unless vivified with a fire which is the artist's own.

To enumerate the beauties of this particular performance is beyond our wish—beyond our power. They appeared at first modestly, and one by one, like stars coming out upon a fair evening; but their brightness and number increased as the opera proceeded, so that the last scenes were all splendour, and the curtain fell in the midst of an enthusiasm on the part of the audience, which seemed quite puzzled to express itself. The opening of the opera, though not languid, was certainly not so animated as it should be. Ninetta's 'Di Placer,' which introduces the heroine, had none of the brilliancy which we have known as its destruction; it was sung with effort, and yet without effect, though the singer, as usual with Madame Malibran, substituted for the difficult portions in which she might have failed, other embellishments, of which she felt herself mistress; and above all, though she exhibited at its close symptoms of fatigue, that could only have been expected after an effort that must be successful. The arrival of her lover, an event signalled by nothing in the music-writing of it,—was additionally weakened in effect by the want of voice on the part of Signor Bordogni, who could scarcely on this night employ enough tone to exhibit his taste and nice modulation. Zuchelli, as Fernando, was the means of enlivening this part of the opera; and from the time of his entrance to the close of the entire performance, scarcely one bar was without interest. Nothing could exceed the excellence of the singing between him and Pelegrini, during the scenes in which the latter is pressing his suit with Ninetta, in her father's presence, and receives his official instructions about the deserter. His situation is one which

has never failed to excite, and perhaps it may be one which requires no extraordinary dramatic power: if it be so, we will reserve our eulogies of Madame Malibran, until something comes which no one else can claim or not claim on a similar ground. The trio, 'Oh! nume magnifico,' was warmly and deservedly encored; the voices had subsided without a shade of false tone; and the charm which it had, left no reaction behind it, for it was succeeded by the interview between Ninetta and the Pedlar. This was one of the most delicious bits of quiet acting throughout the whole. The girl's fear of interruption,—her half-shame of her employment, mingled with her great anxiety to effect her purpose, the impatience which quivered to her finger's ends, which were restless for the money that the Jew delayed—then her hurried dismissal of the rogue, and the struggle between what remained of her embarrassment and the pleasure of having gained a probable relief for her father—all this was painted with the minuteness of the Flemish pencil, without its homeliness. From this point of the drama, the sentiments and action become tragic; and Madame Malibran so contrives it, that the strength of the interest is intensified at every step, till it reaches the *scène à part*. We will not particularise any intermediate part in the further process of the performance to this fine catastrophe, for the chain deserves to be unbroken, but repeat, that it is full of talent, both grand and minute, and that the heroine of the evening has raised herself by it, to a height which no previous display of her powers had led us to suppose within her reach.

In 'Semiramide,' we had an opportunity of seeing the part of Arsace supported by the singer for whom it was originally written, and who undoubtedly throws around it a lustre which the united faculties of Mesdames Vestris, Brambilla, and Schutz, would have failed to create. There is some division amongst the critics as to the pre-eminence of this character or that of Malcolm Graeme; but we cannot scruple to acknowledge that the Music of 'La Donna del Lago,' has a softness and fluency which are not so well calculated for the display of Madame Pisoni's bold and vigorous style, as the more chromatic passages of 'Semiramide.' These she executed with a vast power of intonation and expression; the former quality, from its very vastness, is perilous, and drives her notes to that critical boundary between music and mere noise, so that, according to a prejudice, or accident of judgment, they will be by some considered super-human, by others almost painful. Leaving this point alone, we are sure that the feeling of the vast majority may be taken as something almost rapturous in admiration of this particular performance. Few singers, if any, have, or have had, so discriminating a talent, so nice a power of managing the light and shade, the perspective of music. If a delicate organization has aided the intellectual management of her voice, yet the physical power must have been subordinate in the first instance to that fine susceptibility which guided and advanced it to its present excellence. There is no one who can compete with her as an artist, though it is said by many her beauties are mere refinements, which dazzle by a certain manner rather than by their essential charm. We would not be philosophical on such subjects, and the only test to which we could subject the doubted accomplishments, is the effect they produce on a hearer who has music in his soul. This is making the world—as worlds go now-a-days—the judges of Madame Pisoni; and we should be pleased, for her and their own sakes, if she were submitted to such an ordeal.

The votaries of Mademoiselle Sontag wish they had never seen her in the character of Semiramide. It has been judiciously observed that no freak, fondness, or folly, could tempt the most abandoned of Bedlamites to imagine her the mother of Madame Pisoni. There used to be a paradox in the papers of some man in York or Hanover, or that neighbourhood, who stood towards himself in the relation of a grandfather. When this idea has been realised by humankind in general, they may turn their thoughts, as a next step in the march of intellect, to the comprehension of the wild dream which M. Laporte has, in this instance, suggested. But dramatic illusion is rarely supposed to go a great way in these respects; and we will not even find fault with Mademoiselle Sontag's individual unfitness for the queenly state, her painful locomotion of the eyeball for tragic effect, the distortion of her pretty lip, the halting progress of her buoyant footstep; in short, the abandonment of all her true and absolute character, to assume one quite foreign to her: this we will forget; and then we shall have merely to remark, that the music itself is not delicate enough for her style; that Madame Pisoni and herself are antipa-

thetic, and cannot hope to find in one opera any room for a fair display of their respective characteristics. For this reason, all the earlier scenes of the play exhibited a struggle without complete success; and the singer did not breathe freely, or move in her own element, till the subject falls into a lighter vein, and the chorus of girls leads her among the hanging gardens, where she bursts forth into the exquisite melody which forms a theme of the overture. Here all is sunny and sweet; and the tones of her voice, 'musical as is Apollo's lute,' transport us into fairy land, with a dreamy troop of images before us, of Idalian nymphs, temples, and the honey of Hybla.

Signor Bordogni represented the tenor part with good effect. His voice appeared much stronger than usual, and allowed the audience to discover his very mastery use of it. Zuchelli and Galli had the other male characters. We cannot close our operatic notice of this week, without one word of reprobation with regard to a disgraceful interruption now frequently caused, if not in the progress of the opera, yet most certainly in the enjoyment of the audience, from sundry loud-tongued creatures, who insult every one but themselves, by a clamour of which the Coburg would be ashamed. No one, we dare say, would attempt to infuse into these people a love of that science whose perfection their neighbours have come to witness; or even to demonstrate to their absurd minds, that music now and then may be a thing well worth listening to. But some might attempt to make them blush for an indecorum which the menials around their table would try to avoid; and, if this weapon proves inoffensive to their steely impudence, a feeling of personal resentment on our own parts, for the inconvenience to which their clatter subjects us, will furnish, perhaps, another, against which they cannot be proof.

KING'S CONCERT ROOM.

WE have seldom been more highly gratified by music, than we were here on Friday. As lovers of concerts, and by no means objectors to the unconnectedness which they introduce between the different pieces of music, and especially as preferring all such music when presented to us free from the distractions of dramatic interest or decorations, we could not but receive the highest delight from the compositions which M. Laporte provided for our entertainment on this night and the Friday preceding. The principal part of the evening was occupied with selections from the works of Amara, a composer who, though very well known among continental musicians, has, we think, not received in England the attention which his noble genius merits; and we were more than once tempted by the 'Matrimonio Segreto,' into hazarding the remark, that much as our countrymen talk about composers and compositions, they are not very far removed from the state which Shakspeare describes, of 'men not having music in their souls.' Pisoni sang less at this concert than at the preceding one: a circumstance we regretted sincerely, from the delight we always experience in hearing her; she took a part with Mde. Monticelli and Sontag, in the famous terzetto 'Io faccio un incino,' with excellent effect; so much so as to produce an unanimous encore. But this was all. In recompence, however, Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Sontag sang the duetto from Tancredi, 'Lascia mes,' &c., more brilliantly than we ever remember to have heard it executed before; we were particularly struck with the effect produced by the slowness with which they sang it, and exquisite taste in which all the introductions were made. Graziani and Zuchelli were excellent in a buffa duet from Cimarosa. The instrumental part of both these concerts was very inferior to the vocal; indeed, we have little scruple in saying that it was very bad; we observed frequently that all Signor Spagnoletti's skill could not keep his followers in time, and that very significant glances passed more than once between the singers and the orchestra; Pisoni herself, whose mastery over her orchestra marks her a consummate artist, darkened her brow more than once at their delinquency. Under these circumstances, we cannot approve of Weber's overtures forming any part of these concerts. From this censure we must except an excellent concerto on the trombone, on the first evening, on a theme from 'Tancredi'; and, on the second, another excellent performance, by two Italian brothers, on the trumpet, upon the 'Giorno d'orrore' of the 'Semiramide.' These were in excellent taste, and displayed admirable skill on the part of the artists. But why must Mr. Bishop be foisted into such company as he found himself in the other night? We really think that Cimarosa and Pacini are society too high for Mr. Bishop and his ballads, as we think it

neither wise for the lady's nor her auditors' sake that Miss Byfield should be sent to sing after Pizaroni, Sontag, and Malibran. We hope that M. Laporte will find these concerts receive the encouragement which they very richly deserve from our countrymen, especially as he appears inclined to introduce some of the finer works among us, which, in spite of our pretended musico-fanaticism, we never see produced on the boards of the Opera-House. The next concert, we believe, will principally consist of selections from the 'Zauberflöte' of Mozart; for the sake of the audience, as well as of the manager, we hope it will be well attended.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE Sixth Concert, led by Mori, and conducted by Potter, took place on Monday, May 11th, and was honoured by the presence of the Duchess of Kent. After some little delay, and discussion as to whether 'God save the King' should commence the Concert or not, the question was decided in the negative, and Beethoven's splendid and highly beautiful grand Sinfonia in B flat was performed for the commencing piece, in a more perfect and masterly manner than we ever remember. The dilettanti encored the slow movement, (rather too long a piece for the purpose we think,) but the Orchestral performers evinced such animation and care throughout, that they did not seem to think the repetition a fatigue.

No. 2—Aria 'Fra tantè angosere,' Signor Bordogni. This gentleman is perfectly a second edition of Signor Torri, a little newer and brighter, but not any great improvement. It is rather curious that (exhibiting this striking similarity) he should have chosen for his debut at the Philharmonic, the same song of Caraffa's, that Torri did upon his first appearance at the Opera: the resemblance did not arise out of this alone, but was perceivable in his whole exhibition.

No. 3—Concerto Piano-Forte, Mr. Cramer, composed by himself. As Cramer has been singularly felicitous in enjoying the very highest reputation as a performer upon the piano-forte, perhaps for an infinitely longer period than any other master, we (in common with all the audience) felt an unusual interest in this performance, and took especial and critical notice of it. The whole style of his writing, playing, and general demeanour, assimilated, and were all dignified, graceful, and elegant, if not so florid and surprising as the performances of some other professors. His first movement in D minor, and second (the andante in 3-8) in F, were from his opera 16, which he played four-and-twenty years since for the first time, the former much resembling the writing of Dussetz, (especially in the more airy and melodious parts,) and the latter quite in Cramer's own flowing and delicate style. The last movement was a very interesting and characteristic Allegro Spagnuolo (or Fandango) from his op. 70, in which the major and minor modes are interwoven in an unusually ingenious manner, and in the tutti parts, the accompaniments for flutes, clarionets, and horns, exhibited remarkable ability, and would have gone beautifully, but that the piano-forte was tuned too flat for them, and very injudiciously the violins were tuned to the piano-forte. This circumstance a little soured all the performances of the evening; for the heat of the room acting in direct opposition upon the stringed and wind instruments, it flattened the former, sharpened the latter, and, thus widening the breach, distressed all the performers. Cramer's Concerto was eminently successful, and received the acclamations of applause it merited.

No. 4—Aria, Madame Stockhausen, 'Deh! per questo' from Mozart's 'La Clemenza di Tito.' Great praise is due to this lady for the choice of the music she always chooses to sing at the Philharmonic, (the above beautiful song being taken as a specimen). She performed it in a neat, graceful, and pleasing manner, neither astonishing her audience by her execution, nor offending them by singing out of time and tune. Her chromatic descending scale in her cadence was delightfully exact.

No. 5—Romberg's very clever Overture in D concluded the Act, and went exceedingly well, as it deserves to do.

No. 6—The Act commenced with Mozart's fine old favourite Sinfonia in C, op 34, which must be above all praise, when performed at the Philharmonic, unless some accident happens. Upon this occasion, all was perfect.

No. 7—Recitative, Mr. Phillips, 'For behold,' and Song, 'The people that walked in darkness,' from Handel's 'Messiah,' with Mozart's accompaniments.

We have been accustomed to hear this song (man and boy) frequently every year, for two-and-thirty years past; but never did it excite the lively interest in our minds, and apparently in the minds of all the audience, as upon this occasion. By being detached from the Oratorio, and placed in juxtaposition with music of such a different age and style, it *shone out* in the most extraordinary and beautiful manner; and then Mozart's magnificent accompaniments so excellently performed! The tout ensemble was delightful, and Handel (in conjunction with Mozart) never before appeared to such advantage.

No. 8—Concerto, violin, Mr. Haumann, by Rode and Mayseder. Another new Violinist to be added to the quantity that already overwhelm us! Another conservatoire pupil to try and out-fiddle his predecessor! Mr. Haumann is a little swarthy German, possessed of the usual good opinion of himself and his talent, that generally characterises all the violin players that France has indulged us with; and, although the vigour of his performance was frequently surprising, yet he is by no means (upon the whole) equal to De Beriot, or Mori. His first movement was from Rode's old established and favourite concerto, and his last was Mayseder's interesting air in E op 40, dedicated to Paganini, and of which Mori has by frequent performance become a sort of proprietor: thus to exhibit it to Mori's leading was a bold attempt, it was during the lion at his very feet. Haumann's good qualities were, an extraordinary command of the finger-board, a still more marvellous agility of bow, accompanied by a fine sonorous quality of tone, and many of his skips exhibited the highest polish and extremest exactness, his flashes of fire and eccentricities occasionally reminding us of poor Kiesewetter; but all his expression was artificial, his style and execution the result of cool, deliberate, and sedulous practice, and as heartless as the violin upon which he played, and his time so erratic, as to make it impossible to accompany him with propriety. Such striking contrast as was perceivable between Mozart's Sinfonia, and Handel's Oratorio Song, was there also between the two concertos of Cramer and Haumann; yet all were excellent specimens in their way.

No. 9—Terzetto, Madame Stockhausen, Signor Bordogni, and Mr. Phillips, composed by Vaccai.

The arrangement of each Philharmonic Concert has at length become so fixed and uniform, so much a matter of course, that all the intention and spirit of the original institution has departed from it, and we are sorry to add, that this has been attended (for two or three seasons past) by a system of narrow policy, ever since the members passed a law to share the surplus funds to the exclusion of the associates, (an affair of the extremest injustice, and utterly at variance with the arrangements of the society when first established). Thus each Concert is composed of two sinfonias, two overtures, two concertos, (or concertante instrumental pieces,) and four vocal performances, for which two male, and one female singer are engaged; these vocal effusions consisting of two songs, a duet, and a trio. Now this trio is a difficult point, it should seem, to be chosen: we have had 'Tremate empi tremate,' 'Cosa sento,' 'Quel sembiante,' and 'Cruda sorte,' and at length we were on Monday indulged with a wretched imitation of 'Cruda sorte,' and 'Cielo il mio labbro,' in Vaccai's long, tedious, and rapid composition. The audience were tired of it, and began to remove before its conclusion.

Wretched as was the piece noticed above, still more so was the Finale, and yet it was an Overture of Beethoven's! He was applied to for an original composition by the Philharmonic members, during their liberal days, (a few years since,) and we believe they gave him eighty guineas for this deplorable piece of originality. He certainly procured some one to describe to him our national music, as performed at Lord Mayor's Show, and Bartholomew Fair; and in strict conformity with these our nationalities did he concoct his Overture. His trumpet and bassoon parts exactly resemble such as may be heard upon those occasions of festivity; and may they never again be heard any where else!

We see, by advertisement, that Madame Stockhausen's Concert takes place at the King's Theatre, on Wednesday next, the 27th inst., when will be repeated the celebrated terzetto by Cimarosa, for three ladies, sung by Madame Malibran, Madame Stockhausen, and Miss Wilkinson; some new Swiss Airs will be given by Madame Stockhausen; and the Tyrolese Duets, which have been performed at M. Mori's Concert, with the greatest applause, by Mesdames Malibran and Stockhausen.

* *Come Away!* a Ballad, the words by W. H. Esq., the Music composed and sung by Miss Wilkinson, Mori and Laveau.

This very light and agreeable melody is arranged with a simple accompaniment well suited to the subject, and made more characteristic by the addition of some serenade-lines far above the ordinary level to which such verses aspire. The prevailing mark of our present songs is, unquestionably, that of mere mawkishness. The more childish the words, the more vulgar the air, so, in proportion, will they be likely to become popular. It is gratifying, as in this instance, to meet with an example of a purer taste mixed up with a stronger power of composition; and with this praise we commend this song to our readers.

VARIETIES.

SUPPLEMENT TO BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.—M. Lesson has published the second volume of his work on the Natural history of Mammiferous animals and birds discovered since 1788, intended as a supplement to the works of Buffon. This second volume is occupied with the natural history of man, with a description fully detailed of the varieties of the human race which have fallen under the observation of the author in the Indian Archipelago, New Holland, &c.

ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER THE PLACE OF EMIGRATION OF STORKS.—In the year 1813, the director Bornemann of Berlin fastened plates of brass under the breasts of young storks in several nests. None of these birds have re-appeared at Berlin, nor has any information been given of the direction they took, or of their ever having been seen. In 1828, the experiment was repeated with the addition of a coat of red colour to the plate.

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE OF MONKEYS.—The monkey, when young, is more intelligent than when he is old; and, by a singular contradiction, the more his physical force increases, the greater is the diminution of his power of intellect. Notwithstanding, however, the petulance, volatility, and uncertainty observable in the character of the monkey, the sentiment of maternity is most powerful in that animal. No occurrence in our menageries, observes M. Geoffrey St. Hilaire, in his recently published work on 'The Natural History of Mammifères,' excites more interest than the anxious cares which the female monkeys, when parents, show to their young. These cares are especially assiduous soon after birth. The mother carries her offspring always about with her, will not lose sight of it even for an instant, takes evident pleasure in gazing at it, becomes uneasy at the approach of strangers, and flies from them, either defying them with a grimace, or making a piteous look. 'The fair sex,' adds M. de Geoffrey, 'who visit our menageries, take great interest in this spectacle, to which they are especially attracted by discovering, through their maternal instinct, the manifestation of an actual participation in those lively feelings to which they are themselves subject.'

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AND PREDICTIONS.—M. Morin, in a Memoir on the Progress of the Correspondence for the Advancement of Meteorology, reiterates his prayer for assistance from the learned of Europe. He has taken the trouble, he says, of learning all the languages of Europe in order that he may be able to read in the original languages whatever papers and information may be addressed, either to himself at Mulhausen, where he at present resides, or to his Parisian correspondent, M. Carilian Grevy, Bookseller, Paris. In a preface to his memoir, the author gives a description of the hygrometer of Daniell, and a comparison of several barometers with the one of large sphere in the Observatory of Paris. The principal part of the memoir is occupied with the exposition of the theoretic views of the author. In this the exposition and explanation of phenomena are divided into two sections: the first is devoted to show the connection existing between what passes from one day to another; the second, that which exists between the great atmospheric changes in the same and different places from year to year. The former treats especially of the colour of the clouds, and of the atmosphere, and of evaporation. The memoir concludes with a succinct history of meteors since the 1st January, 1824, by an attempt at meteorological predictions to the end of 1830, for the whole surface of the globe: of these the following may be taken as a specimen:—"This year, (the author wrote at the beginning of 1828,) which presents itself as likely to be very humid, will probably have an autumn cold and rainy at the beginning, afterwards fine, and cold towards the end. In the year 1829, the spring may be rainy; but the summer and the commencement of the

autumn will, generally speaking, be very fine. The end of the year will be rather damp; the winter of 1829-30 will be very cold. The year 1830 will be a very dry one, with storms accompanied by hail, and the middle of the autumn will be damp."

FRENCH BOTANICAL RESEARCHES IN PERSIA AND INDIA.—In 1825, M. Belanger was sent by the French Government to Pondicherry, for the purpose of forming a botanic garden and making collections of the plants in India. In travelling to his destination, M. Belanger passed through Austria, Hungary, Transylvania, Moldavia, Little Tartary, Caucasus, Georgia, Armenia, Persia, and embarked at Bonchir, terminating his journey by sea. He quitted Paris in January, and it was not until the middle of March, among the snows of Caucasus, that he observed the first signs of the development of vegetation, and gathered among other plants the *Crocus reticulatus*. As he descended the mountains, the valleys and plains offered him a more abundant harvest: he collected hellebores, cyclamen, leucocum, cowslips, squills, and strikworts. In the beginning of April, he found the vegetation in the neighbourhood of Tiflis, but little advanced. In Georgia and Armenia, he collected not above a hundred plants. The family of the Cruciferae he found much more abundant and various than any other plant, a new proof that the saline effluences prevailing in that country, are more favourable to them than to other plants. At Teheran, M. Belanger collected above 300 specimens, although obliged, he complains, to herboreise galloping, with sword by his side and dirk in his girdle. He arrived at Pondicherry in the middle of April 1826. From Pondicherry he made excursions at various periods to Madras, and Calcutta, and Pegu. At Calcutta he received every attention and hospitality from Dr. Wallich. M. Belanger is now on his return to Paris to publish the details of his researches. The following is a summary of the results of his labours: 3,000 dried plants collected in Persia and the other countries visited by him; the laying out, and plantation of the botanic garden at Pondicherry, more than 1,000 living plants, and several hundred sorts of seed sowed in the same garden; from 60,000 to 80,000 slips of canes planted; minute journals of travels and operations; two collections of fish, of which one consists of the produce of the Ganges; five collections of seeds, and a zoological collection comprising several hundred birds, crustaceous animals, mollusca, &c., sent to the French Museum of Natural History; two small statues of Buddha in precious stone, from a temple in the Burmese country, and an Anglo-Burmese dictionary printed at Calcutta, in 1826, and not known in France, sent to the Société Asiatique, and to the King's Library. Two manuscripts in the Pali language, of which the more valuable is one of the sacred books of the Buddhists.

QUERIES TO OUR LEARNED READERS.—A foreign correspondent requests us to express how greatly he will feel indebted to such of our friends as will favour him with solutions to the following inquiries:

1. In 854, King Ethelwolf granted the clergy of Wessex a tenth part of all domains appertaining to him as Sovereign of Wessex. What is the date of the grant? And, if timed, in what work is it extant?

2. In 1258, the celebrated statutes of Oxford were brought to completion. Can the day and month when the Parliament confirmed them, be ascertained? In what collection are they to be met with? They are not comprized in Rymer's 'Foedera.'

3. In 1509, Henry the Eighth signified his approval of the famous Bill of the Six Articles. On what day did it receive his royal assent?

4. An Act of Parliament in 1549 conferred the right of marriage on the Clergy. On what day was the royal assent given to this Act?

5. A Synod was held in London in the year 1563. Is it possible to ascertain the exact period during which this Synod held its sittings? *

BIBLIOGRAPHY IN RUSSIA.—No bibliopolist of any standing can be unacquainted with the name of Count Th. Tolstoi as the fortunate possessor of a rare collection of Russian and Slavonian manuscripts and printed books. A catalogue of the former has been published by Kalaidowitch and Strojew; but it was unknown to the world, that the Count's library contained a variety of other treasures which have been enumerated and classed in a new publication, entitled, 'Comitis Theodorici de Tolstoi Bibliothecae Catalogus librorum antiquitatis et varietatis memorabilium.' This latter work contains bibliographical notices of one hundred and seventeen Latin and French books, printed in the fifteenth century, of which nine bear neither date nor

place of printing. Competent judges describe nearly the whole of this collection as being extremely rare and valuable, and portions of it as composed of very costly editions.

BIBLE SOCIETY, BERLIN.—The fourteenth anniversary of the 'Parent Bible Society' took place in October last, and was solemnly celebrated in the church of the Holy Trinity by public prayers and a sermon, preceded by sacred music and hymns. The report of this Society's proceedings, during the twelvemonth which had then elapsed, acquaints us that it had circulated 10,743 Bibles, and 3,283 New-Testaments, in that interval; whilst, during the fourteen years of its operation, the Parent Society had distributed 81,744 Bibles and 43,316 New-Testaments, and the auxiliary Societies, 275,011 of either description. This interesting scene was closed by the public presentation of one hundred copies of a Stereotype Bible to as many children, selected from the Charity schools of the Prussian capital.

Among the musical treats announced for this week, we know none which presents more promise than the Morning Concert of Signor De Begnis, which we observe is fixed to take place at the New Argyll Rooms, on Thursday next. The names of Malibran, Sontag, Pisoni, Camporese, Stockhausen, Wilkinson, De Vigo, Blasis, and the principal male singers of note, including De Begnis himself, with Sir George Smart for conductor, and Mori for leader, hold out the prospect of a gratification to the dilettanti difficult to be surpassed.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Lessons on German Literature, by J. Rowbotham, 12mo. 8s.
Aids to Development, 3 vols. 12mo., 12s.
Paris Pharmacologia, 2 vols. 8vo., 7th edit., 1l. 10s.
The Garland, by the Author of 'Field Flowers,' 18mo., 3s.
Plans, Elevations, Sections, &c., of the Great Hall, Royal Palace of Eltham, 1l. 1s.
Architecture of the Middle Ages in Italy, by Cressy and Taylor, 3s.
Jones's Sheridan, stereotyped, f., 3s. 6d.
Mill's Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind, 3 vols. 8vo., 16s.
Chozar and Sela, or the Siege of Damascus, and other Poems, by J. Fletcher, 5s.
Mauglin's Stories for Short Students, with 12 Plates, 5s.
Essays on the Pursuit of Truth, by the Author of Essays on the Formation of Opinion, post 8vo., 8s.
Foscari, or the Patrician of Venice, 2 vols. post 8vo., 7l.
Acaster's Church in Danger, 8vo., 6s.
Stewart's Farewell Discourses, second edition, 8vo., 5s.
The East India Register and Directory, 2nd edition, 1829, 10s.
Memoirs of Anne St. Judson, 8s., 6s.
Lessons for Lovers, f., 7s. 6d.
The Vision of Nouredin and other Poems, f., 7s. 6d.
The Life of Cranmer, by Mr. Sargent, 12mo., 6s. 6d.
Edward's Narrative and Thoughts, with an Essay, by Dr. Pye Smith, 5s. 6d.
Nathan's Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron, post 8vo., 8s. 6d.
Travels in Arabia, &c., by the late John L. Burckhardt, second edition, 3 vols. 8vo., Maps and Plans, 24s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	May.		Therm.		Barom.		Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Clouds.
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	at Noon.				
Mon.	11	62	52		29.90		E.	Serene.	Cirrostratus
Tues.	12	63	52		29.84		Ditto.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Wed.	13	60	52		29.81		Ditto.	Ditto.	Cirrostratus
Thur.	14	62	58		29.81		W.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Frid.	15	66	68		29.80		SW.to E.	Fair Cl.	Cum.-Cirr.
Sat.	16	66	52		29.85		S.E.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Sun.	17	62	52		29.89		Ditto.	Serene.	Ditto.

Nights and mornings fair. Slight rain early on Saturday. Highest temperature at noon, 70°.

Astronomical Observations.

Herschell stationary on Monday.
The Moon in Apogee on Tuesday.
Mercury in Perihelion on Wednesday.
Mars's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 260° 35' in Gemini.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 120° 15' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 290° 28' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 30° 15' in Taurus.
Length of day on Sunday, 15 h. 38 min. Increased 7 h. 34 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 24" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .005498.

DR. KITCHINER'S ZEST.—This incomparable Flavour for Soups, Gravies, Made Dishes, Game, Poultry, Fish, &c., the sole invention of the late Dr. Kitchiner, and repeatedly mentioned by him in 'The Cook's Oracle,' is now prepared from the Doctor's original recipe, and likewise sold by JAMES BUTLER, Herbalist and Seedman, Covent Garden Market, whose name is written on the direction for its use, without which none are Genuine. The Zest is particularly adapted for families travelling, imparting its delicious taste on immediate application. It will keep for any time, in any climate.—Sold also by Messrs. Knight and Sons, Italian Warehouse, 58, Gracechurch-street; and by Mr. Hickson, Italian Warehouse, 73, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square; and Mr. Lazenby, 46, Lamb's Conduit-street; in bottles, 2s. 6d. each.

COLOSSEUM.

THE Public are respectfully invited to an inspection of this magnificent Exhibition, in its progress towards completion. It consists of the stupendous Panorama of London, taken from the summit of St. Paul's; a Saloon for the reception of Works of Art; a long range of Conservatories, stocked with the choicest Plants; and the Swiss Cottage.—Admission, 5s. each person; from ten till five o'clock.

THE EXHIBITION OF LODGE'S PORTRAITS OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES OF GREAT BRITAIN, from the Galleries of his Majesty, the Nobility, and from Public Collections, is OPEN DAILY, from nine till six, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East, corner of Suffolk-street.

Admittance, by Tickets only, which may be had free of expense, on application to Messrs. Harding and Lepard.

A POLLONICON, a Grand Musical Instrument, under the immediate patronage of his Majesty, invented and constructed by FLIGHT and ROBSON, Organ Builders, is now OPEN to EXHIBITION daily, from One to Four, performing, by its self acting powers, Mozart's Overture to 'Idomene,' and Weber's celebrated Overture to 'Oberon,' which it executes with a grandeur and brilliancy of effect superior to any instrument in Europe, at the Rooms, 101, St. Martin's-lane.—Admittance, 1s.

EDUCATION AT BROUGH ACADEMY.

Westmoreland, conducted by Mr. ARROWSMITH and Experienced Teachers. Young Gentlemen are liberally boarded and expeditiously instructed in the English, Latin, and Greek Languages, Drawing, Arithmetic, Geography, with the use of the Globes, and the Mathematics, at from 18l. to 30 guineas per annum. No vacations. Cards, with full particulars relative to the School, may be had of Mr. Thompson, 62, New Bond-street; Mr. Coe, 27, Old Change; Mrs. Blydenstone, Harp-lane, Tower-street; but more particularly of Mr. Johnstone, Agent for the Academy, Burr-street, St. Katharine's Docks. Young Gentlemen from the East Indies particularly attended to, and reference given to the Parents and Guardians of Youth now at the Academy.

KING'S CONCERT ROOM, KING'S THEATRE.

MONS. and MADAME STOCKHAUSEN have the honour to announce that their MORNING CONCERT will take place at the above Room, on WEDNESDAY, 27th inst., at half-past one o'clock.

VOCAL PERFORMERS:—Mad. Malibran Garcia, Mad. Stockhausen, and Miss Wilkinson; Signori Donzelli, Begrez, and Curioni; Signori Zuchelli, Lavasseur, Pellegrini, and De Begnis.

SOLO PERFORMERS:—Piano-forte, Mrs. Anderson and Mr. J. B. Cramer; Harp, Mr. Stockhausen; and Violoncello, Mr. Lindley.

Madame Stockhausen will, in the course of the Concert, introduce some new Swiss Airs, and, for this occasion only, the most admired Tyrolean Airs, as Duettos, with Madlle. Malibran.

Leader, Mr. Mori.—Conductor, Sir G. Smart.
Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at the principal Music Shops, and of M. and Mad. Stockhausen, 14, Great Marlborough-street; where, also, Parties for Boxes may be accommodated, by an early Application, and at the Opera Box-office.

NEW ARGYLL ROOMS.

SIGNOR DE BEGNIS respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry, and his Friends generally, that his MORNING CONCERT will take place at the above rooms, on Thursday, 21st of May, 1829.

PRINCIPAL VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Messdames Malibran, Sontag, Pisoni; Madame Camporese, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Wilkinson, Madame De Vigo, and Mademoiselle Blasis.

Signor Donzelli, Signor Bordogni, Signor Torri, Signor Begrez, and Signor Curioni. Signor Zuchelli, Mr. Lennox, (Pupil of Signor De Begnis,) Signor Giublet, and Signor De Begnis.

Grand Duo, Violin and Harp, M. De Beriot and M. Labarre. Grand Duo, two Trumpets, Signori Gambati. And Grand Fantasia, Piano-Forte, M. Moschelles.

Conductor, Sir George Smart. Leader, Mr. Mori.

The Grand Orchestra will comprise the first-rate talent in every department, selected from the Concerts of Ancient Music, the King's Theatre, Royal Academy of Music, &c. &c. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Signor De Begnis, 79, Quadrant; Mr. Szevin, Regent-street; and of the principal Music-sellers.

The Concert will commence at One o'clock precisely. Parties of six and upwards may be accommodated with Boxes, by an early application to Signor De Begnis.

TO NOBLEMEN AND FAMILIES.—DRAWING ROOM CARPETS.

WHITE and METCALF have the honour to announce that their new, and truly splendid patterns in Brussels Carpets, designed and manufactured exclusively by this Establishment, are now ready for inspection, in Qualities infinitely superior to any before offered, and suitable for either the Mansion or Cottage. Highest Price 4s. 3d. per yard. Navarino House, Lamb's Conduit street.

TERRA-METALLIC TEETH.

MR. A. JONES, Surgeon-Dentist, 43, New Bond-street, begs to acquaint the Nobility and Gentry, that, from many years' intense application, he has invented and brought to perfection, a New System of Fixing TERRA-METALLIC, NATURAL, and ARTIFICIAL TEETH, from one to a complete set, which are so accurately fitted as not to be distinguished from the original, and answer all the purposes of mastication, articulation, &c.—Mr. A. J. continues stopping decayed teeth with his unrivalled Anodyne Cement, which in one minute allays the most excruciating pain; and by this means carious teeth are wholly preserved and rendered useful, even if broken close to the gums. This being a metallic composition, it becomes hard as enamel in a few minutes, will not decompose with the heat of the stomach, and resists the effects of acids, atmospheric air, &c.—Cleaning, and every operation incidental to Dental Surgery.—At home from ten till five.

MR. MALCOLM'S NEW PROSE WORK.

In small 8vo., 7s. 6d. boards.

TALES OF FIELD AND FLOOD, with SKETCHES OF LIFE AT HOME. By JOHN MALCOLM, Author of 'Scenes of War,' 'Reminiscences of a Campaign in the Pyrenees and South of France,' &c. Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

Also, lately published by the same Author, **SCENES OF WAR;** with other Poems. Fc. 8vo., 7s. boards.

This day, price 2s. 6d. boards, or bound in roan, 3s. 6d., **PICTURESQUE GUIDE to the REGENT'S PARK;** with accurate descriptions of the Colosseum, the Diorama, and the Zoological Gardens. Illustrated with upwards of Thirty Engravings: comprising a Plan of the Park, Views of the Terraces, Villas, &c.; Exterior and Interior of the Colosseum; View of the Zoological Gardens, and Sketches of several Animals.

London: printed for John Limbird, 143, Strand. **THE MIRROR,** Vol. I. to XII., price 3l. 5s. boards.

This day is published, in one vol. post 8vo., price 8s. 6d., **FUGITIVE PIECES AND REMINISCENCES**

OF LORD BYRON: containing an entire new edition of the Hebrew Melodies, with the addition of several never before published; the whole illustrated with Critical, Historical, Theatrical, Political, and Theological Remarks, Notes, Anecdotes, Interesting Conversations, and Observations made by that illustrious Poet; together with his Lordship's Autograph. Also, some Original Poetry, Letters, and Recollections of Lady Caroline Lamb. By I. NATHAN, Author of 'An Essay on the History and Theory of Music,' &c. &c. London: printed for Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., Ave-Maria-lane.

This day is published, in royal 18mo., containing nearly 600 pages, and illustrated by 34 Engravings, 5s. 6d. boards, **BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND AU-**

THENTIC ANECDOTES OF DOGS, exhibiting remarkable instances of the Instinct, Sagacity, and Social Disposition of this faithful Animal. Illustrated by Representations of the most striking Varieties, and by correct Portraits of celebrated or remarkable Dogs, from Drawings chiefly Original. Also, a Historical Introduction; and a copious Appendix on the Breeding, Feeding, Training, Diseases, and Medical Treatment of Dogs; together with a Treatise on the Game Laws of Great Britain. By Captain THOMAS BROWN, F.R.S.E., &c. Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

This day is published, price 7s. 6d., No. VII. of the **FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

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No. VIII. will be Published in July. Published by Treuttel and Wurtz, Treuttel, jun., and Richter, 30, Soho-square.

THE COURT JOURNAL. The Third Number of this New Weekly Paper contains: Royal Correspondence—Courts and Courtiers—The Two Drawing Rooms—Lisbon and St. James's—Royal and Noble Residences; The Marquis of Londonderry's—Mémoires d'une Dame de la Cour de Louis XVIII.—Extraordinary Secret Treaty between the Emperor of Austria and Napoleon, at Elba.—Literary Letters to Lady —, at Florence.—Maxims on Rank.—The Caledonian Ball.—Ladies Campbell and Stafford.—The Dukes of Sussex and St. Alban's.—Lords Castlereagh and Anson.—Gaieties of the Week.—The Duke of Devonshire's Second Ball.—Ladies Grantham, Londonderry, Jagstree, Ann Brudenell, Newburgh, Salisbury.—Literature: Richelieu, a Tale of France.—Romances of Real Life, &c.—Royal Institution.—Dr. Young, Sir Humphrey Davy, &c.

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MR. COLBURN has just published the following INTERESTING WORKS:

JOURNAL of an EMBASSY to the COURT of AVA, from the Governor-General of India, in the year 1837, by JOHN CRAWFORD, Esq., with Geographical Appendix, by Dr. Beckland and Mr. Clift. In 1 vol. 4to., with plates.

BURCKHARDT'S TRAVELS in ARABIA, comprehending an account of those territories which the Mohammedans regard as Sacred. Second edition, 2 vols. 8vo., with Map and Plans.

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We state our impression, without asserting it as a fact, that Mr. Segur's is a good book; and we would add, with much more confidence, that it is a better book than, we think, nine out of ten clever men would have written on so very difficult a subject. —*Athenæum*.

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THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 83.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1829.

Price 8d.

PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY.

Sir Thomas More: or, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. By Robert Southey, Esq., Poet Laureate. 2 vols., 8vo. Murray. London, 1829.
(Concluded from p. 290.)

'POLITICAL Economy, a science of which a great deal is talked and written, and little understood,' says Mr. Southey, by way of preface to some curious speculations, statistical and social, of his own, which certainly need not furnish any exception to the lowness of his above-mentioned estimate of the state of economical science. Politics, a science of which a great deal is talked and written, and *nothing* understood, by some, at least, who talk and write with much effect and confidence,—is a sentence with which we feel inclined to fellow our author's. By a singular perversion of intellect, each of these important branches of study has been pursued on grounds and principles, as it were, transposed from the other, and has been subjected either to improper limitation or extension of its own peculiar province. Political economy, 'a science which must needs be,' in Lord Bacon's phrase, 'immersed in matter,' which is cognizant of blind material instruments and powers, and of such moral agencies alone of which the commonness and coarseness come nearest to these in mechanical regularity of effect and facility of estimation, is accused by its enemies of sordid devotion to those money-getting methods and propensities, to which if it did not in fact confine itself, it would cease to be a separate science; a fate to which its injudicious friends conspire to reduce it, who, with M. Say, seem anxious to extend its dominion over the whole constitution of society;—while politics, of which the main *ressorts* must be sought and found, if any where, in the moral nature of man, have been degraded, as it were, by common consent, into 'statecraft—the cleverness of an embarrassed spendthrift,'—while the only popular mode of discussing them is by supposing state-necessities and complex motives, of which those who publish them cannot be believed to know anything, while the grand unchanging principles are slurred or contemned, which to learn is in the power, and is the duty, of all.

The main ground of the quarrel with the promoters and encouragers of wealth and 'luxury,' which is laboured most strenuously by Mr. Southey, is such as we should previously have expected him to maintain, and is moreover taken up by so many worthy persons, with such a pious uniformity of logic and sentiment, that we do not feel ourselves called upon to look with any extraordinary strictness into the heresy of our author. It may be well enough gathered from the following question:

'How is it, said I, that every thing which is connected with *manufactures* presents such features of unqualified deformity? From the largest of Mammon's temples down to the poorest hovel in which his belotry are stalled, the edifices have all one character: time cannot mellow them; nature will neither clothe nor conceal them; and they remain always as offensive to the eye as to the mind.'

Now, without disputing the highly original thesis of our author, that a cottage is a more picturesque object than a cotton-mill, we would ask in what country agricultural industry has flourished unallied with manufactures and commerce? While Florence charged her barks with the produce of Egypt or of Hindoostan, her domestic manufactures flourished equally, and the fruits of

* Coleridge's 'Friend.'

rural industry, from the fields of her merchant princes, found purchasers at the doors of their palaces. A Tuscan cottage still attracts the glance of the traveller; but interior ease and happiness have fled from its walls. Again, is the squalid vice of manufacturing towns unbalanced by the scattered guilt and misery of rural districts? Is crime more prevalent in Lancashire or in Westmoreland? or has the swelling tide of pauper immigration broken in on us from a land of manufacture or of agriculture—Ireland? Is it not there, from the good custom of gavel-kind—the long-prevalent division and subdivision of the soil—the principle that every rood of ground maintain its man—that the ripe blessings of a chiefly agricultural and surely not excessively luxurious population are best realized, and stare us in the face?

With regard to the political absurdities of Mr. Southey, we have, on former occasions, looked upon them rather as excrescences from a morbid state of the logical part of his mind than as positive indications of a deep-seated defect or disease in his moral constitution. In this department also, as well as in his views of our productive and industrial powers, while there is much which we regard as erroneous, there is little (except of what redounds to his honour, or is harmless from the height of its extravagance) which we can fix on as peculiarly his own, or separate from the natural and usual result of those circumstances under which the social mind of England receives its popular bias and direction. On the continent, that mighty revolution (which now that its first ferment has had time to work off, begins to be conceived in its true character and effects among the starting points of social regeneration) has effected a grand *clearance* in the minds of men, has swept away the ruinous nests and hiding-places of prejudice, has torn up with a rude but wholesome violence the incumbent mass of antiquated systems which choked the original springs of individual and national energies, and has enabled men to throw the light of principle on the history and traditions of the past, without trucking for the obsolete contents of gothic armouries our instruments of modern cultivation and warfare. It may be doubted whether our partial and comparative exemption from the homefelt requisitions of the crisis, be much more than an adequate set-off for the instruction which has passed us by unconscious in our insular remoteness. A certain antiquarian rust and pedantry adheres to all our social speculations and actions, as remote from philosophic investigation as it is adverse to political improvement; nor are our statesmen less embarrassed how to deal with constitutional authorities and precedents, than are our authors how to draw a single rational deduction out of the heap of their unsorted and unmethodised materials.

We cannot conscientiously seek favour for the work before us on the score of super-eminence, in order and method, over the popular style of writing at the present day. Nor are we sure that such rare qualities would at all have conduced to its acceptance with the general herd of readers; and, when we have said that the grave topics which it treats are diversified by sallies of colloquial levity and bits of antiquarian curiosity and amusement, that its picturesque descriptions are illustrated by the pencil of Westall, and its reasonings rendered attractive by those colours of style which Mr. Southey throws so happily over all his productions,—we think our good report will not have been wanting to com-

mend it to the general reader. A sufficient claim to attention from the more serious student is the nature and importance of its principal subject; which to introduce and agitate is no mean praise, although no single work, and certainly not the present, can exhaust it.

In some of our former criticisms, the age in which we live has been distinguished by the epithet *mechanical*, which, we are sorry to hear, has hurt the feelings of some among its worshippers. It must be evident, that whatever slight inclination to asperity may have been detected in the invariably moderate language of our articles, there is nothing which can bear the slightest inference of insult in the description of our age as the *era* of improved and extended Mechanism. The processes are obvious which have stamped that special character on the present state of culture in Europe. In the period of its first remove from barbarism into the iron pens of feudal jurisdiction, the frame of society, which had fallen asunder, remained in separate masses; and so feeble were all but the *immediate* links of feudal connexion, that almost the only element of social coherence may be said to have been the laws under which the conflict and collision of those isolated masses were systematised; and the only general principle of government—the organization of material force. Thus the spiritual power, like every other, was materialized, in ~~order that~~ amidst the pretensions which admitted of no moral arbitrement. But these fleshly manifestations of an invisible authority (as Faith, Hope, and Charity were embodied in the mysteries) were not more useful in an ignorant age, than they soon appeared 'formal and odious and contemptible' in times of more advanced intelligence. The predilection of the priesthood for its secular arm; long after its warfare should have ceased to be carnal, the voluptuous abandonment of some of its members and the unforeseeing zeal of others in the diffusion of that light which was their order's worst enemy, all conduced to the decay of a body which had outlived its hour of vigour and utility. Then came the Reformation with its moral wants and energies, its sincerity of persuasions and its zeal for demolition. That *era*, too, has long passed away; and in remodelling states and overthrowing dynasties, religious views and impulses have yielded to political. The last, or we might better say the *present* era of social change has witnessed zeal unkindled by polemical straws, fanaticism disjoined from all religious belief. The distribution of the social powers and benefits, the claim of equal franchises and duties and rights, are questions which have fairly superseded the fanciful distinctions of religious sects, and the squabbles about ecclesiastical polity. The first period of which we spoke developed the material powers, and the second the moral energies, of nations. It remains for the present to construct that social mechanism which shall harmonise the one with the other, and to allot material wealth and physical labour as shall best conduce to moral well-being. We repeat our thanks to the author of the volumes before us for bringing forward this high argument in a popular form; and we conclude our observations with an extract which he has made from Kant's Idea of an universal History. 'The highest problem for the human species, to the solution of which it is irresistibly urged by natural impulses, is the establishment of an universal civil society, founded on the empire of Political Justice.'

RICHELIEU.

Richelieu, a Tale of France. In 3 vols., 12mo. Colburn. London, 1829.

THIS book reached us too late for a regular review. The following extract, which is very spirited, has the advantage of being comprehensible without any knowledge of the context:

"We must now return to the two worthy personages whom we left jogging on towards the Chateau of St. Loup, taking them up at the precise place where we set them down.

"*Bon gré mal gré va le prêtre au séné,*" grumbled the Norman. "Remember, Madame Louise, I take you with no good-will: you insist upon going; so now if you meet with any thing disagreeable, it is your own fault,—mark that, *ma poulx.*"

"I'm no more afraid of the Devil than yourself," answered Louise pertly; "and I suppose I shall meet with no one worse than he is."

"You may," replied the Norman; "but come on, it gets late, and we have no time to spare."

The tone of Marteville was not very encouraging; but Louise was resolved not to lose sight of her husband, and, being by nature as bold as a lion, she followed on without fear. True it is that she did not know the whole history of the Sorcerer's Grove, or perhaps she might have felt some of those imaginary terrors from which hardly a bosom in France was altogether free: although Louise, bred up by Madame de Beaumont, whose strong and masculine mind rejected most of the errors of that age, had perhaps less of the superstition of the day than any other person of her own class.

The first approach to the Sorcerer's Grove was any thing but terrifying. The road, winding gently down the slope of the hill, entered the forest between some fine tall trees, which rising out of a tract of scanty underwood and open ground, with considerable spaces between each of the boughs, afforded plenty of room for the rich sun to pour his rays between, and to checker the green shadows of the wood with intervals of golden light. Every here and there, also, the declining sunbeams caught upon the old knotted trunks, and on the angles of the broken ground on either side, enlivening the scene without taking from its repose; and at the bottom of the hill, seen through the arch of boughs which canopied the way, appeared a bright mass of sunshine, with a glimpse of the sky beyond, where a larger open space than ordinary gave free access to the day. From this spot, however, the road, entering the deeper part of the wood, took a direction towards the old Chateau of St. Loup; and here the trees, growing closer together, began to shut out the rays; gloom and darkness spread over the path, and the rocks rising up into high broken banks on each side, cut off even the scanty light which glided between the thick branches above. At the same time, the whole scenery assumed a wilder and more desolate character, and the windings of the road round the base of the hill prevented the eye from catching even a glimpse of the prospect beyond.

"What is that?" demanded Louise, upon whose mind a thousand undefined suspicions were crowding fast: "What noise is that in the wood?"

"It's only a *pivert*," replied the Norman with a grim smile, in the effort of which the scar upon his lip drew the corner of his mouth almost into his eye.

"A *pivert*!" replied Louise: "No, no, that is not the cry of a woodpecker—you are cheating me."

"Well, you will see," replied Marteville; "I'll make him come out." So saying, he repeated the same peculiar whistle, and then, drawing in his rein, shook himself in the saddle, loosened his sword in the sheath, and laid his hand on one of his holsters, as a man who prepares for an encounter, of the event of which he is not quite certain whether it will be for peace or war.

His whistle was again returned, and a moment after the form of a man was seen protruding itself through the trees that crowned the high bank under which they stood. His rusty iron morion, his still rustier cuirass, his weather-beaten countenance and dingy apparel, formed altogether an appearance so similar to the trunks of the trees amongst which he stood, that he would have been scarcely distinguishable, had it not been for the effort to push his way through the lower branches, the rustling of which, and a few falling stones forced over the edge of the rock at his approach, drew the eye more particularly to the spot where he appeared. In his hand he carried a firelock, which, by a natural impulse, was pointed at the Norman the moment he

perceived a doublet of blue velvet—as the fowling-piece of a sportsman is instinctively carried to his shoulder, on the rising of a partridge or a grouse. But Monsieur Marteville was prepared for all such circumstances, and drawing the pistol which hung at his saddle-bow, and which, if one might judge by length, would carry a mile at least, he pointed directly towards the rusty gentleman above described, crying out, "*Eh bien l'ami! Eh bien! Do you shoot your friends like woodcocks? or have you forgotten me?*"

"*Nom de Dieu!*" cried the man above: "*Je vous en demande mille pardons, et mille, Monsieur le Capitaine. I'll come down to you directly. Christi! I had nearly given you a ball! But I'll come down!*"

While the robber was putting this promise in execution, Marteville whispered a few words of consolation to Louise bidding her not be afraid, that they were *fort honnetes gens, très aimables* to their friends, *et cetera*; but seeing that these words produced no effect, and that the unfortunate girl, beginning to comprehend the nature of his character, had burst into tears of bitter regret, he muttered a curse or two, not loud, but deep; and without any farther effort to allay her fears, sat whistling on his horse, till the robber, half sliding, half running, managed to descend from the eminence on which he had first appeared.

"*Eh bien, Callot,*" said Monsieur Marteville to his former companion; "how goes it with the troop?"

"But badly," replied Callot: "What with one devilry or another, we have but half a dozen left."

"And where is Pierrepont Le Blanc?" demanded the Norman: "Could not he keep you together?"

"Oh! we have sent him to the kingdom of moles," answered the robber, twisting his face into a most horrible grin. "First he quarrelled with one, and then he quarrelled with another; and then, as he was captain, and had the purse, he bethought him of taking himself off with all the treasure. But we caught him on the road; and so, as I have said, we sent the buccaneer on an embassy to the kingdom of moles. After that, there were two of us shot near Epernay, by a party of the guard; and then six more went to see what could be gathered upon the road to Perpignan, and one was taken and hanged at Troyes; so that there are but myself and five others of the old band left."

The two sides of the hill next to the village of Meenil, and the ridge of rising ground on which it was situated, sloped easily into the valleys around, and were covered with a rich and glowing vegetation; but on the northern as well as the western side, which the Norman and his companions now approached, the rock offered a very different character, and one, indeed, extremely rare in that part of the country.

Wherever the eye turned, nothing presented itself but flat surfaces of cold grey stone, with the deep markings of the rifts and hollows which separated them from each other. Occasionally, indeed, a patch of thin vegetable earth, accumulating on any point that offered the means of support, yielded a slight gleam of verdure, so pure in hue, and so limited in extent, that it seemed alone to rival the lichens and stains of the rocks around, and to serve but as a mockery of the naked crag that bore it. Here and there too, a black antique pine, fixing its sturdy roots in the bleakest pinnacles, would be seen to start boldly out, as if to brave the tempests, that, sweeping over the oaks in the forest below, spent their full fury on its more ambitious head. The principal objects, however, that attracted attention, were the multitude of deep fissures and hollows which presented themselves at every point, and the immense blocks of stone which, scattered about round the base of the rock, offered plentiful means of concealment to any one who might there seek to baffle a pursuer.

Turning, as we have said, round the base of one of these large masses, the robber uttered three loud whistles, to give notice that it was a friend approached; and immediately after, from a cavern, the mouth of which was concealed in one of the fissures above-mentioned, came forth two figures, whose wild apparel corresponded very well with that of their companion.

Quitting the ecstasies of the Gros St. Nicolas at meeting once more with his friend, and the formalities of his introduction to Louise, we shall only say that, according to the request of the Norman, one of the freebooters led the way up a circular staircase in the rock, which soon brought them into the open air, through a small arch entering upon the court of the old castle. Here Marteville, having marked all the peculiar turns which they had taken with the accuracy which his

former life had taught, bade good day to their guide, promising to rejoin the party below by the time the venison was roasted; and, finding that more than an hour of daylight yet remained, he proceeded with Louise to explore the remains of the chateau.

The little attentions he had lately paid, had greatly conciliated his fair lady; and, though still somewhat disposed to pout, she suffered him to explain his views with a tolerable degree of placability. "You must know, *ma charmante Louise*," said he, "that there is a tremendous plot going on against the Government; and that Monsieur de Chavigni has intrusted me to discover it. You heard what Callot said, concerning a treaty with Spain. Now I have always understood, that when these secret treaties are formed, a copy is deposited in some uninhabited place for greater security. You see, I have traced Fonttrailles to this castle, and it is evident that here he met the other conspirators: now where, then, can they have secreted the treaty but somewhere about here? So now, Louise, help me to find this paper, if it is to be found; and then we will soon quit these men, of whom you seem so much afraid, and go and live like princes on the fortune that Chavigni has promised."

To this long speech of her husband, which he accompanied with sundry little caresses, Louise replied, in a tone still half sulky, that she was ready to seek the paper, but that she did not see how they could find it, with nothing to guide them in the search. But, nevertheless, when they did seriously begin their perquisitions, she displayed all that sagacity in discovering a secret which women instinctively possess. Of course, the first place to which they particularly directed their inquiries was the chamber in which, according to the account of Callot, the meeting of the conspirators had been held.

"*Pardie!*" cried the Norman, after having hunted for some time in vain: "it is not here, that is certain!"

"Yes, it is!" said Louise, very quietly continuing to beat time on the table; it is in this very room."

"*Nom de Dieu!* where is it then?" cried Monsieur Marteville.

"It is here, in the inside of this hollow piece of wood," answered Louise, tapping the table with her knuckles, which produced that sort of empty echoing sound that evinced it was not so solid as it appeared.

The Norman now approached; and, soon convincing himself that Louise was right, he took her in his arms and gave her a kiss that made the ruin echo. The next thing was to get into the drawer, or whatsoever it was, that occupied the interior of the table; but, this not proving very easy, the impatient Norman set it upright upon one end, and drawing his sword, soon contrived to cleave it through the middle; when, to the delight of the eyes that looked upon it, appeared a large cavity neatly wrought in the wood, containing a packet of vellum folded, and sealed at all corners in blue and yellow wax, with neat pieces of floss-silk to keep it all together. The Norman could have eaten it up; and Louise, with a degree of impatient curiosity peculiarly her own, was already fingering one of the seals, about to break it open, when Marteville stopped her with a tremendous oath. "What are you going to do?" cried he: "you know little what it is to pry into State secrets. If you had opened that seal, instead of having perhaps a reward of twenty thousand crowns, we should both have been sent to the Bastille for the rest of our lives." Louise dropped the packet in dismay; and the Norman continued, "Did you never hear of the Abbé de Laugy, who, happening to be left by Monsieur de Richelieu in his private cabinet only for five minutes, with some State papers on the table, was sent to the Bastille for twelve years, merely for fear he had read them? No, no; this must go to Monsieur Chavigni without so much as cracking the wax."

"Could not we just look in at the end?" demanded Louise, looking wistfully at the packet, which her husband had now picked up. But upon this he put a decided negative; and having now succeeded to his heart's content, the burly Norman, in the exuberance of his joy, began singing and capering till the old pile both echoed and shook with his gigantic gambols. "*Ma Louise,*" cried he at length, "*vous êtes fatiguée. Je vais vous porter;*" and catching her up in his arms, notwithstanding all remonstrances, he carried her like a feather into the court-yard, through the narrow arch, and threading all the intricacies of the vaults with the same sagacious facility with which a ferret glides through the windings of a warren, he bore her safely in triumph into the *salle à manger* of

the honourable fraternity below. This was not the mode of progression which Louise most admired, nor was she very much gratified at being exhibited to her husband's old friends in so ungraceful an attitude; and the consequences, of course, were, that she would willingly have torn his eyes out had she dared.

"However, Monsieur Callot, Le Gros St. Nicolas, and others, applied themselves successfully to soothe her ruffled spirits; and the venison being ready, and a long table laid, each person drew forth their knife, and soon committed infinite havoc on the plump haunch which was placed before them. The wine succeeded, and then that water of life which very often ends in death. All was hilarity and mirth, song, jest, and laughter. Gradually, one barrier after another fell, as cup succeeded cup. Each one told his own story, without regard to the rest; each one sang his own song; each one cracked his own joke. Louise had retired to a settle by the side of the fire, but still mingled in the conversation, when it could be called such; and Monsieur Callot, somewhat full of wine, and a good deal smitten with her charms, plied her with assiduous rather more, perhaps, than was necessary. In the mean time, the Gros St. Nicolas, running over with brandy and good spirits, kept jesting the Norman upon some passages of his former life, which might as well have been passed over and forgotten. "Madame!" cried he at length, turning round towards Louise, with an overflowing goblet in his hand, and his broad face full of glee, "I have the honour of drinking to your health, as the fifth spouse of our good friend Monsieur de Marteville; and let me assure you, that of the three that are living and the two that are dead, you are the most beautiful beyond compare!"

"Up started Louise in an agony of indignation, and forth she poured upon the Gros St. Nicholas a torrent of vituperation for jesting upon such a subject. But on his part he only shrugged his shoulders, and declared he did not jest at all. "*Mon Dieu*," said he, "it is very unreasonable to suppose that Monsieur Marteville, who is as big as five men, should be contented with one wife. Besides, it is *très agreeable* to have a wife in every province; I always do so myself."

"The thunder of Louise's ire, now increased in a seven-fold degree, was turned instantly upon her dearly beloved husband. Her eyes flashed, and her cheek flamed, and approaching him, where he sat laughing at the whole business, she demanded that he should exculpate himself from this charge of pentagamy, with a tone and manner that made the Norman, who had drunk quite enough, laugh still more. With an unheard-of exertion of self-command, Louise kept her fingers from his face; but she burst forth into reproaches so bitter and stinging, that Marteville's mirth was soon converted into rage, and he looked at her with a glance which would quickly have taught those who knew him well not to urge him farther. But Louise went on, and wound up by declaring, that she would live with him no longer—that she would quit him that very moment, and finding her way to Monsieur Chavigni, would tell him all—adding, that she would soon send the Guard to ferret out that nest of ruffians, and that she hoped to see him hanging at the head of them. With this expression of her intentions, Louise darted out of the vault; but the Norman, who, speechless with rage, had sat listening to her with his teeth clenched, and his nether lip quivering with suppressed passion, started suddenly up, cast the settle from him with such force that it was dashed to pieces against the wall, and strode after her with the awful cloud of determined wrath settled upon his brow.

"The mirth of the robbers, who knew the ungovernable nature of their companion's passions, was now over, and each looked in the face of the other with silent expectation. After a space, there was the murmur of angry voices heard for a moment at the farther end of the passage; then a loud piercing shriek rang through the vault; and then all was silence. A momentary sensation of horror ran through the bosoms of even the ferocious men whose habits rendered them familiar with almost every species of bloodshed. But this was new and strange amongst them, and they waited the return of the Norman with feelings near akin to awe."—Vol. iii., pp. 120—144.

WALTER SCOTT'S SOIRÉES IN PARIS.

Walter Scott's Soirées in Paris, Collected and Published by M. P. E. Jacob, Bibliophiliat, Member of all the Academies, &c. 8vo., pp. 401. Paris, 1829.

SUCH is the title of a new work which is just now fashionable in Paris, and is written with smartness and originality. The author, who is a

young man already favourably known as the editor of 'The Mercury of the 19th century,' is disguised under the name of a venerable Bibliomaniac. We have not yet read half of this charming volume; but we venture to say that the historical scenes it contains are not unworthy of the distinguished name it bears. These sketches explain many obscure points of history, and are at the same time highly instructive and amusing. Instead of making an analysis of the whole book, we shall translate one of the tales, doing our best to preserve in English the naïveté of the original style, and that crude diction by which the licentious morals of the 15th century are so well described,—without, however, giving any cause of offence to the chastest mind.

Printing.

"The 15th century was the age of discoveries and inventions, and gave rise, one after another, to oil-painting, copper-engraving, the compass, and printing.

"John Faust, or Faust according to some historians, when living at Haarlem with Laurent Coster, who, since 1420, had printed with blocks of graven wood, appropriated this wonderful secret, and fled to Mayence, with the characters, which he had abstracted during Christmas. In this city he went into partnership with his son-in-law, Peter Scheffer, and John Guttemberg, a rich citizen of Strasburg, with the view of perfecting the method of Laurent Coster. They cast the first metal types; and, after unheard-of efforts and labours carried almost to danger, they achieved an impression of the Bible, exactly according with the manuscript. The great letters and miniatures were gilt and painted by hand. Then these associates swore together to reveal to none an invention which was to enrich them; and, that they might not waken curiosity, they sold but a small number of copies in Mayence, which were passed off as manuscripts. John Faust betook himself to Paris, hoping that there he should get much money by his Bibles. A Bible, well written and coloured, fetched about 500 golden crowns. John Faust had arrived two days past in the place of his destination, with his mysterious stock of books. He had taken a small house in the city of three stories and with a pointed roof. He gave himself out as solely a writer seeking work, and, under this pretext, obtained purchasers for his books, without, however, availing himself of an index to the saintly, or even of the public crier. For the rest, his purse was but thinly lined in the meanwhile.

"John Faust was passing a little before ten, towards the meeting of the roads of La Grande and La Petite Triumverie, near the Well of Love, so called because Agnes Hellebri, a lady of the Court of Philip Augustus, threw herself into it in amorous despair. He perceived a female veiled; and, his heart being prompted to follow her graceful and engaging progress, he allowed himself to go where his heart went. As he approached her, still walking, she heard the sound of his breath and of his feet, turned round, lifted up her veil, and, understanding his errand, with her finger on her mouth, smiled most bewitchingly.

" "Sir" said she, to Faust, who listened motionless, "this is about the time appointed by our statutes, and I am now going to my *clavier*, which is in the Rue Champfleuri, very commodious, very alluring, well perfumed. Wont you go with me?"

" "Oh, yes!" replied the German, enchanted with her looks and voice.

"But he timely observed the lady's golden cincture, and her peaked bonnet, to which he saw attached the arms of the Roi des Ribauds, who, by royal ordonnance, was chief and grand Justicier of women of easy virtue. Their arms were a head of the god Priapus; and I believe it afforded an ample revenue to this King of the Ribauds, persons specially attached to the service of the Court. John Faust grew pale, and shame summoned him to stop, while love, on the contrary, entreated him to do nothing of the kind. However, like a good Christian as he was, he did not reckon without his conscience.

" "It is told me, by our Lady, that thou art an amorous woman by calling; which could not be guessed from thy fresh and not vermillioned colour, thy apparently firm bosom, and those costly ornaments, which we see usually worn by ladies of high rank. Thine eyes, all flaming, have made my breast a true Troy, besieged and burning."

" "I have no leisure to hear these pretty things: my affairs require me elsewhere. Decide, without more delay, what you want with me. If not, don't cross

my path again; and, if some day there should come to you from heaven or from hell a wish to see me again, bear in mind the name of Annette, called Bras d'or."

" "I have sworn to my patron saint, that I would never enter a brothel; but why should not you come to my house?"

" "Well-a-day! good Sir, do you incur so gaily the fine, to which, in my case, would be added remonstrance, and perhaps more? I would if I could. It is forbidden to us to receive men any where but in our *clapiers*, and also to men to receive us at their own dwellings. Are you so strangely ignorant of our customs?"

" "Certainly, yes; these are things unknown in Germany, whence I am newly come. Nevertheless, go with me, thou shalt have no reason to repent of it; and by that means I shall evade my oath touching places of perdition!"

"Annette did not require any longer pressing; and, allured by the promise of a liberal reward, she followed John Faust to his domicile, to the great astonishment of the people of Paris, which had seldom witnessed such *sorties* from the ten streets consecrated to the exercise of their privileges. She was, indeed, so beautiful, and so well clad, that every body envied the lot of her companion. On their way, she related to Faust how, on the entry of Louis XI. into Paris, in 1461, she was chosen, by M. the Prevost of the Merchants, to enact a naked syren at the Porte du Ponceau, and how she sang motets which were great favourites at court. Then she enumerated the friends she had had, closing the list with Faust himself, who was, undoubtedly, pleased with his companion; for he kept her till evening, treated her liberally, and sent her away with a present far beyond the usual price of her favours.

" "My darling," said he, kissing her on the mouth, "I thank my good angel who made me meet with thee: friendship should not cease so soon; a beginning supposes an end. We must meet again."

" "Oh! the precious books!" rejoined Annette at the sight of the Bibles covered with white parchment and gold; "the King himself has not as many in his library, in the large tower of the Louvre."

" "Take this book," said Faust, presenting one of them to her, "take it in remembrance of Jesus Christ and of me. It is very profitable reading, and will redeem I know not how many sins. Besides, it is entirely the work of my own hands. The King himself has not, I swear to thee, a copy of this wonderful writing."

" "Then your calling is that of a writer?"

" "Even so. Adieu! this manuscript will procure thee large sums, with which to buy necklaces, rings, and earrings in abundance; but show it to every corner, be he gentleman, soldier, or priest, and tell each one, that I, John Faust, of Mayence, now in Paris, sell similar ones, at a price that will scarcely pay for the vellum."

" "By the holy women of the Rue Froimontel! it shall be done for you. My friend, Father Maillard, who, for every good sermon, French or Latin, has ten large tournois of silver, adds to his livelihood by making books, which he does with a singular address; but two years would not suffice him to adorn one so richly as this, and I could never get from his hand even a missal with the image of my patroness, Madame St. Anne."

"Annette carried the bible to her house, and sat up part of the night to examine the coloured vignettes and arabesques which she found in it: however, she could not read. Day came, as it struck ten, she went to her *clavier* in the Rue Champfleuri, not forgetting the book, which she already esteemed as a treasure. She sat down in her chamber, which was richly perfumed, upon a mat, turning over the leaves of the precious volume, that she might wait without ennui the arrival of some itching Carmelite or friar grey. Olivier Maillard appeared.

"He was a fat short man, well furnished with shoulders, muscle, and the rest. His face large and thick, his cheeks round and ruddy, his eyes small and lively, his mouth naturally smiling; all about him was characteristic of the disciple of St. Francis, accustomed to enjoy all the good things of the earth, and not the less that the rules of his order interdicted them. His gown, his sandals, and his hempen girdle, made up, in some sort, the indispensable complement of his jolly physiognomy.

" "By my frock!" cried he, hastily opening the door, without Annette raising her head at the noise he made; "is this a day of fasting and penitence, that I see no cookery a-foot? My bowels, by God and devil, are striking the dinner hour."

" "Olivier!" said Annette, without replying to his gas-

tronic lamentations, "see what a wonderful book I've got!"

"*Où il!*" replied the father, fixing a covetous and admiring eye on the Bible, as it lay open on the floor; "tell me, Annette, who made thee this royal present? Might it happen to be Seigneur Villon, the poet, who has abstracted it from the library of my Lord the King, or rather from that of the fathers of St. Victor? I would give a great deal to be as good a writer as the man who made that copy of the Bible."

Annette then related to him, at full length, the occurrences of the day before, during which the Franciscan, planting his spectacles across his huge nose, contemplated the volume, page by page, and gave vent to his surprise in exclamations like the following: "That would certainly fetch a great price!" When the courtesan had finished her story, he closed the book, and, after a moment's reflection, said:

"By the beard of a Capuchin! this stranger is either a devil or a conjuror, if not a downright fool. Never was a book of such inestimable value made a clear gift. The fellow's no writer; for a work like this could not be done in a day, but would require years."

"The man, to my thinking, is cleverer than you, and not so idle; for he has commissioned me to publish through the city that he had a number of similar books to sell to the first customer who should come to buy them, purse in hand. The price, I believe, does not exceed sixty crowns."

"By the cut of my cowl! this is some rascally receiver of stolen goods, and I'll have him hung forthwith. Besides, if by magic or sorcery he comes by this rare work, the immense injury he is doing the writers of our city, requires that he should be sent out of it: the law will do it, if need be."

"Art thou so very glad to grieve me, by molesting so honest a man?"

"Pshaw! but let us trade together; to-morrow, which is Quasimodo Sunday, I shall deliver a sermon at St. Thomas-du-Louvre, before the Court. I have an appointment with a profound bibliophile. Now then, consent to part with this book, useless to thee who never readest; I will instantly count thee out 500 crowns, the contents of my pocket."

"Done, compeer: let's see the colour of your gold."

Olivier Maillard quickly produced the promised sum, and, without giving a moment to love, carried off his bible, as Potelin did his cloth, and set off to Master Jean de la Pierre, Prior of the Sorbonne, whom he knew to be very curious in manuscripts. So he spread his before the astonished eyes of the doctor, extolling it to the skies; and a sale was instantly effected for a considerable sum, to the satisfaction of both."

"Now," said Maillard, having deposited the money in his vest; "how would it please you, my lord, to gain a hundred times the interest of your cash?"

"How?" replied the Prior, puzzled by this attractive proposition; "hast thou the Philosopher's Stone?"

"Be it stone or aught else, I know the art of making gold, by buying for little and selling for much. How? Not by lands, rents, and houses, but by books in well-shaped writing; Bibles in all points like this one, by my girdle!"

"'Tis a capital trade; in this hey-day of devotion doth the very least copy cost as much as a reliquary, nay even more. Therefore, get me as many as you like, at a low price, and I'll not pay for them in indulgences."

Olivier Maillard, without being willing to give any indication of the source whence his Bibles were to be derived, agreed with Jean de la Pierre to share between them the profits of the transaction, for which the wealthy Prior consented to furnish the needful.

"The God of the Jews assist thee, my son," said he, laughing, to Maillard. "Give letters of credit on me to thy phantasy. I will be thy bail. Nevertheless, don't turn away thy mother-church in forgetfulness of her; and, though now become merchant for our greater wealth, preach to the people as before."

The quartern-ague seize me, if ever Father Maillard hold his tongue, till voice and breath fail him. To-morrow, at St. Thomas-du-Louvre, about noon, I shall hold forth full christianly on holy things, enlivened by lies and conceits. By the bye, 'tis time to be thinking of the sermon. Adieu, command me, Monsieur my treasurer."

The Franciscan, following the directions of Annette, had no difficulty in finding out the Bible-man. John Faust was employed in ranging his volumes, the number of which did not exceed two hundred; the remem-

brance of the fair courtesan still pursuing him amid the cares of his business. Maillard stood motionless and silent at the door; the sight of so many manuscripts had struck him with astonishment.

"My master," said he, at length, "nothing is talked of in Paris but Bibles, which you sell at loss; doubtless to merit Paradise in the next world—"

"Sir," interrupted Faust, "then you have been misinformed; as you suppose, I have no great profit in this enterprise; but it is false that I lose a single farthing by it. As to being a better Christian than my neighbours, I never dreamt of such a thing; and far be it from me to mix up heaven with my merchandise. I have spoken."

"Evil tongues pierce like a hedge-hog, and thrice happy he whom they have not reached! But to business; the price of each of your Bibles?"

"Sixty crowns."

"Sixty!" cried Maillard, scarcely suppressing a manifestation of surprise and doubt; "are you the maker of these books?"

"What is that to you? I or some one else, no doubt."

"God's head! Am I not a writer as well as you, and an expert judge of these matters? I laughed in my sleeve at my own strange demand; for I have a notion of the time it takes to rule, write, and illuminate a single volume."

"Nevertheless, learned Sir, at Mayence, from whence I came the other day, I can at will and with little trouble produce a thousand Bibles of the kind, and that in six months."

"By the soul of St. Francis! art thou not a sorcerer, who speakest thus unadvisedly?"

"Sorcerer! I know not who I am talking to, if I be. But wherefore all these questions? Find some one else to answer them, if he can; I have no leisure to use time, words, or spittle in doing it."

"I see how it is, and I pronounce you a damned sorcerer,—a heretic, and liable to be burnt in good human justice. Therefore of two things make your election."

"By the three kings of Cologne! will you treat me magisterially; you, of whom I know only the habit? I am ready to hear you, however."

"You must either deliver up for ready money all those Bibles, the work of Satan, and quit this place, without a word being heard of you, for a hundred leagues off, or prepare yourself for a violent charge in the Parliament as a worshipper of the devil and a conjurer, concluding with public pillory or with the stake on the Place de Grève."

"Many thanks for the choice, master; I have heard too much of it with my two ears. Take yourself off; and let us remain at peace, if you trust me."

"Most willingly; but hand me the manuscripts and come not back. Otherwise, I obtest all the saints, male and female, in Paradise, I will accuse you in the Court of Le Grand Chatelet, and your master, the devil will not save you from burning. Don't you already smell the fire?"

"Pugh! fair Sir, your threats do not concern me; and my spotless innocence will preserve me from you and all other evil men. I will sell my books to others; I will stay in Paris; and, if I go home alive and against my will, I will say many a paternoster for the purpose of increasing the wrath of Heaven against you, my fine father!"

"John Faust, don't think of it by halves: yes or no will decide thy happiness or misery; from what may happen, I wash my hands beforehand!"

"No! come, up, thou foxy friar, up and begone! and do what thou wilt, or rather what thou canst! Let us be honest enemies; and, before buying books another time, spare at least the seller who is not in the temple."

Olivier did not wait for John Faust to throw him into the street by door or window. He cast a furious look upon the printer, and went out with a blustering medley of oaths and imprecations. Thence, wholly occupied with thoughts of vengeance, he ran to Jean de la Pierre's, to whom he related the unfortunate issue of his expedition, and then brought a complaint before the Parliament against the German sorcerer. The news of the arrival of the unknown bookseller was spread through Paris, and the purchasers of Bibles presented themselves in such great numbers as to cause a scarcity of specie. The thing was attributed to miracle and magic.

The next day the crowd were pressing into the church of St. Thomas-du-Louvre, to hear the sermon of Father Maillard. The Court was not present as he had hoped; but his hearers, many of whom came from

far, attested the fame of the preacher. They were for the most part artisans, monks, and women of the town. Annette distinguished herself by the richness and good taste of her dress, and especially by the exceeding height of her head-dress, which, according to the fashion of the time, somewhat resembled that worn by the Canchoises now-a-days. Her eyes travelled with those of the congregation to the pulpit, where Father Maillard appeared with hands crossed upon his breast. A profound silence succeeded to the flattering hum which was raised at the sight of the holy man. The sermon began, and during its delivery Annette did not once take her eyes off the preacher. He had chosen for his text a verse from the Gospel according to St. Luke: "Jesus said unto him, what is thy name? And he said unto him, my name is Legion; for many devils had entered into this man." He repeated this verse in Latin; and the tenour of his discourse was half serious, half burlesque. After having finished his picture of hell, painted in the most dreadful colours, Olivier Maillard gave in his own fashion a most scandalous account of the Bible-seller, John Faust, who at the very instant had just sold a hundred copies to a chorister of Notre Dame, for the moderate sum of sixty crowns each. Olivier uttered so many lies, seasoned with pleasanties, oaths, and ribaldry, that the indignation of his hearers was roused against the unhappy printer, who knew nothing about it. But, if he had by chance been there, the furious mob would have stoned him without warning. "When is the execution of the German sorcerer?" asked everyone, as they came out from the sermon.

Meanwhile, the public accusation of the preacher made so much noise, that the Parliament of Paris appointed the cause for trial, in order to satisfy the popular clamour, which denounced John Faust of Mayence as an impious person in league with the devil. Olivier Maillard was subpoenaed, and his deposition determined the judges to pursue the cause. Warrants were given for the arrest of Faust, and for instituting a search in his house.

Annette was slumbering in her *clapier* about four o'clock, when came Maillard, overflowing with delight. After the business proper to the place, which was briefer than the friar wished it, he cried out, right Catholicly, "Sure enough, Messire the seller of Bibles is by this time in the hands of the police."

"What's that you say?" asked Annette, with a trembling voice.

"Nothing, except that our Lords of the Parliament wish, without delay, to imprison our master John Faust, until, on the conclusion of his trial, he shall go through earthly flames, to burn in those flames where are weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."

"Wretch! have you the heart to rejoice over the ills of your neighbour? But it is surely impossible. Who told you this sad news?"

"No one; I have just taken my oath in evidence against him."

"Poor man! and he will be taken to prison without any sorcerer appearing for his escape. If he be guilty—but no, so generous a host can have done nothing wrong—Olivier, wilt thou not taste my wine, which was given me by the Curé of St. Denis-de-la-Châtre?"

"Belly of monk! no blasphemy! Let us drink, however; when the wine is in the cup, one has no leisure to offend the good God with either words or thoughts. Blood of Noah! it is not so bad."

Civilities were briskly interchanged between Maillard and the bottle. Annette excited him to drink,—an exhortation he did not require: drunkenness, as the proverb goes, was born in a cloister. The Franciscan had fine doings of it, until he fell dead drunk from his chair, groaning out a psalm. Annette, delivered from this pest, who hindered her plans, stole out of the house, and made the best of her way to the house of Faust, who was astonished to see her pale and out of breath.

"What now, my beauty?" said he, kissing her forehead; "what saint must I thank for this visit?"

"All of them, perchance," answered she hurriedly, and looking anxiously towards the door; "set off hence instantly, or never. They will have no mercy on you."

"By the Bible, Annette, thou mockest me!"

"In God's name, begone! and God help you! You have been accused of sorcery before the Parliament, and the police will be here instantly to take you."

"Me! mercy—"

"To-morrow will be time enough for lamentation and weeping. Quick, get out of Paris; here you tempt the faggot. Go in peace; this service is in return for the Bible."

"Fly! yes; I have good legs, and a cordial desire to be far enough. But to leave my goods behind me, my books, to the bounds of justice, to calumniators—To the devil sooner! So, as I have sold plenty of them in this ungrateful and inhospitable city, I will burn the rest. I know how to make more."

"Instantly he seized from the hearth a lighted brand, and threw it among the books with which the floor was piled."

"Merciful God! don't do so," said Annette, endeavouring to prevent him; "they are worth gold."

"No; they shall not have the satisfaction of my spoils. A curse on Paris! I retire to Mayence; and may my secret die with me, before it be known and used by my persecutors! Woe! woe! Alas! alas!"

"With these words, he marched into the street, shutting the door after Annette, who followed him hand in hand: for some time he continued to proceed in silence, until the labyrinth of streets, and the approach of night, had put them out of reach of any troublesome encounter."

"Adieu, Annette, my dear!" said he to his companion, as they stood by the corner of a house; "I shall never be able to repay thee, to whom I owe the safety of my life. Adieu! were I in heaven, I would always pray for thee to our Lord Jesus, for I could do nothing better. In this purse is sufficient to place thee in an honourable condition, for money often begets virtue. Thanks ever, and good bye!"

"With tears in his eyes he embraced the poor girl,—who felt herself fainting,—and set off at full speed. Annette looked after him, as long as the fog permitted her to perceive him; and, when he had entirely disappeared, she was still looking, motionless, and in the same place."

"Meanwhile the police had arrived at Faust's house just as he left it. They knocked rudely at the door; but obtaining no answer, and observing a dense smoke issuing from the crevices, they forced an entrance. The fire, which had made great progress, drove them back; the flames rushed out at every opening, and the neighbourhood, which was principally built of wood, was threatened with a general conflagration. Terror had already circulated ridiculous stories, and the word sorcerer flew from mouth to mouth. But chance brought succour to the affrighted crowd. The Prior of the Sorbonne, Jean de la Pierre, happened to be passing; though he would gladly have been elsewhere, he affected a stern countenance, and summoned the people to pray for the extinction of the fire. The thing happened as he wished. As soon as the boobies were on their knees, and while the bells of the neighbouring churches were sounding the alarm, the fire was seen to abate as by a miracle; for, the books and furniture which fed it being consumed, its attacks on the stone walls were happily in vain. A little more, and the Prior would have been carried off in triumph and canonised without any bull from the Pope. The fire, and the useless search which was made for Faust, confirmed the suspicions against him: for the rest, the trial stopped short. Olivier Maillard exorcised from the pulpit the pretended unknown sorcerer, whom he had not been able to get burnt in the Place de Grève."

"The history of the Bibles, augmented by a host of marvellous details, which the ignorance of the time swallowed without proof, penetrated to Court. Louis XI., who loved miraculous stories, (as the hundred tales attributed to him sufficiently prove,) when it had been communicated to him by his confessor, exclaimed, as he took down the leaden virgin from his cap, "Good mother, let one of these sorcerers come to me, and write Bibles, and such books as I may wish, thus quickly, and I will grant him a part of my kingdom."

"Jean de la Pierre, who saw in this affair something more than sorcery, sent an intelligent clerk to Mayence, who, by dint of money and promises, seduced three of Faust's workmen, and brought them to France. Martin Crantz, Ulric Gering, and Michael Friburger, in 1469, printed at Paris, in a house of the Sorbonne, the "Letters of Gaspar Pergamensis."

LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

Landor's Imaginary Conversations. Second Series. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

BRAVING the charge of betraying the interests of our craft, and the ridicule which may follow the discovery of the very simple principle upon which we think it may be conducted, we venture to propound the following rules as those which should guide the conscience of every sound critic. Whenever he meets with an author who is inco-

herent and purposeless in all that he thinks and writes,—who has evidently no meaning to express, and is not in search of any, but has merely betaken himself to this vocation, because he has heard from some foolish reporter, that writing is a profitable exercise and easy withal, on account of the numerous good models which lie within the reach of his imitation, it behoves the reviewer gently to inform such a person that there are other handicraft occupations which bring in a better return at less cost of time and capital—in which the mode of working is much more strictly prescribed, and in which, therefore, he would have every chance of attaining all needful excellence. Whenever he encounters a person who shows by his energy and zeal that he has an object which he is endeavouring to reach, but who shows, moreover, by the unsteadiness of his step and unconsciously treading in the steps of some predecessor, that what he seeks is before his eyes rather than within his mind, and consequently, that it does not supply the light by which he is to find it—the office of the critic is at once to increase the vividness of his perceptions, and to cure his taste for mere imitation, by revealing to him the real strength of the men after whom he is striving,—a strength which he can never catch by mimicking their actions and gestures, but a strength the counterpart of which he may find and cultivate within himself. And, lastly, if he should chance (a rare chance!) to stumble upon one who walks with a firm march, asserting that it is his right to lay down the law of his own motions, and vindicating that right before the world, let the critic by no means, as he values his reputation, as he does not wish to bring himself into a conflict which will end in his utter discomfiture, gainsay that right, or venture to set up any canons of his own as better than those to which the man of genius chooses to conform; but, if he is anxious to take vengeance for this independence on his authority, let him bind down the refractory autonomist to the strictest fulfilment of his own idea, and visit, with whatever penalties belong to him, every departure from it. From not attending to this last rule, it is that so many of our modern critics have made shipwreck, and that the planks upon which they have attempted to save themselves have always proved rotten. What said the Scotchman who undertook the rescue of Mr. Jeffrey's article on Wordsworth:—"after the tide had turned against the critic, and had covered him with the reflux of the foam which he had himself raised:—"What, should Wordsworth, who aspires to be the greatest of living poets, be tried by less severe laws than were put in exercise against Lord Thurlow or Lord Strangford?" The defence was utterly irrelevant. No one complained that the scrutiny to which Wordsworth's poems were subjected in 'The Edinburgh Review,' or elsewhere, was too strict. On the contrary, it was deficient in strictness, as every inquisition must be which is not conducted upon principles. But the charge was, that the poet had appealed to a definite and consistent law, and that the critic, overlooking that, had chosen to set his own loose, random, incoherent, vulgar notions of poetical right and wrong in place of them. And this must be the fault and the folly of every critic who is not modest enough to believe that his highest office is to discover and to execute the enactments which men of genius have passed for their own regulation.

No one who has read a page of Mr. Landor's writings can feel a moment's doubt that he belongs to the last class we have named. The readers of the 'Imaginary Conversations' laugh while we gravely remark, that he certainly is not a mere sentence artificer, nor a studious mimicker of any departed or living models. And that his originality, however it may occasionally appear obtrusive and violent, has the true warrant of reality, they can all testify, from the stir of pleasure or irritation which he has never failed to awaken in their minds. Mr. Landor, therefore,

has a right to be tried by his own rule, whatever that may be. Measured by the standard which other men of genius have prescribed to themselves, his standard may be high or low; and this comparison we have a right to make, since it may be owing to this difference that he has, more or less frequently than they have done, acted up to it; but, once having recognised his standard, we have no right to complain of his not deserting it, for the purpose of conforming it to any other which more nearly accords with our taste; for of this we ought to assure ourselves, that whoever has an idea, and satisfies it, must be a useful man, and a benefactor to his race.

Now, if our readers will examine along with us the impressions which have been produced by the perusal of Mr. Landor's former volumes, we think they will have no difficulty in perceiving what the idea is which he has endeavoured to realize in these dialogues—what relation it bears to the end which other men of genius in the present day have kept in view, and how they are severally connected with the feelings and spirit of the age. We apprehend, that their first and liveliest recollection will be of those passages which contain definite outward pictures. The extreme clearness and precision of the outline,—the rich and lively colouring, which speaks however to the eye rather than to the imagination,—the perfect harmony of all the parts,—the perfect composure with which the artist appears to regard his subject, as something which delights him extremely, but does not disturb him,—his consequent indifference whether he is describing God's nature or the works of human art, both being equally interesting to a mere contemplator, and neither, it would appear, furnishing topics of meditation to him,—must strike even the most careless of his readers. A peculiarity hardly separable from that just mentioned, is Mr. Landor's devotion to the antique, as manifested in the vast superiority of the dialogues in which Pagans are the interlocutors, in the great dramatical power with which he exhibits contrasts between the forms of life, and the little power with which he exhibits differences of individual character. His style will then recur to them—rich, full, satisfactory,—expressing exactly all that it seeks to express, but differing from the highest styles which we are wont to admire, in that it suggests almost nothing. Mr. Landor's politics, if they can have remained out of sight so long, will then force themselves into notice. These politics differ in their essence from those professed by any English sect, though in some of their outjutting points they impinge upon the opinions of several. The utilitarians fancy they have the greatest claim upon Mr. Landor, seeing that he sinks the individual being in the social almost as completely as themselves; but then he thinks liberty a thing of worth, independent of its consequences, and he speculates upon states of society, not merely upon the making constitutions, deduced from the doctrine of the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and, moreover, he looks for something to go on, besides money-getting, in his commonwealth; and he venerates antiquity, when he ought to pay unmingled homage to the nineteenth century, with other enormities which disqualify him for Benthamite co-operation and patronage. Along with the feelings excited by these reminiscences, the readers of Mr. Landor will recal others of a less pleasing character, which they dwell upon only that they may be better able to understand the good qualities, in the midst of which evil ones have grown up, and whereof they are the offshoots. It will occur to them, that they have observed in Mr. Landor's writings, an uneasiness at the present condition of society, not relieved, as has been the case with many of our great poets and thinkers, but, on the contrary, much aggravated, by his contemplation of a possible better one—an overweening attachment to certain forms of government, not springing, indeed, from a belief in the value of forms for their own sake, which is the case

with the Utilitarians, but from a dislike of the class of feelings to which these forms are not appropriate,—an apparent incapacity for understanding all minds which are not built upon the severe ancient model, and the attempt to fashion all the modern characters with whom he feels any sympathy upon it in spite of the resistance which their Christian flesh and blood make to the experiment, a dislike to whatever is intangible and mysterious, often expressing itself in declamatory denunciations of priestcraft and priesthood, but extending likewise to all philosophers who have penetrated below the surface, and lastly a tendency very frequently to sink into a coarseness and vulgarity of feeling which, till we have thought upon the subject, seems almost incompatible with such an exquisite perception of grace and beauty.

Another feeling which they will not be able to reduce under either head of approbation or dislike, is that produced by Mr. Landor's taste for paradox. In general, this is the most intolerable of all tastes, and the one which meets with least quarter either from the silly or the wise. But this is by no means true in the case of the author before us. Though few sin so flagrantly, there is almost none whom we feel so inclined to tolerate. And this not so much because there is a deeper root of truth in the excrescences of his mind than in those of other men, as because we feel that there is something in his position which renders them inevitable. They confront us with the most impudent stare in the world—they are at variance with what we most admire in the author; nay, are more in contradiction with his peculiar qualities, with his calm way of contemplating external objects, and his straightforward view of social relations, than they would be with the qualities which distinguish any other man; and yet we cannot find in our hearts to condemn them. May not this circumstance be one clue to the discovery of the principle of which we are in search?

If we have succeeded in analysing the impression which is left upon Mr. Landor's readers without destroying its life, we think they must by this time perceive what that impression indicates respecting the leading idea in Mr. Landor's mind—they will perceive, we think, in that calm Grecian feeling of the beautiful—in that love of antiquity—that complete style which grasps at nothing but what it is certain of accomplishing—in that view of society so exactly equi-distant from the idea which is formed of it, by him who looks at it as the creation of man's spiritual powers, and by him who considers it merely as a scheme adapted to the accomplishment of some directly personal end—in that dislike of mystery—that ignorance of modern character—and that tendency to become vulgar and grovelling,—an attempt to realise the highest form of mere ANIMAL LIFE; while that strange necessity of uttering dark oracles and strange paradoxes against the natural disposition of his own mind and to the annoyance of his readers, is occasioned by the struggle to frame this conception in a world, the atmosphere of which, ever since the introduction of Christianity, has been filled with spiritual atoms, flying about in all directions, and darkening the whole material universe to those who are not content to feel them as the only medium through which it can be contemplated. To the mere farmer or merchant-man, the economist or the calculator, it is a mighty easy task to purge the world of its spiritual elements; but hard is the work, mighty the achievement, to the man who makes his own mind the crucible, who seeks in his soul the ideal of a soulless world. If our theory of Mr. Landor's mind be correct, the level upon which he stands is very far lower than that which is occupied by those who are emphatically the great men of England. He does not belong to the same order of beings as our old dramatists, as Milton, as Jeremy Taylor, as Sir Thomas Brown, as Cudworth, as Henry More;

or, to take modern instances, as Coleridge or Wordsworth. Nay, in some sort, the words of scripture may be applicable to him, that the very least in the kingdom of heaven,—the man who has even an imperfect and unsatisfied longing after the inward and the spiritual,—is greater than he. But then we must take in the former part of the verse, and admit likewise that among mere men that are born of women, among them who draw their origin from the earth, and are of it, earthy, there has scarcely arisen a greater than Walter Savage Landor. We speak not merely of his genius, but of the benefit which it is calculated to confer upon the present age. There never was a time when men were more entirely given up to a pursuit of the vilest physical enjoyment,—when the lowest ends of existence were more generally felt to be the reasons for which we exist,—when, in short, animal life itself was so divested of all that fairness and symmetry which makes it fit to be the type of a higher life, and the link which connects our bodies with it. To persuade men thus given up to the world in its lowest, worst sense, that there is any thing within them which is more permanent than the passing shows around them—experience shows to be a vain toil. Why, then, should those who aim at this end, and feel they cannot achieve it, refuse the assistance of a man, who, levelling himself to the feelings of such beings, undertakes to teach them how they may convert their own dull monotonous earth into a green and flowery paradise? Who shall tell us that the conceptions of a vulgar, money-getting, eating, drinking, sleeping, scribbling, criticising monster of the nineteenth century would not be raised by the picture of exquisite luxury, which is contained in the following passage of a dialogue between Cæsar and Lucullus?

LUCULLUS.

'Then, Caius Julius, you groaned with reason, and I will pity rather than reprove you.

'On the ceiling, at which you are looking, there is no gilding, and little painting. . . a mere trellis of vines bearing grapes, and the heads, shoulders, and arms, rising from the cornice only, of boys and girls climbing up to steal them, and scrambling for them: nothing over-head: no giants tumbling down, no Jupiter thundering, no Mars and Venus caught at mid-day, no river-gods pouring out their urns upon us; for, as I think nothing so insipid as a flat ceiling, I think nothing so absurd as a storied one. Before I was aware, and without my participation, the painter had adorned that of my bedchamber with a golden shower, bursting from varied and irradiated clouds. On my expostulation, his excuse was, that he knew the Danae of Scopas, in a recumbent posture, was to occupy the centre of the room. The walls, behind the tapestry and pictures, are quite rough. In forty-three days the whole fabric was put together and habitable.

'The wine has probably lost its freshness: will you try some other?

CÆSAR.

'Its temperature is admirable; its flavour incomparable. Latterly I have never sat long after dinner, and am curious to pass thro' the other apartments, if you will trust me.

LUCULLUS.

'I attend you.

CÆSAR.

'Lucullus! who is here? what figure is that on the poop of the vessel? can it be . . .

LUCULLUS.

'The subject was dictated by myself; you gave it.

CÆSAR.

'Oh how beautifully is the water painted! how vividly the sun strikes against the snows on Taurus! the grey temples and pier-head of Tarsus catch it differently, and the monumental mound on the left is half in shade. In the countenance of those pirates I did not observe such diversity, nor that any boy pulled his father back: I did not indeed mark them or notice them at all.

LUCULLUS.

'The painter, in this fresco, the last work finished, had dissatisfied me in one particular. *That beautiful young face*, said I, *appears not to threaten death.*

'*Lucius*, he replied, *if one muscle were moved, it were not Cæsar's: besides, he said it jokingly, tho' resolved.*

'*I am contented with your apology, Antipho: but what are you doing now? for you never lay down or suspend your pencil, let who will talk and argue. The lines of that smaller face in the distance are the same.*

'*Not the same*, replied he, *nor very different: it smiles; as surely the goddess must have done, at the first heroic act of her descendent.*

CÆSAR.

'In her exultation and impatience to press forward, she seems to forget that she is standing at the extremity of the shell, which rises up behind out of the water; and she takes no notice of the terror on the countenance of this Cupid who would detain her, nor of this who is flying off and looking back. The reflexion of the shell has given a warmer hue below the knee: a long streak of yellow light in the horizon is on the level of her bosom; some of her hair is almost lost in it: above her head on every side is the pure azure of the heavens. I have read the picture; and thus it ends.

'Oh! and you would not have shewn me this? you, among whose primary studies is the most perfect satisfaction of your guests!

LUCULLUS.

'This is the only one in fresco; but in the next apartment are seven or eight other pictures from our history. . . There are no more: what do you look for?

CÆSAR.

'I find not among the rest any descriptive of your own exploits. Ah Lucullus! there is no surer way of making them remembered: the soul of them is here. . . This, I presume by the harps in the two corners, is the music-room.

LUCULLUS.

'No indeed; nor can I be said to have one here: for I love best the music of a single instrument, and listen to it willingly at all times, but most willingly while I am reading. At such seasons, a voice or even a whisper disturbs me; but music refreshes my brain when I have read long, and strengthens it from the beginning. I find also that if I write any thing in poetry (a youthful propensity still remaining) it gives rapidity and variety and brightness to my ideas. On ceasing, I command a fresh measure and instrument or another voice, which is to the mind like a change of posture or of air to the body. My health is benefited materially by the gentle play thus opened to the most delicate of the fibres.

CÆSAR.

'Let me augur that a disorder so tractable may be soon removed. What is it thought to be?

LUCULLUS.

'I am inclined to think, and my physician did not long attempt to persuade me of the contrary, that the ancient realms of Æetes have supplied me with some other plants than the cherry, and such as I should be sorry to see domesticated here in Italy.

CÆSAR.

'The Gods forbid! Hope better things. The reason of Lucullus is stronger than the medicaments of Mi-thridates; but why not use them too? Let nothing be neglected. You may reasonably hope for many years of life: your mother still enjoys it.

LUCULLUS.

'To stand upon one's guard against Death, exasperates his malice and protracts our sufferings.

CÆSAR.

'Rightly and gravely said: but your country at this time cannot do well without you.

LUCULLUS.

'The bowl of milk, which today is presented me, will shortly be presented to my Manes.

CÆSAR.

'Do you suspect the hand?

LUCULLUS.

'I will not suspect a Roman: let us converse no more about it.

CÆSAR.

'It is the only subject on which I am resolved never to think, as relates to myself. Life may concern us, death not. In death we neither can act nor reason, we neither can persuade nor command; and our statues are worth more than we are, let them be but wax. Lucius, I will not divine your thoughts: I will not penetrate into your suspicions, nor suggest mine. I am lost in admiration of your magnanimity and forbearance; that your only dissimulation should be upon the guilt of your assassin; that you should leave him power, and create him virtues. —Vol. i., pp. 42—47.

Tell us not that this is a Heathen mode of exalting men's minds. We are Heathens already, and the question is, whether we shall have the worst form of Heathenism or the best—the Heathenism of Sophocles or of Agathon, of Lucullus or Hellogabalus, of Savage Landor and John Keats, or—but, instead of yielding to one of the most abominable tendencies of the age by becoming personal, we will quote, in support of our opinion, a sonnet from the greatest and most spiritual poet of our day.

'The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The Winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.'

Next week we shall examine Mr. Landor's 'Dialogues' at length, and shall act up to our principle, of noticing only the parts of them as offences which are deviations from the principle upon which they all proceed, and of noticing them with greater scrutiny than we should think necessary, if the author were a man of less power and genius.

In the mean time, we quote one of the dialogues, which, though not in Mr. Landor's best spirit, is strongly characteristic, and, moreover, suits by its length the dimensions of our pages.

'ALEXANDER.

'To come at once to the point, I am ready to prove that neither Jason nor Bacchus, in their memorable expeditions, did greater service to mankind than I have done, and am about to do.

'PRIEST.

'Jason fleeced them, and Bacchus made them drunk: thou appearest a proper successor to these worthies.

'ALEXANDER.

'Such levity on heroes and Gods!

'PRIEST.

'Hark-ye, Alexander! we priests are privileged.

'ALEXANDER.

'I too am privileged to speak of my own great actions; if not as liberator of Greece, which thou didst deride most boisterously, at least as the benefactor of Egypt and of Jupiter.

'PRIEST.

'Here indeed it would be unseemly to laugh; for it is evident on the royal word that Jupiter is much indebted to thee; and equally evident, from the same authority, that thou wantest nothing from him but his blessing—unless it be a public acknowledgment that he has been guilty of another act of bastardy, more becoming his black curls than his grey decrepitude.

'ALEXANDER.

'Amazement! to talk thus of Jupiter!

'PRIEST.

'Only to those who are in his confidence: a mistress, for instance; or a son, as thou art.

'ALEXANDER.

'Yea, by my head and by my sceptre am I. Nothing is more certain.

'PRIEST.

'We will discourse upon that presently. Tell me first in what manner thou art or wilt ever be the benefactor of Egypt.

'ALEXANDER.

'The same exposition will demonstrate that I shall be likewise the benefactor of Jupiter. It is my intention to build a city, in a situation very advantageous for commerce: of course, the frequenters of such a mart will continually make offerings to Jupiter.

'PRIEST.

'For what?

'ALEXANDER.

'For prosperity.

'PRIEST.

'Alas! Alexander, the prosperous make few offerings; and Hermes has the dexterity to intercept the greater part of them. In Egypt there are cities snow already: I should say too many: for men prey upon one another when they are penned together close.

'ALEXANDER.

'There is then no glory in building a magnificent city.

'PRIEST.

'Great may be the glory—

'ALEXANDER.

'Here at least thou art disposed to do me justice.

'PRIEST.

'I never heard until this hour that among thy other attainments was architecture.

'ALEXANDER.

'Scornful and insolent man! dost thou take me for an architect?

'PRIEST.

'I was about to do so: and certainly not in scorn; but to assuage the feeling of it.

'ALEXANDER.

'How!

'PRIEST.

'He who devises the plan of a great city, of its streets, its squares, its palaces, its temples, must exercise much reflection and many kinds of knowledge: and yet those which strike most the vulgar, most even the scientific, require less care, less knowledge, less beneficence, than what are called the viler parts, and are most obscure and unobserved; the construction of the sewers; the method of exempting the aqueducts from the encroachments of their impurities; the conduct of the canals for fresh air in every part of the house, attenuating the summer heats; the exclusion of reptiles; and even the protection from insects. The conveniences and comforts of life in these countries, must depend on such matters.

'ALEXANDER.

'My architect, I doubt not, has considered them maturely.

'PRIEST.

'Who is he?

'ALEXANDER.

'I will not tell thee: the whole glory is mine: I gave the orders, and first conceived the idea.

'PRIEST.

'A bound upon a heap of dust may dream of a fine city, if he has ever seen one; and a madman in chains may dream of building it, and may even give directions about it.

'ALEXANDER.

'I will not bear this.

'PRIEST.

'Were it false, thou couldst bear it; thou wouldst call the bearing of it magnanimity; and wiser men would do the same for centuries. As such wisdom and such greatness are not what I bend my back to measure, do favour me with what thou wert about to say, when thou beganest, *nothing is more certain*: since I presume it must appertain to geometry, of which I am fond.

'ALEXANDER.

'I did not come hither to make figures upon the sand.

'PRIEST.

'Fortunate for thee, if the figure thou wilt leave behind thee could be as easily wiped out.

'ALEXANDER.

'What didst thou say?

'PRIEST.

'I was musing.

'ALEXANDER.

'Even the building of cities is in thy sight neither glorious nor commendable.

'PRIEST.

'Truly, to build them is not among the undertakings I the most applaud in the powerful; but to destroy them is the very foremost of the excesses I abhor. All the cities of the earth should rise up against the man who ruins one. Until this sentiment is predominant, the peaceful can have no protection, the virtuous no encouragement, the brave no countenance, the prosperous no security. We priests communicate one with another extensively; and even in these solitudes thy exploits against Thebes have reached and shocked us. What hearts must lie in the bosoms of those, who applaud thee for preserving the mansion of a deceased poet in the general ruin, while the relatives of the greatest patriot that ever drew breath under heaven, of the soldier at whose hospitable hearth thy father learned all that thou knowest and much more, of Epaminondas (dost thou hear me?) were murdered or enslaved. Now begin the demonstration than which *nothing is more certain*.

'ALEXANDER.

'Nothing is more certain, or what a greater number

of witnesses are ready to attest, than that my mother Olympias, who hated Philip, was pregnant of me by a serpent.

'PRIEST.

'Of what race?

'ALEXANDER.

'Dragon.

'PRIEST.

'Thy mother Olympias hated Philip, a well-made man, young, courageous, libidinous, witty; prodigal of splendour, indifferent to wealth, the greatest captain, the most jovial companion, and the most potent monarch, in Europe...

'ALEXANDER.

'My father Philip, I would have thee to know... I mean my reputed father... was also the greatest politician in the world.

'PRIEST.

'This indeed I am well aware of; but I did not number it among his excellencies in the eyes of a woman: it would have been almost the only reason why she should have preferred the serpent. We live here, O Alexander, in solitude; yet we are not the less curious, but on the contrary the more, to learn what passes in the world around; and, I assure you, neither our records nor those of our brothers in Egypt, ancient as they are, go far enough back, to show us an instance of any signal politician who was not also a signal cuckold. Thou hast unwittingly thrown in a strong argument in favour of thy divinity. Nevertheless we must ponder upon it.

'Olympias then did really fall in love with a serpent! And she was induced...

'ALEXANDER.

'Induced, fool! Do serpents induce people! They coil and climb and subdue them.

'PRIEST.

'The serpent must have been very dexterous...

'ALEXANDER.

'No doubt he was.

'PRIEST.

'But women have such an abhorrence of serpents, that Olympias would surely have rather run away.

'ALEXANDER.

'How could she?

'PRIEST.

'Or called out.

'ALEXANDER.

'Women never do that, lest somebody should hear them.

'PRIEST.

'All mortals seem to bear an innate antipathy to this reptile.

'ALEXANDER.

'Mind! mind what thou sayest, sirrah! do not call my father a reptile.

'PRIEST.

'Even thou, O Alexander, with all thy fortitude, wouldst experience a shuddering at the sight of a serpent in thy bed-clothes.

'ALEXANDER.

'Not at all. Besides, I do not hesitate in my belief that on this occasion it was Jupiter himself. The priests in Macedon were unanimous upon it.

'PRIEST.

'When it happened?

'ALEXANDER.

'When it happened no one mentioned it, for fear of Philip.

'PRIEST.

'What would he have done?

'ALEXANDER.

'He was choleric.

'PRIEST.

'Would he have made war upon Jupiter?

'ALEXANDER.

'By my soul! I know not; but I would have done so, in his place. As a son, I am dutiful: as a husband and a king, there is not a thunderbolt in heaven that should deter me from my rights.

'PRIEST.

'Did any of the priesthood see the dragon, as he was entering or retreating from the chamber?

'ALEXANDER.

'Many saw a great light in it.

'PRIEST.

'He would want one the first time.

'ALEXANDER.

'This seems like irony: sacred things do not admit it. What thousands saw nobody should doubt. The sky opened, lightnings flew athwart it, and strange voices were heard.

PRIEST.

'Juno's the loudest, I suspect.

ALEXANDER.

'Being a king, and the conqueror of kings, let me remind thee, surely I may be treated here with as much deference and solemnity as one priest shews toward another.

PRIEST.

'Certainly with no less, O king! Since thou hast insisted that I should devise the best means of persuading the world of this awful verity, thou wilt excuse me, in thy clemency, if my remarks and interrogatories should appear prolix.

ALEXANDER.

'Ask any thing; but do not press me: kings are not used to it. I will consign to thee every land from the centre to the extremities of Africa; and the Fortunate Isles will I also give to thee, adding those of the Hyperboreans: I wish only the consent of all who officiate in this temple, and their testimony to the world, in declaration of my parentage.

PRIEST.

'Many thanks! We have all we want.

ALEXANDER.

'I cannot think you are true priests then; and if your oath on the divinity of my descent were not my object, and therefore not to be abandoned, I should regret that I had offered so very much in advance, and should be provoked to deduct one half of the Fortunate Isles, and the greater part of the Hyperborean.

PRIEST.

'Those are exactly the regions, O king, which our moderation would induce us to resign. Africa, we know, is worth little. We are, nevertheless, as well contented with the almonds, the dates, the figs, the fresh butter, the antelopes, the kids, the young boars, the tortoises, and the quails about us, as we should be if they were brought to us after fifty days' journey through the desert.

ALEXANDER.

'Really now, is it possible that, in a matter so evident, you can find any obstacle or difficulty in proclaiming me what I am?

PRIEST.

'Our difficulty (slight it must be acknowledged) is this. Our Jupiter is horned.

ALEXANDER.

'So was my father . . . not, indeed, while he played the dragon, but before and after.

PRIEST.

'The children of Jupiter love one another; this we believe here in Libya.

ALEXANDER.

'And rightly: no affection was ever so strong as that of Castor and Pollux. I myself feel a genuine love for them, and greater still for Hercules.

PRIEST.

'If thou hadst a brother or sister on earth, Jove-born, thou wouldst embrace the same most ardently.

ALEXANDER.

'As becomes my birth and heart.

PRIEST.

'O Alexander! may thy godlike race never degenerate!

ALEXANDER.

'Now, indeed, the Powers above do inspire thee.

PRIEST.

'Jupiter, I am commanded by him to declare, is verily thy father.

ALEXANDER.]

'He owns me then! he owns me! What sacrifice worthy of this indulgence can I offer to him?

PRIEST.

'An obedient mind, and a camel-load of nard and amomum for his altar.

ALEXANDER.

'I smell here the exquisite perfume of benzoin.

PRIEST.

'It grows in our vicinity. The nostrils of Jupiter love changes: he is consistent in all parts, being Jupiter. He has other sons and daughters in the world, begotten by him under the same serpentine form, although unknown to common mortals.

ALEXANDER.

'Indeed!

PRIEST.

'I declare it unto thee.

ALEXANDER.

'I cannot doubt it then.

PRIEST.

'Not all indeed of thy comeliness in form and features, but awful and majestic. It is the will of

Jupiter, that, like the Persian monarchs, whose sceptre he hath transferred to thee, thou marryest thy sister.

ALEXANDER.

'Willingly. In what land upon earth liveth she whom thou designest for me?

PRIEST.

'The Destinies and Jupiter himself have conducted thee, O Alexander, to the place where thy nuptials shall be celebrated.

ALEXANDER.

'When did they so?

PRIEST.

'Now; at this very hour.

ALEXANDER.

'Let me see the bride, if it be lawful to lift up her veil.

PRIEST.

'Follow me.

ALEXANDER.

'The steps of this cavern are dark and slippery; but it terminates, no doubt, like the Eleusinian, in pure light and refreshing shades.

PRIEST.

'Wait here an instant: it will grow lighter.

ALEXANDER.

'What do I see yonder?

PRIEST.

'Where?

ALEXANDER.

'Close under the wall, rising and lowering, regularly and slowly, like a long weed on some still river.

PRIEST.

'Thou descriest, O Alexander, the daughter of Jupiter, the watchful virgin, the preserver of our treasures. Without her they would be carried away by the wanderers of the desert; but they fear, as they should do, the daughter of Jupiter.

ALEXANDER.

'Hell and Furies! what hast thou been saying? I heard nothing. Daughter of Jupiter!

PRIEST.

'Hast thou any fancy for the silent and shy maiden? I will leave you together . . .

ALEXANDER.

'Orcus and Erebus!

PRIEST.

'Be discreet! restrain your raptures until the rites are celebrated.

ALEXANDER.

'Rites! Infernal pest! O horror! abomination! a vast panting snake!

PRIEST.

'Say *dragon*, O king! and beware how thou callest horrid and abominable the truly-begotten of our lord thy father.

ALEXANDER.

'What means this? inhuman traitor! Open the door again: show me the way back. Are my conquests to terminate in the jaws of a reptile?

PRIEST.

'Do the kings of Macedon call their sisters such unworthy names?

ALEXANDER.

'Let me out, I say!

PRIEST.

'Inconstant man! I doubt even whether the marriage hath been consummated. Dost thou doubt her worthiness? prove her, prove her. We have certain signs and manifestations that Jupiter begat this powerful creature, thy elder sister. . . though her mother hid her shame and confusion in the desert, where she still wanders, and looks with an evil eye on every thing in the form of man. The poorest, vilest, most abject of the sex, holdeth her head no lower than she.

ALEXANDER.

'Impostor! liar!

PRIEST.

'Do not the sympathies of thy heart inform thee that this solitary queen is of the same lineage as thine?

ALEXANDER.

'What temerity! what impudence! what deceit!

PRIEST.

'Temerity! how so, Alexander! Surely man cannot claim too near an affinity to his Creator, if he will but obey him, as I know thou certainly wilt in this tender alliance. Impudence and deceit were thy other accusations: how little merited! I only traced the collateral branches of the genealogical tree thou pointedst out to me.

ALEXANDER.

'Draw back the bolt: let me pass: stand out of my way. Thy hand upon my shoulder! Were my sword beside me, this monster should lick thy blood.

PRIEST.

'Patience, O king! The iron portal is in my hand: if the hinges turn, thy godhead is extinct. No, Alexander, no! It must not be.

ALEXANDER.

'Lead me forth then. I swear to silence on this.

PRIEST.

'As thou wilt.

ALEXANDER.

'I swear to friendship: lead me but out.

PRIEST.

'Come; although I am much interested in the happiness of his two children whom I serve . . .

ALEXANDER.

'Persecute me no longer; in the name of Jupiter!

PRIEST.

'I can hardly give it up. To have been the maker of such a match! what felicity! what glory! Think once more upon it. There are many who could measure themselves with thee, head to head; let me see the man who will do it with your child at the end of the year, if thou embracest with good heart this daughter of deity.

ALEXANDER.

'Enough, my friend! I have deserved it; but we must deceive men, or they will either hate us or despise us.

PRIEST.

'Now thou talkest reasonably. I here pronounce thy divorce. Moreover, thou shalt be the son of Hammon in Libia, of Mithras in Persia, of Philip in Macedon, of Olympian Jove in Greece: but never for the future teach priests new creeds.

ALEXANDER.

'How my father Philip would have laughed over his cups at such a story as this!

PRIEST.

'Alexander, this shews thee thy folly.

ALEXANDER.

'If such is my folly, what is that of others? Thou wilt acknowledge and proclaim me the progeny of Jupiter.

PRIEST.

'Ay, ay.

ALEXANDER.

'People must believe it.

PRIEST.

'The only doubt will be, among the shrewder, whether, being so extremely old, and having left off his pilgrimages so many years, he could have given our unworthy world so spirited an offspring as thou art.

'Come and sacrifice.

ALEXANDER.

'Priest! I see thou art a man of courage: henceforward we are in confidence; take mine with my hand; give me thine. Confess to me, as the first proof of it, didst thou never shrink back from so voracious and intractable a monster as that accursed snake?

PRIEST.

'We caught her young, and fed her on goat's milk, as our Jupiter himself was fed in the caverns of Crete.

ALEXANDER.

'Your Jupiter! that was another.

PRIEST.

'Some people say so: but the same cradle serves for the whole family; the same story will do for them all. As for fearing this young personage in the treasury-vault, we fear her no more, son Alexander, than the priests of Egypt do his Holiness the Crocodile-god. The gods and their pedagogues, too, are manageable to the hand that feeds them.

ALEXANDER.

'Canst thou talk thus?

PRIEST.

'Of false gods, not of the true one.

ALEXANDER.

'One! are there not many? Some dozens? some hundreds?

PRIEST.

'Not in our neighbourhood; praised be Hammon And plainly to speak, there is nowhere another, let who will have begotten him, whether on cloud or meadow, feather-bed or barn-floor, worth a salt locust or a last year's date-fruit.

'These are our mysteries, if thou must needs know them; and those of other priesthoods are the like.

'Alexander, my boy, do not stand there, with thy arms and thy head aside, pondering. Jupiter the Ram for ever!

ALEXANDER.

'Glory to Jupiter the Ram!'—Vol. i. pp. 279—298

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND GOETHE.

We might easily have found excuses for writing an article on the new novel by the Author of 'Waverley'; but we suspect that the public will be so much interested in Sir Walter Scott's view of the character of Anne of Geierstein, that they will not be likely to pay much attention to ours. We have no hope of our present number being read by any human being, except during the intervals of their perusing the scraps of this marvellous romance. When papa takes up the first volume, his daughter will boldly and impatiently plunge into the second, and, having rambled through both this and the third, before the first has fallen from the paternal hands, may, probably, turn to 'The Athenæum' while she is in waiting. Now, to a young lady in these circumstances, we can conceive no catastrophe so horrible as that of encountering an elaborate article in small type and long paragraphs, doubting, discussing, inquiring, judging, condemning, and, as far as lies in periodical criticism, dispersing into air and phantoms of the night, the 'gay creatures' of that glorious element of genius, against which examining chaplains, lords of the treasury, and weekly journalists, have so bitter an antipathy. On the other hand, when these resplendent beings have sunk into the mass of shadows which fill the minds of almost all men, we may attempt to cope with them more boldly; and we trust that we shall then be permitted, without offence, to converse with our dear readers on a subject so interesting to all of us.

But, although we do not propose to treat, at present, of 'Anne of Geierstein,' we may say something of Sir Walter Scott, whom nine Englishmen in every ten would proclaim to be the greatest author of our age, as surely as most Germans would assign the same pre-eminence to Goëthe. The latter is mentioned, with due honour, in this very novel now before us; and it is curious that Sir Walter Scott, in the fulness of his fame, and after his long career of literature, should have come back to that old ground of feudal Germany which he trod in his noviciate, under the guidance of the author of 'Goetz Von Berlichingen.*' A comparison between the minds of these two remarkable men, if any one living were sufficient to make it, would be extremely valuable, and might probably do lasting service both to England and Germany. We have no pretensions to attempt such an enterprise, which would require the long meditation of a deep mind. But we may throw a few random glances over a region which we do not undertake to conquer; and if, by these, we discover any prospect which can interest our readers, we shall be amply satisfied.

Sir Walter Scott has probably thought less about his own mind, what it has, and what it wants, and in what way it could best be cultivated, than almost any distinguished writer in Europe. He has accumulated, arranged, and wrought immense masses of materials; but he seems never to have paid much attention to the improvement of the machinery which he employs in these labours. He derives from nature wit, not deep like that of Swift and Cervantes, nor fine like that of Pope and Voltaire, but strong, copious, and lively; eloquence, neither very solemn nor very impassioned, but fit for business, clear, sonorous, manly, and abundant; and above all, a fancy which delights in broad and vivid pictures, and has an almost unrivalled facility in composing them. He might have all this; and yet not reach to be a man of genius, which we think that he is. His genius consists in the power of filling his conceptions with a spirit drawn from the form of ordinary human nature, and intelligible and interesting to all. It connects itself most closely with the simplicity and uprightness of his personal character, his keen and unperverted sensibilities,

* The first play (except 'Werter,' the first work) of Goëthe. A translation of it was, we believe, the earliest published production of Sir Walter Scott.

the energy of his moral feelings, and the freshness of his social sympathies. On the other hand, there have been few men of equal ability with so little capacity of reflection. There is the shrewdness of the world, and sometimes delicate taste in his view of individual character; but not a trace of that philosophic insight which can only be gained by long and calm meditation. In his earlier manhood, he showed no tendency to muse on the mysterious and infinite, nor did he plunge with the energy of Shakspeare into the world of the senses. A thoughtful observer might have inferred even then, that he would never rise to a mastery over complicated states of mind, that many tendencies of human emotion must remain unknown to him. And so it is that the inward eddyings and struggles of the soul which proceed from its own unmethodised energy, are never exhibited in his writings, any more than the calm and self-supporting strength which sometimes is the offspring of those convulsions. His reflections, when they are brought at all to his own mind, are never any thing more than acute maxims drawn from experience; and never touch what is most complicated and embarrassing in our thoughts, what is unconnected with outward activity, and is not suggested by outward circumstances.

His boundless popularity arises chiefly from this, that all the thoughts and emotions which he exhibits are borrowed from the common stock of the world, from the treasury into which every man puts something, and the contents of which are known to all. He never seems to suspect, that there are persons who possess a secret hoard, dearer to them, yea infinitely more precious, than their public contributions, and often, indeed, of a coinage which would be rejected by the vulgar. True, the author who should address himself chiefly to the deeper and more sacred portions of our minds, would be misunderstood by some, and by the greater number would be pronounced completely unintelligible. But it is true, also, that only by comprehending and expressing that kernel within the breast which is never used as a plaything before the crowd, can an author make his thoughts an integral part of ours; and can gain for himself that inner and solemn seat in our affections which is held by Shakspeare, Schiller, and Wordsworth. This is never done, never attempted, by the Author of 'Waverley.' His are the various costumes, and expressive manners, of different centuries, and a hundred classes of society; the flowing style, the bright description, the rapid succession of prospect and personage, stirring incident and wild adventure; the youthful eye that glances through the shadow of the warrior's plume, and the stately step of noble and monarch. But the interest which binds together the elements of his power, and displays its spell-words on his glittering banners, is but the idle curiosity whereby the eye is chained to the march of events, while the mind remains comparatively indifferent to the characters of those who take part in them. And, in reading even the choicest of these narratives, the greater part of the pleasure of most men depends on the very principle which gathers together a crowd to the excitement of a contest between prize-fighters and bull-dogs, and which assembles the midnight watchers around a gaming-table,—anxiety, namely, as to the issue of warring circumstances. The gay colouring, the historic recollections, and admirable kindness of feeling, which distinguish all the writings of Sir Walter Scott, tend, of course, to elevate and ennoble the interest felt in his romances; but they are insufficient to alter its essential character.

In Goëthe, on the contrary, the most wonderful phenomenon is his clear and all-embracing intelligence. He seems to have made it the business of his life to direct every faculty with the utmost possible energy upon its proper objects, and thus to bring into its appropriate place within the circle of his philosophy, whatever there is in all existence whereof man may aspire to be cogni-

sant; and it is his great error, if one master error there be in his life, that he has not sufficiently attended to the cultivating for himself an individual and proper character as the centre of that mighty sphere of knowledge. For who is there who has not felt the danger, that in seeking to understand every thing, we may grow to be nothing; nothing, that is, except with reference to something beyond ourselves. Goëthe seeks in all he writes to embody distinctly and scientifically particular modes of existence. He disdains to keep up a fretful and passionate curiosity by the changes of any gorgeous historic pageant, except when this feeling can be made entirely subservient to deep sympathy and pervading intelligence. In Scott we find the more direct, simple, and ordinary manifestations of the old heroic, straightforward humanity, brought together by the mere force of observation. In Goëthe, nothing is presented to us without having obviously undergone the reflection of a powerful mind. He never embalms a corpse till he has dissected it; and displays a skill which never has been equalled in re-uniting the separated portions. We can never sufficiently admire the genius which has studied and understood varieties of the mind so innumerable. But the sage, in the midst of his labours, is himself calm and unmoved, and there gradually grows on us a feeling of something repulsive and preternatural, while we stand in the presence of a being who sees into all our emotions, and seems himself to be endued with none. Great indignation has been expressed by great authorities at those who, agonising for something higher than the daily life we live, complain that they find in Goëthe no glimpses of an ideal nature. Yet, to how few is it given to find consolation in the discovery of the quiet method, the coherence and subordination of all around us. When it is our grief that the sense of harmony has departed from us, it is insolence, not philosophy, to tell us, that if we had music in our souls, we should perceive a magic tune in every air that blows. Accustomed to discover in all the influences of the world and society only discordance and pain, we must be restored, not by recurring to those resources from which we are used to derive nothing but wretchedness; we must look out of ourselves, and afar off, and seek to renovate the capacity of enjoyment by other means than those from which, though originally sufficient, we have been miserably habituated to shrink. Nor is it certain that even a mind so elevated, tranquil, and intelligent as Goëthe's, would not be in a healthier state, were it accustomed to leave some of its own movements unexplained; to acquiesce in the existence of mysteries which it cannot fathom; to let its emotions sometimes be a law to it, instead of constituting its own intellect, however bright and imperial, the despot of all its feelings.

Our readers, we trust, will take these remarks for what we design them to be,—hints; that is, made with the utmost diffidence, and exceeding doubt in ourselves as to their accuracy. With regard to Goëthe especially, who is almost universally recognised as the greatest living mind of the Continent, we are far from fancying that we, foreigners and empirics, have a right to judge. But, above all, we are anxious not to let it be supposed that we imagine all which is wonderful in Goëthe, and all which is delightful in Scott, cannot be united in a single man. The best qualities of both were so united in Shakspeare; and, if we but cling fast to the study of him, the deepest and the simplest spirit that ever moved on earth, we shall gain so much of strength and refreshment as to make the influences of more recent literature of comparatively little importance.

Mademoiselle Sontag and her sister Nina receive thirty guineas for singing at Miss Paton's benefit, on Friday; the proportion, of course, is a matter of arrangement between themselves.

THE CURATE.—A TALE.

THERE is an inbred power which men may feel,
Such men as list to what their hearts reveal,
In streams and copses : else it could not be
That with such deeply-loved solemnity
Their woven murmurs should our minds impress
Till even gushing tears are powerless
To still the emotion. But above all skill,
All conscious working of our human will,
Are those affections which we sometimes trace
In absence ; when some long familiar place,
Some curious nook, some rude uncultured spot,
Wakes in us thoughts which cannot be forgot,
And void of all that other spots commend,
Still haunts us like the memory of a friend.
There was a little knoll of rising ground,
With a few dark-leaved oak trees girdled round,
In a far vale : I know not why I love
That rustic place all other spots above,
For it had little but my love to make
It seem so precious : yet its sight can wake
More harmonies within me, seen in dreams,
Noonday or midnight, than the twined beams
Of forest-wandered light, the whispering flood
Expostulating in its frolic mood
With the sweet banks that gird it, or the sky
With all its golden lamps hung forth on high ;
And now it is more dear, because I know
That it has been much changed since long ago
I lay within its verdant diadem,
Gazing upon the stars, and wooing them
To sink within its circuit : now, they say,
'Tis open to the sun's importune ray,
The trees are felled, and in their place there grows
A leafy screen of the fresh briar-rose,
And smoothest turf o'er all the place is spread,
And that the poppies, purple, blue, and red,
Have vanished all.

Therefore is it enshrined
Not without some religion in my mind,
And all the innocent hopes and childish fears
I can recal from the dull grave of years,
And all the aspirations of the hours
When life was but a garden of sweet flowers,
One springing as its elder sister past,
And still the very sweetest seemed the last,
Whenever, like a gentle breeze, they come
Upon my soul, have this spot for their home.
Four lingering years are past since last I sat
Beneath the old oaks, in different mood from that
Which moved me first my boyish pleasure dome
To make of the rough hill : for cares had come
And wrinkled the smooth cheek ; and twelve long
years

Had opened oft the sluices of my tears ;
The world and all its pains had done their part,
And I that once was light as is the hart
On the Tyrolean hills, whose days went by
Uncounted, for they flew so speedily,—
I now returned with a slow step to sit
Beneath the oaks : and that I was to quit
Them soon for ever, made our meeting sad ;
Though thou wert there, dear Ellen, thou most glad,
Most laughter-loving creature ; but the charm
Was then on both alike, and on my arm
Thou hungest in silence. What thy thoughts might be
I cannot guess ; but sweet perplexity,
The struggle of the present and the past
Within me, held my spirit prisoned fast,
And shapeless as a golden evening mist,
Which with her beams the gentle moon has kist,
My thought was spread abroad ; all then we viewed,
All I remembered, by one joy subdued,
Filled me with harmony. A little space
We sat, and spoke no word ; then from the place
Descending, stood to watch the setting sun
With purple flames light up the clouddlets dun
Which o'er all the west their legions rolled,
Clad in barbaric splendour, glorious to behold !
At length, I said, ' There stood a cottage near
This spot some twelve years since, and now I fear
To seek if still it stand. 'Twas the retreat
Of an old friend whom my heart yearns to greet :
Let us go down into the vale.' We turned
Once more to watch the sinking sun who burned
Among the glowing waters ; then I said,
' If my old friend be in his coffin laid,
'Twill be a sad delight to see the spot
In which he rests.' And my love answered not,
But turning on me her sweet eyes suffused
With happy tears, stood silent while I mused :
At length, I said, ' We'll seek my kind old friend,
This visit will make glad a sad life's end,

When he shall see the boy he loved so well
Returned after long exile : he will tell
You some strange tales of my wild youth.' We went
By the wood-side, following a rill which sent
Its murmuring waters o'er a pebbled bed ;
Till twilight her grey mantle now had spread
O'er wood and stream, and poured a mellow hue
On the autumnal leaves ; thy arm I drew
Closer to mine, dear Ellen, and returned
Thy finger's eloquent pressure. ' I have learned,'
Said I, ' harsh lessons since I last pursued
This streamlet's windings ; many sights have viewed
Which strove to wrench its memory from my heart,
And sometimes with a cold and thankless art
Have steeled myself against the thoughts which spring
Like founts of living waters, nourishing
The visions of my boyhood. 'Tis in vain
That armed with pride we labour to restrain
These lovely recollections ! Swathed round
With philosophic lore, and iron bound,
Among the race of men we may prevail
Some few short hours to walk ; but all our mail,
Our linked mail of selfishness and pride,
Melts in a moment from our naked side,
If one sweet thought revisit us from those
Uncounted stores our gracious childhood owes !
So hath it been with me ; this humble rill
Hath been a monitor in good and ill
To strengthen or restrain, ere thou wert mine
To give me strength, with feelings more divine !
And grudge not, if sometimes a thought I twine
Of these dim shades with the sublimer sense,
My love, of thy unstained excellence,
Or that my heart, still open to the joy,
The exultation of a happy boy,
Sees thee in all its dreams of rills and skies,
And in these loves its childish memories !'
Thou answeredst with thy tears :—a gentle bend
In the stream brought us to our journey's end ;
Before us lay a broken bridge ; the rail
Had fallen into the water ; and the frail
Time-mouldered planks scarce promised a safe stay
To thy light foot-fall. On the far bank lay
The fragments of a gate, and then there rose
The cottage sleeping in a sad repose.
The moonlight, which makes all things soft, was
strewing

Phantastic splendours over all the ruin—
For 'twas a ruin—lighting here and there
Strange glow-worm gleams upon the rafters bare,
On which the dewy trees their soft drops shed.
' We are too late, then,' Ellen gently said,
He sleeps in peace : and my love turned aside,
Her starting tears striving in vain to hide,
Till I said, ' Do not weep, for he is blest !'
The weary man rejoiceth in his rest,
When his long journey draweth to an end,
And so will it have been with my poor friend.
He was sore travelled.' Not a human sound,
Save our two voices, broke the calm profound ;
So when we ceased, the ripples and the wood,
Which murmured ever in that solitude,
And the deep voice of the still night, spake on,
E'en to our hearts sending their solemn tone,
And an eternal requiem for the dead
Breathed, which our hearts in silence answered !

Without a word we to the town returned,
And I next morn, whose very heart-strings yearned
To visit my poor friend's lone burial place,
Proposed to Ellen that we should retrace
Our evening's walk ; for just beyond the cot
A modest church arose, by many a plot
Of solemn yew trees shaded. Oft to me
He said that there his home of rest should be,
And hoped that when the hour should come, his head
Might sink in peace upon that grassy bed,
Among the flock whom he had trained, and find
The quiet which he found not with mankind.
Yet oftener far a solemn feeling swayed
His melancholy mind, till it arrayed
The gloomy spot with splendours which might seem
To colder men shades from a realm of dream,
But were to him most strong reality !
And then for hours together he would lie,
Unless by duty summoned, in the shade,
Joying in sadness ; nor did aught invade
His peaceful contemplation, for the place
Is filled with hardy farmers, a strong race
Who toil all day with thrifful honesty ;
And but that some in rustic sympathy
Felt for the hidden sorrow that oppress
Their pastor, scarce they would disturb his rest
E'en with a word : but sometimes their rough care

Would with keen pangs his gentle bosom tear ;
But these he hid, that none his pain might share ;
Perhaps few knew it ; for his heart was light,
And his keen eyes with happiness were bright,
Whenever, on some work of good, he went
Among them, Heaven's appointed instrument,
To bring the tidings of great joy revealed
To men in Bethlehem,—both in cot or field
The peasant's friend, to comfort or reprove,
Unwearied ever in his work of love.
Such had his life been, ere I bent my way
To distant lands, determined if the day
Should be vouchsafed when I might once more see
This old friend, that my careful love should be
The stay of his old age, as he had been
My youth's revered companion.

The sun had reached his height, and all things wore
His radiance like a garment, when once more
We stood beside the cot. Alas ! the light
Which the stars shed throughout an azure night,
Hath a deceitful beauty : we had stood
Beneath them the last eve in solitude,
Till even desolation seemed to be
A lovely thing, with star, and stream, and tree
Blending a glory of its own, and sight
Became in love with ruin. Now the bright
Truth-loving splendour of the garish day
Swept all the pleasing dreams of eve away !
The walls were rent and black, as if the rage
Of fire into a premature old age
Had shrunk their goodly form ; the graceful vine
Which o'er the roof its shoots was wont to twine,
Drooped, scorched, and seared, and like a maimed
snake

Crawled slowly o'er the spot it once did make
More fair with its fresh beauty. We drew near,
And gazed on the remains with many a tear ;
The showers of spring, the summer suns, had been
With lively influence there ; for mosses green
And brown o'er all the unsightly heaps were spread,
A life in death ; and a sweet moss-rose shed
Its scents unheeded. Oh, how beautiful
It seemed ! But then our hearts with grief were full,
And though it were a sacrilege to tear
That meek flower from the cradle it found there,
Yet for a sad memorial of his fate
Whose pleasant home we found so desolate,
I placed it in my bosom, nor looked back,
But went in silence onward in the track
Which led to the church-yard. At length we stayed
Our steps ; an open grave, a late-used spade,
Arrested us. ' Is death so busy here ?'
Said Ellen, when a grey old man drew near
The village sexton : salutation short,
Yet stately, the old man made, in courteous sort
Welcoming us to his domain, like one
Receiving honoured guests : his greetings done,
He stopped awhile, waiting if we might say
Of business aught—then turned to move away,
And gathering up the tools which strewed the place,
Looked gently down into the grave with face
Of deep concern. Then I, who burned to know
The ill I feared, said quickly, ' Do not go !'
And with a strange surprise, not void of mirth
Suppress, the old man from the grave earth
Lifted his eyes to mine, as he would read
My thoughts, and then drawing near me, said, ' In-
deed,

'Tis hard such young and gentle things must die !
A lovelier child I never knew, and I
Am now nigh seventy ! Well, it is the end
We must all come to.' Of my gentle friend
I thought and said in haste, ' You long have been
The sexton of this place, and must have seen
Too many such ; I had a friend who made
His home here, till he died. If he is laid
Within this churchyard, I would see his grave ;
Alas ! 'tis the only rest the earth ere gave !
You know, perhaps, where Walter Harding lies ?'
' Now God forbid,' said he, ' in quick surprise ;
He ever was the poor man's friend ; you have told
Sad news, Sir, for this village, young and old,
Were sad enough when he went hence ; and then
We little thought to hear of him again,
A dead man !—Though the weight had past away
With these words from my soul, what I might say
I knew not, for the tidings made me dumb,
And pleasure did the effect of grief. Thoughts come
In crowds at times like these, so intertwined,
That like a haze they gather o'er the mind,
And then the man has no relief but tears ;
But my sweet Ellen, who my hopes and fears

Had shared, still questioned the old man, while I
 Could only weep. And he told joyfully
 How my good friend had left his cure to dwell
 With one who, like myself, had loved him well,
 In London; and that full four years had fled
 Since last he came among them. He had said
 More, for he loved of that good man to tell,
 But that from far along the quiet dell,
 And by the ruined cot, and up the hill,
 The funeral pomp wound slowly; through the still
 And genial noon with solemn harmony
 Conveying to her grave the maiden. We
 Stood still, expecting, till they nearer drew;
 Arrayed in their best garb of virgin hue,
 Her sisters came, and sobbed a psalm of joy,
 'I am the life!' With them a gentle boy,
 Smiling at the strange pomp; and then the dead
 Drest in a wedding-robe! The coffin-head
 Her father held, and wept not, for his grief
 Lay deep, too deep, for weeping's soft relief!
 And silently they laid her in the mould,
 Sadly and silently; then the bell tolled,
 And not till then tears ran from every eye,
 As they went slowly from the cemetery;
 And the old father in a mournful tone,
 Said only, 'God! thy gracious will be done!'
 The day's events had made us sad; our way
 We slowly bent where at short distance lay
 My oak-crowned knoll; and as we walked, our theme
 Was my old friend: I said, a man might deem
 Strangely of life, could he believe that all
 Had its completion here, and that this ball
 Of land and sea were our eternal bound,
 Our term of being; for there scarce is found
 One man with goodness armed, but all of life
 Is straightway with his righteousness at strife!
 The world's contempt, poverty, hate, and scorn,
 Hang on his track, while onward still, upborne
 By inward light and power, he moves.

* * * * *

To be continued.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Continued from p. 299.)

We have not even yet, we find, quite done with the Great Room. The catalogue, on being referred to, calls many pictures to mind which must not be passed over in silence. Sir Thomas Lawrence's 'Duke of Clarence,' No. 57, is certainly one of these. It is a portrait painted, as to the head more especially, with admirable ease, simplicity, and natural effect: the hat and handkerchief, it is true, are introduced too fantastically and artificially; but 'let that pass,' in grace to the many and great merits which the painting possesses in other respects.

The Portrait of Sir Thomas Strange, by Mr. Shee, No. 47, is another performance which deserves to be distinguished: the head has much animation, and an agreeable tone of colour pervades the whole picture. The 'Lady in St. Swithin's Chair,' from the first volume of Waverley, No. 43, Sir William Beechey, attracts more by the design than by its colouring: the former displays much intelligence, and strong and appropriate expression.

'Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gypsies,' No. 134, C. P. Leslie, is a charming little picture, full of expression and sentiment. The character of the old bachelor, the benevolent squire, and the country gentleman of the past age, is exquisitely conceived, and represented with great spirit and feeling. The archness of the idle baggages, in whom it evidently requires no recourse to magic to be able to let the worthy innamorato into the secret of his own intentions, is keen and pleasant. The picture, too, is most agreeably painted; the sitting group in the corner, the prolific hussey and her twins, is delightful.

We have seen paintings, by Mr. Collins, more attractive by the force of particular effects than 'The Morning after a Storm,' No. 166, the principal work of this academician in the present collection; but we cannot call to mind any one of his productions which shows a more masterly pencil, and the hand of an artist of truer taste, or in which power is more successfully combined

with simplicity, and rendered consistent with the absence of display, than in this picture.

'The study of an Ass,' No. 191, W. Barraud, we regret to say, escaped our notice: and it is not in our power, therefore, to report to our readers what the title signifies, or with what skill and effect the subject is treated. The name of the artist warns us against lauding the picture at a venture; for we have not the honour of his acquaintance. We feel no incumbency to back him at all hazards; nor, if our conscience would reconcile itself to the playing of such a trick on our readers, would prudence consent to the impudent imposition, lest we should treat the pedant in his library, the artist in his painting-room, the alchymist at his crucible, or the incipient mathematician at his *pomp*, as a jackeyburm in his stall. The catalogue of the British Institution has taught us to mistrust the waggery of our knights of the pallet; to hesitate before we form a notion of the nature of a picture from the denomination by which they, in their exquisite humour, may be pleased to designate it; so, for this turn, 'The Ass's Study,' or 'The Study of an Ass,' must go without a comment, even should the excellence of the portrait be calculated to provoke the quotation of the proverb, not for the first time so applied:—

'A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.'

No. 207 is 'Milton's Reconciliation with his Wife,' M. Boxall, with the passage,—

'Soon his heart relented

Towards her, his wife so late, and sole desire,
 Now at his feet, submissive in distress.'

This is a very pleasing sketchy picture, well and feelingly conceived, simply grouped, and touching and expressive in sentiment.

'The Taj Mahal, at Agra; Mausoleum of white marble, erected by Shah Jehan, for his favourite queen, Miuntanza Zemam,' No. 210, W. Daniel, presents a splendid view of a building from the opposite side of the river Jumna. The architecture is of superb and picturesque character, and is most skilfully drawn: the foreground is rich in figures and colour, and the whole has a most brilliant effect. But for a work of unobtrusive merit and delightful quality, give us 'The Return, a Cottage Scene in the Campagna di Roma,' No. 30, P. Williams. What a charming little picture is here! How natural the groups! how rich, and warm, and Italian the colouring! and the little girl holding forth her apron to receive the fruit from her mounted brother; how true! how expressive of the grace of childhood and innocence! And for a study of a donkey, here is one quite alive, and fit for a Sterne to commune with.

We have not overlooked Mr. Landseer's 'Illicit Whiskey Still in the Highlands,' No. 20; nor Mr. Turner's 'The Banks of the Loire,' No. 19. The latter is a gem of the first water, brilliant and beautiful. The former, also, is a masterpiece of the pencil of the clever artist by whom it is executed, and of the nature of the excellence of Edwin Landseer's *chef-d'œuvre* who is there that is ignorant? Powerful effect of colour, clever handling, ingenuity of thought, characteristic delineation, and high finish, are conspicuous in this, as they invariably prove to be in every production of the same pencil which admits of those qualities. 'Bashaw, the property of the Earl of Dudley,' No. 291, is a subject not susceptible of the display of these various qualities; yet is it in its way an exquisite picture, full of spirit, and life, and natural freedom.

And now that we have at last turned our backs on the many attractions of the Great Room, and are fairly advanced into the School of Painting, following the plan heretofore pursued, and without attention to the order of the numbering, we shall give precedence to those pictures which, by their conspicuous situation or merits, first call for notice.

We shall not be guilty of any singularity in hastening to place ourselves before the 'Camilla

introduced to Gil Blas at the Inn,' No. 246, G. S. Newton. This is one of the best and most finished pictures that that artist has ever produced. Perhaps we do not go at all too far in expressing the opinion, that it surpasses any thing he has heretofore accomplished. The subject, with one exception, is well conceived and skilfully conducted; the painting is executed in a most masterly and artist-like style. The figure of Camilla, except that it is somewhat lengthy, is excellent. The head is beautiful, and full of animation: nor is the 'ruby of the Philippine Isles' wanting to her delicate finger. The novice-like air of her dupe, and the general sentiment which runs through the picture, are no less excellent. But the conductor of one of the best hotels in Valladolid receiving a lady of apparent quality, and with flambeau in hand conducting her to the presence of a supposed distinguished guest, should certainly have had the costume and style of the Hidalgo, and not the air of the keeper of a common *venta*. Such a figure as Mr. Newton has here represented the landlord, would have been sufficiently in keeping with the Spanish Posada of Mr. Wilkie, but is by no means a characteristic delineation of the proprietor of a *fonda* in a provincial capital.

The portrait of Mr. Soane, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is truly exquisite. How like, and how living! How flexible the muscles of the face! What ease and freedom in the execution! How full of substance and cloth-like are the habiliments! In this respect, Mr. H. P. Briggs should contrast with it his portrait, No. 264. Not that we mean anything invidious to Mr. Briggs—the portrait we allude to, we consider a very successful one; nor, we are sure, would the artist himself object to our referring him to the example of Sir Thomas Lawrence, for a lesson in the treatment of a coat, since portraits cannot be painted without that very important article in the dress of a gentleman. In Mr. Briggs' performance, in fact, the costume is the only objectionable part of an otherwise excellent picture. On first glancing at the portrait, it is difficult, certainly, to reconcile the character of the principal subject, with the cuirass by his side: the personage, indeed, is sufficiently swarthy to have followed many campaigns under various climes; he is, moreover, duly and darkly bewhiskered, yet is there nothing martial, nothing heroic, in the air and bearing of the man. The pen, too, holds the place of the sword, and seems to bespeak some mystery;—it may be then, after all, that Mr. Briggs is right. So, indeed, it proves—the gentleman before us is no soldier, but a man of peace, an antiquary—he is Samuel Lush Meyrick, LL.D., of Goodrich Court, Herefordshire, according to the catalogue, but probably more known to most of our readers, certainly to those of a contemporary monthly periodical,* as of the Tower of London.

In 'The Confessional,—Pilgrims confessing in St. Peter's,' No. 293, and 'The Pifferari Calabrian shepherds playing their hymns to the Madonna when arriving with the pilgrims in Rome,' No. 298,—we have two pictures, by Mr. Wilkie, less finished than those noticed in former numbers, but still most clever, artistlike, and delightful productions. In respect to the beauty of the grouping, the Pifferari has seldom, if ever, been surpassed.

'Hadleigh Castle, the mouth of the Thames, Morning after a stormy Night,' 322, I. Constable, is a picture which convicts the artist who executed it, of being a dangerous subject. The merits and beauties of this performance are such that it almost recommends a manner which the judgment pronounces to be faulty. But for this manner, indeed, the picture before us would be perfect,—so grand and picturesque, so free and so bold, is it,—so full of power and effect.

Portrait of Mrs. Bolton King, No. 325, I. Partridge, is a charming picture, replete with grace and sweetness, and lady-like delicacy: the

* Vide 'London Magazine,' for Jan. and Feb.

drapery is excellently managed—simple, and at the same time of a rich effect. The other accessories are in perfect keeping with the elegance of the figure and of the attire. The painting is highly and carefully finished.

'The Loretto Necklace,' No. 337, I. M. W. Turner.—Hereby, we presume, hangs a tale; and more, we conclude, is meant than meets the eye. Yet, although in Mr. Turner's most splendid Polyphemus we could penetrate into things veiled to eyes profane—could discern the fiery steeds of the god of day, even distinguishing Pyrois from Eöus, and Æthon from Phlegon,—although, through the dazzling brilliancy of that gorgeous composition, we could perceive the Naiads, and the Tritons, and the Dolphins, as they wanted in the waves,—nay, although even the ensign wrought with the story of the Wooden Horse, and of the catastrophe thereby brought on Ilion, escaped us not unheeded,—yet have we not been profound enough to discover the secret of the Loretto Necklace. That rosaries, which we, heretics profane, are too apt to confound with necklaces, and use and wear as such, receive consecration in the most holy pap-boat religiously preserved in the sacred house of the Virgin, which the angels brought from Palestine, and deposited in the woods of Loretto, we are perfectly aware; nor are we ignorant that articles, however insignificant their intrinsic value, when once they have undergone this hallowing benediction, are held in high veneration, and form most acceptable and efficacious presents if borne to a distance, and laid at the feet of some pious donna, whom a rigid parent, or a spouse too little indulgent, has debarred from visiting in *propriâ personâ* the miracle-working shrine; yet never did we dream, that, under the very walls which encircle the treasure of Catholic Christendom, a Loretto Necklace would plead with any great effect the cause of an innamorato. We confess, therefore, that, although we have made the circuit of the Santa Casa on our knees, we are as ignorant as if we never had wandered beyond the sound of the bells of Bow, of the meaning of the Loretto Necklace, and are provoked to be obliged to avow this our ignorance to the number of inquirers who have done us the vexatious honour of demanding explanation at our hands. Mr. Turner should certainly have told his story more explicitly, and saved his critics this mortification. At least he might have afforded some clue for the guidance or assistance of the invention; but no, he has left us in the dark as to the adventure of the Necklace, and has put us off with a landscape, delightful and brilliant it must be owned, and considerably, although by no means entirely, taken from the luxuriant scenery for which the vicinity of Loretto is well nigh as much distinguished as for the possession of the Santa Casa. The composition of this picture is in truth delightful: that the colour is extravagant, cannot be denied; nor can such extravagance be justified in the representation of a natural scene, as in the imaginary one of the Ulysses and Polyphemus; yet is it impossible to regard the painting even in respect to its colour without gratification and admiration. The effect of the gleam which crosses and illumines the scene, is most happy; and indeed, were the tree in the foreground less gorgeous, the rest of the picture might be allowed to pass without any qualification to the highest eulogium.

Before next week, perhaps we may be so fortunate as to solve the enigma of the Loretto Necklace. We will pause to make the attempt. In the mean time, we beg Mr. Simpson, Mr. Lee, and Mr. Howard, with several other exhibitors, whose works we have now in our mind's eye as worthy companions to those already mentioned as adorning the Painting Room to excuse our postponing for this turn the notice of their meritorious productions.

Sir Walter Scott's new novel, subscribed upwards of 4,000 copies; and Lockhart's 'Life of Napoleon Buonaparte,' upwards of 6,000.

MAY-TIME:—A WORD IN SEASON.

MAY! how strange have been, at different times, the notions connected with this name! To us, alas! in London, it suggests little more than tinselled chimney-sweepers and gilded revels. Who is there who, in his weariness and dissatisfaction, has not sighed over the loss of the customs which made the May a thing of flowers and gladness, when the heavy tread of labour was lightened into a dance, and the formalities of life burst out with a flush of rose-red and milk-white blossoms? All of us who would ridicule in society the wildness and simplicity of such a lamentation for the silenced laughter and withered honours of the Spring, yet keep behind the veil, with which we hide the sanctuary of our thoughts, an enduring regret for the departure from the land of those blithe May-triumphs. Who is the man that, at one moment or other of existence, has not longed to turn aside from the path made dry and hard by his own footsteps, and to wander, were it only for an hour, were it but for the space of a brief Spring sun-burst, in the green meadows, and among the maiden-sprites of antique visions, with whom poets, five hundred years ago translated to the stars, dreamed themselves singing amid the forest nooks, in love and pure devotion? If such a man there be, for him the May was not ordained; for him the year is despoiled of its young heart and its primrose coronal. Or is there a lady whose bosom heaves under lace and pearls, that has never fancied herself untyrannised by the slavery to which she is doomed; who has never imagined that she might have been seen by fond and reverential eyes among the morrice-troops, in those old mysteries of seasonable rejoicing; who so distrusts herself as not to have sighed for the blameless freedom of the woods and dells; whose dreams have never shown her any of nature's pageants; whose breast nourishes no flowers for herself, though it wears them for the eyes of others? No; this is not a lady. To all alike descend from heaven the revelations of an Eden life; and they see the stags couching beneath the oak, and the rout of children under the hawthorn hedge, and the shadows of clouds on the sunny meadow, and the train, glad in each other's gladness, who dance and laugh around the May-pole. But then, even beneath the bright blue sky of May, and with the breezes around us, comes over us the custom, and the shudder; and we look away from the vista which led along the clouds into that rich kingdom of romance; and we bow our heads and groan.

A thousand gay and significant observances have chased each other over the brink of the world, and perished. Every nation has had national rejoicing in the train of national religion; and the victim was adorned with flowers, and the temple was encircled with its domain of field and forest; and Pan and Bacchus were names to wake the village, and heal the palsy; and Hanuman gathered for this triumph the wise Brahmins and the multitude of shouting followers. Us too the fairies have visited. And Christendom has had its innocent revels; nor was May from the beginning a bare and empty time.

And wherefore should it be so now? Why is it that in this later age we seem to enjoy only by recollection; and that with the freshest music of the world is mingled a faint but continuous requiem for the past? Can it be that this is the condition of humanity? Was it thus when the young Earth listened to the singing of the stars? And was there this note of sadness in the melody of Eve's virgin voice? No: the primal generation must have had strength to hope, while our weakness can only fear. They had not our bitter and full experience, which opposes to any vague and twilight expectation the long roll inscribed with the definite evils of so many thousand years. To them the spring must, indeed, have appeared an awakening, and a regeneration; and they tuned their minds to harmony with the glorious season.

We live amid the sepulchres of various centuries, and make our hearts after the model of the grave. We read the epitaphs, which tell us that those ages had pulses and springs of joy, and remembering that the pulses ceased to beat and the springs to flow for them, we forget that they still live and move for us. We are but melancholy mourners at the funeral of the past, and do not live for ourselves the brave life which might gain to us also an honourable and devout interment.

This need not be so. None but a pitiful and punctilious sorrow will spend itself in lamentation for the hearty rites and gorgeous triumphs which illuminated other centuries, which have had their time and passed away. There is, indeed, an iron and encircling law of necessity which forbids us weak slaves of our day and destiny to adorn the earth with the pageants of our forefathers. They are buried in their festal robes; with their wine-cups beside them, and the garlands, which they wore, are withered on their brows. It were a comedian's trick to rob the tomb, and mask ourselves in its spoils. But rightly thought of, they lived for the future, as well as for their native hour. We are downward and clod-bound souls, and, dedicating ourselves to the narrow circle of the world's dust, within which our tether confines us, we forget that we are visited by the airs from distant kingdoms, and sunny seas, breezes rich with odours of other times, and fresh from that fairy-land of the clouds. The earth is but the dregs and poor remains of the living and glowing past. Yet we need but faith to know that all past exists for us; and that all its rejoicings may be celebrated anew in our hearts. The thought and finer spirit of all foregone gladness and virtue lives in our atmosphere. It is but the material dross which stays to be trodden underfoot, and find an infamous burial in the contempt of successors. Wherever in old time was any mystery of rejoicing, there was sown a seed which flowers for us. And to those who will it, though the shapes and emblems of old May-time have departed, in the mind there is a subtle and bright renewal of those green festivities, and they hail the leafiness of the forest, and the joy of the world's aged heart, with processions of the fancy and music audible to the purged brain. The true, the genial, admits not of destruction. If in any land has ever been a hearty manifestation of religion, if any where a festivity which recognised the life that is in the changing year, if any where a word of poetry has charmed with a spell the apathy of daily existence, we, late-born, and unknowing, as it is thought, to rejoice, have yet within us the power to reproduce whatever of real and concordant good has been among mankind, and to make ourselves the rich inheritors of whatever gladness, and faith, and hope, has had strength to lift men from the sod. Believe this, and the freshness of old religions is ever with us, and the loveliness of Paganism has not departed from Christian temples; and not only now when every bush seems burning heavenward with a placid and verdant flame, and the winds of the morning are messengers of glad tidings to us from a whole creation of happy beings, not only in these merry hovers of May, but amid the dark and icy dens of December, shall we be able to keep May-time in our hearts.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

[In the report, in our last number, of Mr. Mason's lecture on Wood-engraving, it was erroneously stated to be the ancient practice to cut the material transversely. The contrary is, in fact, the case, and was represented to be so by the lecturer: in other words, it was the ancient mode to work the wood vertically; the modern usage is to cut it horizontally.]

On Friday, May 22, a lecture which made half-hours appear minutes, was delivered by Mr. Faraday on the subject of the operation of vibration on the surfaces of elastic substances. After stating that he derived the information he was about

to impart to his audience from Mr. Wheatstone, whose discoveries in Acoustics or Phonetics promised to open a new era in our knowledge of the action of sound, Mr. Faraday announced that the particular object of his lecture was the display of a very curious set of phenomena which attend vibration, as they show themselves in the forms taken up by surfaces when vibrating.

In the first place, he addressed himself to explain the meaning of the term 'nodal points or lines' which had been adopted to express a particular effect to which vibrating bodies are subject from contact with other objects. Such contact, it is well known, arrests the vibration: this is exemplified in the constant and simple practice of putting a finger to a glass that has been struck, to stop the jingling noise. The contact operates on surfaces so as to form points, which remain in a state of repose, while the other parts of the body are in action; hence the name of knots or nodal points, which were first discovered by Messrs. Noble and Pigott, pupils of Dr. Wallace, at Oxford. After this statement, Mr. Faraday proceeded to afford ocular demonstration of the nodal effect, by touching a strained wire, fastened at its extremities. Every part was evidently thrown into a state of vibration; there were no points of rest except the ends. The wire having been allowed to resume its state of repose, three pieces of paper were placed near to it, and it was again thrown into a state of vibration: on this occasion, an additional point of rest had been given to it, by contact with one hand of the lecturer, while the other communicated to it the vibratory motion: in this case two of the pieces of paper were cast to a distance from the wire; the third, which was near the point of rest, remained motionless. To carry the simple illustration of the nodal effect still further, Mr. Faraday strained the wire from hooks fastened on the wall; then, having held it between his fingers at one point, while with the other hand he set it in motion, he retired, that the audience might see the effect: both the vibratory motion, and the point at which the wire was at rest, were distinctly perceptible. Another illustration of the same effect was produced by the holding a long cane in the hand, and shaking it.

On surfaces, Mr. Faraday went on to say, these nodal points are so numerous, that they become lines. Galileo, it seems, was aware of the effect which formed the subject of the lecture: he had observed that, if bristles were spread on a sounding board, some danced about while others remained still. The Florentine philosopher had also remarked that, on giving the vibratory motion to the edges of a glass which contained water, a portion of the element would remain still while the rest was in motion. A step towards further progress in this discovery was made, in 1785, by Cladé, who applied the violin-bow to plates of glass; and, by so doing, acquired various sounds. Liechtenberg, in the course of his philosophical experiments, had strewed some powder on a plate of glass, and brought the knob of a leaden jar to the plate, when the powder arranged itself in various forms on the plate. Cladé hoped to produce a similar effect by strewing sand on a round plate of glass, the edge of which he then scraped with a violin bow; the sand, to his satisfaction and surprise, immediately took the form of a star, with twelve rays, or of a wheel with twelve spokes, or six diameters: he repeated his experiments, and, as he produced higher sounds from the plate and bow, he found the sand thrown into a variety of beautiful configurations. Mr. Faraday pointed to diagrams illustrative of these experiments, several of which he, moreover, performed very successfully himself, to the satisfaction and delight of his audience.

He then explained that these effects were produced by the contact of the body on which the vibration operated, with other objects; the fingers or tongue, for instance, by which they were held, the props on which they rest, &c.; and that on

the communication of vibratory action, the sand was thrown from the vibrating parts to the portions at rest: at this stage of his observations and experiments, Mr. Faraday remarked on the excellent test afforded by this effect for showing the regularity of surfaces in the structure of bodies, a more accurate one, he affirmed, than even the polarization of light; for, if the surface have the least inequality, or the plate be of irregular thickness, the forms taken by the sand or powder strewed on it will be distorted.

The lecturer, resuming his plates, observed, that every sound on the same surface had a particular corresponding form; but that, in different plates similar form does not imply similar sounds. He then drew attention to the curious fact, that the simplest forms were produced by the lowest sounds; and that in proportion as the latter were higher, the configuration communicated to objects on the surface of the plates became more complicated. A few experiments were made in the presence of the audience in proof of this fact; but the greater number were illustrated by numerous diagrams, and plates of glass, previously arranged on the table: as to these, the time obliged Mr. Faraday to content himself with showing his auditors the way to produce them, assuring them that any elastic substance, a piece of coin for instance, was as susceptible of the effect as glass. In proof of this assertion, taking a half-crown between his fingers with the left hand, he strewed sand on it with the right: with that, he then drew the violin-bow down the edge of the coin, and the sand assumed the same form as he had before shown that it would take on the surfaces of glass plates.

Mr. Faraday proceeded to show various modes of preventing the existence of positive diameters formed by the lines which the experiments he had before made had produced; and one of these methods he explained to be, to draw the bow down the edge of the plate immediately behind the point of rest,—another to support the plate at its centre by a glass rod, and, instead of vibrating the edge, to communicate the motion to the supporting rod: a third was, to make a hole through the centre of the plate, and on the edges there to perform the operation. In these instances, it was shown that the sand on the surface might be made to arrange itself in waving and curved and circular lines.

The next division of Mr. Faraday's lecture was no less interesting than that of which we have given this imperfect account. It related to the reciprocation of the vibratory motion, or the communication through the air from the originally excited body to another. Savard's experiments on this point were explained and tried; he had sprinkled sand on a plate communicating by means of a bridge, such as that of a violin, with a string: the string was the object excited; the plate was found to receive the same sound as the string, and various forms were assumed by the sand. Savard was the first who made known the observation that membranes extended over frames would receive impressions from vibrations near them. This Mr. Faraday exemplified to his audience by experiments with drums formed of tracing-paper: instruments of extreme sensibility, as was shown by the effect produced on them by merely breathing, an operation by which the sound became as effectually changed as it would be in the case of a blow on a slackened drum-head. It was observed, that the forms received by membranes by reciprocation, are in accordance with the particular part vibrating in the plate from which the reciprocation is communicated; but that, as the tension changes, the form changes, and the matter on the surface will pass from one form to another. The former fact was shown by the following experiment: Mr. Faraday strewed sand on a drum made of tracing-paper, as above described; near to the surface of the drum, he held a round plate of glass, down the edges of which he drew the violin-bow.

The sand on the drum experienced the same effect which would have been produced on it had it been strewed on the plate of glass itself: it assumed a variety of forms, similar to those which it had been shown to take when the experiment was made simply with the glass. Mr. Faraday hinted at the utility of which these discoveries might be made, and of their capability of application to the purposes of the arts and manufactures. He showed that already an experiment, similar to that he had tried with the drum, was resorted to in mining districts, where it is the custom to ascertain by filings spread on a drum whether other workings are near, and which way they are approaching: according to the forms in which the filings become arranged, the workmen draw their conclusions of the direction in which the other workings are advancing, and are thus guided in their own operations. In conclusion, Mr. Faraday observed that no satisfactory explanation of the causes of the phenomena which he had been engaged in producing had as yet been offered; but that, the attention of mathematicians being now occupied in the enquiry, much was to be expected from the results of their labours. He even hinted at the probability that in the course of the next season he might have matter of importance on this view of the subject to communicate from Mr. Wheatstone.

The objects of curiosity placed on the table of the library on this occasion were three small bronze statues, being authentic figures of Buddha, according with the proportions laid down in the sacred books of Ceylon; a candle made of vegetable wax, (Rhus,) from Japan; a very extraordinary specimen of chrysalis; and a cork model of the tomb found near Pæstum, chiefly remarkable for a fresco painting on one of the side-walls, representing two figures in combat, a third looking on; the figures in colour red, on a white ground.

ATHENIAN SCENE.

SCENE.—A Room in the House of Alcibiades.

Alcibiades, Cleinias, Aristophanes, Chæra, Philenis, Timandra, Speusippus, Glycerium.

Alcib.—Thanks to the Gods! Here we, at least, are removed from the toils and vexations of politics. By thy own bright eyes, my Philenis, how gladly would I leave this hydra-headed mob, and all its powers, and all my popularity, to live a life of soft enjoyment with thee! You are not cheerful, my poor girl. By Venus, I think thou art infected with the Nician plague, and lookest but coldly on me. Some wine there! Wilt thou not drink to me, Philenis? Nay, then I care not. Aristophanes, I pledge thee! To our loves.

Aristoph.—Thou mayest drink to thy loves as thou wilt, though may Bacchus choke me an it make not a void in thy cellar, do thou but drink a cyathus to each. Come, find me a long-named girl, a girl who hath all the letters of the alphabet in her name; such a girl as I might drink a cask to and not break through the rules of good-fellowship! Come, whom dost thou name? Timandra? Or Glaucæ, or the little Cretan Leucippe, or—

Timand.—(Half aside.)—Disgusting monster!

Alcib.—Nay, Timandra, calm yourself. Philenis! Averting gods, how pale she is! Nay, my sweet girl, he does but jest. Thou knowest his privilege.

Timand.—(Half aside.)—A forward minx, to make herself conspicuous before a large party!

Clein.—What says the fair Timandra?

Timand.—Oh, nothing, Sir; nothing at all, I assure you. I can bear it, Sir; and I can revenge it, Sir.

Clein.—In the name of friendship, be quiet. Do not irritate Alcibiades. You know his temper.

Arist.—Here's to my flaggon! 'Tis the only toast. Right Chian, by my gods! Well, well, Jove grant thee no lack of such liquor, while there are warm hearts in Athens that can prize it!—A traitor, gentlemen; a Boeotian traitor!

Alcib.—How now, good Aristophanes? Such words were fitter from the mouth of Nicias than from a friend of Alcibiades!

Arist.—Tush! man; hast thou not Coptic eels and anchovies from the Asopus, (the which, nevertheless,

are but as dung to the Phaleran,) and dost thou say thou art not in open communication with the Boeotians!

Alcib.—And dost thou forget the ten days' truce! Fie on thee, for a shallow politician.

Arist.—Dost thou infringe upon an orator's privilege? Thou hast not heard the punishment I inscribe. By the goddess of the lake, thou shalt not taste of her Boeotian store! It is not well for young men to have any dealings with contraband goods; therefore will I convert them into mine own exchequer. Behold, I confiscate them unto myself for the good of the city. What sayest thou, Cleinias? Thou wilt not grudge me my prize! Well, thou shalt have thy share, an thou wilt send me the thrush that lies so invitingly before thee.

Speus.—Is it true, Chærea, that Nicander, the Cretan, was thrown this morning in the palaestra, by a young Athenian?

Cher.—I was not there. I will ask Cleinias for you. Cleinias!

Clein.—A flask of wine!

Cher.—Nay, that was not my object in calling thee, though I will pledge thee willingly. Was the big Cretan wrestler thrown this morning?

Clein.—Yes, a good back fall.

Cher.—By whom?

Clein.—Thou knowest the man.

Cher.—Stay, let me guess.

Clein.—I will wager thee my ring to thy sword-belt that thou dost not name him in three trials.

Cher.—And Glycerium shall hold the stakes. 'Twas Lamachus. No? Oh, then it was Niceratus. Wrong again? You say it was a nobleman?

Clein.—Ay, a nobleman.

Cher.—Yet they are reckoned the best wrestlers in Athens. Stay, let me see. It was Cymon.

Clein.—By Mercury, you have lost. 'Twas Alcibiades.

Speus.—Alcibiades! Art thou serious?

Clein.—By Pollux, as a Dicast. Didst thou not know how much he practised when he was in Crete? Hush! he hath asked Timandra to dance.

Speus.—I'll wager that she refuses.

Timand.—Nay, I pray you, let your Lesbian dance. 'Faith, I have tired myself with wandering up and down to find thee in the Ceramicus.

Speus.—Said I not?

Cher.—She is as jealous as Juno herself.

Clein.—She would be little cared of it by aught she saw in the Ceramicus. I read on the wall this very morning, 'Alcibiades loves Philænis, and Philænis loves the son of Cleinias. Weep, maidens of Athens, for the deserted Timandra.'

Timand.—This is too much, by Jove! Will it not satisfy thee, barbarian, that your names are chalked together on every wall in Athens: that you are the theme of every tongue, but you must bring me to be a witness of your felicity—your odious endearments!

Philan. (Aside.)—My felicity! Oh Alcibiades!

Alcib.—Fear not, my love. How now, what brawl is this? Dost thou disturb my guests with thy jealousy? Is it my fault, if fools will blab, and talk of what they know not? What ho there! a song. Bid the minstrels give the rhapsody they wot of.

Clein.—What rhapsody does he mean?

Alcib.—Hephestus's advice to Juno, at her husband's table, not to disturb his banquet.

Clein.—Nay, be calm, I beseech thee. Stay, stay, Timandra. By Heaven, she will not hear me.

Alcib.—Let her begone, an she list, a troubler of my peace! Tremble not so, my Philænis, thy Alcibiades is near thee. I love thee only.

Philan.—Would I could believe thee, fickle Alcibiades!

Alcib.—Nay, if thou weepest, I must e'en follow Timandra. I doubt not thou mayest find comfort here; Athens hath many gallants, besides Alcibiades, to whisper soft nonsense in a willing ear.

Philan.—Unkind, unkind! Didst thou but know—

Alcib.—Weep not, sweet Philænis, I did but jest with thee. See, I drink to thee; love sparkles round my goblet's brim, and pleasure crowns the cup!

Philan.—To be forgotten with the emptying—Nay, for shame!

Arist.—Fie, Alcibiades, kissing before strangers! But how's this? we have lost our songstress.

Clein.—Philænis shall supply her loss, far better.

Alcib.—Wilt thou not, my soul? Wilt thou not sing me the Lesbian song I have loved to hear, when be-

neath one of the broad planes of thy native woods thou hast poured soft slumbers on eyes long oppressed with care. Well, an thou wilt not sing that, e'en sing what pleases thee.

Philan.—I did not think to have wept again this evening. These tears are not worthy of my mother's daughter.—My harp!

Oh! say not Lesbian hearts are cold,

That Lesbian maids to love disdain!

Couldst thou my secret soul behold,

Thou wouldst not say I scorned his chain.

Oh no, my country, not in thee

Blame we Insensibility!

Oh! say not that for aye are fled

The triumphs of the Lesbian lyre;

Still doth the Muse her spirit shed

On chords that thrill with holier fire;

Yes, Sappho's passion lives again

In strains that rival Sappho's strain.

And think'st thou, that I loved not thee?

It e'ft my country and my home;

I left my mother, o'er the sea;

Won by thy witching tongue to roam;

I love thee dearly still, and yet

How oft thou provest thou canst forget!

I will not shed the ignoble tear!

Hither the rosy goblet bring;

Once more my locks the chaplet wear,

That blooms with every gift of spring;

Lightly they twine my youthful brow,

Yet, ah what anguish lies below!

The rose my dark soft locks may bind,

The violet may be wreathed with art;

But can they soothe the anxious mind

Or peace, when peace is lost, impart?

Away, away the chaplet throw

It blooms in mockery of my woe!

Philan.—I can sing no more.

Alcib.—Nay, sweet Philænis, thou art too sad.—How now? (*A slave enters.*)

Slave.—A deputation from the Prytaneum wait on your Lordship, and beg a few moments of your leisure.

Alcib.—Say you so? Are they Athenians?

Slave.—I think the chief of the Ambassadors from Sparta are of the number, and my Lord Nicias is certainly one.

Alcib.—Stay, gentlemen. Sooner than Nicias and myself shall meet in friendship beneath this roof, may its pillars fall and crush me!—Unmannered slave, to break thus upon my moments of festivity. Sit, gentlemen, I beseech you. To the mill with him. No words! To the mill! Yet, stay; go back and tell the deputation that I and Sparta are two deadly opposites! Tell Callicratidas, if he be there, that he will find me in the Agora to-morrow. If he come for Athens' good, there I will hear his propositions; if to bribe me, tell him that all the wealth our broad walls encircle could not make me a friend to Lacedæmon. Some wine within! and music in the hall! Shall we hear this Rhodian's song? Come, gentlemen.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.—No. 7.

THE subjects treated of in the present Number of this well-established and improving work, are unusually interesting. 'Sismond's Histoire des Français,' holds the first place, and furnishes the text to a very able article. Then follows one on 'The Language and Literature of Holland,' we suppose by Mr. Bowring. 'The Ancient National Poetry of Spain' is a hackneyed theme, but one which will bear much working; and the present labourer is an able and experienced one. The writer on 'Scandinavian Mythology' has written a long preface to defend the propriety of writing on such a topic; the article itself is the best defence, though certainly it will not convince the reader, who could be idle enough to complain of the selection. We have not time to comment on the next article; and its title is a sufficient motive for reading it—it is 'On Mexico.' The article on 'Victor Hugo's Poems' is the weakest in the Number, and that on 'The Foreign Views of the Catholic Question,' the best. That on 'Von Hammer's History,' we have not read. Taking into consideration the choice of subjects, as well as the merit of the articles, we are inclined to think, that scarcely any better Number of this work has yet appeared.

NEW MUSIC.

Wilt thou meet me there, Love? Written by the Author of 'Softly o'er the Summer Sea.' Composed, and dedicated to John Sinclair, Esq., by B. Hime. Latour.

A VERY gay and sportive ballad, conceived and executed in good style, very easy of performance, and quite acceptable. The accompaniment is written above the voice part occasionally, similar to the well-known piano-forte part to 'Oh Lady Fair,' and produces quite as pleasing and playful an effect.

The admired Quartett from Winter's Opera, 'Das Unterbrochene Opferfest,' arranged with Variations for two performers on the piano-forte, and inscribed to Miss Emma and Miss Harriett Wells, by George F. Harris. Boosey and Co.

THIS is a well-arranged duet, fitted for performers of moderate acquirements, and yet written with taste and brilliancy. After a short introduction and the theme, six variations, including the varieties of 1, Scherzando; 2, Legato; 3, Brillante; 4, Più Adagio, (exhibiting some ingenious modulations); 5, Vivace; and 6, Pastorale; which is expanded to form a Rondo finale. The whole exhibits skill and good style.

Deck not with Gems; or, I must have loved Thee, hadst thou not been Fair. A Ballad sung by Mr. H. Phillips. The words by F. H. Bayly, the Music by W. Turnbull. Published by Willis and Co.

AN expressive morceau, well conceived, and adapted with considerable judgment. The highest note being only E flat in the fourth space, the piece may be performed by one possessing but a very limited compass of voice. The language is of superior character also, breathing estimable sentiment and the *tout ensemble* is excellent.

'Ah che Forse,' a celebrated Air, as sung by Signor Velluti, with an Introduction for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Mary Stephenson, by G. F. Kiallmark. Clementi and Co.

THIS admired air is an especial favourite with most of our principal vocalists, Madame Pasta particularly; she first introduced it in one of Rossini's operas, and was at that time said to be the composer of it; but Bonfichi is the name affixed to it, as its author, in most editions. The arrangement now offered (as a piece for the piano-forte) is very judiciously made by Kiallmark, jun.; the Introduction is very appropriate, and the general adaptation is pleasing, graceful, and in excellent taste.

'T'rip it, trip it, gentle Mary.' Sung with unbounded applause by Madame Feron. The Words by J. Cowen, the Music by Charles Salaman. Willis and Co.

A PLEASING trifle, but too insignificant and commonplace to require or deserve much notice.

Donna Maria da Gloria, the Queen of Portugal's Waltz, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed and dedicated to Miss Mary Ann Barry, by George F. Harris. Monro and May.

THIS is not the Queen of Portugal's waltz, so well known, with variations by Gelinck, but an original air composed by Harris, with six very ingenious and characteristic variations, comprising the subjoined varieties: No. 1, Legato; No. 2, A Tempo giusto, (in triplets); No. 3, Maestro; No. 4, Brillante; No. 5, Con Grazia; and No. 6, An Allegro and Coda. The whole forms a very desirable piano-forte piece, highly useful for teachers, and pleasing for their pupils.

No. 3. The Beauties of Rossini, for the Flute and Piano-forte, containing 'Bel raggio lusinghier,' from Semiramide, arranged by W. Card, published by Hinckley.

MR. CARD'S arrangement exhibits good taste, and he evinces in this publication as well as in the one we noticed in 'The Athenæum,' (No. 79, page 270,) an intimate acquaintance with his instrument, the flute. The first and second numbers of this work, were similar adaptations of the admired airs 'Una Voce poco fa' and 'Elena o tu;' and as concertante pieces for the flute and piano-forte, they must be unusually acceptable, for they are so very well adapted to the respective instruments.

'Canst thou Forget me?' Canzonett, written by Mrs. Leoni Lee, composed by John Barnett. Mayhew and Co.

A LARGHETTO espasionato in D, written in a very beautiful, expressive, and impassioned style; and admirably adapted to the language, which is also of a superior description. Considerable ingenuity is evinced

in writing the voice part, within the compass of a few notes, (easy to be performed by most vocalists,) at the same time contriving to adapt harmonies of a very choice and scientific character in accompaniment to it. Barnett has taken infinite pains with this subject, and has been eminently successful.

No. II. of *Twelve Italian Fantasias Concertante, for the Flute and Piano-forte, containing Meyerbeer's 'Nel silenzio,' in 'Il Crociato in Egitto,' and Rossini's 'Non più mesta,' in 'La Cenerentola,' arranged by Raphael Dressler.* Cocks and Co.

DRESSLER is indefatigable in his exertions to form a library for the flutist, and his success is proved by the quantity of his arrangements published. This second number is quite equal to the first, (noticed at page 104 of this work,) and presents a brilliant and showy divertimento. It is published as op. 73, and dedicated to Tulon.

Hers's celebrated *Quadrilles of 35, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Harp; by N. B. Challoner.* Birchall and Co.

THESE beautiful, elegant, and unrivalled *Quadrilles* (which are at this moment in the highest fashion) are placed in the most useful possible form by Challoner in the present arrangement. His adaptations for the harp are well known, as being more particularly under the finger for that instrument than those of any other writer; and in the work now noticed, he has been particularly successful in rendering the parts for all the performers clear, perspicuous, and interesting, and much less difficult than in the original edition.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, from Drawings, by Captain Batty, of the Grenadier Guards, F. R. S., Member of the Imperial Russian Order of St. Anne. Part X., 12s. 6d. Jennings. London.

A PENCIL which already has made prize from the Continent of so many vivid lineaments of picturesque beauty, which, like

'O'Rourke's noble feat,
Will ne'er be forgot
By those who were there,
And by those who were not;

and which must afford equal pleasure in the recalling or supplying the impressions of scenery,—needs but little introduction, at our hands, to the renewed occupation of all drawing-room and sofa-tables. The views, of which the gallant artist's present number consists, are each characterised by some peculiar charm of its own, as well in the happy selection of subjects as in the admirable truth to the most delicate and evanescent aspects of nature. The little town of Trendelburg with its towers, its wooded slopes, and the cool and clouded ripple of its waters,—the more imposing natural fortresses of Saxon Switzerland, broken apart by deep chasms, and climbed by forests of pine,—the sunny bosom of the Weser, decked with the masts and spires of Bremen,—the massive piles of Copenhagen, and the fanciful old English gables and cupolas of Fredericksborg, form the *carte* of this most exquisite entertainment. We must not forget the pretty woodcuts which accompany the letter-press department of the work, which, however, do not offer any features so remarkable as to call for individual notice.

Draught Horses; engraved by W. Giller from a painting by A. Cooper, Esq., R.A.

A MOST appropriate employment of Mezzotint! for surely this style of the art can never be more suitably or more effectively employed than in the representation of grey horses. This plate is a very spirited one, and in the form of the animals, which are fine, characteristic, and animated, Mr. Giller has done ample justice to Mr. Cooper: more for him we could not say.

Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire; engraved by C. F. Lewis, from a drawing by Sir Thos. Lawrence.

WE do not remember to have seen an engraved portrait of this estimable patroness of the arts. The present is but a sketch: but it is a sketch by Sir Thomas.

Scaramouch's Last Pinch; engraved by Daniel Allon from a Painting by Thomas Stothard, R. A.; the explanatory motto from the Spectator. 'He one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer as engaged him in a quarrel and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

THIS is all over a work of the good old school. The humour is pleasant, the expression forcible, the com-

position simple, and some of the figures call Bunbury to mind, while the two females are Stothard's own, pure, naïve, true, and elegant: the plate is clear and spirited.

LODGE'S CANZONETS.

WE regret that the space which we allot to our musical criticism has been so far occupied as necessarily to exclude a long notice of some Canzonets, by John Lodge, Esq., which reached us late in the week. Were we willing to abbreviate our correspondent's remarks, they might be admitted in our present number; but, as we are always anxious to pay particular attention to those compositions which stand out from the common herd so conspicuously as these do, we shall reserve his observations upon them until our next publication.

VARIETIES.

Poet-Haters.—Truly, I note, not only in these *μυροποδοι*, poet-haters, but in all that kind of people, who seek a praise by disparaging others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandering words in quips and scoffs, carping and taunting at each thing, which, by stirring the spleen, may stay the brain from a thorough beholding the worthiness of the subject. Those kind of objections, as they are full of a very idle easiness, (since there is nothing of so sacred a majesty but that an itching tongue may risk itself upon it,) so deserve they no other answer, but instead of laughing at the jest to laugh at the jester. We know a playing wit can praise the destructive discretion of an ass, the comfortableness of being in debt, and the jolly commodities of being sick of the plague: so, of the contrary side, if we will turn Ovid's verse:

'Ut lateat virtus proximitate mali:
'That good lies hid in nearness of evil,'

Agrippa will be as merry in the showing the vanity of science, as Erasmus was in the commending of folly; neither shall any man or matter escape some touch of these smiling railers. But, for Erasmus and Agrippa, they had another foundation than the superficial part would promise. Marry, these other pleasant fault-finders, who will correct the verb before they understand the noun, and confute others' knowledge before they confirm their own: I would have them only remember, that scoffing cometh not of wisdom; so as the best title, in true English, they get with their merriments, is to be called good fools; for so have our grave forefathers ever termed that humorous kind of jesters.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

French Critique on Milton.—Milton is a tedious barbarian, who writes a commentary in ten books of rumbling verse on the first chapter of Genesis. He is a slovenly imitator of the Greeks: he disfigures creation, and instead of producing the world by the fiat of God like Moses, sets the Messias to bungle at tracing out with a pair of compasses of celestial manufacture. He spoils Tasso's hell and devils; and makes Satan a casuist in divinity. Upon the whole, the 'Paradise Lost' is obscure, whimsical, and disagreeable.

Pastoral Life.—The shepherd's life had some goodness in it, because it borrowed of the country quietness something like ours; but that is not all; for ours, besides that quiet part, doth both strengthen the bodies, and raise up the mind with this gallant sort of activity. O sweet contentation! to see the long life of the hurtless trees! to see how in straight growing up, though never so high, they hinder not their fellows! they only enviously trouble which are crookedly bent. What life is to be compared to ours, where the very growing things are ensamples of goodness; we have no hopes, but we may quickly go about them, and going about them, we soon obtain them; not like those that have long followed one, in troth, most excellent chase, do now at length perceive she could never be taken, but that, if she staid at any time near the pursuers, it was never meant to tarry with them, but only to take breath to fly farther from them. He, therefore, that doubts that our life doth not so far excel all others, let him also doubt that the well-deserving and painful Therion is not to be preferred before the idle Epulus; which is even as much as to say, as that the roes are not swifter than sheep, nor the stags more goodly than goats.—*The Lady of May, a Masque, p. 228.*

WE are requested to point attention to the Concert of Mr. and Madame Schütz, which is advertised in another page. In addition to the first rate foreign and native talent already known to the English public, they have engaged several foreign vocalists of great eminence, who have never yet appeared in this country.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Landon's Imaginary Conversations, Second Series, 2 vols. 8vo., 28s.
The Course and Probable Termination of the Niger, by Sir R. Donkin, 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Stories from the History of Greece, by Sarah Lawrence, second edition, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Jesuitism and Methodism, 3 vols. post 8vo., 18s.
Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture, royal 8vo., 17. 2s.
Richellen, a Tale of France, 3 vols. post 8vo., 17. 11s. 6d.
Three Years in Canada, by John MacTaggart, Esq., 3 vols. post 8vo., 18s.
Flora Historica, or the three Seasons of the British Parterre, by Henry Phillips, F.H.S., second edit., 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 1s.
Letters of Phillips, second Earl of Chesterfield, &c., 4s.
Memoirs of John Frederic Oberlin, 8vo., with plates, 10s. 6d.
A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, by Washington Irving, 2 vols. 8vo., 17. 4s.
Autobiography, vol. 27, Memoirs of Vidocq, vol. 3. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Vestry Library, vol. 1., containing Hall's Contemplations, vol. 1., 12mo., 8s.
Castle's Modern Surgery, second edition, 7s.
John's History of the Hebrew Commonwealth, 2 vols. 8vo., 17. 1s.
Lord Morcar, of Hereford, a Romance, 4 vols. 12mo., 17. 2s.
Des Carriers's Phrases, 3s. 6d.
Anne of Gelestein, 3 vols. 8vo., by the Author of 'Waverley,' 17. 11s. 6d.
Extracts from the Journal and Correspondence of the late Mrs. Clough, with an Introduction, by Dr. A. Clarke, 2s. 6d.
Legends from Spencer's Fairy Queen, for Children, by Eliza W. Bradburn, 18mo., 1s. 6d.
Genia's Traveller's Companion, in Two Languages, English and German, square 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Tales from the German, 7s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temp. registered at 5 A.M. and 5 P.M.	May.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 18	64	52	29.89	N.E. to E	Serene.	Cloudless.
Tues. 19	62	57	29.77	N.E.	Clear.	Cumulus.
Wed. 20	63	58	29.77	Ditto.	Serene.	Cirrostratus
Thur. 21	64	52	29.85	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Frid. 22	54	55	29.90	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat. 23	67	64	29.96	N.E. SW.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 24	70	52	30.02	SW. to N.	Rainfm.	Ditto Nimb.

Nights and mornings fair.
Highest temperature at noon, 70°.
Astronomical Observations.
The Moon and Jupiter in conjunction, at 9½ h. on Tuesday.
Sun entered Gemini on Thursday, at 9 h. 31 m. P.M.
Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 11° 21' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 9° 4' in Leo.
Sun's ditto ditto 9° 25' in Gemini.
Length of day on Sunday, 15 h. 58 min. Increased 2 h. 14 m.
No night.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 24" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .005812.

TO NOBLEMEN AND FAMILIES.—DRAWING ROOM CARPETS.

WHITE and METCALF have the honour to announce that their new, and truly splendid patterns in Brussels Carpets, designed and manufactured exclusively by this Establishment, are now ready for inspection, in Quality infinitely superior to any before offered, and suitable for either the Mansion or Cottage. Highest Price 4s. 3d. per yard. Navarino House, Lamb's Conduit-street.

MENTAL ALIENATION.—The Medical Profession, as also the Parents and Guardians of Patients labouring under Imbecility of Mind, are respectfully informed there are now vacancies in an establishment recently founded, and of a very superior and peculiar description. Only six cases are admitted, each patient may (if required) have a separate apartment and attendant, and the modern continental plans of moral management are carefully pursued, under the personal superintendence of the proprietor, who resides in the house with his wife and family. Cards of address, and full particulars, to be obtained from Mr. Balieu, Foreign Medical Bookseller, Bedford-street, Bedford-square. Terms moderate, considering the superior accommodation and advantages.

POTTEEN WHISKEY.—C. DONOVAN, Wine and Spirit Merchant, 6, Howard-street, Norfolk-street, Strand, whose house was the first established in London for the sale of Whiskey, at full strength, has for sale remarkably fine

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THE Publication of the Third Part of this Work, being the Second of the MENAGERIES, is unavoidably POSTPONED to the 1st July, to provide for the admission of some Original Communications, which will add to the interest of the work.

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THE Subscribers to Mr. PETERSDORFF'S PRACTICAL and ELEMENTARY ABRIDGMENT of the LAW REPORTS, are respectfully informed, that the Tenth Volume will be published on the 30th instant.

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SUBSTANCE of the SPEECH of W. W. WHITMORE, Esq., in the House of Commons, May 14, 1829, on the subject of the Trade with the East Indies and China. 1s. 6d.

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MR. and Madame SCHUTZ have the honour to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and their Friends, that their CONCERT will take place at the above Rooms on MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 1, 1829.

Mr. SCHUTZ most respectfully announces, that he has lately returned from Germany with the following distinguished Artists, who will perform for the first time in this Country:—Mademoiselle Schweitzer, (First Soprano at the Theatre of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Cassel); Madame Rosner, (First Soprano at the Theatre of the Duke of Brunswick); and Mr. Vellanor, also Mr. Rosner, (First Tenor at the Theatre of the Duke of Brunswick), whose performance at the Concert in the Argyle Rooms, on Friday last, was received with great applause.

In addition, the following eminent performers have kindly promised their assistance:—Mademoiselle Sontag, Signor Velutti, Signor Carloni, Signor Pellegrini, and Signor De Begalis.

PRINCIPAL INSTRUMENTAL PRAPROFORMERS:—Mr. Moschelles, Piano-forte; Mr. Nicholson, Flute; Mr. William, Clarinet; and Signori Gambatti, Trumpets.

LEADERS OF THE BAND:—Messrs. Spagnoletti and Mori.

CONDUCTOR:—Sir George Smart.

Full particulars will be duly announced.—The Concert will commence at eight o'clock.

Tickets, Half a Guinea each, can be had of Mr. and Madame Schutz, No. 108, Regent-street; also at the following Music Shops: the Royal Harmonic Institution; Cramer and Co.'s, Regent-street; Birchall's, Chappell's, Latour's, New Bond-street; Whitt's, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; and Clement's, Cheapside.—Boxes can be secured by an early application to Mr. and Madame Schutz, or at the Argyle Rooms.

MR. TORRI has the honour respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on FRIDAY EVENING, the 29th inst., at the residence of Mrs. F. Farnia, No. 26, Brynstone-square, who has kindly granted the use of her mansion on this occasion. All the Principal Artists have obligingly promised him their assistance.

Subscription Tickets, to be had at Mr. Torr's, No. 26, Golden-square, One Guinea each.

COLOSSEUM.

THE Public are respectfully invited to an inspection of this magnificent Exhibition, in its progress towards completion. It consists of the stupendous Panorama of London, taken from the summit of St. Paul's; a Saloon for the reception of Works of Art; a long range of Conservatories, stocked with the choicest Plants; and the Swiss Cottage.—Admission, 5s. each person; from ten till five o'clock.

SCULPTURE.

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—These Statues, illustrative of Scottish Character, Costume, and the Poetry of Burns—Scotland's immortal Bard—executed by the self-taught Artist, Mr. THOM, are now exhibiting at 96, Old Bond-street. Since their arrival in Town, (23d. April), they have been visited by upwards of 10,000 persons, all of whom have expressed their admiration of them as works of art.—Admission, 1s.; Books with Observations, 6d. Cobler.

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PANORAMAS.—PANDEMONTUM.

NOW OPEN, at the Panorama, Leicester-Square, a VIEW of PANDEMONTUM, as described by Milton, in the First Book of 'Paradise Lost,' including the Legends of Fallen Angels, Burning Lakes, its Tributary Streams, &c., &c.; the whole forming a most sublime and striking Panorama.

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- 'Rise, gentle Moon,' sung by Miss Love, with the most enthusiastic applause, and nightly encored, in the historical drama of 'Charles XII.,' composed by John Barnett, with a beautiful Lithographic Portrait of Miss Love. 2 6
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THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 84.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1829.

Price 8d.

SCOTT'S NOVELS.

THE NEW EDITION OF WAVERLEY—ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

SIR Walter Scott is labouring to prolong at one end the spreading woof of his productions, and at the other to cut off the ravelled ends and repair the dropped stitches which disfigure its earliest folds. He has published a new novel, and corrected, and commented on, the first of his old ones. We fear that the majority of novel readers (a brotherhood of which we are proud to acknowledge ourselves the humblest members) will attach a relative importance to these two events, very different from that which we are inclined to assign them. We now look forward to a new novel by 'the Author of Waverley,' with scarcely a keener interest than is excited by the prospect of a few hours' agreeable society. There can be no doubt as to the kind of entertainment which will be afforded to us. The powers and resources of the author's mind have been often and thoroughly laid open to us. We have learned to know and admire his clear view and entire mastery over the one stable, circumscribed, and shining world of his fancy. We can estimate in all their force the readiness and confidence of his sway within that sphere; and, having long ago perceived that there is no war on the frontiers, no dispute about boundaries, no endeavour to enlarge the realm, we never look to him for any account of newly-discovered provinces, formidable powers overcome, outlying deserts brought under cultivation, or wandering tribes subdued and civilised. We have said that he is thoroughly despot in the world of his fancy; and we have said this for the exact purpose of making it understood that the world in question is a very different one from ours. If he were master over the world in which we live in the fashion of Shakspeare's mastery over it, he would be another man than 'the Author of Waverley,' and would assuredly not be the idol of all the people in Europe who need the amusement of setting up idols in their drawing-rooms. But of the highest influences which sit on the hidden thrones of nature, and yet guide and complicate its slightest movements, of those principles which Shakspeare knew to be the concealed main-springs of the creation, and even of those parts of them which we find among our streets and firesides, Sir Walter Scott knows but a little. Of the relations in which we stand (not habitually, indeed, but whenever we feel the importance of those relations) to society, to truth, to beauty, to our powers and duties, and to God; of the forms under which mankind conceive necessity, and freedom, and existence, law, order, permanence, nature, and themselves; of the inextricable links of passion and reflection; of wherein consists the health, and wherein the frailty, of the mind;—of all this we can discover nothing in the Waverley novels. In matter, the character of their author belongs to the market and the law-court; in spirit, he has aimed at being, and is, the master of the wardrobe to the universe.

Nor let it be said that a novel ought not to exhibit any of those subjects of thought which we have spoken of. If it be at all better than a high form of the 'Gentlemen's Fashions for June, 1829,' or 1529, it ought to exhibit the minds of men as they are, and as they feel that they may be; for this feeling also is a part, and a precious part, of themselves. There is no human being

who has not sometimes known a graver and more profound anxiety about some of these points than about any of his worldly concerns. These are the mazes in which so many, who amid the snares and pitfalls of society walk upright, bold, and safe, must blindly and ineffectually grope. The vague and mysterious emotions connected with these ideas will needs be spectres and demons, if they are not strengthened, vivified, and illumined into guardian angels and companion gods. This is felt darkly and ignorantly indeed, but still with an over-awing and ever-recurring force, even by those who are utterly unable to render to themselves any account of their own consciousness. How else is it that 'Hamlet,' the play of Shakspeare which it is hardest to comprehend, which, probably, is comprehended by no one so well as 'Twelfth Night,' or 'The Tempest,' by almost all instructed men; how comes it, but from a thirsting after a knowledge of the deep and spiritual, so much of which is dimly shadowed in this drama, that it is the most popular of all those wondrous creations? How else can we explain the strong grasp laid by Mr. Godwin on the public mind, in novels as dark, and hard, and narrow as you will, but in which man is presented as feeling himself under the dominion of that lowest of spiritual conceptions, which yet hath in it much of the spirit, an encircling and constraining destiny. These books reveal no flowing eloquence, no bright description, no busy incident, nor glittering costume; they have nothing of the smiles or the enterprise of life, not even a casual touch of fanciful imagery or good-humoured impulse. All this 'Waverley' and its fellows have, and a thousand other gay devices from that enchanted loom. Yet we have no fear of being contradicted when we assert that nothing in all these novels, not even that noble tragedy of Ravenswood, occurs more frequently or more solemnly to the mind, in its most earnest moods, than do the pale, stiff beings who dwell in the twilight cavern of Mr. Godwin's thought. Sir Walter Scott has for ever surrounded our sunny walks with troops of brilliant and fantastic beings, like the morning clouds. Mr. Godwin dogs our footsteps with a colourless and melancholy shadow, which presents, however, some distinct lineaments of ourselves. Sir Walter Scott has given us heaps of shining and well-minted coin, which we may use as toys for our idleness, or even as serviceable money for our intercourse with the world; but they are not of the fineness which will withstand the furnace and the touchstone. The amulet which is to guard our life must be made of virgin gold. These pieces have much of magical delusion, much of worthless alloy; and the elemental substance is of one of the lower and corruptible metals. In the clumsy and rusty medallions which we receive from the author of 'Caleb Williams' and 'St. Leon,' with little of beauty, with much of clay, and ashes, and corrosion, with a large admixture of the coarsest iron and the most drossy lead, there is yet one grain of gold fit to be employed in forging a ring such as that of Solomon or that of Gyges.

Do we mean to say that any comparison can fairly be drawn between the endowments of these two men? Assuredly not. The one has a thousand almost unequalled talents; the other, but a single stern and dim conception. But the instance will serve to illustrate the difference in kind between the powers which 'the Author of Waverley' has, and the powers which he has not; and we

shall perhaps convey to novel-readers a more vivid feeling of what we mean if we say that every thing is moved in Scott by the force of circumstance and accident; that Godwin has perceived in one particular, and with regard to a single form of human nature, the existence of relations between our thoughts, lying far deeper and the source of infinitely more agonising struggles than can be affected by outward changes.

Neither do we desire to be understood as condemning Sir Walter Scott for not doing what he has not professed to do. To him be the glory of succeeding in what he has undertaken, and that no enterprise for a carpet-knight; of reviving the fresh and unreflecting emotions of our childhood with regard to external nature and the pageantry of society; of teaching the multitude that there is a verdure in old times which stretches, like a long meadow beside a river, till it melts into the green beauty of the spring whose air we breathe; of leading them to believe that an accurate study of outward forms is not unimportant towards attaining a knowledge of the inward spirit; of proving to the most light-minded, by the example of the most celebrated of living writers, the close connection between a vivid fancy and a clear comprehension on the one hand, and, on the other, the kindest and most tolerant feelings for all mankind; of pouring forth a flood of wit, which is dashed with no waters of bitterness; and of stirring a thousand real and active sympathies without ever having recourse to affected eloquence or diseased sentiment.

We do not complain of Sir Walter Scott, because doing all this he does not perform much besides. Our quarrel is with those who, not content in attributing to him all the merits that he has, would also clothe him with honour for those to which he has no pretensions; who, not satisfied with giving him the palm-branch, the laurel-wreath, the helmet, and the diadem, would also shade his brow with the fillets of an awful priesthood, among whom he has never sought admittance. The crowd, indeed, are satisfied to read his works, and laugh and wonder, as they would at a puppet-show. But there are in England many scores of small, dinner-table philosophers, whose words are mighty over the souls of the lieges, and who think that they display a wise and discerning enthusiasm for genius, and a due reverence for that age which is distinguished by their existence, in exalting Sir Walter Scott over the heads of Homer, and Cervantes, and Shakspeare. This apotheosis is evidently absurd, if for no other reason, yet for this—that all which really is in the Waverley novels is understood and admired by half the reading population of Europe, and therefore cannot be very deep or difficult.

We hope that our readers will now perceive our reasons for anticipating the commentaries and corrections of 'Waverley' with far more curiosity than we felt about 'Anne of Geierstein.' The latter would add nothing to our knowledge of Sir Walter Scott, the former might give us much. The new novel might show more fully the strength and range of those talents of which we already enjoy so many achievements; nothing was more unlikely than that it would display any powers of a kind which 'the Author of Waverley' has not before exhibited. His method of composition was long since fixed; and to the realising of this conception, he had for years been devoting his best abilities. His readers had crowned his de-

sign with their utmost approbation; and it was obvious that he himself could not have produced so many lively and various works in so few years, unless he had found a strong and continued pleasure in this particular mode of mental exertion. There was, in short, no ground whatever for expecting any change of system; and the appearance of the book has not belied the stars.

On the other hand, how differently had we a right to hope as regarded the prefaces and notes to the new edition of these novels! 'The Author of Waverley' was about to tell the secret of his genius; the man whose works are the delight of Hungarian chiefs, and the text-book of morals for Danish theologians, whose portrait is the household-god of a hut in Wallachia, and his name a spell that encircles our country with additional honour in every town of Europe from Lisbon to Tobolsk, and rules alike on the banks of the Ganges and the Mississippi. The most hidden springs of his mechanism were to be explained; and the enchanter was to utter at noon-day, and before the world, the words which had enabled him to charm our thoughts, delude our eyes, and compel spirits to his bidding. These, at least, were the expectations of many persons. It indeed was very natural to suppose, that if such an author were to tell us all he knew about the construction of his works, a strange and sudden light would be let in on the dark places of psychology; and some of our more enthusiastic friends were inclined to believe that we should hear of a new power in the human mind, expressly fitted for the writing of popular novels, discovered about the time when steam-boats were invented, and now to be made public, and sold, we suppose, under the letters patent of his Majesty, to whom the work was to be dedicated.

Our readers may see, by turning back to an article on Sir Walter Scott's Prospectus, which appeared in our pages some time ago, that our hopes were not quite so lofty, though we, undoubtedly, were far more curious as to this matter than as to the appearance either of Mr. Attwood's speech on the currency, or the providently puffed 'Adventures of a King's Page.' We did not suppose that Sir Walter Scott would give any very full account of the process in his own mind, because we were convinced that he could not give a very accurate one. But, whatever he was to say about himself, it would assuredly be interesting. He would, probably, tell us nothing but facts which might have been known to any of his friends; but these would furnish matter for inference. The bloom and fragrance of any great writer's mind is sure to be found in his writings. But in these there is sometimes wanting some little link connecting what cannot separately be understood, some brief word explaining a great enigma; and this autobiography may supply. Of such revelations, we have nothing in Sir Walter's preface. But this short discourse gives us a curious view of 'the Author of Waverley's' early life, and is valuable inasmuch as it proves, what it is always pleasant to see established, a complete unity of spirit through the whole life of a man of genius. As far as we can see, his boyhood and manhood have been equally divested of all reflective power; there never was any attempt to make his life a harmonized and methodical work of art, any more than it is attempted in his novels to give us an orderly exposition of universal life: he had always the same love of action and enterprise; always, we doubt not, the same shrewd humour, the same clear view of what lay around him and before him, the same passive reverence for all above him. But we are very strongly inclined to think, that if, instead of going from the old library, and the bare mountains, to the studies of the Scotch Bar, he had been sent to some such institution as our English universities, a very different unity of life might have been the result from that which has actually existed. Those years rightly employed would have given him a precision and firmness of thought, the want of which is very

obvious in the constant vagueness and inaccuracy of his language; and would, perhaps, have taught him to look at a higher region than that which he now inhabits, with the calmness and simplicity so admirably displayed in his present mode of considering whatever has come under his observation. Yet the results of that strange and chaotic education are so excellent that we have no right, it is a disparaging of Providence, to look away and take counsel how they might have been better. Marvellous that a sprite so honest, so goodly, and so strong, should leap out amid the smoke of a cauldron, into which were thrown a thousand elements of weakness and perversity. There is, however, remarkable on the other side, and sufficient perhaps to overbalance years of illness, and cart-loads of 'Cyrus's' and 'Cassandra's,' that through illness and novels, the young romance-writer seems to have entirely escaped the Scotch University system, of cramming 'information' into boys of fifteen, pouring water into dirty and leaky buckets, by way, not of washing off the filth or stopping the leaks, but of presenting the water for the drink of the thirsty; a scheme to which Walter Scott does not appear to have been subjected. The world would otherwise in all probability have wanted 'the Author of Waverley.' Hence we may learn that even to turn a boy loose in a miscellaneous library is not so destructive as to make him run the gauntlet among a dozen professors of a dozen 'ologies.'

The notes and the engravings of the new edition of 'Waverley' are rather a greater annoyance to any judicious reader of the novel than we had anticipated, and our expectations were pretty large. We have taken the trouble to compare a chapter of the new work with that in the old; and we find the alterations to be exceedingly trifling.

We must still say a word about 'Anne of Geierstein.' As to melo-dramatic excitement, it is undoubtedly inferior to many of its predecessors; but in this point it ranks above all the very late ones except 'The Talisman,' and we must go back to 'Quentin Durward' before we meet with any other much superior to it. It contains in the first volume a picture of the old Swiss life, very much more valuable in our eyes than could have been any excellence of plot. Arnold Biederman and his sons, with Anne of Geierstein herself, move as brightly and freely as the personages of Schiller's 'Tell.' The father and the niece are the glories of the group; for the sons are sketches, except Sigismund, who is an ill-drawn ass; and as to Rudolph Donnerhugel, we confess we find it hard to make up our minds whether he is a genuine Swiss, or a foppish and cunning impostor, half Frenchman, half Italian! Charles the Bold is spirited, like almost all Sir Walter Scott's historical characters (except the noblest subject of them all, Oliver Cromwell). The hero and his father are little better than walking gentlemen. Margaret of Anjou and René, especially the latter, would scarcely add any honour to the worst of Mr. Colburn's mock Sir Walter's. The Black Priest of St. Pol is about the most notorious failure in all the Waverley novels, excepting always Wayland, Smith and Mr. Fouchstone, if that be his name, in 'St. Ronan's Well.' The Governor of La Ferette is so well given that it is a pity he should come to harm. The Secret Tribunal is an entire failure; and on the whole the book would be exceedingly improved if it were curtailed by a third. Yet, take it as it is, and it contains more pleasant writing, spirited dialogue, and brilliant description, than all the other novels, except Sir Walter's own, which have been published in England since the appearance of 'Anastasius.'

O that the sire of that most profligate Greek would beget such another villain! We would devote to him as long as an article as that we have now written about Sir Walter Scott. If this be not sufficient encouragement to the author of 'Anastasius,' we must even be content to remain Hope-less.

We give some extracts from 'Anne of Geier-

stein,' which we think will be considered to justify our opinion of the merits of the first volume. An Englishman and his son are travelling in Switzerland, and the young man is saved from imminent peril by a maiden whom 'the Author of Waverley' describes as follows:

'An upper vest, neither so close as to display the person, a habit forbidden by the sumptuary laws of the canton, nor so loose as to be an incumbrance in walking or climbing, covered a close tunic of a different colour, and came down beneath the middle of the leg, but suffered the ankle, in all its fine proportions, to be completely visible. The foot was defended by a sandal, the point of which was turned upwards, and the crossings and knots of the strings, which secured it on the front of the leg, were garnished with silver rings. The upper vest was gathered round the middle by a sash of party-coloured silk, ornamented with twisted threads of gold; while the tunic, open at the throat, permitted the shape and the exquisite whiteness of a well-formed neck to be visible at the collar, and for an inch or two beneath. The small portion of the throat and bosom thus exposed, was even more brilliantly fair than was promised by the countenance, which last bore some marks of having been freely exposed to the sun and air, by no means in a degree to diminish its beauty, but just so far as to show that the maiden possessed the health which is purchased by habits of rural exercise. Her long fair hair fell down in a profusion of curls on each side of a face, whose blue eyes, lovely features, and dignified simplicity of expression, implied at once a character of gentleness, and of the self-relying resolution of a mind too virtuous to suspect evil, and too noble to fear it. Above these locks, beauty's natural and most becoming ornament—or rather, I should say, amongst them—was placed the small bonnet, which, from its size, little answered the purpose of protecting the head, but served to exercise the ingenuity of the fair wearer, who had not failed, according to the prevailing custom of the mountain maidens, to decorate the tiny cap with a heron's feather, and the then unusual luxury of a small and thin chain of gold, long enough to encircle the cap four or five times, and having the ends secured under a broad medal of the same costly metal.

'I have only to add, that the stature of the young person was something above the common size, and that the whole contour of her form, without being in the slightest degree masculine, resembled that of Minerva rather than the proud beauties of Juno, or the yielding graces of Venus. The noble brow, the well-formed and active limbs, the firm and yet light step—above all, the total absence of any thing resembling the consciousness of personal beauty, and the open and candid look, which seemed desirous of knowing nothing that was hidden, and conscious that she herself had nothing to hide, were traits not unworthy of the goddess of wisdom and of chastity.

'The road which the young Englishman pursued, under the guidance of this beautiful young woman, was difficult and unequal, but could not be termed dangerous, at least in comparison to those precipices over which Arthur had recently passed. It was, in fact, a continuation of the path which the slip or slide of earth, so often mentioned, had interrupted; and although it had sustained damage in several places at the period of the same earthquake, yet there were marks of these having been already repaired in such a rude manner as made the way sufficient for the necessary intercourse of a people so indifferent as the Swiss to smooth or level paths. The maiden also gave Arthur to understand, that the present road took a circuit for the purpose of gaining that on which he was lately travelling, and that if he and his companions had turned off at the place where this new track united with the old pathway, they would have escaped the danger which had attended their keeping the road by the verge of the precipice.

'The path which they now pursued was rather averted from the torrent, though still within hearing of its sullen thunders, which seemed to increase as they ascended parallel to its course, till suddenly the road, turning short, and directing itself straight upon the old castle, brought them within sight of one of the most splendid and awful scenes of that mountainous region.

'The ancient tower of Geierstein, though neither extensive, nor distinguished by architectural ornament, possessed an air of terrible dignity by its position on the very verge of the opposite bank of the torrent, which, just at the angle of the rock on which the ruins are situated, falls sheer over a cascade of nearly a hundred feet in height, and then rushes down the

defile, through a trough of living rock, which, perhaps, its waves have been deepening since time itself had a commencement. Facing, and at the same time looking down upon this eternal roar of waters, stood the old tower, built so close to the verge of the precipice, that the buttresses with which the architect had strengthened the foundation, seemed a part of the solid rock itself, and a continuation of its perpendicular ascent. As usual, throughout Europe, in the feudal times, the principal part of the building was a massive square pile, the decayed summit of which was rendered picturesque, by flanking turrets of different sizes and heights, some round, some angular, some ruinous, some tolerably entire, varying the outline of the building as seen against the stormy sky.

A projecting sally-port, descending by a flight of steps from the tower, had in former times given access to a bridge connecting the castle with that side of the stream on which Arthur Philipson and his fair guide now stood. A single arch, or rather one rib of an arch, consisting of single stones, still remained, and spanned the river immediately in front of the waterfall. In former times this arch had served for the support of a wooden drawbridge, of more convenient breadth, and of such length and weight as must have been rather unmanageable, had it not been lowered on some solid resting place. It is true, the device was attended with this inconvenience, that even when the drawbridge was up, there remained a possibility of approaching the castle gate by means of this narrow rib of stone. But as it was not above eighteen inches broad, and could only admit the daring foe who should traverse it, to a door-way, regularly defended by gate and portcullis, and having flanking turrets and projections, from which stones, darts, melted lead, and scalding water, might be poured down on an enemy who should venture to approach Geierstein by this precarious access, the possibility of such an attempt was not considered as diminishing the security of the garrison.

In the time we treat of, the castle being entirely ruined and dismantled, and the door, drawbridge, and portcullis gone, the dilapidated gateway, and the slender arch which connected the two sides of the stream, were used as a means of communication between the banks of the river, by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, whom habit had familiarised with the dangerous nature of the passage.

Arthur Philipson had, in the meantime, like a good bow when new strung, regained the elasticity of feeling and character which was natural to him. It was not indeed with perfect composure that he followed his guide, as she tripped lightly over the narrow arch, composed of rugged stones, and rendered wet and slippery with the perpetual drizzle of the mist issuing from the neighbouring cascade. Nor was it without apprehension that he found himself performing this perilous feat in the neighbourhood of the waterfall itself, whose deafening roar he could not exclude from his ears, though he took care not to turn his head towards its terrors, lest his brain should again be dizzied by the tumult of the waters as they shot forward from the precipice above, and plunged themselves into what seemed the fathomless gulf below. But notwithstanding these feelings of agitation, the natural shame to show cowardice where a beautiful young female exhibited so much indifference, and the desire to regain his character in the eyes of his guide, prevented Arthur from again giving way to the appalling feelings by which he had been overwhelmed a short time before. Stepping firmly on, yet cautiously supporting himself with his piked staff, he traced the light footsteps of his guide along the bridge of dread, and followed her through the ruined sally-port, to which they ascended by stairs which were equally dilapidated.

The gateway admitted them into a mass of ruins, formerly a sort of court-yard to the don-jon, which rose in gloomy dignity above the wreck of what had been works destined for external defence, or buildings for internal accommodation. They quickly passed through these ruins, over which vegetation had thrown a wild mantle of ivy, and other creeping shrubs, and issued from them through the main gate of the castle into one of those spots in which nature often embosses her sweetest charms, in the midst of districts chiefly characterised by waste and desolation.

The Castle in this aspect also rose considerably above the neighbouring ground, but the elevation of the site which towards the torrent was an abrupt rock, was on this side a steep eminence, which had been scarped like a modern glacis, to render the building more secure. It was now covered with young trees and bushes, out of which the tower itself seemed to rise in ruined dignity. Beyond this hanging thicket, the

view was of a very different character. A piece of ground amounting to more than a hundred acres, seemed scooped out of the rocks and mountains, which, retaining the same savage character with the tract in which the travellers had been that morning bewildered, inclosed, and as it were defended, a limited space of a mild and fertile character. The surface of this little domain was considerably varied; but its general aspect was a gentle slope to the southwest.

The principal object which it presented was a large house, composed of huge logs, without any pretence to form or symmetry, but indicating, by the smoke which arose from it, as well as the extent of the neighbouring offices, and the improved and cultivated character of the fields around, that it was the abode, not of splendour certainly, but of ease and competence. An orchard of thriving fruit-trees extended to the southward of the dwelling. Groves of walnut and chesnut grew in stately array, and even a vineyard, of three or four acres, showed that the cultivation of the grape was understood and practised. It is now universal in Switzerland, but was, in those early days, almost exclusively confined to a few more fortunate proprietors, who had the rare advantage of uniting intelligence with opulent, or at least easy, circumstances.

There were fair ranges of pasture fields, into which the fine race of cattle which constitute the pride and wealth of the Swiss mountaineers, had been brought down from the more Alpine grazings where they had fed during the summer, to be near shelter and protection when the autumnal storms might be expected. On some selected spots, the lambs of the last season fed in plenty and security, and in others, huge trees, the natural growth of the soil, were suffered to remain from motives of convenience probably, that they might be at hand when timber was required for domestic use, but giving at the same time a woodland character to a scene otherwise agricultural. Through this mountain-paradise the course of a small brook might be traced, now showing itself to the sun, which had by this time dispelled the fogs, now intimating its course, by its gently sloping banks, clothed in some places with lofty trees, or concealing itself under thickets of hawthorn and nut bushes. This stream, by a devious and gentle course, which seemed to indicate a reluctance to leave this quiet region, found its way at length out of the sequestered domain, and, like a youth hurrying from the gay and tranquil sports of boyhood into the wild career of active life, finally united itself with the boisterous torrent, which, breaking down tumultuously from the mountains, shook the ancient Tower of Geierstein as it rolled down the adjacent rock, and then rushed howling through the defile in which our youthful traveller had well nigh lost his life.

Eager as the younger Philipson was to rejoin his father, he could not help pausing for a moment to wonder how so much beauty should be found amid such scenes of horror, and to look back on the Tower of Geierstein, and on the huge cliff from which it derived its name, as if to ascertain, by the sight of these distinguished landmarks, that he was actually in the neighbourhood of the savage wild where he had encountered so much danger and terror. Yet so narrow were the limits of this cultivated farm, that it hardly required such a retrospect to satisfy the spectator that the spot susceptible of human industry, and on which it seemed that a considerable degree of labour had been bestowed, bore a very small proportion to the wilderness in which it was situated. It was on all sides surrounded by lofty hills, in some places rising into walls of rock, in others clothed with dark and savage forests of the pine and the larch, of primeval antiquity. Above these, from the eminence on which the tower was situated, could be seen the almost rosy hue in which an immense glacier threw back the sun; and, still higher over the frozen surface of that icy sea, arose, in silent dignity, the pale peaks of those countless mountains, on which the snow eternally rests.

What we have taken some time to describe, occupied young Philipson only for one or two hurried minutes; for on a sloping lawn, which was in front of the farm-house, as the mansion might be properly styled, he saw five or six persons, the foremost of whom, from his gait, his dress, and the form of his cap, he could easily distinguish as the parent whom he hardly expected at one time to have again beheld.

He followed, therefore, his conductress with a glad step, as she led the way down the steep ascent on which the ruined tower was situated. They approached the group whom Arthur had noticed, the foremost of which was his father, who hastily came forward to meet him, in company with another person of advanced age, and stature well nigh gigantic, and who,

from his simple yet majestic bearing, seemed the worthy countryman of William Tell, Stauffacher, Winkelried, and other Swiss worthies, whose stout hearts and hardy arms had, in the preceding age, vindicated against countless hosts their personal liberty, and the independence of their country.

With a natural courtesy, as if to spare the father and son many witnesses to a meeting which must be attended with emotion, the Landamman himself, in walking forward with the elder Philipson, signed to those by whom he was attended, all of whom seemed young men, to remain behind:—They remained accordingly, examining, as it seemed, the guide Antonio, upon the adventures of the strangers. Anne, the conductress of Arthur Philipson, had but time to say to him, "Yonder old man is my uncle, Arnold Biederman, and these young men are my kinsmen," when the former, with the elder traveller, were close before them. The Landamman, with the same propriety of feeling which he had before displayed, signed to his niece to move a little aside; yet while requiring from her an account of her morning's expedition, he watched the interview of the father and son with as much curiosity as his natural sense of complaisance permitted him to testify. It was of a character different from what he had expected.

We have already described the elder Philipson as a father devotedly attached to his son, ready to rush on death when he had expected to lose him, and equally overjoyed at heart, doubtless, to see him again restored to his affections. It might have been therefore expected, that the father and son would have rushed into each other's arms, and such, probably, was the scene which Arnold Biederman expected to have witnessed.

But the English traveller, in common with many of his countrymen, covered keen and quick feelings with much appearance of coldness and reserve, and thought it a weakness to give unlimited sway even to the influence of the most amiable and most natural emotions. Eminently handsome in youth, his countenance, still fine in his more advanced years, had an expression which intimated an unwillingness either to yield to passion or encourage confidence. His pace, when he first beheld his son, had been quickened, by the natural wish to meet him; but he slackened it as they drew near to each other, and when they met, said, in a tone rather of censure and admonition, than affection—"Arthur, may the Saints forgive the pain thou hast this day given me!"

"Amen," said the youth. "I must need pardon, since I have given you pain. Believe, however, that I acted for the best."

"It is well, Arthur, that in acting for the best, according to your froward will, you have not encountered the worst."

"That I have not," answered the son, with the same devoted and patient submission, "is owing to this maiden," pointing to Anne, who stood at a few paces' distance, desirous, perhaps, of avoiding to witness the reproof of the father, which might seem to her rather ill-timed and unreasonable!

"To the maiden my thanks shall be rendered," said his father, "when I can study how to pay them in an adequate manner; but is it well or comely, think you, that you should receive from a maiden the succour which it is your duty as a man to extend to the weaker sex?"

Arthur held down his head and blushed deeply, while Arnold Biederman, sympathising with his feelings, stepped forward and mingled in the conversation.

"Never be abashed, my young guest, that you have been indebted for aught of counsel or assistance to a maiden of Unterwalden. Know that the freedom of their country owes no less to the firmness and wisdom of her daughters than to that of her sons. And you, my elder guest, who have, I judge, seen many years and various lands, must have often known examples how the strong are saved by the help of the weak, the proud by the aid of the humble."

"I have at least learned," said the Englishman, "to debate no point unnecessarily with the host who has kindly harboured me;" and after one glance at his son, which seemed to kindle with the fondest affection, he resumed, as the party turned back towards the house, a conversation which he had been maintaining with his new acquaintance before Arthur and the maiden had joined them.

Arthur had in the mean time an opportunity of observing the figure and features of their Swiss landlord, which, I have already hinted, exhibited a primeval simplicity mixed with a certain rude dignity, arising out of its masculine and unaffected character. The

dress did not greatly differ in form from the habit of the female which we have described. It consisted of an upper frock, shaped like the modern shirt, and only open at the bosom, worn above a tunic or under doublet. But the man's vest was considerably shorter in the skirts, which did not come lower down than the kilt of the Scottish Highlander; a species of boots or buskins rose above the knee, and the person was thus entirely clothed. A bonnet made of the fur of the marten, and garnished with a silver medal, was the only part of the dress which displayed any thing like ornament; the broad belt which gathered the garment together, was of buff leather, secured by a large brass buckle.

But the figure of him who wore this homely attire, which seemed almost wholly composed of the fleeces of the mountain sheep, and the spoils of animals of the chase, would have commanded respect wherever the wearer had presented himself, especially in those warlike days, when men were judged of according to the promising or unpromising qualities of their thews and sinews. To those who looked at Arnold Biederman in this point of view, he displayed the size and form, the broad shoulders and prominent muscles, of a Hercules. But to such as looked rather at his countenance, the steady, sagacious features, open front, large blue eyes, and deliberate resolution which it expressed, more resembled the character of the fabled King of Gods and Men. He was attended by several sons and relatives, young men, among whom he walked, receiving, as his undeniable due, respect and obedience, similar to that which a herd of deer are observed to render to the monarch stag.

While Arnold Biederman walked and spoke with the elder stranger, the young men seemed closely to scrutinize Arthur, and occasionally interrogated in whispers their relation Anne, receiving from her brief and impatient answers, which rather excited than appeased the vein of merriment in which the mountaineers indulged, very much, as it seemed to the young Englishman, at the expense of their guest. To feel himself exposed to derision was not softened by the reflection, that in such a society, it would probably be attached to all who could not tread on the edge of a precipice with a step as firm and undismayed as if they walked the street of a city. However unreasonable ridicule may be, it is always unpleasant to be subjected to it; but more particularly is it distressing to a young man, where beauty is a listener. It was some consolation to Arthur that he thought the maiden certainly did not enjoy the jest, and seemed by word and look to reprove the rudeness of her companions; but this he feared was only from a sense of humanity.

She, too, must despise me, he thought, though civility, unknown to these ill-taught boors, has enabled her to conceal contempt under the guise of pity. She can but judge of me from that which she has seen—if she could know me better, (such was his proud thought,) she might perhaps rank me more highly.

As the travellers entered the habitation of Arnold Biederman, they found preparations made in a large apartment, which served the purpose of general accommodation, for a homely but plentiful meal. A glance round the walls showed the implements of agriculture and the chase; but the eyes of the elder Philipson rested upon a leathern corselet, a long heavy halbert, and a two-handed sword, which were displayed as a sort of trophy. Near these, but covered with dust, unfurnished and neglected, hung a helmet, with a visor, such as was used by knights and men-at-arms. The golden garland, or coronal twisted around it, though sorely tarnished, indicated noble birth and rank; and the crest, which was a vulture of the species which gave name to the old castle and its adjacent cliff, suggested various conjectures to the English guest, who, acquainted in a great measure with the history of the Swiss revolution, made little doubt that in this relic he saw some trophy of the ancient warfare between the inhabitants of these mountains, and the feudal lord to whom they had of yore appertained.

A summons to the hospitable board disturbed the train of the English merchant's reflections; and a large company, comprising the whole inhabitants of every description that lived under Biederman's roof, sat down to a plentiful repast of goat's flesh, fish, preparations of milk of various kinds, cheese, and, for the upper mess, the venison of a young chamois. The Landamman himself did the honours of the table with great kindness and simplicity, and urged the strangers to show, by their appetite, that they thought themselves as welcome as he desired to make them. During the repast, he carried on a conversation with his elder guest, while the younger people at table, as well as the

menials, ate in modesty and silence. Ere the dinner was finished, a figure crossed on the outside of the large window which lighted the eating hall, the sight of which seemed to occasion a lively sensation amongst such as observed it.

"Who passed?" said old Biederman to those seated opposite to the window.

"It is our cousin, Rudolph of Donnerhugel," answered one of Arnold's sons eagerly.

The annunciation seemed to give great pleasure to the younger part of the company, especially the sons of the Landamman; while the head of the family only said with a grave, calm voice,—"Your kinsman is welcome—tell him so, and let him come hither."

Two or three arose for this purpose, as if there had been a contention among them who should do the honours of the house to the new guest. He entered presently; a young man, unusually tall, well-proportioned and active, with a quantity of dark-brown locks curling around his face, together with mustachios of the same, or rather a still darker hue. His cap was small considering the quantity of his thickly clustering hair, and rather might be said to hang upon one side of his head than to cover it. His clothes were of the same form and general fashion as those of Arnold, but made of much finer cloth, the manufacture of the German loom, and ornamented in a rich and fanciful manner. One sleeve of his vest was dark green, curiously laced and embroidered with devices in silver, while the rest of the garment was scarlet. His sash was twisted and netted with gold, and besides answering the purpose of a belt, by securing the upper garment round his waist, sustained a silver-hilted poniard. His finery was completed by boots, the tips of which were so long as to turn upwards with a peak, after a prevailing fashion in the middle ages. A golden chain hung round his neck, and sustained a large medallion of the same metal.

This young gallant was instantly surrounded by the race of Biederman, among whom he appeared to be considered as the model upon which the Swiss youth ought to build themselves, and whose gait, opinions, dress, and manners, all ought to follow, who would keep pace with the fashion of the day, in which he reigned an acknowledged and unrivalled example.

By two persons in the company, however, it seemed to Arthur Philipson, that this young man was received with less distinguished marks of regard than those with which he was hailed by the general voice of the youths present. Arnold Biederman himself was at least no way warm in welcoming the young Bernese, for such was Rudolph's country. The young man drew from his bosom a sealed packet, which he delivered to the Landamman with demonstrations of great respect, and seemed to expect that Arnold, when he had broken the seal and perused the contents, would say something to him on the subject. But the patriarch only bade him be seated, and partake of their meal, and Rudolph found a place accordingly next to Anne of Geierstein, which was yielded to him by one of the sons of Arnold with ready courtesy.

It seemed also to the observant young Englishman, that the new comer was received with marked coldness by the maiden, to whom he appeared eager and solicitous to pay his compliments, by whose side he had contrived to seat himself at the well-furnished board, and to whom he seemed more anxious to recommend himself, than to partake of the food which it offered. He observed the gallant whisper her, and look towards him. Anne gave a very brief reply, but one of the young Biedermans, who sat on his other hand, was probably more communicative, as the youths both laughed, and the maiden again seemed disconcerted, and blushed with displeasure.

Had I either of these sons of the mountain, thought young Philipson, upon six yards of level greensward, if there be so much flat ground in this country, methinks I were more likely to spoil their mirth, than to furnish food for it. It is as marvellous to see such conceited boors under the same roof with so courteous and amiable a damsel, as it would be to see one of their shaggy bears dance a rigadon with a maiden like the daughter of our host. Well, I need not concern myself more than I can help about her beauty or their breeding, since morning will separate me from them for ever.

As these reflections passed through the young guest's mind, the father of the family called for a cup of wine, and having required the two strangers to pledge him in a maple cup of considerable size, he sent a similar goblet to Rudolph Donnerhugel. "Yet you," he said, "kinsman, are used to more highly flavoured wine than the half-ripened grapes of Geierstein can

supply.—Would you think it, sir merchant," he continued, addressing Philipson, "there are burghers of Berne who send for wine for their own drinking both to France and Germany?"

"My kinsman disapproves of that," replied Rudolph; "yet every place is not blessed with vineyards like Geierstein, which produces all the heart and eye can desire." This was said with a glance at his fair companion, who did not appear to take the compliment, while the envoy of Berne proceeded: "But our wealthier burghers having some superfluous crowns, think it no extravagance to barter them for a goblet of better wine than our own mountains can produce. But we will be more frugal when we have at our disposal tuns of the wine of Burgundy for the mere trouble of transporting them."

"How mean you by that, cousin Rudolph?" said Arnold Biederman.

"Methinks, respected kinsman," answered the Bernese, "your letters must have told you that our Diet is likely to declare war against Burgundy."

"Ah! and you know then the contents of my letters?" said Arnold; "another mark how times are changed at Berne and with the Diet of Switzerland. When did all her grey-haired statesmen die, that our allies should have brought beardless boys into their councils?"

"The Senate of Berne, and the Diet of the Confederacy," said the young man, partly abashed, partly in vindication of what he had before spoken, "allow the young men to know their purposes, since it is they by whom they must be executed. The head which thinks, may well confide in the hand that strikes."

"Not till the moment of dealing the blow, young man," said Arnold Biederman, sternly. "What kind of counsellor is he who talks loosely the secrets of state affairs before women and strangers? Go, Rudolph, and all of ye, and try by manly exercises which is best fitted to serve your country, rather than give your judgment upon her measures. Hold, young man," he continued, addressing Arthur, who had arisen, "this does not apply to you, who are unused to mountain travel, and require rest after it."

"Under your favour, sir, not so," said the elder stranger; "we hold in England, that the best refreshment after we have been exhausted by one species of exercise, is to betake ourselves to another; as riding, for example, affords more relief to one fatigued by walking, than a bed of down would. So, if your young men will permit, my son will join their exercises."

"He will find them rough playmates," answered the Swiss; "but be it at your pleasure."

The young men went out accordingly to the open lawn in front of the house. Anne of Geierstein, and some females of the household, sat down on a bank to judge which performed best, and shouts, loud laughing, and all that announces the riot of juvenile spirits occupied by manly sports, was soon after heard by the two seniors, as they sat together in the hall.—Vol. i. pp. 64—93.

LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

Landor's Imaginary Conversations. Second Series. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

(Continued from p. 328.)

If we succeeded last week in convincing our readers that there is one conception which, above all others, Mr. Landor has endeavoured to realise in his mind and in his writings,—namely, a conception of the highest form which it is possible for the mere animal life of individuals and nations to assume—our task in criticising the dialogues with which he has lately presented us will be greatly lightened. It will be confined to an examination of the occasions when the author has been successful in embodying his idea; of the occasions when he has been carried by the force of those influences which we mentioned as frequently producing a disturbance and contradiction in his feelings into a region higher than that in which he habitually dwells, and of the occasions where the natural gravitating tendency of a speculation which is busy merely with what is tangible and corporeal, has degraded him actually to the level of that existence which, that he may contemplate it aright, he ought to overlook.

The dedication to Sir Robert Wilson, on the Prospects of Greece, and the Duty of Christendom with regard to her, is a specimen of solemn and

elaborate rhetoric such as we rarely meet with in these days. Those who are so weak-minded and unfortunate that they are not able to dis sever this subject from the associations of French and English charlatanism which surround it, even if this composition do not excite their exhausted and deadened sympathies, will, nevertheless, find themselves repaid for the study of it, by its merit only as a work of art. The following passage will give them some notion of the tendency which Mr. Landon's thoughts have to throw themselves into a Grecian mould. There is no reason why the last sentence should not have slipped out of one of the orations in Thucydides.

'An alliance offensive and defensive with Greece, would render us invulnerable in the only part of the world where we have lately shewn our feebleness. We should unite to us a maritime power, which within half a century would of itself be equipollent on the sea with France; and we should attract to our merchants those advantages of commerce in the Levant which at present lean toward her. The great Chatham, if he had lived in our days, would have cast on every side around him the seeds of small maritime and small constitutional States. We may extend our dominions in many ways; we can extend our power in this only. None of our late ministers have had clear views or steady aims. We have been hovering on the shores of Greece, until the season is going by for aiding her; and another Power will soon have acquired the glory and the benefit of becoming her first protectress. If a new world were to burst forth suddenly in the midst of the heavens, and we were instructed by angelic voices, or whatever kind of revelation the Creator might appoint, that its inhabitants were brave, generous, happy, and warm with all our sympathies, would not pious men fall prostrate before Him, for such a manifestation of his power and goodness? What then! shall these very people, these religious, be the first to stifle the expression of our praise and wonder, at a marvel far more astonishing, at a manifestation of power and goodness far more glorious and magnificent? The weak vanquish the strong; the oppress stand over the oppressor: we see happy, not them who never were otherwise, not them who have made no effort, no movement of their own to earn their happiness, like the creatures of our imaginary new world, but those who were the most wretched, and the most undeservedly, and who now, arising as from the tomb, move the incumbrances of ages and of nations from before them, and, although at present but half-erect, lower the stature of the greatest heroes.'

In general the sentiments expressed in this dedication will only shock those who are kept in constant alarm, lest their feelings should run away with them, . . . an apprehension suggested by the same prophetic wisdom, which, as Fielding has remarked, induces the ugliest women to set the strictest watch and ward upon their virtue. There is, however, one passage, which, if it chance to encounter the eyes of a Quarterly Reviewer, (especially of that eminently strict and high-minded one, who, his chief endowment being a certain exquisite modesty, must feel somewhat wounded by his introduction into one of these dialogues, even in the respectable company of a foreign monarch, an English Home Secretary, and an interpreter,) may possibly furnish the text to as many and as true insinuations against the character and principles of the writer, as have been heretofore bestowed in the same exemplary work upon Shelly, Keats, and Niebuhr. The sentence is this: 'I never can be induced to imagine that the extinction of all the tribes in Africa and all in Asia, with half of the dwellers in Europe, would be so lamentable as the destruction of Messolonghi, or even as the death of Bozzaris.' Now, though we do not by any means, for reasons which we shall presently mention, agree in the sentiment of this passage, we would, nevertheless, very earnestly represent to those honest persons who may, stimulated by the first perusal of it, or by the denunciation of the Review, upon which their opinion depends, close the book at once, and condemn the author,—that in so doing they will be sanctioning a much more widely mischievous principle than is implied in this passage, even supposing it to have the worst possible meaning which ingenuity

or malice can assign it. Of all the evils which infect the literature of this age, there is scarcely any so enormous as that which has been produced by the constant exposure of authors to that order of persons who have been rightly denominated 'mob-sycophants.' To the constant fear that some member of this class, which constitutes the effective force of our reviews, magazines, and newspapers, will drag them before the tribunal of public opinion, not, as the Athenians were, for a smuggled basket, but even for a single suspected fig, and to the too well-grounded conviction of the small chance which they have of obtaining justice from the crowd of voices which prevail there, we may fairly attribute the cowardice of our modern writers, the feebleness and common-place of the greater number, the bantering and paradoxical tone adopted by a few, that good-natured friends, if they should be hard pressed, may be able to plead that they were only half in earnest, the addition of clever men to those kinds of writing which require no expression of earnest feelings upon any question; lastly, the loss of all steadiness in following out an idea, or pursuing a train of scientific investigation; for how can there be any steady sequence of thoughts, or laborious linking together of truths, when any term of the series, any step in the demonstration, is liable to be overhauled by the most ignorant of informers, for the purpose of being submitted to the most ignorant of judges? While we are bawling about the freedom which we enjoy in being able to bring books into the world without the help of a government accoucheur, this oppressive and intolerable censorship the terror of which occasions more miscarriages and abortions, and peoples the world with more sickly and rickety infants, than all the causes together that have ever been at work to frustrate great conceptions, is boasted of as a glory of the nineteenth century. The more, therefore, does it behove every person who is really zealous for the honour and independence of literature, not to yield to hasty suspicions when he encounters any strange proposition in the writings of a suspected man, not to be frightened by seeing it printed in staring letters and marked with notes of reprobation (like those which are affixed to some of Shakspeare's finest scenes, in Pope's edition) by some popular reviewer, but on the contrary to examine it he doubtful assertion, (especially if, as in the present case, it has none of the glitter of affected paradox) the more diligently and the more favourably, because he feels that where there is courage there may be truth, and because he knows that with most men originality is by far the worst of crimes and the most detestable of heresies.

If our readers approached the examination of the sentiment to which we have been alluding in this spirit, we should not despair of convincing them, that, though there be in it something of error, that error is neither so vast as they would at first sight conjecture, nor at the present time likely to be the least mischievous; and that it arises, moreover, naturally and necessarily out of that which we have described as constituting the leading peculiarity of his mind. In the ancient world, there was, properly speaking, no sense of individuality. Men appeared in each other's eyes, as to those which were miraculously restored to sight, like trees walking. Except for the very highest philosophers, it was far too refined a speculation to follow the spirit of the universe into the myriad forms of men or animals in which it might choose for a while to enshrine itself. It was in nations only that there seemed to be space enough for its permanent habitation. The Greeks could not but feel that among them it dwelt visibly in a thousand shapes and forms, that it put on their helmet, enshrined itself in their statues, lived beneath the shadow of their temples, and was married to their immortal verse. They were equally satisfied that to other nations this presence was denied, and that to some they were to introduce it. Hence, as has been often remarked, the ab-

surdity of condemning the ancient nations for showing a recklessness of life in the extension of their conquests. They were showing the greatest reverence for life, since they were extending it over what they considered a region of death.

Christianity introduced a new element into the calculation, by teaching the doctrine not merely of a general immortality to all that lives, which was as much an article of faith in the old world as in the new, and is, in fact, implied in the consciousness of life, but of a separate resurrection for every individual soul. Hence, each numerical unit of humanity possesses a value in our eyes which it could not possess in theirs; hence the opposition which our religious feelings make to wars of conquest and aggrandisement; hence the obliteration of that very broad and glaring distinction between the civilised and the uncivilised portions of the world. Now nothing can be more obvious than that Christianity should have the effect of making us regard life as a thing of much higher value, as a much more solemn trust, than it was considered by the men of the ancient world. While, therefore, a belief in it would make us regard with some apprehension Mr. Landon's doctrine, which sets too little store by individual life, we should regard with far more jealousy any notion which, professing to be founded upon this just principle and to extend its application, by teaching us to overlook all differences between men, to hold cheap the superiority of those who possess more life and more soul than their neighbours,—should, in fact, frustrate its whole end and purpose. Our present tendency is to this dangerous extreme. The equal importance of all the members of the human family is asserted with dangerous solemnity and without the least qualification from our pulpits, though the ground of the proposition—which is, that every man possesses a rational soul—is often proved to be inapplicable in the very sentence which contains it, by the preacher affirming that a very large portion of mankind is in no better condition than the beasts which perish. And while this contradiction in his reasoning is all which averts the inference that there is no difference between *individuals* whose souls are cultivated, and those which are utterly inactive and dead, there is nothing whatever to prevent the most mischievous doctrines being founded upon it with reference to our condition as nations. Already are we exhorted by well-meaning persons to suspend our sympathies for the progress of intelligence, civilisation, and freedom, when they are to be purchased by any large sacrifice of human life,—already have we been told, in plain terms, that it would have been better for Europe * to sleep quietly under the incubus of the Roman superstition, than that the wars which followed the excitement produced by the Reformation should have taken place:—already has the still more fearful doctrine been promulgated, that, even if our national existence were threatened by an invader, it would be our duty to give up that which legally as well as morally constitutes us Persons, to become Things, rather than shed human blood. Principles so alarming as these cannot be better encountered than by their extreme opposites. Mr. Landon's doctrine, if unchristian, is not more unchristian than that of the peace societies; and, from the collision of the two, we may hope to see the true principle result, which is the Christian one, that there is an immeasurable difference between the value of different human lives,—that no comparison exists between the worth of a free-man's existence and a slave's, but that the slave has a value and sacredness of his own, because he has the capacity of becoming a freeman.

This point furnished us with so important an illustration of the tendency of Mr. Landon's mind, and at the same time of the advantage which may result from that tendency even when it appears to be perverse and mischievous, that we could

* See Thrush's 'Letters on the Unlawfulness of War.' Longman, 1828.

not resist entering upon the subject, though we foresaw that it must delay us some time in our progress. We will now proceed to the Dialogues.

The first is between Boccaccio and Petrarch. It is graceful and Italian; in all points of costume, as usual, appropriate and striking, and as usual throws extremely little light upon the characters of the men who take part in it. Of the two, Boccaccio is evidently the author's favourite: he seems to have rather an overweening delight in exhibiting Petrarch's weaknesses—perhaps from a conviction that his weaknesses have been more powerfully and enduringly mischievous to his country's literature than the strength of many worse men.

Of the dialogue between Lucullus and Cæsar, we have already afforded our readers a specimen; but we must not dismiss it without saying, that of all the dialogues in this and the preceding volumes, we should be inclined to fix upon this as the most complete realization of Mr. Landor's idea. It is deficient in no quality of first-rate excellence. As a view of Roman policy—as a picture of the Republic in that age—as a contrast between two of the most remarkable men of any age—as an illustration of Roman gentleness and Roman dignity—as an exhibition of the author's keen love for the beautiful in nature and art, (a love, however, expressed in the language suitable to the stately conceptions of his interlocutors),—we can consider nothing more perfect.

To this delightful dialogue succeeds one which is obviously entered as a direct contrast to it, between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning. In Mr. Landor's preface, he defends himself against the usual charging of dealing hardly with the memories of the recently dead, by the usual defence, that the principles of which they were the bodily representatives still live. Our objection is different, and is not anticipated by this answer. If the author's object was to place in the strongest light the broad lines of the ancient policy, as contrasted with the refinements of the modern, he should have chosen his specimens fairly on each side. Lucullus and Cæsar should have been pitted against Ximenes and Charles the Fifth, against Macchiavelli and Pope Alexander, against Walsingham and Raleigh. It is the ordinary law in the comparison of all styles of art, that the originators of each should be placed side by side; not the masters against pupils, men of genius against mechanics. If his object was not to compare two kinds of art, but merely to exhibit the greatness of his heroes by contrast with the littleness of ordinary men, the examples of the latter class should have been taken from beings who had been nurtured under the same sky, and had sucked the same breasts. Antony and Dolabella would have been surely more appropriate than Messrs. Pitt and Canning. And lastly, if his wish was not, as we have imagined from the juxta-position of these dialogues, and from the antithesis which seems to be contained in many passages of each, to contrast his Romans and his Englishmen, but merely to exhibit the petty and impoverished notions of statecraft entertained by Mr. Pitt—this object would surely have been far better attained by bringing his hand-to-mouth policy into contrast with the speculations of a far-reaching and statesmanlike intellect, than by merely introducing him as the lecturer of a docile and admiring pupil. But with the man who was best fitted to take part in such a dialogue, with the man who was born to convince the world, if any thing would convince it, that genius is not mischievous even in men who are to govern empires, Mr. Landor has no sympathy—only, so far as we can discover, because, though possessing all the courage of Phocion, and more than all the philosophy of Cicero, he was not a Phocion or a Cicero in an age when it was a far higher, more difficult, and more useful achievement to be an Edmund Burke.

We were about to proceed with the other dia-

logues; but the temptation to extract in the one between Odysseus Tersitza and Trelawny, would be irresistible; so we will defer further criticism till we can gratify our inclination.

JOURNEY FROM CALCUTTA TO EGYPT.

Narrative of a Journey from Calcutta by Way of Egypt, in the years 1827 and 1828. By Mrs. Charles Lushington. Small 8vo., pp. 284. Murray. London, 1829.

We may lay it down as a general principle that no one ought to travel, or at least to write travels, but philosophers and women, a Humboldt or a Mrs. Lushington. Few things are more annoying to persons of the finer sensibilities which belong to critics, than the strange medley of unconnected and discordant speculations which your 'very clever man' usually intermingles with his descriptions of places and persons. He always thinks it necessary to give you a theory instead of attending only to those matters on which it is the business of wiser men than himself to theorise. He must be for ever saying something smart or profound; and, as the 'very clever man' of society seldom thinks it worth while to meditate afar off, or lay any stable foundation of truth before hand, as he fancies that what for every one else is dust, becomes for him when he chooses to gather it from beneath his feet, handfuls of sequins, pearls, and diamonds, he pushes under our noses his extempore philosophy and accidental systems, with as much gravity and pertinacity as he might, perhaps, be justified in displaying if he were the appointed expositor of Newton or Plato. Take up any of the moralisings of any common book of travels, and what a wild medley do you discover of battling principles, solemn nothings, great truths set aside, without being understood, in a parenthesis, politics here represented as the universal science, and there stuffed into the breeches' pocket of morality, religion in one page unchecked and omnipotent, and in the next trampled and despicable beneath the hoofs of utility.

We find nothing like this in the writings of a philosopher. In them no truth is stated without its limits; no apparent exception is exalted to be the law, but neither is any left without its explanation. The reflections are chiefly valuable as appended to the most important objects perceived; but they never seem 'got up' for the occasion, or introduced from behind like the monster in a melodrama, at the moment when they are most wanted, but when there is no reason in their own nature for their appearance. Knowledge has no scenic tricks, and obeys not the call of the dirty prompter Vanity.

It is remarkable also, that in the books of the 'clever men' to whom we have been alluding, the descriptions are generally as confused as the doctrines. The quacks are as incapable of seeing, as of thinking, accurately. And indeed, there is a great advantage for such worthies as these giants of modern literature, in dimness and vagueness of vision. For where they are not ingenious enough to make the theory fit the phenomenon, it is pleasant, and saves perplexity, to accommodate the fact to the explanation. Thus it is that we rise from the perusal of a 'clever' book of travels, not only with our intellects wearied and fretted by the unprofitable labour of disentangling and reconciling a thousand heaped and heterogeneous fancies, dark follies, and ignorant audacities; but with a consciousness of doubt and annoyance as to the things of the material world and imprecating deserved curses on the light-fingered and mountebank talent which enables a man to muddy the colours of the rainbow, to darken for us with the mists of his vanity the bright atmosphere under which it was granted to man to behold this blessed earth, and to perplex our conceptions of outward objects, that we may attend to nothing but the sophisms and slight-of-hand of his unbalanced intellect.

What an agreeable contrast is there to all this when we meet with a book like the present. A woman, (if she be not awkwardly strutting, as some use, in men's habiliments,) if it never occur to her, as it never ought, to be any thing but a woman, perceives vividly, feels keenly, and describes simply; but leaves it to us to deduce inferences, and build systems. We find in this little work no drawing-room or toilet-table attempts to solve the mysteries of the universe in five minutes; no complete philosophies of history in three sentences, made *ex improviso*, on occasion of finding a rusty denarius; no reflections dancing a pirouette through the limbo from Adam to the day of judgment, *a-propos* of an Egyptian shoe-tie. Every page is a clear and living picture of a portion of God's earth or man's old trophies. And Mrs. Lushington is evidently persuaded that no sounding words from her, or from any one, could add to the strength and solemnity of feeling which all men must experience in reading plain and definite descriptions of a temple first filled with worshippers three thousand years ago, or a sepulchre larger and more gorgeous than a modern palace, in which the corpse of a Pharaoh was buried. The utter absence of pretension or affectation adds a great and universal charm to the clearness and variety of painting, and the lively intelligence, displayed by the fair traveller in every page of her narrative.

We give, as a specimen of her manner, a part of her account of the journey between Cosseir and the Nile:

'Some time elapsed before so large a party as ours could be accommodated with camels; they were procurable in any number, though they could not be collected without a little delay. They were white and black, besides the usual dun colour. I may here remark, that the distinction between the dromedary and camel is no further known in Egypt, than that the former is used for the purposes of riding and dispatch, the latter, for the conveyance of burthens.

'Our cavalcade consisted of ninety-six camels, besides many asses; no great number, when it is to be recollected we carried with us tents, clothes, wine, water, and provisions. The Captain, and one of the officers of the *Palinurus*, had joined our party, and with them several lascars, who were of great use in pitching our tents, &c. &c.

'For Mr. L., myself, and two servants, we had twenty-two camels and three donkeys. I was to travel in a covered litter, called a *Tukhtie rowan*, somewhat resembling a Sicilian lettiga: this was made at Bombay, of the strongest possible materials; and, in consequence of its weight and size, it was necessary to employ the largest and tallest camels for its conveyance. The machine, from its height, presented a formidable appearance, being raised six feet above the ground; and I had to ascend to it by a ladder, which, from the unsteadiness of the camels, was rather a difficult undertaking.

'The Arabs having lashed the trunks after their own method, to my astonishment, I found myself in actual progress about noon on the 28th. But, without Mr. Elphinstone's servant, Antonio, and the additional assistance of Mr. Porter, the officer of the *Palinurus*, I think I might have been in the Desert still. The concourse of people, the roaring of the camels, the vociferations of the servants and lascars, in their vain endeavours to make the Arabs understand and move—(and, as usual, the less they could make them understand the louder they bawled)—one camel rising with half its load, another throwing down the whole of his; others making off altogether, every driver secreting as much of the cord that was given to him as he could hide, snatching from the man next to him the quantity required; the combat that ensued, the one universal clamour for *backsees*, their struggle against each other to obtain it, presented a scene of confusion and uproar which, though to the gentlemen, from its strangeness, it might prove amusing, to me was somewhat alarming, particularly as I was, for a short time, left alone with the drivers.

'My interpreter, who was a Darfour man, and who professed to understand Hindoostanee, could not comprehend one word I said to him, which increased my discomfort. At this moment my *tukhtie rowan* was assailed by five or six dancing-girls, called *Almehs*. I immediately lowered the silk blind, which, however,

I thought they would have torn off in the same clamour and struggle for *buckees*. I could not help seeing them as I strove to keep down the curtain; and it was impossible to behold them without disgust. Their countenances appeared inflamed by drinking, their persons were greatly exposed, and altogether, they more resembled common robust English women under the influence of liquor, rather than what I had fancied of the delicate and elegant Egyptian females. They wore the same full petticoat as the nautch girls of India. I may seem capriciously affected by the customs of the inhabitants amongst whom I travelled; but to me these women appeared doubly bold and degraded from the absence of the veil. It is so entirely contrary to the prejudices of the country for a female to appear without it, that the lowest peasant's wife will not allow any one to pass, without drawing her muffler of coarse blue cloth closer round her face; and to expose it thus must be the height of abandonment.

"In the *tukhte rowan*," says Hajji Baba, "when the mules take to trotting, or when the one proceeds willingly and the other refuses to go, except by beating, the sufferer in the cage between both undergoes strange motions." The motion, at times, in the camel *tukhte rowan*, was so violent that it put me to great pain. I was the more surprised at this, as on first setting off, the animals stepped well together, and we moved on most comfortably. Every half hour I had to complain, and Mr. Porter, the officer before alluded to, kindly "new-rigged the tackling," as he phrased it. It was at last discovered by mere accident, that as soon as the drivers thought they could do so without detection, they slipped off part of the cord harness which kept the litter steady, although they saw how much I suffered; yet, for the sake of this trifling acquisition, they would have harassed me during the whole journey. The next morning, one of the same Arabs harnessed a vicious camel to the *tukhte rowan*; away flew my litter over the plain, fortunately without me, and was with difficulty recovered; and then, while the camels were in this unsteady state, I was hoisted in at the door in a very unceremonious manner, my ladder having been forgotten in the confusion.

The whole business required some courage, as owing to the delay I was left nearly alone, and was fearful of being benighted. This, however, was the last of my disasters; for I found, on my arrival at the halting ground, that the delinquent had been reformed by a bastinado, inflicted by the Chioush who attended us,—the usual Turkish recipe for all misdemeanours.

My maid was placed the first two days in a sort of basket with a hood, fastened on the back of a camel; but, though well padded, she found the motion so severe, that she was glad to descend, and she performed the rest of the journey, with perfect ease, on a donkey. The gentlemen, also, except two, having tried the camels, preferred this humble conveyance, walking and halting as they felt inclined. Indeed, were I to undertake the journey again, I should dispense with the *tukhte rowan*, and adopt this mode of travelling.

Though much variety of country occurrence cannot be expected in the Desert, I may say, with truth, that the passage through it was to me very interesting and agreeable. For the first three stages, the road was diversified by some inequalities of ground and remarkable passes through the rocky mountains; but the course of our journey, in general, lay through an arid plain of sand and stones, about two or three miles in breadth, bounded by rocks of sandstone of an almost uniform appearance. On the second day's march, I saw one or two trees; and the road was so varied, that I could then scarcely believe myself in a Desert, which I had always pictured to my imagination as a dreary and interminable plain, with heavy loose sand, curled into clouds by every breath of wind.

Our second place of encampment was truly singular, our tents being pitched in a sort of circus, about two miles in extent, completely closed in (except at two passages) by rugged mountains, part of which rose above our heads almost perpendicularly. I left my bed before daylight, when the whole camp was buried in sleep, and indulged my astonishment at the novel spectacle of tents surrounded by numerous camels, with their drivers and burthens, ranged in a circle, according to the position of their respective masters. I wondered to find myself thus tranquilly situated in the Desert, whose difficulties had been so magnified; and I looked up to the canopy of stars, the view of which was so remarkably bounded by the belt of mountains, with feelings which I shall not now attempt to recal in their original intensity.

I cannot imagine that any climate in the world can excel that of the Desert, at the season we crossed it.

I never found the heat of the sun injurious, nor did any of the gentlemen of the party, who were exposed to it many hours each day. The air was so bracing, that, although I had caught a severe cold the day of my arrival at Cosseir, which caused acute pain in my face, and ended in an abscess, yet I felt the fatigue of being so long on the road, the want of sleep, and the labour of packing, &c., less than I should an evening's drive in a carriage in the hot weather in India.

Anniversaries passed in strange countries, and at a long distance from home, are generally celebrated by travellers with extraordinary zest and cordiality; and, though I am apprehensive of being considered tedious in dwelling upon what indifferent persons may deem uninteresting, yet I will venture to describe the fête which Mr. Elphinstone gave us on New Year's-day, 1828. Ill as I was, and fatigued by pain rather than the journey, I wished, on this day, to join the gentlemen in the dinner tent; and I confess I was amused by the contrast of the narrative which I had been reading, with the appearance of the table and party before me. The author of the book in question described the delight of the traveller on arriving at the wells where we were then encamped, and his satisfaction, after all his privations, and quenching his thirst with plenty of water; and, in short, would have impressed us with the notion that the Desert he had passed, and in which we then were, was such a one as depicted by Burckhardt, abounding in sand, hunger, and thirst.—But, behold our party, consisting of ten persons, sitting in a comfortable tent, lined with yellow baize, and cheerfully lighted up; a clean table-cloth, and the following bill of fare: roast turkey, ham, fowls, mutton in various shapes, curry, rice, and potatoes, damson tart, and a pudding; madeira, claret, sherry, port, and Hodgson's beer. For the dessert, Lemann's biscuits, almonds and raisins, water-melons, pumplenose, (or shaddock,) and a plumcake as a finale!

What astonished me, was the ease with which the whole arrangement of our meals was conducted; however, I believe this was principally to be attributed to the skilful superintendence of Mr. Elphinstone's head-servant, Antonio. He was active and strong; a good tailor, and a good cook; speaking a little of most languages, but being master of Arabic, French, and Italian. He mended my harness like a practised saddler; and, in short, could do any thing and every thing as it was required. The cook, dining-tent, and apparatus, were sent forward early in the morning, before we started ourselves, and at six in the evening our dinner was ready.

While traversing the Desert we met numerous droves of camels, the Arabs belonging to which offered us for sale grapes, dates, water-melons, and ready-boiled hard eggs. Every person was so inoffensive, that, after the first day, the gentlemen laid aside their arms, as useless incumbrances, and travelled with such perfect security, that individuals were occasionally separated from the caravan without any fear of molestation.

BOTANY.

An Encyclopædia of Plants; comprising the Description, Specific Character, Culture, History, Application in the Arts, and every other desirable particular respecting all the Plants indigenous, cultivated in, or introduced to Britain; combining all the Advantages of a Linnean and Jussieuian Species Plantarum, an Historia Plantarum, a Grammar of Botany, and a Dictionary of Botany and Vegetable Culture. The whole in English: with the Synonymes of the commoner Plants in the different European and other Languages; the Scientific Names accentuated, their Etymologies explained; the Classes, Orders, and Botanical Terms, illustrated by Engravings; and with figures of nearly ten thousand species, exemplifying the several Individuals belonging to every Genus included in the Work. Edited by J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., H.S., &c. The Specific Characters by an Eminent Botanist: the Drawings by J. D. C. Sowerby, F.L.S.; and the Engravings by R. Branstetter. 8vo., pp. 1159. Longman and Co. London, 1829.

To the students of Botany and the lovers of flowers, the work before us is, in our opinion, the richest present which ever came from the press; being full, complete, and (considering the countless number of minute details) of very extraordinary accuracy; while it is withal cheap, when compared with the immense prices of such works as 'The English Botany,' or 'The Botanical Magazine,' the only publications which, though very

different in plan, can at all come into competition with the 'Encyclopædia of Plants.' M. Persoon's 'Synopsis Plantarum,' published in 1803, is nearer in plan than the work before us to any we are acquainted with; but Persoon's book, which is a mere abridgment of the 'Species Plantarum' of Linnaeus, and is illustrated by no figures, falls infinitely short of this, where we have nearly ten thousand figures, with faithful abridgments, not only of the 'Species Plantarum,' but of almost every botanical work of authority, both British and foreign.

The 'Encyclopædia of Plants,' indeed, contains every thing requisite for the botanical student, as it contains the best glossary of the scientific terms which we have met with; the whole well illustrated by accurate engravings, and, what we think still better, by references to plants, exemplifying the terms. With respect to the system adopted, it contains both that of Linnaeus and that of Jussieu—the first very properly forming the basis of the descriptive part of the work, while the second is afterwards developed with sufficient minuteness to serve every useful purpose. It may not be uninteresting to our readers to take a brief glance at the two celebrated systems and the authors of them.

Every body who has ever heard of botany has heard of Linnaeus, the celebrated Swedish Professor, to whom almost all the parts of natural history owe their present nomenclature. This is the extraordinary man, who, in his boyhood, wandered on foot from Upsal to Lapland, and published at his return a Flora of the country, accurate and distinct even to a miracle. This is the man who set aside all preceding naturalists as mere dabblers, and erected for himself a system entirely new, which contained, or was intended to contain, all the individual minerals, plants, and animals, found on the globe. And this is the man, who, from his death till now, has been called by the boarding-school Miss, as well as the most learned Professor, the great and immortal Linnaeus; and his system has been looked upon as equal in stability to the Newtonian system itself. But the immortality of fame, though loudly resounded and widely spread, cannot be insured to any man or to any system; for hundreds and hundreds more, who have figured in their day, and have been honoured with the addition to their name of immortal, have long been forgotten, or are fast sinking into forgetfulness. We have to record the great and immortal Linnaeus among the latter; his system is rapidly declining in popularity and his celebrated name must follow the fate of his celebrated system. We have one very strong fact to support this assertion; all the elementary botanical works lately published, both in this country and on the Continent, talk of Linnaeus and his system, as a mere introduction to the science, and direct their chief attention to the system of Jussieu. The recently published 'Grammar of Botany,' by Sir James Smith, is chiefly an account of Jussieu's system; and the descriptions of British plants by Dr. Hooker, and by Mr. Grey, are in the same style. But Mr. Loudon, in the work before us, has given the lead to Linnaeus.

The grand aim of Linnaeus seems to have been, to make his system a practical index to nature—an index which could be used for every specimen of every production, mineral, vegetable, or animal, or rather to make the specimens an index to his book, so that a person acquainted with his terms and his system, upon meeting with a strange plant or animal, has only to examine its parts and structure, in order to discover at once where it is placed and described in the Linnean arrangement; which, in the 'Encyclopædia of Plants,' is carefully attended to. Now all this, it will be granted, is exceedingly useful for accuracy and distinctness. The older botanists and herbalists contented themselves with vague and tedious descriptions of plants, which it was scarcely possible, even with the aid of their bad prints, to identify with a single specimen. The evil result-

ing from this inaccuracy was most serious; for (to mention only one instance) many plants are employed in medicine, and a single mistake in collecting these may endanger the lives of thousands. This is not a fancy. The evil has been repeatedly and seriously felt. And, if Linnæus had done nothing more than introduce accuracy in distinguishing plants and herbs, he deserves most highly of science, and he deserves no less highly of all who ever require the aid of medicine. We shall not now stop to illustrate the advantages which he has conferred on the agriculturist and the gardener; but we shall venture to point out some of the defects of the system, though most of these, we believe, may be rather imputed to the followers of Linnæus, than to Linnæus himself.

With the exception of its accuracy, then, and its utility as an index to nature, this celebrated system has little to boast of; and the knowledge of a mere Linnæan botanist appears to be exceedingly circumscribed, and of small value. He hunts so incessantly after minute and barely palpable distinctions, or slight variations of number, form, and colour, that much useful knowledge, and practical and enlarged views of nature, are utterly neglected. The descriptions are dry, barren, and uninteresting; so much so, that nobody would think of sitting down to read a single page of the 'Systema Naturæ,' except by way of consultation, any more than to read a page of a School Dictionary. Now, what would any one think of making Johnson's Dictionary the only book in English Literature, the very summit of his studies in Belles Lettres; and not only so, but of asserting that it contained all requisite information in literature or science? Yet precisely similar is the practice and the profession of the disciples of Linnæus, and by the thorough name-knowing botanist, those who cultivate the physiology of vegetation, or investigate the economical uses of plants, are considered to be engaged in a very inferior sort of inquiry, which is contemptuously stigmatized by the name of *popular*. This is going rather a step beyond Linnæus himself, who, according to his biographers, 'never failed to display, in a lively and convincing manner, the relation subsisting between the study of nature, and the public good, by showing how greatly this agreeable employment may add both to individual comfort and emolument.' In his published works, however, we have scarcely any thing of all this, but instead of it, endless subdivisions, and minute and useless details of the shapes of leaves and the structure of flowers. He asserts, indeed, in so many words, that 'the test of a good botanist is to know the greatest number of species,' without saying a word about public economy, or important uses. Such, then, is the Linnæan Botany, that the books upon it cannot be read, as other books are read, for instruction, or amusement, but must only be consulted to discover whether the cabalistical characters there agree with any given plant or flower. This, however, which is its leading characteristic, is also its leading excellence.

The judicious editor of the 'Encyclopædia of Plants' has adopted the system of Linnæus so far as it forms an index to the plants indigenous or introduced into Britain; but he has also added to the descriptive details of each genus, many important and useful remarks, not to be found in any other botanical work with which we are acquainted, with reference to the cultivation and uses of the several species.

The formation of the seed through the instrumentality of the various parts of flowers, is the basis of the system of Linnæus. The stamens and the pistils and the germen, are the three instruments chiefly concerned in this process; and, as these vary in number and position in different species of plants, this difference of number was made the distinctive characteristic of the classes and other divisions. Jussieu, on the other hand, takes his distinctions of divisions from the seed-

ling leaves, or rather from the appearance of the first germination of seed after it has been sown. Every seed consists of a skin enclosing the *albumen*, a medley or fleshy substance usually white, analogous to the white of an egg, and destined to nourish the first bud of the plant till it can of itself derive nourishment from the ground; and the embryo or germ, corresponding to the yolk of an egg, which after budding forms the root and stem of the plant. Attached to the germ at its first budding, we find, in most plants, two, in others one, and in a third class none of what are termed cotyledons, or seed-lobes. Every one who has attended to the first appearance above ground, of plants raised from seed, such as turnips, must have remarked, that the seedling leaves (as they are termed) are very different from the leaves of the full-grown plant. These seedling leaves are the expanded cotyledons; and it is these cotyledons which Jussieu has fixed upon as one of the leading distinctions of his classes:—*Acotyledones*, without seed-lobes; *Monocotyledones*, with one seed-lobe; and *Dicotyledones*, with two seed-lobes. Further, Hypogynous means, inserted under the germen, or seed vessel; Epigynous, inserted above it; and Perigynous, inserted into the flower-cup, or into the flower-leaves, or *petals*, which form the *corolla*. Apetalous means without flower-leaves; Monopetalous with one flower-leaf; Polypetalous with more than one flower-leaf.

To his classes and orders, Jussieu has annexed an appendix of more than a hundred genera, which as yet have not been distributed (perhaps it may be impossible to distribute them) among the preceding orders. It has been, and continues to be, a leading object with the most learned botanists to arrange these genera: and Brown, De Candelle, Ventemat, Salisbury, and Link, have successfully applied themselves to the task. We may remark, that, though this is called a natural system, and the system of Linnæus an artificial system, it does not appear to us that the one is much more natural than the other. This, if we had leisure, we could most amply show. In this pretended natural system of Jussieu, for example, we are met at the very outset with most violent and unnatural associations. In the second order of the first class, the sea-weeds are classed with lichens, though the sea-weeds are of a leathery gelatinous structure, and growing under water, while the lichens, as is well known, are crust-like and skinny, closely adhering to trees, stones, rocks, and ruins, and giving them the grey aspect of antiquity. Is this natural, we ask? and if not, is it not rather ominous to be met at the very threshold with so incongruous an assemblage. It reminds us of the Linnæan Zoology, in which the bat comes between man and the apes and monkeys, because the female bat suckles its young similar to that wise and visible animal which Linnæus calls *homo sapiens*. Linnæus, however, did not profess, as Jussieu does, to make a natural system. Upon the whole, it does not appear to us, that much advantage is to be gained by adopting this system of Jussieu. On the contrary, it takes away from us the facility which the 'Index Botanica' of Linnæus affords, of instantly discovering the name and description of any plant previously unknown to us, provided we find it in flower. As a work of ingenuity, and laborious research, and minute study, we are ready to bestow our admiration on the system of Jussieu. But this is as far as our admiration can go. The exercise of the memory is certainly of the first importance; but it is very possible to be a good botanist, according to the test of Linnæus; namely, the knowing of a great number of plants with their names, (as it is possible to be very skilled in all that is taught in our schools of the classics, logic, and mathematics,) without having much useful learning,—without having the judgment trained to habits of cautious induction, and of making general and enlarged inferences. This appeal to the memory, at the expense of active

judgment, is the great defect of all our famous systems, whether of botany or of the other departments of natural history; and with none more so than those daily starting up in France, and clamorously lauded by their imitators in Britain. But we hope the day is not distant, when the memory of naturalists will be in part emancipated from the burden of trifling details and useless names, and their judgment expanded to the great and beautiful system of the creation of God.

Without greatly exceeding our limits, we could not expatiate farther on these two leading systems of Botany; but whoever is desirous of seeing them both amply exemplified, may be referred to the 'Encyclopædia of Plants,' which forms, indeed, a very complete botanical library, and affords information that it would, at a moderate estimate, require several hundred pounds' worth of other works on Botany to supply.

NEW MUSIC.

Six Canzonets. The words by Lord Byron. Composed by John Lodge, Esq. Chappell.

THESE are not an importation, or adaptation, or *risfacciamento* of foreign music pressed down and simplified for English use, but a *bona fide* collection of things original, and therefore rare. This consideration so strongly prepossesses us in favour of any work submitted to our notice, that we are almost suspicious of our own opinion, and induced, therefore, to crop off a little from the luxuriance of our praises. Having premised this, we proceed to say that the well-known words of these canzonets are very cleverly arranged, and the charm which they have so long possessed is not marred by the music with which they are now accompanied. This is not negative commendation, for all that it may seem so; for the lines of Lord Byron are always of that varied and vigorous character as to call for an exercise of the very highest powers of composition in him who would illustrate them. These powers are most certainly developed in the present production, and the diversity of style required is not lost sight of in the midst of more intense qualities and characteristics. No. 1 is to the Barcarole words, 'Tis sweet to hear at midnight,' in 6-8 time, andantino, with an undulating accompaniment, well expressing the motion of the waves, and of the gondola floating upon them. No. 2. 'Through cloudless skies,' in the key of A major, 2-4 time, a graceful andantino grazioso. No. 3. 'In vain my Lyre would lightly,' in the key of E major, 6-8 time, a most expressive andante; the last line of each stanza subsiding into a pathetic adagio, with great truth of sentiment. No. 4. 'They name thee before me,' taken from the famous 'When we two parted in silence and tears,' and arranged with a good deal of feeling, though we are sorry for the mutilation of the entire poem. No. 5. Perhaps the happiest of the whole, is an elegant allegretto, in the key of A major, 2-4 time, with a flowing and picturesque accompaniment to the words, commencing, 'Adieu, adieu! my native shore.' No. 6. 'These be none of beauty's daughters,' an andante, in 2-4 time, which we do not otherwise admire than as exhibiting a great facility in the management of the instrumental part, which represents the various shading of the song with very great success, particularly in the calm monotony of the portion which describes the lulling of the water. Throughout the whole volume, we see great ingenuity and command of scientific resources, which have led the composer to display his strength chiefly in the accompaniments; a fact perilous, perhaps, to the popularity of his music. We trust it may be otherwise, for the satisfaction of musical justice.

An article on 'Don Giovanni' is unavoidably omitted from the pressure of other matter.

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A LETTER TO THE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE ON THE APPROACHING ELECTION.

GENTLEMEN,—It is now publicly announced that your present representative has received the expected reward for his legal and parliamentary merits by a promotion to the Bench, and that you will therefore be immediately called upon to elect his successor. Such an event must be interesting, to you and to all who cannot separate an anxiety for the future prosperity of your University from a recollection of the benefits which they have derived from it. To you and to them, however little either may distract themselves with the hubbub of ordinary politics, it can never be a question of trifling moment, who shall express the feelings of that which should be emphatically the mind of England, with respect to her laws, her government, and her religion. If the country at large does not share in this interest, its indifference must arise either from a very bad state of public feeling, with respect to the importance of learning in the regulation of affairs, or from an experience of some grievous neglect on your part in giving it the weight to which it is entitled. If he can succeed in stimulating you to the inquiry, whether one or both of these two causes be in operation to frustrate one of the principal objects of your institution, and if so, whether it is in your power to repair the mischief, the object of the humble individual who now addresses you will be accomplished.

Gentlemen, if the question which you have now to determine were, whether you should send to the Commons House of Parliament a Whig or a Tory, I should not have troubled you with this letter; or at any rate I should have selected another medium for the publication of it than a Journal devoted to science and literature. But this point, you are well aware, is not the one which you will be called upon to discuss with your consciences at the present time, or probably for a long time to come. To whatever cause it is owing,—to the greater Catholicism of men's minds which enables them to overlook petty differences, or to their indifference which prevents them from perceiving any,—to our having sounded the depths of all opinions till we have found the point of their coincidence, or to the ground immediately under our feet having been so slippery that we cannot even maintain our position on the surface,—the fact is undoubted, that the old boundary lines of the various provinces of political belief are becoming every day less discernible, and that the sectarian spirit of the country, now-wise extinguished or lessened, though somewhat bewildered by the loss of its favourite designations, is looking for some new national assembly, to make a new departmental arrangement of its cumbrous empire. Nor, I suppose, will the proudest admirer of these obsolete titles, maintain that when they are banished from the rest of the world, they ought to find an asylum in your ancient halls. On the contrary, it will be generally allowed that they were merely—like the red marks painted upon the hides of sheep, that the owner of a flock may be able to distinguish the members of it from the neighbouring ones—necessary for those who have no natural distinctions, or are liable to lose them in the attrition of society, but perfectly superfluous in those who live apart from the world, and have true characteristics stamped within, of which these are but the external symbols. The absurdity was, that you men of learning as you are and philosophers as you ought to be, should ever have exacted such a test of qualifications from your candidates as their acquaintance with the masonic signs of party—and not at all that you should abandon them now, when all the rest of the world has done the same. No, gentlemen; the representative of a University has no business now, nor ever had any business, with Whiggism or Toryism—what manner of man he ought to

be, should be determined by a far different, a far higher criterion.

The House of Commons is a representative of the different English classes. Some of these are not adequately represented, which is a defect in the system of the House of Commons—they are all of them too broken, too discordant, too hostile, which is the defect of the state of feeling in the country. But still whenever any interest is predominant in any town, borough, or county, that interest is supported by the member who is returned for it: in the counties, the interest of the large proprietors—in the close boroughs, the interest of their owners—in the towns, the interest of whatever branch of commerce or manufacture prevails there. It were to be wished, of course, wherever any great body of men, such as the hardware-men of Birmingham, or the cotton-spinners of Manchester, have not a voice in the Legislature that they should obtain one; and it were to be wished far more fervently, that all the classes—landed proprietors, commercial men, and manufacturers should feel, as a better moral education would enable them to feel, that there is one great common interest which is more valuable to each of them than that one which is peculiar to them, and which common interest, therefore, members should be selected to express. This, however, being the principle of our English representation, it is proper to inquire what the interest is which should be predominant at your University, the nature of which your member should understand, the object of which he should prosecute. What is that which should be as dear to you, as the West India Trade to the merchants of Bristol, or as the shawl trade to the manufacturers of Norwich? And if it should appear that you have overlooked this interest in support of other ends, it will be worth while to know whether you have only merged that which was private and personal in some wide theory of good, or whether in neglecting that object you have neglected the object which it was most important for the country's advantage, as for your own, that you should keep in sight.

Gentlemen, it seems to me, that the interest which has been committed into your keeping, the interest which it behoves you to watch over at least as jealously as any body watches over the particular mystery which it professes is,—the INTELLIGENCE of this country. This is your high calling; for this were you created, for this were you fenced with dignities and endowments, needful protections against the disposition which wealth has always shown, when it has not been counteracted by some such state provision, to sacrifice the cultivation of men's higher interests to the pursuit of mere physical enjoyments—for this did our forefathers commit that apparent anomaly of giving to a body of recluses a vote in the management of public affairs. For do not suppose that this arrangement was made because it was foreseen that questions would come once in a quarter of a century before Parliament remotely relating to the laws and discipline of your University, and which it would require some representative specially acquainted with its constitution to expound. Our ancestors were not such refined calculators, nor did they hold the elective franchise so cheap that they would grant it for an end which a lawyer hired for the occasion would accomplish as well, nor forget so easily what were the peculiar objects for which they had established institutions for education that they would in mere sport turn them from their appropriate functions to another and a vulgarer one. No, it was for a very different reason that they placed this power in your hands. They felt that, however wisely they had contrived the system of parliamentary representation to express the total mind of the country, nevertheless, the House of Commons would fail to express it—not merely from defects in its constitution, not merely from feelings then unknown growing up in the country—but also because that which should

be a concentrated national mind would be too often split into fragments, parcelled out amidst guilds, corporations, and factions, and therefore incapable of making itself heard through any one clear and harmonious voice. They knew not how to avert the evil which they beheld from afar; but, perhaps, they might discover a partial remedy for it. It was indeed to be expected that in a Legislature which was occupied by fifty conflicting interests, each fighting for a predominance to which none was entitled, there could be few broad views, little statesmanlike policy. But could not an infusion of the lacking virtue be introduced from some other quarter? Was there no one interest in the state which even a superficial mistaken estimate of its nature could not set in factious opposition to other interests—one which would naturally and necessarily seek a representative for it in that very class from which none of the other interests could ever seek theirs—one, consequently, which would be the means of sending to Parliament the best supporter of that which is the true concern of the whole state, the best counterworker against those plots and conspiracies which have for their end the establishment of some petty despotism within it? That interest they believed was the one of which you are the protectors. If in the majority of towns and counties, men were selected not for their general wisdom, but for their empirical knowledge of some one subject, or for their interested care for that above all others, this could never happen to you. Your subject was the whole field of human wisdom, and there was nothing to determine you in a preference for any one corner of it, except that the pasture there was greener and more nourishing. Elsewhere, it was an act of virtue, an instance of resistance to the selfish tendencies of human nature scarcely to be expected from ordinary bodies, if a man should be elected who had more concern about the whole nation than about the plot of ground which returned him. But you—though from learned and godly men a sacrifice might naturally be looked for, which could not be expected at the hands of the ignorant, yet no sacrifice is required—you have to select with reference to your own proper vocation, and you will select the most desirably for your country. Among others it may be an excuse for choosing a mere mouth-piece for their own narrow feelings, that they understand his qualifications, but are not competent to pronounce upon those which would fit him for the legislator of a whole people. But only by stultifying yourselves, only by denying that you are fit men to have any influence over a school of learning, could you plead that other merits are more intelligible to you than those which entitle a man to the rank of a philosopher; that it is easier for you to know whether he is a clever lawyer or political trader, than whether he understands what constitutes a state, how it is to be governed, and how defended.

This, Gentlemen, must have been the intention of your ancestors, when they conferred on you the right which you are so soon to exercise. Two representatives would surely have been enough for the very paltry market-town in which your colleges are placed, if it had not been believed that the choice of the worshipful body of Aldermen who preside over its affairs would be somewhat different in kind from that which would be made by the members of learned and religious foundations.

Each class they thought would choose persons, if not of their own class, at least whose understandings approached their own calibre;* and those ancient persons had no fear that in doing so, the University would select men who were too philosophical to be good statesmen. They had no notion that a man was the less likely to be prac-

* Lest we should be supposed to mean any insult to the present members for the town of Cambridge, it may be as well to mention that his Grace of Rutland, and not the Aldermen of the borough, elects the representatives at present.

tical, because he had spent that time in studying history, which others spend in making out accounts or drawing pleas. In the simplicity of their hearts, they fancied that the business of a philosopher is quite as favourable to the acquirement of clear and steady views of mankind, as even that of an inmate of a public office; and that the *horæ subsecivæ* of the former are likely to be almost as well employed in strengthening and improving their views by personal experience. They believed, such was their rudeness and simplicity, that clerkly men in the sense in which Sir Thomas More and Lord Bacon were such, might govern empires nearly as well as a clerkly man in the sense in which Mr. Herries deserves that appellation. And even if they had deemed it quite impossible for a philosopher to acquire the knowledge of routine which is possessed by those who have no other, they would have yet reflected, that, since in the respectable and powerful class of country gentlemen there is a considerable number who are guiltless both of routine and philosophy, and yet are justly thought worthy of seats in the House, the absence of one merit ought not to work a disqualification which the absence of both does not work. Such arguments, perhaps, ought to have no weight with men of the present age; but, if arguments will not, experience must. We may maintain against the shrill laughter of all antiquity, that a man of routine and a practical man mean the same thing; but we cannot maintain it in despite of our own knowledge and our own suffering. We know that a man of routine and a practical man, instead of being synonymous terms, are as nearly as may be the antipodes of each other. We know that men of routine are a set of huckstering paltry theorists, who have a new expedient for every accident, a new treatment for every paroxysm of the same fever. We know that they are practical in nothing, unless to be practical mean to be undecided, temporising, contradictory; and we know, or we ought to know, that there is but one mode of restoring regularity and practical health to our system, which is to place it under the care of statesmen instead of clerks, of philosophers instead of empirics.

Gentlemen, it was your duty to have given the Legislature, statesmen and philosophers. This obligation was laid upon you from the moment that you obtained the right of sending representatives. It was one of your highest privileges, it was one of your most solemn responsibilities. By discharging this duty, you would have given a test of the sincerity and faithfulness with which you will keep all the other trusts that have been committed to you,—you would have been able to give the best evidence of what men your institutions were capable of rearing—you would have been able to make your voice heard on behalf of principles against the sandy shifting morality and politics of the age—you would have done more good for the country than all the schemes for reforming the constitution of the Legislature, that have ever been devised, for they would make it a more exact expression of the feelings, that is to say of the ignorance, of the country—you would have introduced into it a portion of knowledge and truth. You had every conceivable motive, you had every conceivable facility, for making the experiment. You could not ask, as others, what are two votes among so many, for it was not a question of votes; and two men of genius, or one, you know, are sufficient to shed across a whole generation. You could not urge, as others might do, that it was difficult to make men in a single day for your tasks; for you had them for years in your power—years, each one of which should have contributed to create and fashion them.

I appeal, then, to your consciences, Gentlemen, how has this duty been discharged? Whom have you, the guardians of the intelligence of England, commissioned to defend its interests? What philosophers have you called from their lonely cells to speak openly the truths which they have been

meditating secretly? What have you done to strengthen morality and government and law, by electing men who were competent to expound them as realities to men who regard them as mere names, and to defend them against men who are glad enough to eat of their fruit, while they are undermining the roots? If such men have not been produced, what can be urged in your behalf? Not that they do not exist, for the elements of such characters must always exist; and what, if this were true, could be said for the education which had not nurtured these elements into men? Not that they are too poor to be sent into an assembly, in which wealth and not intelligence is the qualification; for the wants and temptations of such men are not numerous; and if a plain and comfortable provision be all that is required, how is it possible that a university chest, which is easily unlocked whenever it is thought expedient to affront your venerable halls and chapels with the neighbourhood of Mr. Wilkins's lath and plaster, should refuse to furnish the pittance?

Has Cambridge, then, looked for its representatives among such men? Have they not been men seditiously picked from those classes out of which there is all but a certainty that no wisdom, no statesmanship, will arise? Former elections have generally laid, as the present is likely to do, between young scions of noble houses—nurslings of public offices—and lawyers. I speak of classes, not of individuals, and therefore I have a right to say, in spite of any exception that Mr. Cavendish may present to the remark, that strength and maturity of mind, a very profound acquaintance with history, habits of reflection, catholicism of feeling, and, what is equally necessary with any of these gifts, and necessary to most of them, an extensive acquaintance with literature,—are not generally to be expected from those gentlemen among the Aristocracy who have not yet attained the age of twenty-three years. I speak of classes, not of individuals; and therefore I will not be deterred by any scintillations of genius which may have appeared in Mr. Bankes, from affirming that the strongest thinking, the most enlarged habits of mind, do not form the characteristic features of men who have been trained to be Under-Secretaries. I speak of classes and not of individuals; and, therefore, however false the proposition may be in the case of Mr. Alderson, I will not suppress my conviction, that a very high sense of moral dignity, an open English tone of feeling, a courageous embracing intellect, can be sought for in few places more hopelessly than among Barristers.

And yet it is from this last class—this class of lawyers, this class which the worldly declaim against as too worldly, which the unprincipled shrink away from as too heedless of principle, which in its own catalogue of its own virtues inscribes the trick of rising to the top of the profession as the highest,—it is from this class that you are most proud to select your representatives; it is the men of this class whom you send to support intellect and morality; these are your statesmen and philosophers!

I have much more to say upon this subject, but my letter has already run to a greater length than I intended; I will, therefore, add but one word more, not—be not afraid, Gentlemen—for the purpose of exploring the motives which have led to the conduct I have been exposing, but to point out the effect which it has produced in frustrating the other objects for which you exist as a University. You cannot suppose that your example can be without effect upon the younger members of your body, or that the marked preference in your mind for certain intellectual qualities and dispositions can be without a counterpart in theirs. Already has this effect become most painfully manifest. They see how you dispose of your honours; they feel what a low, cringing reverence science and literature pay to the talent for setting on in the world, and to all who possess

it; they hear you defending your institutions not by citing the instances so numerous in your earlier history of *MEN*—great *MEN* who have been nurtured in your school—Bacon, Miltons, Cudworths; but appealing, Oh shame! as the best witnesses of its good effect, to the men, who, having first received honours in your University, have afterwards scrambled upon the necks of attorneys or by clinging to the skirt of some patron, to honours in the world—they hear too these boasted luminaries themselves, who at your commemoration dinners, profess that they owe every thing to the University—in other companies sneering at your institutions, and declaring, with a wink, that it was to no mathematical or classical knowledge that they owed their 10,000*l.* (a declaration which the Cudworths and the Barrows would have felt to be a consolation, though not an acquittal, to their consciences)—they hear all this and what follows? What can follow but that they act upon the principle which by your words and deeds you have recommended—consider success in the world as the only end of life—scout knowledge, except so far as it is desirable to this end—and pursue it only so far as with their weak eyes they can see that it is desirable for this end—consequently neglect the studies of the University, and pursue any dissipation, however ruinous, instead of it,—and, finally, go forth into the world, making your system an excuse for all the crimes which they choose to commit; and, though effecting nothing by their words, yet by the evidence of their lives, proving, that by some means or other,—whether through the fault of the institutions or of those who administer them men do not trouble themselves to inquire,—bad principles are sown, and brought into maturity, in institutions for the promotion of sound learning and religious instruction. Gentlemen! are your institutions answerable for this?

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient humble servant,

L.

THE DREAM OF THE WEST WIND.

WEARIED with roaming woods and leas,
He came on trembling wings from far,
And calmly sank that western breeze
In glimmering cave of gem-like spar.
His pinions, wove of light and dew,
Lay like the veil a queen has worn,
On greenest moss where gently grew
Flowers that had never seen the morn.
His breathing filled the cell with air,
A whispering charm, a tranquil joy;
And a lone spring sang softly there,
And kissed and cooled the dreaming boy.
His brow was like the clearest cloud
That e'er made soft a star of June;
And thither swarmed a silent crowd
Of thoughts, like elves around the moon.
He dreamed of that far western wood
When first he woke amid the dawn,
Ere man had broke the solitude,
Or sprites had all from earth withdrawn.
And then he dreamed how forth he sprang
A warrior child on rushing wings,
While with his speed the forest rang,
As to the winter's shouts it rings.
Again he felt his onward sweep,
As in that first triumphant pride,
Again he coursed in vision deep
The rolling sea, the grey, the wide.
He dreamed that early fisher's boat
Was sinking at his blast again;
And wailing round him seemed to float,
Breathed from the dim engulfing main.
But now there came a thousand dreams
Of all the gay, the sweet, the wild,
Whate'er delight with heavenly gleams
Had fed the West's enchanted child.
He thought on all he e'er had stolen,
Of scents, and smiles, and marmoured pleasures,
Despoiling flowers with gladness swollen,
And rifling nature's subtle treasures.

Last in his slumbering fancy showed
The fairest vision of them all,
The loveliest maid that e'er abode
A woodland Nymph, in leafy hall.

Her hair like sunshine round her hung,
Her brow was smooth as pearly shell,
Her eyes with laughing life were young,
Her whisper chimed like festal bell.

The sleeper woke; 'twas now the hour
When he was wont to seek the isle,
Where in her green and lonely bower
She wove her web, and sang the while.

The dreamer, like a shining mist,
Rose from the moss, and swam in air,
And, deftly poised as him might list,
Danced for a moment glittering there.

Then like a bird upon the wing,
A bird of heaven, away he bore,
Cleaving the skies, a cherub thing,
To reach that islet's haunted shore.

There the bright wanderer of the world
Would sink from flight, and find his nest,
And with his silken pinions furled,
Sleep on a soft and heaving breast.

THE NEW HALL AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

THE ceremony which took place on Friday last, on occasion of the solemn opening of the New Hall at Christ's Hospital, has been fully reported by the Daily Papers, to which, in truth, the relation of these and similar proceedings belongs much more properly than to a journal such as ours. For this reason, we shall treat all further notice of that event as superfluous, and proceed, without other preface, to make a few observations on the architecture of the new edifice.

We have no hesitation in expressing, at the very outset of our remarks, the satisfaction we derived from perceiving in this building, at the first and slightest glance, an exception in a very important point to the generality of modern erections. The far greater number of these, be they public or private, have a common fault; namely, the absence of all evidence of the true feeling and character of the style which the architect professes to adopt in his design. In the numerous and unfortunate—attempts to bring Greek architecture into vogue, this fault seems to be pretty universally felt and acknowledged; and the perception of it has produced a re-action against the application of the style itself. The same is the case with regard to the instances in which Old English architecture has been the professed model of imitation, however strange it may appear that Englishmen should not be able to employ with success a style peculiarly and emphatically said to be their own, and however distant may be the period at which the persuasion of this incapacity will be as general as is the conviction of the abortive results of the attempts to adopt the style of the Greeks. Here and there, indeed, there occurs an instance of the adaptation of old English architecture, to which this censure would not apply. The improvements at Windsor, the St. Peter's Church at Brighton, and one or two of the new churches in the neighbourhood of town, may be referred to as worthy of exemption from the reproach; but the catalogue of such honourable exceptions would be but a short one. Were it to be made, the building now under our particular attention would certainly deserve to hold in it a distinguished place.

In the design of the New Hall, the architect has very judiciously had an eye to the period of the foundation of the Institution, and with equal taste as regards the choice of a style, and judgment as regards its reference to the period with which it is associated, has adopted the description of architecture which prevailed about the time of Edward VI. The palace at Hampton Court seems to have furnished the model after which many of the most important details, the windows, the pinnacles, and the chimneys, have been fashioned.

The general effect of the exterior, with its

repetition of bold projecting buttresses, is noble. The most striking characters are, simplicity and beauty of proportion, two qualities sufficient of themselves to entitle the building to be pronounced a good one. The cloister which composes the basement, by the deep masses of shadow formed in its recesses, contributes immensely to the general effect of the entire edifice. The arrangement of the windows is in perfect accordance with the character of the building and style of the architecture, of the simplicity and grandeur of which it abundantly partakes. The polygonal towers form a graceful termination, but would have produced, we think, a better picturesque effect, and have afforded a more decided boundary to the building, had they been more lofty; the battlement, with its pinnacles, gives a beautiful and varied finish to the elevation. The minor details are, generally speaking, beautiful, and show the result of careful study; but there are some dissonant parts: in the enrichment, for instance, over the arches of the cloisters, in the manner in which the labels over the large windows terminate running on to lose themselves in the buttresses, and in the carved work, or corbels, under the small pinnacles over the centre of the windows, the style which pervades the general design has not been preserved with sufficient strictness.

These animadversions on the exterior lead naturally to the conclusion, that the general effect of this building displays a nice and true feeling of the character of the style adopted: in respect to the details, similar praise cannot be bestowed but with qualification.

The southern side of the Hall, which is that which we have been engaged in noticing, is the only part of the edifice on which it has been considered advisable to bestow architectural embellishments. The northern side, and the ends, are plainly executed in brick-work; and, we conclude, will be concealed by other portions of the Hospital.

The open arcade or cloister, which forms the pierced basement to the building, is admirably adapted for the purposes of the establishment forming a sheltered place of exercise for the boys. In an architectural point of view, the general effect within the cloister is agreeable; at the same time, it is open to the objection, that it is not Gothic or old English. The series of very flat pendentive domes which, in the vaulting, are substituted for the groining usual in Gothic cloisters, are more Italian than English in form. The domes are beautifully executed in brickwork.* The ribs which separate the domes are harsh; they would have been less faulty had the angles been splayed. The key-stone, sculptured with the Blue-school cap and belt, and the trencher and bowl represented on the key-stone of the spacious vaulting of the kitchen, are pleasant, ingenious, and by no means inappropriate attempts at those symbolical conceits which our old monkish architects so much delighted in.

So much for the exterior design. On entering the building and advancing to the principal staircase, the expectation receives an unexpected shock. This with the vestibule, where the opportunity was afforded of producing great and delightful effect, is altogether a failure: it is bald and devoid of character. Advancing to the hall, however, the disappointment is forgotten. Here again the general effect is admirable. The vast dimensions, the grand proportions, and the simplicity of the arrangements, renders this one of the finest in Europe, and, as regards rooms of the kind in this country, second only, though at a wide distance to Westminster Hall.

The two small windows at the eastern end are not in accordance with the rest of the Hall; the old painted glass with which they are glazed, fine

* The manner in which these domes are turned was first introduced into this country, if we mistake not, by Messrs. Strutt of Derby.

as it is, has too powerful an effect, and puts the principal windows to shame for their own poverty and nakedness. It would be a satisfaction to know, that the quantity of fine old stained glass already used has not exhausted the entire treasure in this description of ornamental material possessed by this establishment, and that more remains behind, to be hereafter employed in the embellishment of this grand room. A little more of the carved wood-work, such as that which adorns the pulpit, might be appropriated with very happy effect.

The fittings up and finishing of the interior of the room,—the pendants of the ceiling, the galleries, the screen, the inclosures, the seats on the dais, and even the inscription and benefaction boards, are not worthy of the magnificence of the rooms itself. Without presenting any fault glaringly offensive, they fail, because we miss in them true spirit of old English architecture; they bear not that stamp of study and of intimacy with the character with which it is proposed to invest them, which are observable in the general effect. The choice of the lamps we throw on the shoulders of the Furnishing Committee: we could not for a moment suspect the architect to whom we are indebted for the general design of this noble edifice, of having had any concern in the selection of them.

Verrio's magnificent and gigantic painting is admirably adapted for the room. That by Holbein, and the assurance that it is by him, excite a regret that it is not in a better light.

The kitchen, which runs through the area and the basement stories, is superb. The fine gigantic piers, in single blocks of stone, which support the double range of vaultings, carry us far backward beyond the times of our Gothic forefathers to the days of the hardy workmen of Cyclopean walls.

In respect to the construction of this building, we know of no edifice, in these 'degenerate days,' by which it is surpassed. The front of the cloister deserves especial notice. This is built of blocks of Haytor granite, of massive and noble dimensions,—a particular, in which departure from the manner of the architects who flourished during the reign of the founder, may be freely pardoned. The cornice and enrichment immediately above should have been in the same material. Expense has not been spared in other parts of the building, nor should it have been considered in this. The superstructure is in Portland stone. In the liberality with which all expense necessary to give full scope to the reasonable views of the architect and to make the building complete, as in many other respects, this fabric forms an example for all public works.

We trust we shall not appear over fastidious in the animadversions which, in the conscientious performance of the duties of impartial criticism, we have made on the slight defects observable in this edifice. On the whole, it gives us great satisfaction, that with the same scrupulous regard to strict justice—the measure by which all works of merit aspire to be judged—we can conclude with applauding the New Hall of Christ's Hospital, as one of the finest of all modern Gothic buildings, and as a work which does not shrink from comparison with many of the finest old Halls at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS BY TURNER.

THE Proprietor of the Drawings made by Mr. Turner, for the work 'England and Wales,' now in a course of publication, has formed them into a gallery for the purpose of gratuitous exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. We were at the private view yesterday, but too late to allow of our doing more at present than to pronounce the Exhibition one of the most interesting, elegant, and delightful we have ever visited. The drawings are splendid specimens of taste and execution, and, collected and hung together as they are here, produce an effect beyond expectation brilliant and beautiful. Two or three views in Italy, the commencement of a work of Italian views after drawings by Mr. Turner, form part of the collection. We propose to notice them in detail in our next Number.

THE LAST THREE DAYS OF A SUICIDE.

(Translated for 'The Athenæum'.)

THE French Journals have related the deplorable event which occurred at Montmorency on the 29th of April last. Two lovers,—a young man of twenty-one years, Sub-editor of the Journal 'Le Voleur,' and a dress-maker much younger,—yielding to the influence of a consuming passion, put an end to their lives in the most shocking and tragic manner.

Young D—— determined, before death, to draw up a recital of the causes which led to it, and to describe the sensations that had agitated him from the period when he formed the fatal resolution to the last moment of his life. This sad recital we now lay before our readers. It was addressed to the office of 'Le Voleur,' with a letter under cover, bearing the post-office mark of 'Enghien, 29th April at noon,' which contained an earnest request that this might be published as a preventive to the conjectures which the dreadful event would call forth.

'The title of my book will be original, "The last Three Days of a Suicide;" it will have no preface, and will be short; for, in very truth, I have but three days to write it in, a part of which must be devoted to duties which I will fulfil to my latest moment. It will be interesting—I am at once its hero and its author.

'Yesterday, Thursday, April 23, I resolved to die; and on Monday the 27th of the same month, I intend to put that resolve in execution.

'In tracing the last three days of my life, I do not wish to transfer to my readers the *ennui* which has always oppressed myself. My heart was continually the prey of that vulture, which never leaves its victim; it passed with me from the arms of one woman to those of another—But I anticipate.

'I married Mademoiselle P——, after an eight months' courtship. She was formed to make me happy, had not that horrible *ennui*, or rather my romantic imagination, rendered me incapable of enjoyment.

'A very particular friend of mine had for some time been used to speak to me of a dressmaker, young, pretty, sensible, and sprightly; in fact, he said so much about her, that I conceived a great desire to behold the little phenomenon. I obtained other directions, and, the first Monday in December, I laid wait for Laura, who had spent the Sunday with her friends. I had scarcely been in attendance a quarter of an hour, when I saw tripping gaily along a young female, whom, by her lively mien and white veil, I knew to be my modiste. I will sketch her portrait; every body does not know her, and no one will be sorry to learn something of a woman who could inspire a passion like that which still devours my poor friend, and which burns this very moment in my own bosom.

'Laura is a very little girl, between seventeen and eighteen;—there is never any certainty about a woman's age;—her complexion is neither pale nor fresh: it has a slight tint of brown given it by the sun of Italy, where she lived some time. Her chestnut locks float at will and appear almost always neglected; her blue eyes are rather lively than beautiful, some think them roguish; her chin is pretty; her mouth small and particularly ravishing; but she can give it, if she will, an expression of disdain which deters and annihilates. She does not seem to have received a first-rate education; but she expresses herself with ease and correctness. Her letters have the form and tone of romance: she is witty and wonderfully shrewd. With boundless gaiety she unites, in order to make herself indispensable to her acquaintance, the ability to sing in a superior style, which she always does with the most amiable complaisance. Such is the woman for whom, and with whom, I am about to die.

'I had promised my friend to obtain a glimpse of Laura, that I might give him my conscientious opinion; but, I faith, yielding to a spontaneous impulse which even now I cannot explain, I accosted her without knowing what to say next. She was fluttered at the first word: this was the very thing for me: it gave me time to recollect myself and prepare a subject of conversation. As I saw she had determined not to listen to me, I tried to engage her curiosity by representing myself as the friend of A——: I thought even to make her accept my arm. This piece of gallantry was a dead loss. Nothing daunted, I hinted at the

jealousy of A——, and told her, that the poor young man would infallibly have taken his own life, had I not fortunately arrived in time to stay his rash hand. A slight smile, which I saw pass over her lips, told me with whom I had to deal; and, abandoning fine speeches and the moving effects of deep passions, I spoke naturally: she answered rather reservedly, that, as she had given M. A—— no title to herself, she was astonished at his jealous indications, which besides were unfounded, and that she was offended by his unseemly indiscretion. I then protested to her that I was acting on my own responsibility, and that it was only a guess: she did not look as though she believed me. In brief, I conjured her to consider me as a mediator in the event of any quarrel, and thereupon presented my card, which she took out of politeness.

'For eight days, I did not see her. I suffered a wearisome uncertainty, and was planning the means of speaking to her again, when an occasion offered of itself. A—— came, full of sorrow, to tell me that he had observed great coldness in her whom he believed, however, he had interested. "She interprets your timidity," said I, "into slight; give over useless sighs, and go directly to the point." "I dare not," was his reply. "Get an intercessor, then," rejoined I swiftly. "Who?" said he; "you are the only one, Stephane, that could do me this service." I squeezed him affectionately by the hand, in token of my devotion; and it was agreed that the next day I should speak to the cruel fair. Reproach and indignation were the result of the interview; and the same day I ventured a letter, in which ostensibly I pleaded the cause of A——, but which, at bottom, was only to serve myself. It ended nearly as follows: "If A—— loved you less, he might rest satisfied with the title of friend." Here followed a parallel between the friend and the lover, entirely to the advantage of the former; and then I said:

"If love should ever prove unkind,
I'll help thee all his wrath to meet;
Or if he come with hand inclined
To scatter flowers beneath thy feet,
My heart with joy will then overflow:
Yes, Laura, from this hour depend,
Come shine or shower, come weal or woe,
On me as on a constant friend."

'I wrote with conviction: but time grows short, and I must hasten forward. This letter was followed by many others, which ended in her reply. Assignations were made and accepted.

'A—— learnt all, and wrote to me that I was a scoundrel. I went to see him, and succeeded in persuading him that he was wrong. This reconciliation displeased Laura, who thought she saw in it the proof of what she endeavoured to persuade herself; namely, that we were in league to amuse ourselves at her expense. She entreated me to leave her to herself. I was disobedient, and she did me the justice I deserved. My rival, whom I cannot censure, assisted by a coterie of modistes, formed against me, struck his last blow: he made my delicate friend acquainted with the disorder she was going to introduce into my house, and I was a second time dismissed. But how little does the voice of reason avail against that of love! She trampled underfoot all human considerations, and after six weeks of sentimental walks, made me happy—or, as I should rather have said, completed my misery. I saw her too seldom for the impatience of my desires, and in a moment of despair, I wrote the following:

"Come let us die! Our love's deep thirst
The arid earth may ne'er supply;
But death the envious bar will burst,
With which our path in time is curst."

Come let us die!

"Come let us die! Reveals the tomb
A better life in yon dark sky:
With laughing loves I see it bloom;
Hark! hope re-echoes through the gloom,"

Come let us die!

"Come let us die! For though again
We there should be condemn'd to sigh;
Yet will we count it richest gain,
That we shall share each other's pain."

Come let us die!"

'To this she made me no reply, and I myself forgot a design which, however, as it afterwards recurred to me, was my sole resource.

'My wife was kept in entire ignorance; (I suppose she will not know of my infidelity till she hears of my death;) but I shuddered at the idea of the pain she would feel in the certainty of having been betrayed. I considered this the instant of my guilt and that of my mistress; for if I cherished Pauline too much to determine willfully to cause her pain, I idolized Laura to such a degree, that I could not resolve, by death, to set aside the fear that she might become another's.

'We revived the subject of death; and never, I

swear, was a question, apparently so serious, discussed in so unconcerned a style. In fine, on Tuesday, the 21st, I received a letter, of which the following is a faithful copy:

"The prospect of the future terrifies me: if thou lovest me, thou wilt not hesitate. I hate life: I see nothing but torment. To live apart from thee is impossible: I should always be the prey of inquietude and weariness.

"On therefore—death for me! I contemplate it with secret joy. What should I have to regret? My parents? They will prefer my death to the knowledge of my shame! If there be any thing in the world you would regret, remain.

"I will not complain, and I shall have courage enough to rid myself of a life which is insupportable. I have considered well. I cannot be happy but with thee. All is opposed to my happiness. I will die. Answer me concerning it. Thy friend,

"LAURA."

'My reply was short: "Thou knowest my resolve, to follow thee every where: it is unchangeable."

'However, I must confess I paid no great attention to what I wrote, though I knew Laura had a character that was firm and capable of executing whatever she proposed, if only out of self-esteem. I was to see her on Thursday morning, and I thought no more about it.

'It is Friday midnight when I close this kind of historical summary. I will now carry back the reader to the moment when my resolution of murder and suicide was irrevocably taken. I will add no varnish, but be true rather than brilliant.

'I will begin by drawing my own portrait, part of which I transcribe from a passport which I received about a year ago:

"Aged 20, stature 81 centimetres, hair black, forehead middling, eye-brows black, eyes grey, nose middling, mouth middling, beard brown, chin round, face oval, complexion clear." These materials would compose a handsome lad enough; and I venture to flatter myself I am not amiss. Some slight alterations are necessary to adapt this portrait to the time present.

'I am now 21; my height is about five feet nine. To make myself cognisable to every body, I will observe, that, although rather slender for my height, my bodily strength is astonishing, particularly within the last eight or ten months, my address and vivacity such as acknowledge none but very powerful obstacles, and my vigour so great that I can contend with a horse for swiftness and for length of way. I have a look of goodness and mildness which deceives every body. My eyes are expressive, and my hair singularly beautiful. My smile would be agreeable, if it were not always spoiled by an expression of severe scorn. Such is my outside; would to God that within I had been as fair! I am vile, passionate, with a choler that breaks out in fury and rage; I defy the most intrepid man to calm me by reason when the demon is completely raised. My eyes, red as blood, appear as if starting from their sockets; my face becomes horribly livid; my long locks stand on end; and a kind of whitish foam issues from my quivering lips. Whenever I fall into this condition, I am sure for four or five days to have a slow fever. My character is proud, and made up of self-love; and I delight in counterplot. By flattery you may turn me as you will. For my revenge, I could do any thing. Prejudice and fear have no power over me. To counterbalance these defects, I have a few feeble good points—complaisance, generosity, and goodness of heart.

'Thursday, April 23.

'At six in the morning, I was in the Rue d'Hanover; Laura did not keep me waiting. She appeared as though she had not slept: but she was quite cheerful. When she came up, I was smoking a cigar, which I hastily threw down: "The smell of a pipe," says Charlet, "annoys a woman." "Heavens! what charming gaiety!" "Ah! you are here!" "Yes, hast thou any good news for me? "Certainly—I die on Monday." "Without me?" "That would be my only disappointment." "Thou shalt die content—on Monday!" In the same moment a slight mist spread over my sight: objects appeared to be placed at a great distance—every thing wore an aspect of stupidity—I looked with pity on men eagerly running to their affairs.

"Thou lookest sad," said Laura after a moment's silence." "Me! quite the reverse," I replied, endeavouring to smile. Two or three jests which I found occasion to throw off, gave me a real gaiety, in which Laura appeared to share; and, as we passed a battalion of the Royal Guards, she said, "Shall we remain on earth and beat the drum?" pointing at two of those machines which fatigued me with their monotonous

din. The tone in which she made this exclamation, heightened our mutual hilarity. "So you quit life without regret?" said I. "Yes." "Without fear?" "Yes." "Hell!" "I don't believe in such a place; on death, the entire being returns to nothing. What dost thou think will become of thee?" "My love, I expect to return to earth." "I understand—thou believest in the Metempsychosis!" "No, not precisely; that supposes the migration of the soul of man into the body of some animal; but, in my opinion, it must pass into some other man. I compare this world to a theatre, where, in a grand spectacle, the performers change their dresses in the wings, afterwards to replace their companions, who, with the same preparation, will return to replace them—that is to say, I believe the earth always contains the same number of inhabitants; that while the population increases in one part of the globe, war, pestilence, or some other scourge, depopulates in proportion the opposite countries. The earth is the womb in which we are re-formed and renewed. Every thing comes from her, every thing returns to her; and each living being, in eating her productions, feeds on the body of its similar, which Nature has made it her law to re-produce." "My love!" interrupted Laura, "this is too serious—let us talk of something else." "Willingly." "How shall we die?" "I will kill thee first; and then I will turn against myself the arm that has wounded thee." "Art thou sure thou wilt not fail me?" "Be assured, my hand will not tremble." "If you draw a pistol on me, only let it not be at my head; I don't wish to be disfigured." "Oh, you coquette! Well! I will aim it at thy heart."

"At this stage of our conversation, we met a nursemaid carefully leading a very little infant. "What is the use of all this care?" said Laura with a sigh; "arrived at our age, perhaps it will imitate us: good parents, you will have laboured only for your own distress;" and she fell into a profound reverie. "No," she resumed, rousing herself, "no, I will not write directly to my father, the intelligence would kill him: I will address the letter to one of his friends, who will use discretion in making him aware of what has happened."

"We were still talking of the uneasiness that our absence would occasion, and of the means to be used for avoiding suspicion and putting conjecture at fault, when we arrived at the end of our walk. "On Monday!" said Laura, reluctantly leaving me; "I will write thee to-morrow evening." I followed her with my eyes, as far as the Rue Louis le Grand, when, signing me an adieu, she seemed to repeat—on Monday! She disappeared, and I remained as in a desert. It was my breakfast time, but I felt no appetite: I therefore went to my office; when, on M. B— inquiring after my health, I could not prevent a smile.

"The image of my good aunt now occurred to me; I could not hide from myself the pain my death would give her, aggravated, as it would be, by murder and suicide. The remembrance of her acts of kindness lay like a heap of iron on my heart. I made an excuse for going out, and it was time; for I was choking; but the air restored me. Suddenly, I conceived the plan of writing down all that I felt, and went with eagerness to the task. My sensations of sadness disappeared, and the arrival of M. C— put me in perfect good humour—that man's originality always amused me. With twenty interruptions, I wrote till four o'clock, when I left the office to join my wife. On the way, my ideas and reflections were muddy and confused. I felt nothing distinct or fixed. A beggar asked an alms, and I gave him a small piece of money, after which I felt more easy.

"Pauline," I exclaimed, as I entered the house, "I set out on a journey on Monday." "What!" "Don't alarm thyself—only for a day, and with an excellent purpose—I have got a situation!" "Lucrative?" "Six thousand francs at least, by report." "Nonsense! thou wouldst be more gay if it were true." (It seems I did not look so joyous as I endeavoured to do.) "It is most true!" "And have you got it honourably?" "I would not have accepted it otherwise." "God! how glad my father and mother will be! I shall keep the purse, shan't I?" "It shall be entirely at thy disposal." (She then mentioned several things which she would buy.) "Five hundred francs a month, without reckoning thy own property! We shall easily save something. We will have a little girl, like our Stephanie; and perhaps we shall be able to keep her." The words went like a dagger to my heart. "Pauline! we will stop there; say nothing more about it!" Dinner was served, but I ate very little. At half-past six I fell asleep with my head on the table, though I seldom go to bed before midnight. "People don't sleep before their wives, when they have been the whole day from home," said Pauline, waking

me. "Thou hast interrupted a singular dream: I thought thou wast a widow, and wast going to be married." This was false; but I wanted to prepare her for the fatal event.

"Oppressed with sleep, I was forced to go to bed. I slept six hours. On getting up, I thought I recollected having dreamt that an unforeseen circumstance had threatened my design the instant I was going to execute it; and, at length, I was satisfied that it was so.

"I wrote till eight. At ten, I was at the office alone, and engrossed by the idea of death, which now presented itself to me with the vagueness of presentiment, and now with the dread of reality. The following are nearly the thoughts that prevailed in the chaos of my disordered imagination.

"Well, I will die; I must. My wife would soon discover my infidelity, and how could I bear her just reproaches? Yes, I must die. She is young; the child she had by me is dead. Let her be free, and another more reasonable will afford her the happiness which she cannot expect from a character so romantic and extravagant as mine. She loves me, and the facts that accompany my suicide will wound her self-love. But she will forget me. I can die; but why not die alone? Why should I plunge a father into sorrow by snatching a beloved daughter from his bosom? Alas! Laura, thou art willing; and since (forgive this fear) thou mightest give thyself to another—to another, my blood boils! Yes, my love, even if thou wert not forced to marry by thy friends, I know thy heart; it would not long retain my memory. I know the ardour of thy passions. Thou must die! What wouldst thou do here? Marry a man who would cherish thee a few months, and then desert, deceive, or ill-treat thee; labour, endure privations, and be worn with cares, rear children in pain, and for what? To become bad subjects—suicides! Thou must die!

"Oh but that Minister to whom it was represented as highly advantageous that every one should live, had good reason to reply, "I see no necessity for it!" The soldier who goes, comes, halts, eats, sleeps, at the word of a boor who frequently, a few months before, had the command of a yoke of oxen only,—the living puppet whose sole means of existence is extorting a few monotonous sounds from a cracked fiddle,—the mendicant who limps and looks haggard to excite the pity of the rich,—the vagabond whose dinner depends on his meeting with a fool,—the merchant who, weary of a whole day's addition and multiplication, goes from his counting-house to his bed, sleeps, awakes, and returns ever to the same dull round,—the slaves who break stones on the highway for their bread,—how tenaciously they cling to life, the fools!

"M. C— entered opportunely to enliven me: he was humming over *Le Comte Ory* parodied, and I laughed most heartily. M. E— then stepped in, whom I requested to get me tickets for *Les Variétés*, which he did with his wonted readiness. It was the last pleasure I designed for my wife, a miserable compensation for the pain I was so soon to inflict upon her.

"Near the theatre I met Pauline, one of the actresses: her figure pleased me, and I even turned back to admire it again: this was my last touch of that kind.

"Desiring to leave my wife something that might help to make her comfortable, I went to a professional man to inquire the form of a bequest which I wished to make in favour of her: the question surprised him. "What now?" said he. "My dear fellow, I have to fight a duel, and prudence—" "Leave the duel alone, and preserve yourself for your friends." "I must fight, my self-opinion is compromised."

"At the play I was amused with the prolonged laugh it excited in my wife. It simply prevented me from reflecting. On our return, I wrote till one in the morning and slept till six, without either dreams or restlessness to disturb me. I wrote again, and by nine had come to this point of my story.

"In going to business, I began to reflect on my past life. I recollected having formerly had a presentiment (and I have seldom been deceived by presentiments) that I should not die a natural death, which I mentioned to several persons. While thus occupied, the postman brought me the following letter:

"Stephano, it is finished; I am more determined than ever. I have entered on a career too painful to retract. The more I reflect, the more am I convinced that death is our only resource, unless I give thee up. Thou knowest that is impossible: my resolution, therefore, is irrevocable. I feel no regret, though yesterday I wept a good deal, when thinking of my father; but to-day I am firm and resigned. Adieu, dearest friend—Monday at nine! Write to me on Saturday. Think of me,

"LAURA."

"The following is my answer:

"Laura, thou weepst. Canst thou have presumed too much on thy courage? Thou wilt see thy father to-morrow. Defy thy heart. Thou hast determined it; my arrangements are made; my arms are prepared; consider, therefore, that thou canst only choose whether to die by the hand of a lover, or to fall beneath the stroke of an assassin."

"It was not true that my arms were ready; but I immediately prepared to make the purchase, and ran to Lepage's. I was insensible to the sight of the pistols which I selected; but when I handled them, they felt heavy and cold; and, pretending that the price was too great, I went out hastily, more sad than when I came, saying to myself, "I am but twenty; youth and health gild my prospects, and yet I think of death! Yes, I will;—why should I remain longer in the world, pursuing the pleasures it contains? Vain pleasures! They are, alas! incessantly the same; and misery only takes new forms, each more dreadful than its predecessor. No child calls me father: she whose happiness was confided to me, will owe it to the tenderness of her friends, and to union with a man more worthy of her than I. My good aunt herself, consoled, will rejoice at my death, when she reflects, that, in deferring it, I should have compromised the peace and tranquillity of a sensible and virtuous wife, on whom children would, perhaps, have soon appeared to impose, along with the duty of living, the obligation of witnessing their sufferings. But let not those to whom I was dear, forget me quite, if they can recall my name without shame, and without anger! You, especially, the parents of my Pauline, you will think of me! Ah! could you read this heart, long since stung with remorse,—this heart, which, though consumed with a burning passion, still preserves for your child that purity, that sweetness of affection, which her charms and her virtues were made to inspire—you would pity me—you would see that, from the diverse feelings that torment me, I have but one shield—one refuge—Death! Yes, death! thou smilest upon me—thou art lovely: come, haste, I wait thee without fear; stiffen this blind body, the slave of a soul whose passions have made it their sport. Let my soul, freed by thy impending stroke, escape more calm and peaceful from its horrid dungeon! What its future fate may be, concerns me not! What have I to reproach myself withal? This some fools consider an act of cowardice: is it not, on the contrary, the sublime of heroism and courage? He who in the field of slaughter performs feats of valour, may sometimes not be brave: he may only be obeying the dictates of self-love, or the law of self-preservation. He who, on the loss of his fortune, or his wife, yields to despair and dies, may be a coward; but the man who, calmly surveying every thing around him, goes straightway to the tomb; who looks at death beforehand; who outfaces—turns—conquers it, that man is no coward. No; he only wanted the circumstances which make a hero. If I shall have enjoyment in the other world, why delay to quit this, where I am useless and shall soon be a subject of affliction? If I must suffer there, what are twenty or thirty years in the gulph of eternity?"

"At six I was at *Les Variétés*: my dark thoughts were dissipated; and I laughed, with all the world, at the jests of Vernot Mimi Sentbon, and cordially hissed "La Cousine Thérèse." These two duties performed, I went into the Café des Panoramas, where the first person I saw was M. B—. We talked about the new play, and the occurrences of the day: his cousin came up, and joined in the conversation. When we parted, he gave me his hand with much affection, and wished me good-night. At the sound of this friendly adieu, I felt all my nerves contract themselves; and, had I not made a powerful effort to restrain myself, I should have squeezed the blood from his fingers. I went home.

"On Sunday, after a very tranquil night, I ran to the Rue d'Hanover, at the hour when I knew Laura would be going to the house of her parents. I had only time to ask her if her resolution was still the same; and receiving an answer in the affirmative, I left her. I went to a reading-room; and while endeavouring to digest the immense rubbish of the metropolitan journals, I fell asleep. I believe, (God forgive me!) it was over the "Journal des Débats."

"I never passed a more careless evening than that before the day fixed for my crime. A circumstance, singular enough, occurred about six o'clock the same day, when I happened to meet Laura, with her father and two female friends: she appeared in the very extreme of gladness. Again I slept profoundly, and on Monday morning, at six o'clock, I rose and prepared for my pretended journey. I will not attempt to paint

my emotions when Pauline gave me her last kiss, and bade me her last adieu, because I am determined to die without shedding a tear.

'At nine I was in the Passage du Caire. Laura came, and was perfectly calm.

Montmorency, Wednesday, April 20, 1829.

'During the three days that I have been here, I have thought of death only when I looked at the old asylum of Rousseau, and when I asked myself if I could die? Yes, I replied; the tired traveller seeks repose.

'It is now four o'clock: there are two weddings in the apartment under ours, which we have not left since Monday evening. We hear the lazy accompaniments of their much freer joy,—we hear their bursts of noisy mirth, and the heavy-paced sounds of their music,—all which are about to be suddenly suspended by the explosion of death. Come, M. C—! quick! an article! show us the whole tribe of the White Horse running headlong in the direction of the startling sound. Picture the terror of the young couples, to be swiftly chased away by the serene smile of satisfaction; for the untimely interruption of their ball will but bring them sooner into each other's arms. Let no one be surprised at this frivolous vein: it is not feigned. My hand and my look caress with delight the weapon which will soon tear open my breast, when it has pierced Laura's heart, whose own face is now lit up with smiles. Nevertheless, my aunt—Pauline! Paul—Paul—Pauline! Adieu! Adieu!

The first impulse of the editor of 'Le Voleur,' on receiving this fatal communication, was to hasten to Montmorency. A hope remained that the discovery of the last preparations for this deed of blood might have intercepted the dreadful purpose of the writer. This hope deceived his friend to the very last, who, arrived at Montmorency at the inn chosen for the consummation of the tragedy, learnt that no report had been heard. It was not even known whether the two guests were in their chamber, or had gone to take a walk. No one answered to their call, and they forced an entrance. The bed had been placed across the door; and the first sight which, when it was opened, presented itself, was that of the two bodies stretched on the floor and bathed in blood. A handkerchief was tied round the eyes of Laura, whose heart had been transpierced by a ball. After wounding the woman of his love, the miserable man's hand appeared to have become less steady; and in firing at himself he had partly missed his aim, the ball having entered too low; and, in the terrible agonies of death, he had turn himself severely in various parts. It was singular that the two empty pistols were found placed parallel on the table, without a single spot of blood on either. The noise of their explosion had been covered by the boisterous merriment of the wedding-party below.

They had been heard singing together the whole day; and ten minutes or so before the time when it is supposed they had fulfilled their design, they were seen gaily returning from a neighbouring wood, and drawing near to warm themselves at the kitchen fire. 'Come, let us go up,' said Stephane to Laura, who, after seeming to hesitate an instant, replied, without change of countenance, 'Yes, let us go up,' and herself led the way. They had written a letter to the innkeeper, Leduc, expressing their regret that his house should be the scene of their death; that the forest was the place they had first in view; 'but it was cold,' they added, 'our hands trembled, and the fear of failing in our design made us return.' The letter finished by a detailed account of their expenses, a gratuity, and the bequest of Laura's shawl to one of the girls of the inn.

The horror of this dreadful catastrophe is the more difficult to describe, that it has been witnessed; and any further attempt at describing, instead of exaggerating beyond the truth of the facts, would but weaken their impression. Stephane D. was an orphan; Laura had only her father at Paris. This sudden and afflicting event was not communicated to the friends of the two unfortunates till the earth covered their mangled remains, to which the sternest compassion cannot refuse a tear.

THE CURATE.—A TALE.

(Continued from p. 330.)

AND I
Blame not this dispensation. For the high
And holier home, whose glory from afar
Shines on his wanderings like a guiding star,
Hath little which this world of sense can deem
More real than visions of a fever dream;
And good men here must like tired pilgrims creep
In rough paths, else, o'ercome by pleasant sleep,
They might lie down on the way-side, subdued
By songs of birds, and murmuring gales, imbued
'With flower-exhaled scents.' Now pain hath power
To lead men up to virtue, in the hour
Of grief or persecution to make strong
Their lively faith, and from all taint of wrong
To winnow them for heaven. Our tears are vain,
For this, in his worst times of grief and pain,
Was Walter's firm reliance; till it made
Him love his tribulations. In the shade
We now were seated, from the galling rays
Of the hot sun defended; but the praise
I gave my friend moved my meek love to ask
Of his life's story. Since she knew the task
Of calling back long vanish'd memories,
Shadows of youth and manhood, ever is
Filled with sad pleasure; and perchance she thought
That in my tale must somewhat be unwrought
Of my youth's history. I replied,—'This true
And most dear friend from a high lineage drew
A name unspotted, in ancestral worth
Wealthy, and to the dower of his birth
Gave back tenfold. We know not what we gain
Of thought and feeling from the joy or pain
Of infancy; yet surely much that springs
From childish acts, now long-forgotten things,
Informs us still, and through the troubled ways
Of life companions us; making our days
Bright as their dawn was bright; and, when they rose
In darkness, loaded with a storm of woes.
For 'tis the mind within us, by the states
Of past existence moulded, that creates
Its present; all that sense enjoys or fears,
Youth, age, wealth, poverty, e'en joy and tears,
We make e'en as we will from our own light
That burns within, shedding a glory bright
E'en on the meanest things.' Upon the grass
Beyond you, love, look at that broken glass;
'Tis useless; yet the glorious sunbeams blaze
Refracted from it in a thousand rays,
And cause that useless fragment to appear
A burning splendour: so from the high sphere
Of our own soul we send the unchanged day
Which doth the varied shapes of dust array
With all the brightness they possess, transform
Their nature, robing dead things with the warm
And pulsed frame of life, and interfuse
A blank creation with a thousand rainbow hues.
Therefore I think that Walter's gentle mind
Is linked to the rough scenes he hath left behind,
When he found nought but harshness from his kind,
And made a friend of nature; to her love
Rendering all love he felt; on cloud or grove
Bestowing all the affections which he feared
To cast away on men. He had been reared,
E'en from the moment when his life began,
In solitude; his sire was a stern man,
Whose youth hardship had seared; in a fierce strife
With poverty he past his noon of life,
A soldier by the camp made hard and cold,
Till, while far off he toiled for fame and gold,
His hair grew grey. And then some kinsman died,
Some distant, unknown kinsman, scarce allied,
Childless; from India then the soldier came
Amongst us to uphold an honoured name,
The heir of large possessions. Youth was fled,
And youthful hopes, by the wild life he had led
Soon crushed; for through all fortunes in the stead
Of those affections which have strength to stay
Our weary steps fainting on life's rough way,
Pride, and a fierce self-seeking will, had been
The spirit that bore him up. And these, I ween,
May sometimes lend a seeming strength, and steel
Our hearts against such ills as worldlings feel,
Neglect or poverty; but in the hour
Of hought prosperity, such feigned power
Melts from us, and as one in a lone wood
Wandering beighted, thro' the solitude
Of life we rush trembling: the glorious dower
Of natural beauty decks the autumnal bower;
Bough twined with bough, in close embraces, weaves
A living canopy of verdurous leaves;

O'er all his path the starred mosses stray,
And roses perfume all his pleasant way,
Yet this unmeasured wealth of scents and trees
The sad wayfarer knows not: in the breeze
Which wafts the fragrance from the blooms, he hears
Only a dirge, and clothed in darkness fears
The paradise he moves in; did the day,
The day of love shine on us, we should stay
Our course to share the universal pleasure,
And feel the wealth of nature's offered treasure.
This Hardyng could not: he had borne the jeers
Of men he scorned: fierce pride which men's hearts
sears,

Gave scorn for scorn, and made unwilling peers
Of rich and poor: but when broad lands and gold
Became his heritage, his heart was cold
And he ruled harshly: to a strange estate
Coming a stranger worn and desolate,
And there was little which might make him blest
In wealth, or calm his spirit's stern unrest:
His line the peasant knew not: none could tell
Tales of his infancy, his youth: in dell,
In rock and stream he found no friendly place,
No spot which childhood's half-remember'd grace,
Which hardy youthhood, which manhood's stately
prime,

Bound with the feelings of the present time,
And hallowed with the dreams of years gone by.
All these were but dead forms to a dead eye;
He came like one, who with a price of gold
Wins ancient peership: no tradition old
Linking him to the green moss-covered wall,
The copse, the streamlet or the waterfall;
And so he moved in park or gilded hall,
Like to a ghost who haunts a corridor
In the old pile he used to rule of yore.
His neighbours loved him not, for on his brow
Gloom ever sat
That the unhappy man could from the past
Recal few glad remembrances which cast
Forward the shadows of the bygone time,
And paint the future with the hues sublime
Of happiness enjoyed and gratitude.
So ever as he had been, stern and rude
He mingled with his kind.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ETRUSCAN VASES.

THE fictile vases of the ancients formed the subject of the lecture with which the company were favoured by Mr. Singer, on Friday last. The discourse commenced with an exposition of the misapplication of the name of Etruscan, which in modern times had been given to these vases,—an appellation not justified either by the fact that the use of the vessels originated in Etruria, that it was in that country that they were principally made, or that the greatest number or best of them had been discovered there. The larger proportion and the most curious specimens, it was shown, had been found in the tombs of Sicily; the most splendid and the finest in manufacture had been furnished by the town of Nola in Campania. Very many had been found in Greece: those yielded by the tombs of Athens and Corinth were particularly referred to. To all these the vases which had been found in the country comprised within the limits of ancient Etruria, were inferior in form, material, and workmanship. Whatever grounds there might be for speculation as to the particular signification of the vases, or the meaning of the figures and scenes with which they were ornamented, Mr. Singer treated it as clear from the situations in which they have been met with that they had a very particular reference to the funeral rites. They have been almost uniformly found in tombs, arranged around the body in certain, and, it would seem, in prescribed positions; one being placed between the legs, and another on the chest, while a lamp was occasionally, if not generally, suspended near the crown of the head: others were deposited more negligently about the vault with various articles, such as small figures of the Penates, buckles, and other ornaments, utensils, rings, and egg-shells. The number and splendour of the vessels in a vault varied, there is good reason for concluding, according to the

rank of the deceased: the largest tombs have furnished the vases of the most elegant form.

With regard to the meaning attached to these vases, Mr. Singer inclined to concur in the suggestions of Lanzi and Visconti, grounded on a passage in the 10th Nemean Ode of Pindar, and which had been partially adopted by Mr. Christie, that the most elaborately painted of the vases had been awarded as prizes at the festival of the Panathenæa; after which they were carefully preserved by the victor, and deposited with him in the grave. Not that the use of such vases was confined to those who had been honoured with prizes: the custom, there is no doubt, was common if not universal; and there were a class of painters or artificers whose calling it was to prepare and paint vases for the dead. In proof of this, Mr. Singer quoted a passage from Aristophanes, also cited by Mr. Christie. In the comedy of the *Εκκλησιάζουσαι* a young man, jeering an abandoned woman, and reminding her how near she was to the grave, says,

'But you wretch, I am afraid of that lover of yours.—What lover?—Why, of him the first of artists.—Who is he?—He who paints the *Lecythi* for the dead.'

The use of the *Lecythus* was illustrated by another passage:

'Away you went and left me like a corpse, except that you neither crowned me nor laid upon me the *Lecythus*.'

The scholiast interprets the *Lecythus* to denote both a lamp, and an oil vase from which to fill it.

The reference of the decorated vases to the prizes obtained in the contests at the Panathenæan festival, however correct as far as it goes, is not sufficient to account for the number of vessels of that description which have been discovered; but this difficulty has been most satisfactorily obviated by the Cav. Inghirami,* a distinguished Italian Antiquary, and Mr. Christie, who simultaneously, or at least without communication with one another, have coincided in regarding the scenes figured on the fictile vases as symbolical of the mystic theology of the ancients, and more especially as representing the Eleusinian mysteries.

As to any further use for these vases than as mere honorary testimonies to the merit of the dead, various conjectures have been hazarded. Mr. Millingen has expressed the opinion, that they had contained the wine, oil, and milk, which was poured over the body; and Mr. Singer, speaking in approbation of this suggestion, observed, as in some measure a corroboration of it, that it was the custom to place a vase, containing lustral water, at the door of the house in which lay a corpse.

The earliest vases were plain, composed of simple clay, of which they retained the colour. To these succeeded vases with red or purple ground, having the figures in black; the latest are those of which the figures are red. The specimens which exhibit the greatest variety of colour are the polychromatic vases of *Ægina*, and these are the most rare of all.

In treating of the forms of the vases, Mr. Singer adopted the classification of Mr. Christie, and considered that the larger vases of the ancients had been designed after the capsules of certain plants of the water-lily kind, drawings of which were exhibited, and contrasted with drawings of vases. Four of these were specified, as given by Mr. Christie: The *Nelumbium* of Egypt, approaching to a conical form; the *Nymphaea Lotus* of Egypt, of oblong spheroidal form; the *Nymphaea Alba* of Greece, oblate spheroidal; the *Nurphar Lutea* of Greece, of which the capsule is urceolate. Hence, said Mr. Singer, Mr. Christie has arranged his vases in classes, as *Nelumbioides*, *Loto-ides*, *Nymphæo-ides*, and *Nupharo-ides*. The *pericarpia*, or seed vessels of other plants, as of the poppy, and pomegranate, are to be traced in the forms of others, and especially of the smaller vases of the ancients, and in the spe-

cimens of *crepundia*, or children's baubles of diminutive pottery.

Mr. Singer, in addition to the classification of the vases of the ancients, after their forms, suggested the propriety of arranging them according to the subjects which their embellishments represented; as for example: 1st Class, those which alluded to the gods, their loves, &c. 2. Those which commemorated heroes and their exploits. 3. Dionysiacs, a particular class, representing bacchical scenes and processions. 4. The vases illustrating events of civil life, marriages, and births. 5. Those containing subjects which related to funeral rites. 6. Gymnasiac, or having reference to public games. 7. Such as alluded to religious mysteries.

In the most ancient vases, it was observed, Dionysiac scenes were the most frequent. The most distinguished for superior style in art, are those on which mythological subjects are treated.

In the course of the lecture, Mr. Singer took occasion to remark on the extraordinary silence of ancient authors on the subject of these fictile vases, but objected to the conclusion which some persons thence had drawn, that they were deemed unworthy of notice, because they were so common, or because they were executed by artists of inferior order. The Romans prized them as relics of antiquity, and were supplied with them from the sepulchres of the ancient Greeks. Strabo was referred to, as mentioning a tomb at Corinth, which supplied a vast number; and at the conclusion of his discourse, Mr. Singer exhibited a specimen of a cylindrical vase, found at Athens, by Dr. Clarke. This relic appeared to be very curiously inscribed, and was adorned with figures which had been considered, (not on very satisfactory grounds, as it appeared to many of the hearers of Mr. Singer,) illustrative of the sculptures of the tympanum of the Parthenon.

After the lecture by Mr. Singer, which was listened to throughout with great interest, and which, on more than one occasion, elicited marked applause, Mr. Faraday announced, that on the following Friday evening, Dr. Clarke would give a narrative of his visit to the summit of Mont Blanc.

The table of the library exhibited various works on vases and other antiquities, and a few vessels of ancient British ware found in excavating for the foundations of West Catherine Docks. Among the other curiosities was a plate,—the original which was suspended from the shelves of the bookcase,—of an historical flag, representing the emigration of the cinnamon peelers of the Island of Ceylon, painted principally in black and red colours on a white ground. The figures and composition called to mind the paintings found in the ancient Egyptian tombs.

THE DIORAMA.

THIS pleasing exhibition has been re-opened with the paintings, 'The Interior of the Church of St. Peter's, at Rome,' and 'The Village of Thiers.' St. Peter's stands first in the 'scheme'; and, as we thence infer, is considered by the proprietors to be the view most likely to be attractive and popular. We are of a different opinion, and shall, therefore, take the liberty of giving nature precedence of art; the more especially, since the landscape comes recommended to us by the clever and well-known pencil of M. Daguerre. Without disparagement, then, to M. Bouton, to his holiness the Pope, or to the manes of any of the Santi Padri, whose bones, now divested of their infallibility, moulder in the sacred vaults of the Vatican, we reverse the order of the catalogue, and give the preference to the 'View of Thiers,' a country village in France, in the department of the Puy de Dome.

This picture presents one of those delightful picturesque scenes peculiar to mountainous districts, in which the wild and desert character, the bare and steep and rugged summits of the elevated regions combine with the beauties of a

milder aspect of nature, with the low murmur of the brook winding through the dell, and with gentle declivities, rendered fertile by the labours, and decked with the dwellings, of man.

The particular subject of the picture now exhibiting has all the peculiar ingredients of the picturesque. In the foreground is a stream confined to its course by a sloping mound of large and massive pebbles, over which the water from a mill-dam above, spreads itself, although scantily, on its way to rejoin the original current. A bridge of steep and awkward ascent, neglected and well nigh in ruins, conducts to the village, and more immediately to a dwelling, of which the eaves widely overhanging afford an excellent opportunity for the light-and-shade effects of the Diorama,—a few scattered huts, the populous part of the hamlet, with small allotments of cultivated land cribbed from the flanks of the mountain, succeed; a rural chapel, to the beauty of which accident and situation have contributed far more than the designs of the architect, is seated higher up in the mountain and overlooms the defile. At this spot, the dark woods begin to clothe the sides of the mountain, rising abruptly to those regions unfavourable to vegetation, where the soaring and barren summits arrest the clouds in their passage.

The scene is well and naturally delineated; the effects of light and shade in the foreground, in the bridge, and in the roof of the cottage more especially, are, as is usual in pictures of this description, quite illusive. The motion of the water, and the rising of the smoke from the cottage, and other tricks by which it is sought, but in vain, to aid the effect of the drawing, present to the wonder-loving wherewithal to exclaim about.

M. Bouton has been much less successful in his attempt to represent the 'Interior of St. Peter's'; the impression made on the mind by that glorious nave and dome in their reality, has nothing in common with the idea which this picture would convey of the proportion and magnificence of the Vatican Temple. We had promised ourselves far better things from the Diorama.

KING'S CONCERT ROOM.

We were present at the Morning Concert of Messrs. De Beriot and Labarre, on Monday. Of Labarre and De Beriot, it is but just to say, that they are undoubtedly the first performers on their respective instruments in England; and probably (with the exception of Paganini on the violin) in the world.

In producing richness of tone from the harp, Labarre is unrivalled: the clearness and delicacy of his piano passages are wonderful; while, under the guidance of his excellent taste, he throws so much variety into his playing, that the attention of his audience never flags. He displays his taste, moreover, in playing fantasias containing pleasing airs, and of a very happy length, so that it is always regretted when he concludes. In an Irish fantasia, which he played on Thursday, he introduced 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,' with most delightful effect.

M. De Beriot's performance on this occasion was also admirable. It is not easy to imagine a more perfect command of the violin, actuated by an exquisite feeling, than was displayed by him generally, but more especially in the performance of the first air of his own composition, in his duet with Miss Bissett. That lady exhibited great power on the piano-forte; but the piece was not well chosen, and it went off heavily. The trio, from 'Il Matrimonio Segreto,' was admirably sung by Mademoiselle Blasia, Madame de Vigo, and Madame Malibran, who also sang the duets of 'M'abbraccia,' and 'Ricciardo! che veggo!' with Donzelli. Madame de Vigo gave the very pretty little Spanish air 'Bajelito,' accompanied on the harp by Labarre: Donzelli sang 'Il mio tesoro intanto,' in his very best style, and was deservedly encored. De Regnis makes a great mistake in singing an exceedingly unmeaning, stupid air, which he calls 'Le nouveau tambour,' and in which he introduces some most absurd grimaces, which he greatly errs in considering humorous: he made some amends by singing 'Mentre Francisco,' with Giesebelt, in a very clever manner.

* 'Vasi Fittili.'

THE SPANISH BAZAR.

We hope our readers have been at the Spanish Bazar. We are sure that, if they have, they will not forget the occurrence and its circumstances. We write this, not from any notion of giving them information on the subject, but because we feel inclined to occupy ourselves with a pleasant recollection. And what can be pleasanter or more lively than the spectacle of a score of graceful and well-dressed women busying themselves, many among them with the wild eagerness of country girls, in selling a thousand glittering toys, the price of which was to flow from their hands to the dreary hovels of exiles, and the hearths of squalid want? Englishwomen have often been accused by those who knew little about England, of being deficient in vivacity and spirit. Here was an occasion proper for calling out these qualities; and we will venture to assert, that no Frenchwomen ever were gayer or more brilliant than the ladies who sold their various merchandise at the Spanish Bazar. Reticules, ribbands, scarfs, penknives, handkerchiefs, drawings, toys, baubles, pincushions,—what a heterogeneous assemblage of all that is light, useless, and shining! He who escaped from a wilderness of millinery and its guardian Nymph, came at the next step on a dealer in trinkets and engravings, the amulets of some bright Enchantress. Dare to resist the wiles and spells of these; and you came at once on a sparkling Countess of witty celebrity, commanding you to purchase her original report of a far pleasanter debate than any that ever occurred in the House of Commons. Tell us of the wood-nymphs of Greek Romances, or the damsels of the old pastoral world! There has been more peril to the fancy and the purse in the Hanover-square Rooms, than ever lurked in the thickets of mythology, or sported on the banks of any golden river in the fields of antiquity. Yet we envy not the man who left the realm of fairy without feeling that both his spirits and his pockets had been lightened.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Rev. Dr. Walker's Sermons, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Rev. Dr. Cresswell's Sermons on Domestic Duties, 12mo., 5s.
 Sketches of Buenos Ayres and Chili, by Samuel Haigh, Esq., 8vo., 12s.
 Stories of Popular Voyages, 7s.
 Visit to Babylon, 4s.
 London's Esplanade of Plants, 8vo., 4l. 14s. 6d.
 Swan on Esplanade, 8vo., 4s.
 Turner's Modern History of England: Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, 2nd edition, 1l. 12s.
 Coney's Engravings, 1l. 7s.
 Mrs. Holland's Affectionate Brothers, new edition, 2s. 6d.
 Mrs. Holland's William and his Uncle Ben, new edition, 2s. 6d.
 Mrs. Holland's Alice and her Aunt, new edition, 2s. 6d.
 Clarke on Climate, 8vo., 12s.
 Brand's Pharmacy, 2nd edition, 8vo., 14s.
 Emma de Lissan, 2 vols. 12mo., 12s.
 Sophia de Lissan, 3rd edition, 1 vol. 12mo., 5s.
 Bloomfield's Translation of the History of Thucydides, 3 vols. 8vo., 2l. 5s.
 Briggs's History of the Mohammedan Power in India, 4 vols. 8vo., 4l. 4s.
 Tales of the Wars of our Times, 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.
 Hoole's Mission to India, 8vo., part 1, 7s.
 Mitford's History of Greece, new edition, with Memoirs of the Author, 8 vols. 8vo., 4l. 4s.
 Wiltshire's View of Christianity, new edition, 8s.
 Horne's Manual of Parochial Psalmody, 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 The Rockite, an Irish Story, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 12mo., 5s.
 Sermons by the Rev. W. Harness, A.M., on the Sacrament, and Baptismal Regeneration, small 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Tales of Perplexity, 1 vol. royal 12mo., 7s. 6d.
 Salmonia, 2nd edition, 12s.
 Stephens's Nomenclature of British Insects, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
 Petersdorf's Law Reports, vol. 10, royal 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 4 o'clock, a.m., and 4 p.m.	May.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 25	61	50	30.25	N.E. h.	Fair Cl.	Cumulus.
Tues. 26	53	52	30.25	N.E. to E. h.	Ditto.	Cirrocstratus.
Wed. 27	57	57	30.20	E.	Serene.	Cirrus.
Thur. 28	60	58	30.15	N.E.	Fair.	Ditto.
Frid. 29	55	55	30.10	Ditto.	Fair Cl.	Cirrocstratus.
Sat. 30	55	55	Stat.	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 31	57	57	Stat.	N.W.	Ditto.	Ditto.

Nights and mornings fair.
 Highest temperature at noon, 60°.
 Mean temperature of May, 57°. Mean atmospheric pressure, 29° 55'.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon nearest the earth on Tuesday.
 Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 150° 24' in Gemini.
 Mars's ditto ditto ditto 40° 52' in Cancer.
 Jupiter's ditto ditto ditto 10° 28' in Sagitt.
 Saturn's ditto ditto ditto 40° 48' in Leo.
 Sun's ditto ditto ditto 90° 41' in Gemini.
 Sun above the horizon on Sunday, 16h. 12min. Day increased 5 h. 20 m. No night.
 Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 25" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .006214.

King's Theatre, Wednesday, June 3.

ARABIA.—MR. BUCKINGHAM will deliver his EXTENSIVE DESCRIPTION OF ARABIA, its Productions, Antiquities, Religion, Manners, and Commerce, interspersed with Personal Anecdotes of his Travels and Adventures in that interesting Country, at the GREAT CONCERT ROOM OF THE KING'S THEATRE, Haymarket, THIS DAY, WEDNESDAY, the 3rd of JUNE.—The doors will be opened at Half-past Two, and the Lecture will commence precisely at THREE O'CLOCK. Single Admission, 5s.—THE ORIENTAL HERALD for the present Month contains an ample Account of these Descriptions, with the fullest intelligence on all the subjects connected with the Eastern World, and may be had of all Booksellers in Town or Country.

City Concert Rooms, Thursday, June 4.

ARABIA.—MR. BUCKINGHAM will deliver his EXTENSIVE DESCRIPTION OF ARABIA, its Productions, Antiquities, Religion, Manners, and Commerce, interspersed with Personal Anecdotes of his Travels and Adventures in that interesting Country, at THE CITY CONCERT ROOMS, Blomfield-street, Finsbury Circus, THIS EVENING, THURSDAY, the 4th of JUNE.—The doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Lecture will commence precisely at EIGHT O'CLOCK. Single Admissions, 5s.—THE ORIENTAL HERALD for the present Month contains an ample Account of these Descriptions, with the fullest intelligence on all the subjects connected with the Eastern World, and may be had of all Booksellers in Town or Country.

COLOSSEUM.

THE Public are respectfully invited to an inspection of this magnificent Exhibition, in its progress towards completion. It consists of the stupendous Panorama of London, taken from the summit of St. Paul's; a Saloon for the reception of Works of Art; a long range of Conservatories, stocked with the choicest Plants; and the Swiss Cottage.—Admission, 5s. each person; from ten till five o'clock.

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.

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CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

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THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 85.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1829.

Price 8d.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS AND SIR OLIVER KYNASTON.—A DIALOGUE.

[The following paper came into our hands by mere accident. We suspect that it was originally reported for 'The Court Journal'; but that, finding it to relate to literature rather than fashion, the judicious Editor of that publication declined to insert it. We have no doubt that he consulted the taste of his readers; but it seems probable that he was also influenced by the more generous wish to save the character of the Duke of Orleans from the imputation of carrying into later life those literary habits which made his earlier years so striking a contrast to that of all the other Royal exiles on record, since the days of Dionysius. Not having this tenderness for the estimation of the Duke in the circles to which 'The Court Journal' is devoted, we venture to publish the conversation exactly as we received it, except that we were compelled, in some degree, to abridge it, and to translate into English several non-descript allusions of the Baronet, and a very few French ones of the Duke.]

SCENE.—Hotel.

The Duke of Orleans.—Yes, Sir Oliver, your description of what the Epsom Races are likely to be, makes me lament exceedingly that I cannot attend them. You said, I think, that you had betted largely on 'Client,'—was it Client?

Sir Oliver Kynaston.—(Taking a pinch of snuff, and colouring with indignation.)—'Patron,' may it please your Royal Highness, 'Patron.'

The Duke.—'Patron,' say 'Patron.' I beg pardon, Sir Oliver, for erring in so important a particular. You say you have betted largely on 'Patron,' for the Derby, and are quite sure of winning. I assure you I shall always reckon it one of the chief misfortunes of my life, (and you know I was for many years an exile) that I shall not witness the success of 'Patron.' In this, as in other respects, how much more fortunate is my son than his father! But, Sir Oliver, as we have talked for an hour or two, about your English races, will you favour me with a few minutes' conversation about your English literature. I think, in the dedication of the volume of juvenile poems by the son of your coachman, which you were so good as to give me, you are described as being not only K. C. B., and one of the Jockey Club, but also Doctor of Laws, Member of the Royal Society of Literature, and Fellow of All-Souls' College, Oxford.

Sir Oliver.—Yes, I have always made it a rule to encourage learning. Your Royal Highness must be aware that there is no more innocent relaxation. I have heard that thoughts make much more impression on the mind early in the morning than at any other part of the day; and when my nephew was put under my guidance about two years ago, I recommended to him always to keep a book on his dressing-table, that he might derive the greatest possible benefit from it by reading it when he was dressing to follow the hounds. I ventured to recommend Blair's 'Lectures on Criticism' as the standard work on polite literature in our language. Frederick, the young rogue, objected to my selection; 'for,' said he, 'the man who wrote the Lectures on Criticism, has written sermons!'—Ha! ha! ha! a curious blunder, to suppose them written by the same person. But Frederick's education had certainly been very much neglected before I took him in hand. Well, Frederick said that he would not read the Lectures on Criticism, because he had a decided objection to cant. No friend to the Church, I fear. However, I set him right on that point. I knew they could not be by the man who wrote the Sermons; for my grandmother used to read the Sermons, and the Lectures are quite a modern work. I assured Fred I had never seen them myself till about four years ago; and I have always taken all

the modern publications. At last, Frederick consented to read them, and he told me the other day, that he had nearly got through a volume. I believe, if your Royal Highness wishes for information as to the present state of English literature, I had better refer you to them than trouble you with my crude notions.

The Duke.—I have no doubt your views on the subject are highly original and curious.

Sir Oliver.—Why I must say there are some periodical works which might lead your Royal Highness into great mistakes. The opinions, for instance, of the persons who write 'The Athenæum' are to me perfectly incomprehensible.

The Duke.—Pray who is the most celebrated of the living English poets, now that poor Lord Byron is dead? Moore, is he not? I have had the pleasure of seeing him in Paris. An exceedingly lively and agreeable person.

Sir Oliver.—Very much admired by the Whigs; though some of them think Luttrell superior to him.

The Duke.—Indeed, his name is new to me. Victor Hugo once said to me that there is no more graceful and glittering writer in Europe than Moore.

Sir Oliver.—O! yes, of course. But Mr. Moore is of such small stature that I doubt whether he could even be admitted into the light cavalry.

The Duke.—Why, Sir Oliver, we must not exactly judge of men's military capacities by their stature; for Diomed, you know, and Alexander, and Frederick, and Buonaparte, were all short men. Mr. Moore would probably be found an exceedingly active Partisan Colonel.

Sir Oliver.—Ha! ha! your Royal Highness; ha! ha! good partisan!! Yes indeed; very violent partisan; takes liberties with the names of men of station and fortune in those d—d rhymes of his. My name, for instance, the name of Sir Oliver Kynaston once appeared in a stanza of his in 'The Times,' accompanied with epithets very disparaging to my intellect.

The Duke.—Kynaston—a remarkable name. I should think it would be rather difficult to find a rhyme for it. But have you not other poets in England of equal celebrity? I think I have seen at Paris the works of Wordsworth; is there not some one of that name?

Sir Oliver.—Yes, a man up in the North; supports my friend Lord Lowther. Right side in politics; but nobody reads him.

The Duke.—Singular that the booksellers should go on publishing new editions if nobody buys the book.

Sir Oliver.—O! they do it just as people keep betting on a horse that has not a chance of winning. I have seen it done a hundred times. Only yesterday now, that mad fellow Forth—

The Duke.—Yes, yes; I see. Every body has not your sagacity, Sir Oliver, in pitching on *Gli-Patron*. But pray is Wordsworth unpopular because he is too excellent for the crowd, or because he is too bad even for them? De ja Martine says, that he is a very remarkable man. Perhaps he is less read than he ought to be from some dislike on his part to vulgar artifices of style; and from his poetry being such that a little thought is necessary to understand it.

Sir Oliver.—I really cannot say. I make it a point never to read any thing that is not the fashion. My wish is to keep pace with the mind

of the age. Then, your royal Highness, there is Campbell, a poet of wonderful genius; indeed, in my opinion, quite sublime. In 'The Pleasures of Hope,' he has the couplet,

'When murder bares her arm, and rampant war
Yokes the red dragons of her iron car.'

Very strong lines those indeed. It has sometimes occurred to me, however, that *arm* is seldom used in the singular for a weapon. Rather forced, is it not, to say 'bare an *arm*,' by way of 'draw a sword?' Though, perhaps, in fact the phrase may be a nautical allusion. I have heard sailors say *bear a hand*, and perhaps the reading ought to be 'bears her arm.' Then, again, in the second line, I remember agreeing with my old friend General Wise, that *dragons* certainly was meant to be *dragoons*. One word, I think, expresses both in French, and Campbell happens to have selected the wrong translation. It cannot be a mistake of the printer; for, if we were to read *dragoons*, the accent would fall on the wrong syllable. But that I am willing to allow all possible authority to poetic licence, and to give ample room for the beautiful irregularities of genius, I should decidedly condemn a poet for thus sacrificing the sense to the sound.

The Duke.—There certainly is a considerably difference between the dragon, and that eminent dragoon officer, St. George, who killed it.

Sir Oliver.—My friend Sir George Nagle explains the words as relating to the phrase '*rouge-dragon*,' the title, I think, of some herald. So that he too believes *dragons* to mean men. He supports his opinion that the passage is heraldic, by referring to the word '*rougeant*' in the previous line. But I still think that General Wise and myself were right in supposing the couplet to be an allegorical picture of a cannon or tumbril, we could not agree which, surrounded by a squadron of horse. A very acute critic was General Wise. He detected an error in another passage of Campbell, where the poet says,

'Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!'

On this he observed, that the word certainly is *cavalry*. I remember we studied the history of the battle, and could find no authority whatever for '*chivalry*,' while *cavalry*, on the other hand, would be perfectly neat and appropriate. To be sure, Wise was a Cavalry-officer, which gave him an interest in the matter.

The Duke.—Have you not in your language 'The Pleasures of Memory,' as well as 'The Pleasures of Hope'?

Sir Oliver.—Certainly. The poem is by Rogers, a banker, and rather a pale person. I have met him several times; but I do not know how it was that we could not very well understand each other. I ventured to make a few remarks on particular points in his poetry, which I thought he might have improved under the guidance of a judicious friend. But he did not seem at all to perceive the force of my remarks. In a poem of his called 'A Wish,' he says,

'The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peal shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.'

Now it occurred to me that I had never heard the phrase, 'to give a vow,' and I thought, perhaps, 'vows' might be printed in mistake for 'fees.' The sense would run, 'the village church where our marriage fees were given (that is, paid) to the

clergyman,' and would be quite unexceptionable. Well, I took the trouble to explain and enforce my views to Mr. Rogers, and he made an attempt to turn off the business with a joke, though I must say, that, when he attempted to laugh, his face hung fire most absurdly. Well, the next day I heard some one humming in St. James's-street a doggerel couplet:

'Oliver Kynaston! Oliver Kynaston!
The brains in your head are no more than are in a stone!'

I traced them to him, the ungrateful blockhead! But any one may see it was done out of revenge for my superior penetration. I would not have mentioned the matter to your Royal Highness, but that his conduct has freed me from all obligation to conceal his wretched poetical blunder.

The Duke.—Pray, have you ever seen Sir Walter Scott?

Sir Oliver.—Yes; several times when I was shooting in the North. He is rather a tall, plain-looking man, and understands sport as well as if he had never published a book. But I suppose he only writes on rainy Sundays. I am afraid if he should ever have the honour of seeing your Royal Highness, and you should condescend to ask him any questions on literary subjects, you would be able to derive very little information from him. I do not remember a single observation he made in my presence, except something about the price of black cattle, and an admirable hint or two on trout fishing. I have always regretted exceedingly, that with his love of sport, and his knowledge of game, he has not made it the business of his life to write a defence of the Game Laws, instead of wasting his time on frivolous and fictitious topics.

The Duke.—Well, Sir Oliver, I am much obliged to you for the information you have given me about the modern literature of England. My son stays here for some weeks, and I am sure he will be delighted to hear your views of the philosophy of Britain, as fully stated as those you have favoured me with about its poetry.

LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

Landor's Imaginary Conversations. Second Series.
2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

(Continued from p. 340.)

In the dialogue between Archbishop Boulter and Philip Savage, which follows the one upon which we commented in our last article, Mr. Landor, we rejoice to say, shows that, in his better moods, he can respect the virtues even of an Irish churchman. He has thought it necessary, however, to excuse his liberality in a note, upon the score of the ecclesiastic having been a gentleman and an ancestor of the author of the 'Imaginary Conversations.'

A conversation on the Giraffe, the Bourbons, and the Greeks, between M. Villèle and M. Corbière,—the satire of which would be much more effective if the author had been able to keep his temper in writing it,—precedes two dialogues which are illustrations of Mr Landor's tendency, and of the resistance which it encounters from the atmosphere by which it is encircled, and are, perhaps, the most interesting in either of these volumes. The interlocutors in the first of them are Lady Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt, two of the victims in Monmouth's insurrection. It is written with exquisite feeling, but it is very short; and we are almost bound to quote it, lest we should be supposed to entirely hide from our readers those parts of Mr. Landor's writings which seem to militate against our theory.

'LADY LISLE.

'Madam, I am confident you will pardon me; for affliction teaches forgiveness.

'ELIZABETH GAUNT.

'From the cell of the condemned, we are going, unless my hopes mislead me, where alone we can receive it.

'Tell me, I beseech you, lady! in what matter or manner do you think you can have offended a poor sinner such as I am. Surely we come into this dismal place for our offences; and it is not here that any can be given or taken.

'LADY LISLE.

'Just now, when I entered the prison, I saw your countenance serene and cheerful: you looked upon me for a time with an unaltered eye: you turned away from me, as I fancied, only to utter some expressions of devotion; and again you looked upon me; and tears rolled down your face. Alas! that I should, by any circumstance, any action or recollection, make another unhappy. Alas! that I should deepen the gloom in the very shadow of death.

'ELIZABETH GAUNT.

'Be comforted: you have not done it. Grief softens and melts and flows away with tears.

'I wept because another was so greatly more wretched than myself: I wept at that black attire; at that attire of modesty and of widowhood.

'LADY LISLE.

'It covers a wounded, almost a broken heart: an unworthy offering to our blessed Redeemer.

'ELIZABETH GAUNT.

'In his name let us now rejoice! let us offer our prayers and our thanks at once together! we may yield up our souls perhaps at the same hour.

'LADY LISLE.

'Is mine so pure? have I bemoaned, as I should have done, the faults I have committed? have my sighs arisen for the unmerited mercies of my God? and not rather for him, the beloved of my heart, the adviser and sustainer, I have lost!

'Open, O gates of Death!

'Smile on me, approve my last action in this world, O virtuous husband! O saint and martyr! my brave, compassionate, and loving Lisle!

'ELIZABETH GAUNT.

'And cannot you too smile, sweet lady? are not you with him even now; doth body, doth clay, doth air, separate and estrange free spirits? Bethink you of his gladness, of his glory; and begin to partake them.

'O! how could an Englishman, how could twelve, condemn to death, condemn to so great an evil as they thought it and may find it, this innocent and helpless widow!

'LADY LISLE.

'Blame not that jury! blame not the jury which brought against me the verdict of guilty. I was so: I received in my house a wanderer, who has fought under the rash and giddy Monmouth. He was hungry and thirsty, and I took him in. My Saviour had commanded, my King had forbidden it. We must bend to the authority of both; but first to the earlier, and most willingly to the better.

'Yet the twelve would not have delivered me over to death, unless the judge had threatened 'em with an accusation of treason in default of it. Terror made them unanimous: they redeemed their properties and lives at the stated price.

'ELIZABETH GAUNT.

'I hope at least the unfortunate man whom you received in the hour of danger may avoid his penalty.

'LADY LISLE.

'Let us hope it.

'ELIZABETH GAUNT.

'I too am imprisoned for the same offence; and I have little expectation that he who was concealed by me hath any chance of happiness, although he had escaped. Could I find the means of conveying to him a small pittance, I should leave the world the more comfortably.

'LADY LISLE.

'Trust in God; not in one thing or another, but in all. Resign the care of this wanderer to His guidance.

'ELIZABETH GAUNT.

'He abandoned that guidance.

'LADY LISLE.

'Unfortunate! how can money then avail him!

'ELIZABETH GAUNT.

'It might save him from distress and from despair, from the taunts of the hard-hearted and from the inclemency of the godly.

'LADY LISLE.

'In godliness, O my friend! there cannot be inclemency.

'ELIZABETH GAUNT.

'You are thinking of perfection, my dear lady; and I marvel not at it; for what else hath ever occupied your thoughts! But godliness, in almost the best of us, often is austere, often uncompliant and rigid, prone to reprove than to pardon, to drag back or thrust aside than to invite and help onward.

'Poor man! I never knew him before: I cannot tell how he shall endure his self-reproach, or whether it will bring him to calmer thoughts hereafter.

'LADY LISLE.

'I am not a busy idler in curiosity; nor, if I were, is there time enough left me for indulging in it; yet gladly would I learn the history of events, at the first appearance so resembling those in mine.

'ELIZABETH GAUNT.

'The person's name I never may disclose; which would be the worst thing I could betray of the trust he placed in me. He took refuge in my humble dwelling, imploring me in the name of Christ to harbour him for a season. Food and raiment were afforded him unsparingly; yet his fears made him shiver through them. Whatever I could urge of prayer and exhortation was not wanting; still, although he prayed, he was disquieted. Soon came to my ears the declaration of the king, that his Majesty would rather pardon a rebel than the concealer of a rebel. The hope was a faint one: but it was a hope; and I gave it him. His thanksgivings were now more ardent, his prayers more humble, and oftener repeated. They did not strengthen his heart: it was unpurified and unprepared for them. Poor creature! he consented with it to betray me; and I am condemned to be burnt alive. Can we believe, can we encourage the hope, that in his weary way through life he will find those only who will conceal from him the knowledge of this execution? Heavily, too heavily, must it weigh on so irresolute and infirm a breast.

'Let it not move you to weeping.

'LADY LISLE.

'It does not: oh! it does not.

'ELIZABETH GAUNT.

'What then?

'LADY LISLE.

'Your saintly tenderness, your heavenly godlike calmness.

'ELIZABETH GAUNT.

'No, no: abstain! abstain! it was I who grieved: it was I who doubted. Let us now be firmer: we have both the same rock to rest upon. See! I shed no tears.

'I saved his life, an unprofitable and (I fear) a joyless one: he, by God's grace, has thrown open to me, and at an earlier hour than ever I ventured to expect it, the avenue of eternal bliss.

'LADY LISLE.

'O, my angel! that strewest with fresh flowers a path already smooth and pleasant to me, may those timorous men who have betrayed, and those misguided ones who have persecuted us, be conscious on their death-beds that we have entered it, and they too will at last find rest.'—Vol. i. pp. 139—145.

Is it possible to conceive any thing much more lofty and spiritual in conception than this dialogue? And how is it possible that after reading it we can still maintain that Mr. Landor's mind has an habitual inclination to dwell among the forms of animal life? We still think our hypothesis is not inconsistent with even this evidence; and, if our readers shall think otherwise, we at least claim credit for the extreme honesty which has rendered an attempt to reconcile them necessary.

There is no conception which has so entirely departed from us, and which it is so difficult to revive, as that of the standard of female perfection as it existed among the ancients. We do not mean that it is impossible for us, with our Christian eyes, to contemplate, and admire, and reverence, and all but love, the Antigones and Electras of the Greek drama. As long as we retain any true feeling of the beautiful, till we become converted into mere worshippers of the idols around us,—a state immediately preceding that in which we lose all perception even of what is lovely in them,—so long shall we continue to visit those shrines, and to find, each time we bow down before them, fresh supplies of strength and purity. But the

most exquisite of these exquisite beings can never become an abiding presence with us. They live in their distant world; and our communion with them, though sacred, can never be friendly. It is only in our intercourse with such creatures as

'The lonely lady married to the moon,
And gentle Una with her milk-white lamb,'

that affection and tenderness are blended with adoration and wonder. Look at all the attempts which have been made to produce casts in the spirit of these ancient models. Look even at the 'Iphigenia' of Goethe, who, as was remarked in a late number of 'The Athenæum,' has, at the price of sacrificing a portion of his individual nature, evinced the power of comprehending more varieties of human nature than any artist at least in our day. There is probably no modern conception of the ancient female character in the whole so true as this—one in which so much reality and life are combined with so much classical correctness; and yet, even there, the effect to reconcile the two conceptions is very obvious, and painful, and often unsuccessful. Sometimes the poet's art gets the better of his feeling, and then the classical elements gain the ascendancy, and a frigidity perfectly unlike anything we meet with in Sophocles is the result: sometimes his feeling is victorious over his art, and then Iphigenia, ceasing to be a Greek, becomes a modern, Shakspearean, Christian, woman.

A still more striking instance of the difficulty which great poets experience in realizing this conception, is Wordsworth's *Laodamia*. Wordsworth, a poet who has a notorious distaste, and almost an acquired incapacity, for dealing with love, has selected for the subject of that exquisite poem, wherein he wished to be strictly classical, one of the few fables which enabled him to introduce a female of that world, under the influence of those passions which are in general so alien from his disposition,—feeling, no doubt, that this additional excitement was needed in order to give him the same interest in a Greek woman, with which he is naturally inspired by the homely emotions and quiet lives of his Margarets and Emilies. And if great men have found difficulties in the experiment, the blunders of little men who have repeated it after them, have been melancholy and disgusting. One half of them—who are called classical, and upon the strength of that reputation are admired by young ladies and made professors of poetry at Oxford—merely take from the fair creatures of our own land all their love, and tenderness, and passion, and then say, Behold a Greek! If there is any person who believes them, we should not despair of convincing him, that a picture of Titian, *minus* the colouring, and warmth, and beauty, is the same thing as a statue of Praxiteles. Another and opposite method is that of which Mr. Leigh Hunt, though not the originator, has been the chief apostle in this country. They who pursue it hold, that Christianity has introduced into the world a great many inconvenient restraints upon the freedom of women's feelings, and of the intercourse between the sexes. 'Let us, therefore,' they argue, 'take these restraints away from the women of the present day, and what will remain? A Greek, to be sure,—a beautiful, languishing, loving, sensual Greek, who gratifies the instincts of her warm heart, and was never plagued with notions of sin or warnings of futurity.' And there are men who in good faith think this a Greek ideal—one in which Sophocles would have delighted; who really are not aware that the Greek standard was vastly more stately and severe than the Christian, and that the difference consists in the one being a mere ideal, inhabiting a sphere in which mortals could never dwell, and therefore exerting no influence over their daily pursuits and habits; and the other being a divine-humanity—like ourselves as well as like God—connected with us by a ladder set on earth and reaching heaven, upon which the angels are ascending and descending continually.)

It was natural that one so imbued with the classical spirit as Mr. Landor, should shrink from either of these abominable interpretations; it was natural that, with his reverence for the Greek model, he should fear to desecrate it while attempting to imitate; and it is natural that, surrounded as he is by the sorrowful and spiritual beauty of so many Madonnas and Magdalens, his mind should be somewhat reluctant to dwell constantly in a region from which they are excluded. It is not unnatural, finally, that he should at last, as others have done before him, make a compromise with their Pagan consciences, to retain just this one weakness, to allow that one being in the world is the more lovely and beautiful for possessing a soul; and to account for the spiritual atmosphere with which all creation is surrounded, by supposing it invented as a medium for her to breathe and live in.

Having talked so much about Greek girls, we must introduce a passage from the beautiful dialogue in which one of them, a modern one indeed, takes part.

'TERTITZA.

'White doves are always very white indeed: and those great water-birds, to which the angels by God's order have given the same pure appearance, feel a pleasure in possessing it, look at it upon them, curve their necks over it, and lay their heads now along it and now under it, as if it soled and supported and refreshed them.

'ODYSSEUS.

'Hast thou lived thirteen years and knowest not yet these birds?

'TERTITZA.

'I know them very well; though I never saw but two; and you remember where.

'ODYSSEUS.

'Not I indeed, child!

'TERTITZA.

'Have you, who are so many years older, so bad a memory? It is strange you should have forgotten those tall noble beautiful creatures; particularly one of them: think again.

'ODYSSEUS.

'Where was it? and when?

'TERTITZA.

'Oh! that now, dear brother, that is quite impossible: all pretense and dissembling! You might perhaps not know exactly *where*: but *when*... indeed, indeed now, that is quite impossible.

'ODYSSEUS.

'Remind me a little; give me an idea of it; a circumstance belonging to it.

'TERTITZA.

'It was in the beginning of spring, only five months ago, while we were sitting, several of us together, on a stone engraven round with goats'-heads, in the ruins of Cheronea.

'Now cannot you recollect?

'ODYSSEUS.

'Not perfectly.

'TERTITZA.

'You must be very tired with the ride, or heavy with the sunshine, or thinking of other things, or uncommonly dull and fit to think of nothing. Why! it was only four days before our guest joined us. Ho! now you begin to come to yourself again. Well may you smile at having so short a memory. I recollect it the better, because you were rather angry with me for being sorry I could not go to church, there being none to go to; and for saying it was a pity to waste so sweet a morning in the open air, instead of thanking God for it, and singing to him, and adoring him.

'ODYSSEUS.

'I never am angry with thee, my sweet little sister, and I am sure I could not be for that expression.

'TERTITZA.

'No, you never are angry with me; but when I am sorry you sometimes say you shall be.

'Well; did not the stranger go to church with us the next Sunday, at Athens? and did not I tell you I was quite as happy as if I had been there the Sunday before?

'ODYSSEUS.

'Nonsense! nonsense! what has that to do with two swans?

'TERTITZA.

'Now then you can think about 'em, can you! I knew it was only deceit in you: I have found you out.

'ODYSSEUS.

'The swans appear to have made a deep impression on your imagination.

'TERTITZA.

'The nobler one came sailing up from the lake, as swiftly and steadily as if some wind had blown him, though there was not a breath upon the water, and looked as if the place were his own, far and wide, and we were there by his gracious permission. It was only when he rowed among the grass and flowers, covered with cups white and yellow, as though a feast had been prepared for his reception, that I perceived he had any thing underneath to move with. We then heard some low and hoarse voices; and presently came out his mate, slenderer, and less beautiful, arranged her plumage, went down a little way, returned again, sat motionless opposite us, and seemed courting us not to hurt or disturb him. Agatha said that they had their nest there, under the bank: that their voices are not always low and hoarse: that when they are about to die, they sing delightfully. I was very glad the poor creatures had many years yet to live: for they certainly had made no progress in their singing. But there are birds, perhaps, as bad as we are; birds that will learn nothing from those they do not like.

'ODYSSEUS.

'Come on, come on, my beloved little Tertsitza! thou too hast some things to learn; haply some painful ones; and we are near the school-room.

'TERTITZA.

'The cavern?

'ODYSSEUS.

'Ay, there are caverns where the water itself ceases to drop, and is liquid no longer. Thou also must grow somewhat harder in this solitary and inaccessible one of ours, my sister!

'TERTITZA.

'I am sure I cannot; every thing is so beautiful about it; and my dear brother too will be always nigh me. The waters that petrify must meet (as old men tell us) with something hard in their way: I find nothing but pleasure.

'ODYSSEUS.

'Pleasure itself hardens some hearts.

'TERTITZA.

'How is that? I think I can guess: I think I have discovered it. Greyhounds are very good creatures, and look gentler than lambs; no animal upon earth is more beautiful: yet they always grow obdurate by the pleasure they take in coursing the hare and antelope. If they would run after nothing, and be contented to stand quiet and be caressed, they would be much better. I am certain they must be happier when they have no others to pursue; and I wish it pleased God to give them sense enough to know it. Have you never seen how they pant? how their hearts beat in their deep breasts? how indifferent and insensible they appear to their best friends, who love them most and who would call them away? They forget their own nature, and even their own names, their cruelty so deafens them.'—Vol. i., pp. 155—160.

We will skip over the five next dialogues, till we come to one between Diogenes and Plato. But of this we have many complaints to make; and, as our readers will not listen to them, after perusing the exquisite specimens we have afforded them of Mr. Landor's taste and feeling, we must move one more adjournment. Our next notice shall positively be the last.

STRATTON HILL.

Stratton Hill, a Tale of the Civil Wars. By the Author of 'Letters from the East,' 'Tales of the West of England,' &c., &c. 3 vols., post 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

THE reason is obvious for the non-existence of any first-rate English novel relating to the civil wars of the seventeenth century. Men of high talent, knowing the vastness and difficulty of the subject, abstain, and 'fools rush in,' &c. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, has made a feeble attempt in 'Woodstock.' He has aimed at exhibiting the character of but one of the great men of that age, (Cromwell,) and has miserably failed. It appears the less surprising that we have no poem or novel at all embodying the spirit of that noble generation, when we consider that of all the histories of the period in our language, there is not one which aspires to any thing more than the accurate narration of prominent facts, or the sup-

port, by practical examples, of some theory of monarchy or democracy. To describe the epoch from a study of itself, to show what were the thoughts, feelings, purposes, and convictions of the men who lived in it, has never been attempted by any writer whom we have had the fortune to hear of.

The period, however, of the military struggle between King and Parliament is so full of contrast and incident, that it could not fail to be seized on by many booksellers' operatives. The works answered, we presume, the purpose for which they were written; and our consciences do not reproach us for having sedulously purged our memories of their names, and of every thing else about them. We have a general impression of their merits, so strong as to enable us to assert, that, excepting 'Woodstock,' (which leaves the whole time untouched till after the death of Charles,) and De Foe's 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' (which are chiefly remarkable for a literal copying of unimportant details, and consistent support of an uninteresting character,) there is no more busy or melo-dramatic novel on the same period than 'Stratton Hill.'

We have given it no high praise, for it aims at no high merit. The business of the author, writing, as we presume he does, for the great body of novel readers, was to be as furious and as descriptive as possible. We can honestly applaud many of his descriptions, and his passion is quite good enough for the persons whom (as we suppose) it is designed to interest. There is only one other element of a popular novel, namely, story; and as to this, the writer must look for unanimous astonishment, because his book contains not one complete narrative, but something between a dozen and twenty separate narratives, which we apprehend to have been written without any connection, and then flung into a box together, and sent to the printer's. He probably employed a boy to draw out the chapters at hazard, like as many lottery-tickets, and in that order printed and published them, prefixing 'Stratton Hill' in the title-page. We should have preferred to name the book 'Anecdotes, original and selected, of various persons known to Sir Beville Granville; interspersed with fragments of a description of the county of Cornwall.'

These descriptive fragments would probably, if published in a separate form, always continue to excite some interest. The characters and situations are better than those in ninety out of every hundred novels composed on the same plan, and annually published in London and Edinburgh. The utter want of sustained interest, or indeed of any unbroken thread whatever, in the book, together with a vagueness and incorrectness of language even in the present day almost unexampled, are sufficient to degrade the work from any high rank among our modern melodramatic novels.

The following extract is, we think, the best part of the book:

"After some hours, he arrived at a village not more than a few miles distant from the place of his destination, and here he resolved to pass the remainder of the night. The accommodations of the small inn, if such it might be termed, would scarcely have tempted the weary passenger to rest: he saw his favourite horse well fed and attended to, and then seated himself in a huge chair, the only one in the kitchen, to wait the approach of morrow. It came at last, and he willingly left his rude place of rest to resume his journey. The sun had risen ere he drew nigh the mansion of Stowe: no forest or moat spread their sluggish depth round the wall; or drawbridge, strictly sentinelled, started the wanderer's footsteps away. Its founders and improvers had not dreamed such defences could ever be needful in so remote and calm a territory. Armed men were gathered thickly, however, before the walls; and the look of many among them brightened as they saw the soldier alight at the gate. He paused a few moments to look at the array, and then passed hastily within. His reception by the numerous and distinguished tenants of the mansion was of the most cordial as well

as flattering kind; and when he cast his eyes round the long table, at which they now sat at their morning meal, he saw more than one, the report of whose deeds had been spread far and wide. The ancient hall was completely filled with guests, by whom the substantial cheer that loaded the board was heartily partaken of; for many had travelled far through the weary night with their few adherents, or had hastened alone at their utmost speed to the place of rendezvous.

The noble owner rose to meet his friend; and pressing his hand warmly, with a look that expressed more of the soul than any words could have done, introduced him to two or three leaders who were seated near him. The conversation that had been interrupted for a moment, was again resumed with great earnestness; the plans to be embraced, and that instantly, were discussed; for, as the Parliament's army were now advancing, and would soon be at hand, no time was to be lost. The neutrality agreed to had been broken, and the Earl of Stamford, with a force he thought sufficient to crush the Royalists, had received orders to enter the province, to intimidate rather than to fight, for he scarcely imagined they would dare to meet him in the field.

Sir Ralph Hopton was now lying at Launceston with a very inferior force, and it was resolved to march, with the levies which had now arrived, to join him there. It was easy for a man so extensively connected as Sir Beville Granville to assemble, at a short notice, a large body of adherents. The number of private gentlemen that came to his aid, induced by his persuasions, or attached to his family by the ties of blood, made this body more formidable by their quality and high courage, than by their numerical force. A regiment that he had raised at his own expense some time before, was the only well-disciplined portion of this little band that was now gathered around the mansion.

The repast being ended, the hall was quickly deserted; and all issued forth to the marshalling of the troops, regular and irregular. The latter presented, to an experienced eye, excellent materials, doubtless, to make hardy veterans of; but, at present, summoned from their moors and hills, and fierce and rough in all their native wildness, their garbs, or uniforms, were as various and strange as those of Falstaff's regiment; but the brawny chest, the naked and colossal neck, that would have rivalled those of any Saracen in the desperate bands of Omar; in fine, the "thwews and sinews" of these hardy peasants and miners, gave promise of the deeds they afterwards achieved. The whole of the day was passed in busy preparation to march on the morrow, and in forming the motley forces into the best order and array the time permitted.

The fresh and green turf of the sloping lawns bristled with the unwonted gleam of arms; and the broad walks rang with the heavy tread of armed men. On wall and tower was many a fair spectator of the show of battle. At intervals, small parties of men were seen hastening through the woods, or over the downs, to join the forces, armed with the first weapon they could lay their hands on; sturdy fishermen from the neighbouring coast were among them, who had left their cabins and their boats, and rushed to range themselves under their lord's standard. Seated on a low and grass-covered bank, on which he supported himself with his trembling hands, while his large eye was fixed intensely on the scene before him, was an old man, with a frame, even in ruins, like that of Hercules. It was Kiltor, the once-famous wrestler, and the tenant of the valley, or bottom, as it was called, of Combe, who had implored his ancient friend to have him conveyed hither, that he might gaze on the array, and smell the battle, as it were, afar off. As the weapons flashed in the sunbeams, his eye seemed to catch the glare, and he lifted his palsied hand in earnest approval, as Andrews, to whom he had given a night's shelter a few months before, oft marched past him at the head of a small body of men, whom he was intently engaged in instructing. The latter was in the full pride and pomp of his charge; his experience and long service made him a valuable aid on the present occasion; and the days of his youth seemed to come back to the veteran, as foot, voice, and gesture, kept time in his repeated march along the lawn.

"He's young again," muttered Kiltor, "and his pike will soon draw blood; and I'm withered, like the weeds upon this bank aneath me."—clenching, at the same time, some beautiful wild flowers into atoms in his hand.

At this moment, Sir Beville slowly drew nigh the spot on which he sat; the old man looked eagerly and

wistfully in his face, his own strong and miserable feelings giving way to the long and almost fœdral attachment to the family.

"Is it you, Kiltor?" said the former; "how have you contrived to leave your cottage, where you have been a home-keeper so many years?"

"I cudn't resist, my Lord, to look upon strife, or the show of it, once more afore I die. Tisna w' me now as in times long ower, when I ha' seen your young eye dance w' joy as this hand cleared one prime atter another out o' the ring."

"We all have our day, my friend," was the reply; "you have had yours, and fame enough too; you were long the first wrestler of your time, and others now have taken your place."

"They have, they have, and I'm alive to see it; mere shilderlins, Sir Beville; men o' lath, that wud na' ha' faced the grip o' my hand, or stood the clinch o' my limbs, more than with a withy, and the whole countrie is rummin' atter them—could I but be strong for one day, a prize day, as I was once, and shud see these hoastin' boys; one harled to his back, without a limb movin'; another w' broken bones; and, maybe, one goin' double all his life ater, alike Carter was for many years!" and he laughed short and fiercely at the cruel remembrance he had conjured up.

"Old man, age has not brought you mercy or kindness of heart; these are not feelings for one whom the grave is waiting for. Years have, in truth, fearfully changed you: I remember, it was when I was quite a child, Sir Richard, just returned from abroad, took me to see the contest in the ring.—It was you, Kiltor, that won the day."

"You remember that day?" said the wrestler exultingly, almost starting from the ground, though the movement gave him great pain: "it was for the tankard, my Lord, the silver tankard that your grandsire put up for the whole county. 'Twas a hard-folt day, and I did na' ken your eyes saw it; then ye saw, one after the other, flinged upon the yerth, like the broken ore from the kibbal: my bones were like iron, and my joints like brass—look at me now, my Lord! wad ye ken me for the same?—but ye'll ne'er see another day like that in the ring."

"I should know that giant frame again," Sir Beville said; "it was free and supple then, and formed in the finest symmetry: there were others as tall and stout, but none took my childish fancy so much, and my grandsire was loud in his praises."

Kiltor clasped his hands firmly together, and the big tears slowly coursed down his hard face, all unwonted: the praises of his noble patron, whom he had not seen for many long years, during which praise had never reached his ear; the memory of that day of triumph, on which such lips had dwelt, brought happier and better times back, ere disappointment and disease had overcome him.

"I was all that: few so fine made, and none so strong. Blessin' upon the words that said it; the eye followed ater me when I past by; they gathered from the east and the west round the ring, all asked the furst thing, 'Where's Kiltor, the champion?' and the said wemmen pointed me out to the young and comelie ones. 'Twas upon Stratton Down, my last field!—all day under a burnin' sky we wrestled, and I got many a hard fall; but when the last man was throwed, they carried me away in their arms to the village. There Cattern, my young wife, the boast of the whole parish, waited for me. You never saw her dark eyes in its strength; how it looked upon me so in love and pride that day! We had a carouse that evenin', and I drank hard, and then went with her to our home in the Coombe; not dreamin' that I shud ne'er rejoice again. Towards mornin' I woke, the dead palsy had seized my side, and all my strength past from me, and never, never came again. I cried loud, and tossed my arms, but my body was like a lost man's driftin' upon the wave, or like Victor's when I pitched an dead in the ring, with his back furrowed in the grass?"

"And did you never recover, George, your health and strength again?"

"They went from me in a moment, like a judgment from Heaven, as I said; and my limbs got cold and heavy like lead, and hanged from my body like the shoten branches of an ould oak. Cattern cried over me day and night, and tended me like an infant: but hy lities I got to hate her; her dark eye and sorrowin' face were always afore me, and sometimes I tho't they mocked me; and she changed from that time, like me: her beauty wasted like the froth o' the sea: she's ould now and fierce, an' unhappy like me, the once milke and mistreated woman. They came to my dwellin', one day, once a month ater that, the wrestlers from

the other parish; for there was a wrastlin' 'greed upon, and they did na' ken my affliction. The Germoe men were among them, my ould rivale, burnin' at their bein' overcome; they challenged me to come forth to dare them 'pon the morrow, and their eyes gloated ower my helpless state; I saw them look hard and joyin' at one another, and then they mocked me wi' their words, and my friends were sad and downcast.—Oh my Lord, is it any wonder if my blood turned to gall? I gnashed my teeth and cursed them; and from that hour my heart changed like my body, and I ne'er spoke a kind word, or theft a merciful thought afterwards; 'twas that hour that broke Cattera's heart, and seared my own like a nether millstone?"

"Wretched man!" said his noble auditor; "your life has, in truth, little left to desire; and what can death, with such passions, hope for?"

"The feelings o' my youth are still strong; I ha' borne too long a livin' death to make me fear to give up my breath. I ha' but one hope: to see a stricken field, my Lord, afore I die; the clashin' o' swords, the hard strife o' men strugglin' for the life of others; the drownin' o' voices—the ring is nothing to that."

"For shame, Kiltor, to feel thus on the brink of the grave; go home, and strive for good-will to others, instead of desiring scenes of blood. You should have any relief or comfort that I can bestow to soothe your condition; but you do not want this world's good, I believe; is not the tenement in the valley your own?"

"It is, it is; and I want no more, as you are pleased to say;—many thanks to the house that ha' fedded me and my fathers afore me!"

"It is strange," thought Sir Beville, as he turned from the spot, "how the passions out-live the strength! Well I remember this man, so noted in his day, and still he hovers like a vulture round the carcass from which he is driven."

"The latter looked earnestly after the retreating form of the nobleman, with his lips moving like those of a man who sees the friends of his past life in a painful dream. "Like Sir Richard," he muttered; "the same stately step, and eye that cannot be resisted in kindness or anger. His foughten field I'll see, though my eyne look their last upon it." He then turned to gaze on the array around him with an intense interest that absorbed every other feeling.

"Several hours had passed away in the busy and exciting duties around the walls, in which every one, whatever his rank, took the liveliest interest. Those who had come without arms were furnished from the store the mansion afforded, not out of its armoury, but from the supplies which had with great quickness and foresight been provided. Time there was not, to give any discipline to the raw peasantry; who, it was decided, would be more efficient, if left to act as a separate body, than by being incorporated with the well-trained regiment.—Vol. I., pp. 175—188.

LECTURES ON SCULPTURE.

Lectures on Sculpture, by John Flaxman, Esq., R.A., Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy of Great Britain, &c.; with a brief Memoir of the Author. Pp. 339, royal 8vo. Murray. London, 1829.

In no one particular is the national pride of the British traveller on the Continent more frequently wounded than in his views of the merit of the artists of his native island. The complaisance, evidently incredulous, most provokingly polite, with which your dilettante, nay, even your connoisseur, of Venice, of Florence, or of Rome, will listen while an Englishman asserts the claim of his country to take rank with the nations in which the fine arts have been encouraged and cultivated with success, furnishes, probably, the most arduous trial which the patience of a tourist on the Continent has to endure during the first year or two of his pilgrimage. In vain he cites the names of Banks, Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, Reynolds; in vain he describes the qualities, and descants on the merits, of the works of these masters, the ornament and pride of Britain: a smile which the most courtly breeding but half conceals, and which receives double force from the affected attempt to suppress it, shows him at once that his enthusiasm is ascribed to nationality, and is excused, if the ignorance it is assumed to betray be not pitied, as an amiable and pardonable prejudice, more honourable to the heart than to the taste

and understanding of the speaker; more creditable on the score of patriotism than of judgment or experience. One name, however, there is which an Englishman may mention with safety, which he may venture to appeal to without the risk of being affronted by the indulgence of his hearer; to which, on the contrary, he may refer with the certainty of finding a ready and warm acquiescence in his most fervent applause:—that name is FLAXMAN.

The designs of the late Professor of Sculpture of the Royal Academy of Great Britain in illustration of Homer, Æschylus, and Dante, are known throughout the civilised world; and wherever they are known, the esteem in which they are held, equals, if it do not exceed, the honour which they have received in the land to which the artist who composed them owed his birth. Such are their merits, indeed, and so amply is their excellence admitted, that, while they vindicate the claim of England to be considered a country in which the fine arts are really felt and understood and practised, the readiness with which the admiration they excite is avowed by the foreigner, must acquit him of wilful prejudice and ignorance in previously demurring to a claim in which he concurs as soon as so good a title to it is preferred.

It is of this first, and only English artist of continental reputation, that the lessons in which he essayed to instruct others in the art which he practised himself with such extraordinary *éclat*, are now before us. They suggest reflections which it would be in vain to attempt to compress within the limits allotted to a review in the columns of 'The Athenæum.' We must almost confine ourselves, therefore, in this and the succeeding Number, to the duty of presenting our readers with specimens of the quality of the work, by extracting such passages as appear most calculated to excite interest, to convey information, or to inculcate sound taste in matters of art. The degree in which the lectures correspond with the reputation of Mr. Flaxman, and with his merit as an artist, may form the subject of a few observations before our review of the work be closed.

The following sketch of the condition of the art of sculpture in England, during the gradual progress towards its revival on the Continent, and especially in Italy, is not less interesting than gratifying to national pride, and is the more satisfactory since it is the result of the observations of such a man as the deceased Professor, whose acquaintance with the highest productions of art was profound, and whose well-grounded predilection for Greek forms removes the most distant suspicion of partiality.

"The Saxons destroyed the works of Roman grandeur in Britain, burnt the cities from sea to sea, and reduced the country to barbarism again; but when these invaders were settled in their new possessions, they erected poor and clumsy imitations of the Roman buildings themselves had ruined."

"The Saxon Painting is rather preferable to their Sculpture, which, whether intended to represent the human or brutal figure, is frequently both horrible and burlesque. The buildings erected in England, from the settlement of the Saxons to the reign of Henry I., continued nearly the same plain, heavy, repetitions of columns and arches. So little was Sculpture employed by them, that no sepulchral statue is known in England before the time of William the Conqueror.

"In the beginning of the sixth century, when the Franks and Germans began to establish themselves in Gaul, they buried their sovereigns in plain stone coffins, without any exterior distinction or inscription, the name of the deceased being written on the inside of the cover. This was done to prevent the tomb being violated for the sake of jewels and other valuables which accompanied the royal corpse,—a common practice in those unsettled barbarous times. Afterwards, in the reign of Charlemagne, who was contemporary with our King Edgar, the French began to decorate the outside of their tombs with statues of the deceased and other ornaments, bearing some resemblance to the Roman manner. These are the accounts of the best French Antiquaries, Montfaucon, Buillant, and Felibieu; and they may be understood as invariably."

"Immediately after the Norman conquest figures of the deceased were carved, in bas-relief, on their grave-stones; examples of which may be seen in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, representing two abbots of that church, and in Worcester Cathedral those of St. Oswald and Bishop Wulstan.

"The Crusaders returned from the Holy Wars; eager to imitate the arts and magnificence of other countries, they began to decorate the architecture with rich foliage, and to introduce statues against the columns, as we find in the west door of Rochester Cathedral built in the reign of Henry I.

"Architecture now improved; Sculpture also became popular. The custom of carving a figure of the deceased in bas-relief on the tomb seems likely to have been brought from France, where it was continued in imitation of the Romans. Figures placed against columns might also be copied from examples in that country, of which one remarkable instance was a door in the church of St. Germain de Prez in Paris, containing several statues of the ancient Kings of France, projecting from columns; a work of the 10th century, of which there are prints in Montfaucon's Antiquities.

"Sculpture continued to be practised with such zeal and success, that in the reign of Henry III. efforts were made deserving our respect and attention at this day.

"Bishop Joceline rebuilt the Cathedral church of Wells from the pavement; which having lived to finish and dedicate, he died, in the year of our Lord 1242. The west front of this church equally testifies the piety and comprehension of the bishop's mind; the sculpture presents the noblest, most useful, and interesting subjects possible to be chosen. On the south side, above the west door, are alto-reliefs of the Creation, in its different parts, the Deluge, and important acts of the Patriarchs. Companions to these, on the north side, are alto-reliefs of the principal circumstances in the life of our Saviour. Above these are two rows of statues larger than nature, in niches, of kings, queens, and nobles, patrons of the church, saints, bishops, and other religious, from its first foundation to the reign of Henry III. Near the pediment is our Saviour come to Judgment, attended by angels and his twelve apostles. The upper arches on each side, along the whole of the west front, and continued in the north and south ends, are occupied by figures rising from their graves, strongly expressing the hope, fear, astonishment, stupefaction, or despair, inspired by the presence of the Lord and Judge of the world, in that awful moment.

"In speaking of the execution of such a work, due regard must be paid to the circumstances under which it was produced, in comparison with those of our own times. There were neither prints, nor printed books, to assist the artist; the sculptor could not be instructed in anatomy, for there were no anatomists. Some knowledge of optics, and a glimmering of perspective, were reserved for the researches of so sublime a genius as Roger Bacon, some years afterwards. A small knowledge of geometry and mechanics was exclusively confined to two or three learned monks, in the whole country; and the principles of those sciences, as applied to the figure and motion of man and inferior animals, were known to none! Therefore this work is necessarily ill drawn, and deficient in principle, and much of the sculpture is rude and severe; yet, in parts, there is a beautiful simplicity, an irresistible sentiment, and sometimes a grace, excelling more modern productions.

"It is very remarkable that Wells Cathedral was finished in 1242, two years after the birth of Cimabue, the restorer of Painting in Italy; and the work was going on at the same time that Nicolo Pisano, the Italian restorer of Sculpture, exercised the art in his own country: it was also finished forty-six years before the cathedral of Amiens, and thirty-six years before the cathedral of Orvieto was begun; and it seems to be the first specimen of such magnificent and varied sculpture, united in a series of sacred history, that is to be found in Western Europe. "It is, therefore, probable that the general idea of the work might be brought from the East, by some of the Crusaders. But there are two arguments strongly in favour of the execution being English; the family name of the Bishop is English, "Joceline Trotteman;" and the style, both of sculpture and architecture, is wholly different from the tombs of Edward the Confessor and Henry III., which were by Italian artists.

"The reign of Edward I. produced a new species of monument. When Eleanor, the beloved wife of that monarch, died, who had been his heroic and affectionate

companion in the Holy War, he raised stone crosses of magnificent architecture, adorned with statues of his departed queen, wherever her corpse rested on the way to its interment in Westminster Abbey. Three of these crosses still remain, at Northampton, Geddington, and Waltham; the statues have considerable simplicity and delicacy; they partake of the character and grace particularly cultivated in the school of Pisano, and it is not unlikely, as the sepulchral statue and tomb of Henry III. were executed by Italians, that these statues of queen Eleanor might be done by some of the numerous travelling scholars from Pisano's school.

'The long and prosperous reign of Edward III. was as favourable to literature and liberal arts, as to the political and commercial interests of the country. So generally were painting, sculpture, and architecture encouraged and employed, that, besides the buildings raised in this reign, few sacred edifices existed which did not receive additions and decorations. The richness, novelty, and beauty of architecture may be seen in York and Gloucester Cathedrals, and many of our other churches; besides the extraordinary fancy displayed in various intricate and diversified figures which form the mullions of windows, they were occasionally enriched with a profusion of foliage and historical sculpture, equally surprising for beauty and novelty.

'In the chancel of Dorchester Church, near Oxford, are three windows of this kind; one of which, besides rich foliage, is adorned with twenty-eight small statues relating to the genealogy of our Saviour, and the other two with alto-reliefs from acts of his life.

'It would be endless endeavouring to enumerate the various examples of the passion for sculpture which prevailed in this age. In the Lady Chapel of Norwich Cathedral all the key stones, twenty or thirty in number, are beautiful alto-reliefs from the Virgin Mary's life: three sides of the cloister, belonging to the same church, have key-stones, (perhaps one hundred and fifty in number,) representing principal passages from the Old Testament as well as the New.

'There is a frieze of historical subjects entirely round St. Mary's Church, belonging to Ely Cathedral.

'The monuments of Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and Edmund Crouchback, in Westminster Abbey, are specimens of the magnificence of such works in the age we are speaking of: the loftiness of the work, the number of arches and pinnacles, the lightness of the spires, the richness and profusion of foliage and crockets, the solemn repose of the principal statue, representing the deceased in his last prayer for mercy to the Throne of Grace, the delicacy of thought in the group of angels bearing the soul, and the tender sentiment of concern variously expressed in the relations, ranged in order round the basement, forcibly arrest the attention, and carry the thoughts not only to other ages, but other states of existence.

'It is a gratification to know that the principal sculptors and painters, employed by Edward III. in his Collegiate Church, (St. Stephen's,) now the House of Commons, were Englishmen. In Mr. J. T. Smith's "History of Westminster Palace," we have many of those artists' names.

'Besides several other works in the reign of Henry VI., three deserve to be particularly mentioned.

'Two statues, King Henry on one side, and Archbishop Chicheley on the other, with a basso-relievo of the Resurrection between them, over the door of All Souls' College, in the High-street, Oxford.

'The king's statue has great purity of character, with a peculiar delicacy and grace in the hands, both of which hold the sceptre. The basso-relievo has been carefully defaced, but seems to have possessed merit.

'The second of these works is an arch, in Westminster Abbey, which passes from the back of Henry V.'s tomb over the steps of Henry VII.'s chapel. This arch is adorned with upwards of fifty statues; the centre group, on the north face, represents the coronation of Henry V., the lines of figures on each side, his nobles attending the ceremony. On the south face of the arch, the central object is the king on horseback, armed cap-à-piè, riding full speed, attended by the companions of his expedition. The sculpture is bold and characteristic, the equestrian group is furious and warlike, the standing figures have a natural sentiment in their actions, and simple grandeur in their draperies, such as we admire in the paintings of Raphael or Massaccio.

'The third of these works is the monument of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in St. Mary's

* 'Michael, the sculptor; Master Walter, John of Sonnington, John of Carlisle, Roger of Winchester, &c., painters.'

Church, Warwick: a gilt bronze figure of the Earl in the act of prayer, lies on a richly ornamented marble pedestal, round which are several beautiful small gilt bronze statues, standing in niches supporting canopies over them. The figures are so natural and graceful, the architecture so rich and delicate, that they are excelled by nothing done in Italy of the same kind at this time, although Donatello and Ghiberti were living when this tomb was executed, in the year 1439.

'But the building, of all others most intended for a receptacle and display of sculpture, which former ages have left in England for our admiration, is the Lady Chapel of Westminster Abbey, built by Henry VII. to receive his tomb. It has been said the number of statues, within and without this chapel, amounted to three thousand!—perhaps many of these have been destroyed, and in that number every half figure, or animal, may have been reckoned; but certainly, even at this day, the number is very great, and it is another marvellous example of the astonishing estimation and employment of sculpture in this kingdom before the Reformation. Many interesting particulars concerning this chapel and tomb, from original documents, are given in Britton's "Architectural Antiquities;" from which, and "The Life of Torrigiano," by Vasari, we may conclude that artist was employed on the tomb only, and had no concern with the building or the statues with which it is embellished. The structure appears to have been finished, or nearly so, before Torrigiano began the tomb; and there is reason to think that he did not stay in this country more than six years, which time would be nearly, if not quite, taken up in the execution of the tomb and some other statues about it, now destroyed, together with the rich pedestal and enclosure. The architecture of the tomb has a mixture of Roman arches and decoration, very different from the arches of the chapel, which are all pointed; the figures of the tomb have a better proportion and drawing, in the naked, than those of the chapel; but the figures of the chapel are very superior in natural simplicity and grandeur of character and drapery.

'From these differences in style, from the indentures with Torrigiano relating to the tomb only, and not to the chapel, and from the names of several English artists, painters, sculptors, founders, and masons, being mentioned in the documents, who were not concerned in Torrigiano's engagement, we may presume the chapel and its sculptures were native productions.

'After the observations on this building, we must take a long farewell of such noble and magnificent efforts of art, in raising which the intention of our ancestors was to add a solemnity to religious worship, to impress on the mind those virtues which adorn and exalt humanity.

'The greater number of these structures are already gone!—the remaining few are daily crumbling into ruins!—and with what are their places to be supplied?

'The reign of Henry VIII., and those immediately succeeding him, were employed in settling disputes of faith by public executions; as either of the contending religious parties prevailed, this mutual and undistinguishing spirit of persecution extended to the equal destruction of man and his ingenious labours.—Pp. 11—25.

The Monoclastic fury which raged during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his successors completed the extinction of the art in this country; nor are we sure that it can yet be pronounced to have recovered completely from its debasement.

LOUIS XVIII., HIS COURT AND REIGN.

Memoirs of a Woman of Quality on Louis XVIII., his Court and Reign. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1829.

WHO is this 'woman of quality?' This C—, Comtesse Du —? No matter! We will leave her in the incog. in which we find her, only premising that in Paris she is called 'Du Cayla.' Our readers will be satisfied to know that Madame Du — is a very witty woman, who tells a story *à merveille*, gives a charm to the pettiest details, handles satire and pleasantries with *bon ton*, good taste, and perfect grace, and particularly excels in portrait-painting. Her practised pencil never falters; and the original is frequently restored by a single touch. In short, it would have been matter of eternal regret, if with so much tact and talent, and endowed with so happy a memory, Madame Du —, after having passed the best years of her life in the first society, surrounded with adorers, admitted to the intimacy

of the old King, amid the constant whirl of titled intriguers, politicians, sycophants of every degree, ministers, statesmen, and all the glittering throng that waits on power, had not yielded also to the whim or vanity of writing her memoirs; for, placed as she was better than every body else for seeing and hearing well, she must have seen and heard much. Arrived at that age when a woman must withdraw to the card-table, and be content to see young rivals inheriting the homage which is only lavished upon beauty in its morning splendour and spring-tide freshness, she turned over the contents of her memory, and determined to fix in memoirs the traces of a fading past. She resolved to tell all, suppressing no part of truth; for it was history which she intended to write. At the same time, she promised herself to reserve a moiety of her revelations for her confessor,—the frankness which she had decided on not being that of a writer who conceives scandal necessary to interest the public.

We pass over Madame Du —'s rapid sketches relating to her birth, the devotion of her father to Louis XVIII., the States-General, the departure of the Princes, and the emigration. All these details, though presented in a taking style and possessing interest, have nothing which excites curiosity. But, the few pages which comprise them turned over, the narrative of the author transports us into the midst of the multiplied vicissitudes and singular occurrences that mark the fourteen years which have transpired since the restoration. Then, also, anecdotes, portraits, and witty remarks come thick upon us. The book is the beau idéal of modern fashionable history,—without plan or division, without any of those profound investigations, or learned, energetic, and luminous deductions, which characterise the author who has studied the epochs which he describes, and the annals of the people whose deeds and institutions he rehearses,—who weighs events, determines causes, and indicates their effects. It is, in short, a series of stories, a running fire of epigrams. We read without being lectured: attention is excited, and curiosity satisfied. The locution of the memory and the combination of instruction with amusement are the qualities by which personal memoirs seek and obtain popularity; and these ends are no where more fully realised than in the 'Memoirs of a Woman of Quality.'

Returning to France in 1800, our authoress has occasion to see the wife of the First Consul; and the following is the portrait she sketches of that charming woman:

'Josephine,—for so I love to call the wife of Buonaparte,—Josephine was adored by all about her. And who could have refused his homage? She was so gracious, so noble, so beautiful! Yet all this was what one admired least in seeing her. None ever had a character more amiable, manners more seductive, a gentleness more angelic. Her innocent taste for botany and her enlightened admiration of the fine arts are well known; and her heart was worthy of her mind. There was in her as it were the instinct of benevolence which no obstacle could restrain: no misfortune, however great, could have taken her by surprise; her ingenious goodness always suggested means of consolation.'

Of M. Benjamin Constant, the satellite of Madame de Stael, she says:

'He enlivened the conversation by his sprightly sallies, his ingenious repartees; but when he attempted to define, he was quite another man: his fine imagination, lost in space, could fix itself on nothing.'

It was of him that Madame de Stael used to say: 'The pretty windmill! No sails could be more brightly gilt; but it will never stop.'

She describes the Duchess d'Abrantes, now gay, now sad, according as her poor husband affected the hero or the fool; and M. de Metternich, as managing the affairs of Austria while paying his court to the noble dames of Paris, deeply in love with every woman whose husband was likely to know any state secrets, mixing policy with his glances, and diplomacy with his sighs. But vainly did he think with his German gallantry to outwit

Napoleon, who knew him by heart. In vain, also, did he pay homage to our fair author. She ensured his cajoleries only that she might judge how they did these things in Austria; and all that the German Envoy gained, was the mortification of perceiving that she was making fun of him. Of M. Royer Collard she says,

“Whom Louis XVIII. surnamed the Royalist *par excellence*, a praiseworthy man, endowed with an intellect deeper than it is extensive, who embraces questions with a singular vigour, and leaves on all matters which he treats the luminous traces of his passage.”

Of M. De Talleyrand, she says:

“Born for intrigue, he did not fail of his vocation: he intrigued for and against every Government, from the Constituent Assembly, to the Restoration; for them, on their first establishment, and while they held out any prospect of reward; against them, when they began to totter, and there was nothing to be gained from the presumed successor. He was the witty and most amiable egotist in the world.”

M. De Blacas, the lowest in mediocrity, whether in point of talent or diplomatic skill, Madame Du — puts in the same rank with M. De Polignac; though “probably,” she adds, “it will be thought that in so doing I disparage the Prince.” Our authoress next gives a few sketches of the noble nullities who flounced about at the Court of Hartwell, whither she went as an envoy of the Royalist Committee, whence she returns to Paris, rejoins her employers, sees the diadem gradually withdrawn from the royal brow; eulogises, *en passant*, certain Members of the Committee of Royal Safety; says a word or two of several Members of the Senate, as Lanjuinais, General d’Embarre, Barthélémy, who guided the Senate into a path of independence in which they were surprised to walk,—and M. De Fontaines, “the Mæcenas of the imperial literature, who had more skill than talent, more cunning than capacity, (*plus de savoir-faire que de savoir*), who praised with ridiculous extravagance, and whose memory has now scarcely any existence.”

This brings us to the entry of Louis XVIII. into France; and, from that day, Madame Du — dates the great favour she enjoyed at Court till the monarch’s death. She presented herself before his Majesty at St. Omers. The impressions she had made at Hartwell were not effaced. Louis received her very kindly, and, when she took leave, commanded her to come and see him, not in ceremonious court attire, but dressed with all simplicity. Then he ordered his chief valet-de-chambre to introduce her, when she should present herself, by the private passage. She took good care not to forget such an invitation. She was now the confidante of the King, and from that moment was equally surrounded by enviers and courtiers. Every one interpreted as he chose the species of familiarity and intimacy which seemed to exist between this lady and the sovereign; with reference to some of which interpretations, she observes:

“The silly rumours of the Court buzzed in my ears without giving me the slightest uneasiness. Those who were envious of my distinction, indeed, amused with their quibblets the simpletons of Paris; but they had no power to harm me. One evening as I entered a ball-room, I heard a little contemptible lawyer say to his neighbour, while ogling me with a coxcombical air, “Faith, the King’s snuff-box is pretty!” This intended witticism is still a riddle to myself; and I wager that those who laughed at it had no better knowledge of its meaning.”

The restoration was the signal for intrigue. In vain did MM. De Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, Montesquieu, and Vitrolles, endeavour to captivate the good-will of the monarch. Louis, who was subtle himself, had no affection for the craftiness of Talleyrand. “If I put him at the head of affairs,” said he, “he would make Europe believe that I could not do without him. Were Chateaubriand minister, it would be said that he corrected my speeches.” Scarce had the King asked M. de Vitrolles a single question or two on the affairs of France, when he saw the total

incapacity of the poor man and abandoned him at once.

“You know,” (said Louis to Madame Du — in one of their private conversations,) “you know the Duke de Raguse?” “Yes, Sir.” “What do you think of him?” “So long as his fidelity is compulsory, your Majesty may count on him.” “And Marshal Oudinot?” “He is the very personification of honour; but I think his arm is better than his head.” “True: as for the Duke d’Albufera, they say that his capacity for civil administration is equal to his military science. Ney is a hero in the field; but he has no head: all his merit lies in his sword.”

Our authoress proceeds with the gallery of portraits. She represents M. Dombay, who had just been appointed Great Chancellor, as a third-rate man, who had forgotten jurisprudence during the Revolution, without learning politics; General Dupont, as having no other title to be Minister of War, than the capitulation of Baylen and the imprisonment which he had the good luck to suffer, but otherwise completely incapable; M. Dandré, Minister of Police, as a man who would have been dreadfully embarrassed by being asked any thing about the business of his department.

The return of Buonaparte from Elba, the departure of the King for England, the Government of the hundred days, the Battle of Waterloo, its results, the abdication, the occupation of France by foreigners,—in fine, every event that has drawn attention and agitated France up to the present time, is treated by our authoress with so much energy and truth, that one cannot read her memoirs without feelings of the liveliest interest, particularly that interest of curiosity so powerful with the public, because, while she recounts the history of a period in which we have lived, she discloses to us facts of which we are ignorant, and which she alone was in a capacity to know, seeing that she was in some sort more than Prime Minister.

How many intrigues and intriguers, who were buried in forgetfulness, do the witty and epigrammatic recitals of Madame Du — disinter and produce to that broad day which they had so much reason to fear! How many events which had an appearance of importance does she render pitiful, and their causes miserable! How many living jackdaws does she strip of their borrowed plumes, whom it would ill become to be angry, because, faithful to her principles and cleverly disguising the severest animadversion under the utmost urbanity of expression, she has never forgotten that a history is not a pamphlet! In one word, these memoirs compose a long gallery, where many persons will undoubtedly be greatly shocked to find themselves. No pains have been taken to lay hold of pretexts for exposing anyone to public scorn; but whoever has borne a part, and an active part, in the events which history records, must, *volens volens*, submit himself to her burin.

Among the malcontents will be found the Cardinal De Latil, and the Viscomte De Bonald; and we will present our readers with the opinion which our authoress expresses of the author of ‘La Legislation Primitive,’ and the Archbishop of Rheims. It is one which we neither vindicate nor dispute; but which we simply give as we find it recorded. There are, besides, a multitude of anecdotes and portraits related in the same lively vein, and traced with the same vivid and discriminating pencil, which strongly tempt us to lengthen our quotations, but for which we must refer our readers to the book itself.

‘Monsieur has brought back with him a man who certainly possesses some very estimable private qualities; but who has no call to expose himself in the arena of politics, except from his own inordinate ambition. This man, who is a priest, would fain be something more; but the same stuff that makes a Cardinal, will not always compose a diplomatist; and merely to wear the hat of Richelieu will convert no man into a great minister. His Eminence, my Lord De Latil knows nothing of the progress of affairs, and has no

comprehension of the actual situation of France. He obstinately persists in viewing it as it was in the sixteenth century, and not as what time has made it. However, notwithstanding his short-sightedness, he complains that power is wanting to him; and I, who know the man, believe, that, if unhappily he should attain it, he would be found wanting to power.

“While speaking of the ambitious, I must not forget the Viscomte De Bonald. Just as he is a philosopher without philosophy, is he a gentleman without birth. His grandfather figured among the petty burghers of a petty town. His descendant was born at the commencement of the Revolution; and I know not how he has the impudence to complain when he owes to that event 140,000 livres de rente. It shows a great deal either of disinterestedness or of ingratitude, which you like. It is true he has some reason not to be content; he came at his peerage by the way of the censorship; and I know many honest persons who would not reach the same eminence by the same path. M. De Bonald, very easily accommodated himself to the imperial régime. Afterwards, under the Restoration, he thought he should be made a minister. Deceived in his expectation, he joined the Opposition. Meantime a handsome pension of 20,000 francs had been given him out of the funds of the police. Here was ingratitude for once in a way! Louis XVIII. could not endure either his person or his works. He called the drum M. Bonald, to intimate that it sounded or reasoned hollow, (*resonnait ou raisonnait à creux*.) One day the Duke De La Chartre was complaining to the shrewd monarch of a violent toothache, adding that he had in vain tried all the opiates he could think of to procure sleep. “La Chartre,” replied Louis, “read ‘La Legislation Primitive.’”

We cannot resist the temptation to quote another fragment of these curious revelations. It is taken from the third volume, (which has just made its appearance,) and relates to the arrival of the Princess of Wales in Paris. This extract will show how completely Madame Du — was in the confidence of her royal lover:

“The arrival of the Princess of Wales in Paris was not pleasing to Louis XVIII., whom she placed in an awkward situation. He would have treated her according to her rank, had he not been prevented by the Duke of Wellington, who, in the name of the Prince Regent, begged his Majesty to close his eyes to the presence of a woman who had in her own person disgraced all royal majesties. The Duchess of Wellington, but newly arrived, exclaimed in all places against the Princess of Wales, in the name of British chastity.

“Said Louis to me, “You might do me a great service.” “I would do your Majesty a thousand. But what is it you require?” “That you see the Princess of Wales. Go to her, and tell her, as if by indiscretion, what is passing here. Inform her how they are intriguing against her; and, if it be necessary, accuse me of weakness: speak ill of me to her.” “Take care, Sir,” replied I, laughing, “lest I literally observe your Majesty’s instructions.” “What are they?” “To speak ill of you.” “I trust in your malice to say enough, and in your goodness not to say too much.”

“As soon as I arrived at home, I wrote to the Princess of Wales, requesting her to grant me the favour of an audience. I was aware that I was known to her through my brother, who had frequently seen her in England, and had presented himself to her since her arrival in Paris. Apropos of my brother, I find that, with my usual stupidity, I have passed over the restoration without any mention of him. He deserves, however, a separate article; and I will give him one when I have done with the Princess of Wales. She answered my letter with a good deal of grace and feeling. She represented herself as an obscure voyager, beaten by the tempest, who came to seek an asylum in Paris. She complained of being abandoned by those very persons who in other days had found near her person in England an honourable refuge and royal consolations. She concluded by granting me the audience requested.

“I was punctual to the appointment. Her Royal Highness began by speaking of my brother. “He is a very handsome youth,” said she; “he turned more heads than one in London; but his conduct there was always excellent; for, excepting Miss W—— and Lady C——, he neither dishonoured nor compromised any woman.” “Ah! Madam,” said I, “were not two sufficient?” “Pooh!” replied she; “that cannot count. The married lady had already her reputation half made, and was willing enough to com-

plete it. As for the young girl, her peccadillo has not prevented her from making a very good match. But, if you please, we will change the conversation, and talk about France. Well! she is now restored. You are all glad to receive back your ancient family?" I replied, we were. "It may be," added the Princess, "the Bourbons will make you happy; but they will never procure you much pleasure. They are honest persons, but not very amusing. Madame is so virtuous, that it makes her sad. The Duke d'Angoulême is a sage worthy of the Grand Dauphin. Monsieur has nothing of youth but its agreeable reminiscences. Your King is too much of an invalid to think of dancing, or of making others dance; he is only good for conversation."

"You forget," said I, when I had recovered my embarrassment, "you forget the Duke de Berri." "Ah! yes; he is a man for the ladies, with little of grace to be sure, but with entire devotion. However, it is not for him alone to represent his family. Indeed, I am plucked at your Court. Hark ye, Madam; tell the King that I complain of his want of courtesy, and that he does not behave well to me; I may be at odds with my husband, without ceasing to be of the blood of Brunswick, and Regent of England."

"I availed myself of this opening to enter into explanation with her Royal Highness. I pointed out to her the awkward position of the King, and the regard he owed to the Prince of Wales, and adjusted the matter as well as I could. "This is the way with them all," replied the Princess; "they sacrifice all friendship and gratitude to a vain piece of state convenience. There is no heart but in the middle ranks. Had I to marry again, I would not give my hand to a King." Just then came in the child so notorious in the history of her Royal Highness,—Austin, to whom was attributed an illustrious birth, and whom indeed she treated with a mother's tenderness. He was the most frolicsome child I ever saw in my life, a true devil with the figure of an angel. He did but pop in; but he speedily turned the room upside down. I admired the patience of his protectress. She ordered him to be taken away, and then, smiling, said to me: "I spoil him, but he amuses me." "He is very handsome," I rejoined. "Yes, a charming creature. I have been much calumniated respecting him." I was silent. The Princess understood me, I suppose; for she passed to something else. She asked me if I had seen Buonaparte; and, on my answering that I had, she said, "You are fortunate: I hope to see him soon. He is a great man, and now a-days there are few great men among Kings. My father-in-law and the King of Denmark are both madmen; he of Sweden, an usurper without talent; the Czar of Russia is spreading illumination; the King of Prussia spends his time in lamenting his wife; and the Emperor of Austria in making children and sealing-wax. There is a mad woman in Portugal; a bigot at Madrid—I like but to speak of Napoleon's family. The Princess Borghese is the prettiest and liveliest woman in the family, is she not?" "She is charming," I replied, "and has equal grace and beauty: she is a tall and well-formed nymph." "A nymph,—but quite a vestal?" "Mon Dieu! Madame," replied I, "the world is very wicked: the Princess Pauline had too much merit to want adorers. She may have distinguished some two or three of them: which have been magnified to twenty or thirty. The Princess Elisa loves the arts and fêtes: she cannot manage money. They call her the Semiramis of Tuscany. She has taste and spirit. As for the Queen of Naples, you will see her: she is still pretty."

"Oh I shall see them all. We shall meet at the Carnival at Venice. It is an excellent mode of spending time for reformed Princes!"

"The conversation had lasted an hour in this strain. Though the Princess gave me no hint of it, I understood it was time to take my leave."

THE LONDON REVIEW.

The London Review, No. II. Saunders and Otley. London, 1829.

In the second number of this new periodical, just published, there is a paper which needs little external evidence to distinguish it as the work of Mr. Blanco White; and which is no less characterized by a strong grasp of the subject, (*Spanish poetry and language*), than by clearness and vigour of style and of arrangement in the treatment of it. The reviewer begins by acknowledging the rich volume of sound and melody, which leads enchantment to Castilian poetry, and which harmonises perfectly with the character and cli-

mate of its native soil, especially the south of Spain, where 'a confirmed taste for the drowsy enjoyment of vague sounds, expressing rather a state of being than of thought or even sentiment, prevails,'—a taste of which the general fondness for the guitar is a still more evident effect and indication. 'Wind instruments require more activity than a Spaniard likes as an amusement, or is indeed suitable to the climate. Those instruments, being incapable of yielding more than one sound at a time, require considerable attention and dexterity, in order to give pleasure even to the rudest ear. The guitar has three of its strings ready tuned for a perfect harmony, which the change of one or two fingers may swell and vary with good effect; and the sounds will follow the most unskilful hand, passing the end of the finger up and down across the instrument. In this manner, it either lulls the player, in a manner not unlike distant bells, or makes the most appropriate accompaniment to the national melodies, which have little variety of modulation.'

This passive mode of delight in mere sound has concurred to deprive the Castilian tongue of any higher poetical excellence with two other influences more unalloyed in evil; and all together have sufficed to stunt the whole poetical produce of a language which is naturally as copious as it is sonorous. The unfortunate prejudice which has established circumlocution as a component part of dignity, and the still more unfortunate fastidiousness which has banished from all but humorous or comic effusions, the great body of its primitive words and phrases, have condemned to 'mute inglorious' silence many a noble genius since the truly poetical spirit of Cervantes, and have inflicted the curse of barrenness on a language which is 'in its elements and original structure a most powerful and various instrument of thought.' The former of these evils must have probably originated in the already noted propensity of the national ear to dwell with delight on musical and finely rounded periods. And the latter, our Reviewer ascribes, (we doubt not with justice,) in great measure to a cause which has more or less operated on all the modern European tongues, but those of England and Germany, the want namely of some standard work which should consecrate yet popularise the whole original treasures of the vulgar tongue. 'What Homer did for the Greeks, the translated Bible has done for the English and Germans; it has given them a manly freedom of expression. The most ancient and primitive book could not be translated without employing all the stores of any modern language.'

For the nervelessness, affectation, and dilution of thought which has been engendered by these causes, Mr. Blanco White anticipates no cure amidst the apathy of long-established usage. He forgets, that across the Pyrenees the language of France has been, by a salutary shock, forced back on its sources and first energies, and, by the urgent need of expressing new conditions and feelings, enriched with contributions unknown to the artificial canals and tanks of boudoirs and academies. Even the forced expatriation of so many of those who formed the prime intelligence and ornament of Spain, may not be without its use in opening sources of improvement from acquaintance with the literature and languages of Europe; and we trust that one day their triumphant restoration to her shores, will find a national ear attuned to the awful voice of Liberty.

PHYSIOLOGY.

An Essay on the Connection between the Action of the Heart and Arteries, and the Functions of the Nervous System, and particularly its Influence in exciting the Involuntary act of Respiration. By Joseph Swan. 8vo., pp. 162. Longman and Co. London, 1829.

THE physiological mechanism of respiration has long engaged the attention of both theoretical and experimental inquirers; and, as it is very complicated and difficult, it is a subject which does not appear easily exhaustible, and conse-

quently forms a good field for the exercise of talent. Mr. Swan could not, therefore, have chosen a better subject for experiment; and, so far as he has proceeded, he seems to us to have displayed great accuracy and considerable acuteness; but in a small volume like the present it was impossible for him to do justice to the complicated details comprehended in the whole process of respiration. This does not, indeed, seem to have been so much his design, as to give the original views suggested to himself by experiment and study. Such of our readers as are acquainted with the former productions of Mr. Swan, particularly his 'Dissertation on Morbid Affections of the Nerves,' and his 'Inquiry into the Action of Mercury on the Living Body,' require not to be told that he is an original thinker, an accurate experimenter, and an excellent writer. We would most willingly exemplify all these characteristics by extracts from the work before us; but our space will not permit us to enlarge upon so abstruse a subject. In the preface, he tells us, with praiseworthy modesty, that he has stated his own opinions with very considerable hesitation; but, as the great secrets of nature are seldom to be revealed except by the succeeding labours of different individuals, so he has contributed what appeared to him sufficiently important for extending our knowledge on the interesting subject of respiration, as well as some others connected with it. The peculiar views adopted by Mr. Swan may be gathered from the following brief extract:

'Artificial respiration shows that the action of the heart is in a great degree independent of the nervous system, and that the muscles of respiration are of a very different nature from the muscular substance of the heart, and are irritable in a different manner. The powers of the nerves are so depressed by some poisons, that although they be agitated by the heart and blood-vessels, they cannot afford the necessary stimulus to the parts they supply; but when the influence of the poison has been dissipated, their functions may sometimes be restored, provided artificial respiration be kept up so as to maintain sufficiently the action of the heart.'—P. 6.

'Some may believe that respiration is a peculiar power implanted in the body, and therefore not to be accounted for. It is a combination of mechanical and chemical operations, performed by a complexity of organs for effecting such changes in the blood as are necessary for the preservation of life, and producing other actions, which are peculiarly conducive to the comfort and convenience of man; and it is therefore reasonable to inquire not only how these individually act, but how they afford that reciprocal assistance, which is determined to such important ends.

'The ordinary act of respiration is involuntary; but there is a power superadded which is voluntary.'—P. 98.

'It appears that the motion of the heart and blood-vessels sets in action, and produces the regularity of respiration, and that it is effected not only by the association of the nerves, but principally by the mechanical excitement of the nerves which pass over those parts in motion. By the communications of the grand sympathetic with the phrenic, and also with the dorsal nerves, an association is produced between them, and the motions of the heart and the subclavian arteries stimulate mechanically the phrenic nerves, and the branches of the grand sympathetic connected with them, and the intercostal nerves, at the same instant. The communications of the grand sympathetic with the *par vagum* may produce an association between these nerves and the lungs; and some degree of the same impulse may be also given to them by the lungs themselves.'—P. 110.

The experiments and cases by which Mr. Swan supports these views are ingenious, and well worth the perusal of all who are interested in physiological investigations.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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LITERATURE OF THE SWAN RIVER.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, APPOINTED TO CONSIDER THE EXPEDIENCY OF ESTABLISHING A SWAN RIVER LITERATURE.

[Not yet presented, but kindly communicated to 'The Athenæum,' by the Chairman, Mr. Alderman Wood.]

In pursuance of the directions which they have received from your Honourable House, the Committee for considering the most practicable means of effecting a settlement on the banks of the Swan River, have occupied themselves during the present Session in considering the expediency of establishing a literature in this infant colony. The result of their investigations they have now the honour to lay before the House.

The valuable evidence of Peter M'Culloch, Esq., contained in page 4 of the Appendix, convinced the Committee of the following truths: That the principal circumstance which checks the free growth of a literature in an old country, is the fictitious value attached to works which have been long in the market, though those works cannot have been benefited by any of the improvements which have recently been introduced into the manufacture—that it is obviously advantageous, when a country is rapidly advancing, that it should have a literature which keeps pace with its advancement, and, consequently, which changes its character every few years—that this never, however, will happen, so long as an old literature exists, most men habitually preferring that to which they are accustomed—that, consequently, it would be desirable to devise means for preventing, if possible, the establishment of an old literature, for which attempt a colony obviously offers the greatest facilities—that the chief cause of works continuing to live after it is for the interest of the public that they should die and make way for new ones, is the quantity of time and thought that has been expended on their production—that, consequently, the less of time and thought that is spent upon their production, the more chance is there of their answering the purpose intended; and, to express the whole in the form of a simple proposition,—THAT IN LITERATURE THE FINENESS OF THE ARTICLE, INSTEAD OF VARYING DIRECTLY AS HAS BEEN SUPPOSED, VARIES INVERSELY AS THE INFERIORITY OF THE MATERIAL EMPLOYED IN ITS PRODUCTION.

After listening to this beautiful application of the principles of science to a subject which had not previously been brought within their sphere, the Committee proceeded to their next duty. It was to ascertain, firstly, which branches of literature could be most easily accommodated to Mr. M'Culloch's principles, and which, consequently, it was most desirable to introduce into the new settlement; and, secondly, to ascertain what class of settlers would be most likely to undertake this office.

Keeping these two objects in sight, the Committee proceeded to examine several gentlemen whose acquaintance and personal connection with literature entitled their opinions to weight and deference. They would particularly call the attention of the House to the evidence of Mr. Jeffry, [p. 9—16 of the Appendix,] who asserted as his conclusion from the experience of thirty years, that the value of a review depended almost entirely upon the exclusion of all study and speculation from it. The Committee cannot resist making a short extract.

EXAMINATION OF MR. JEFFRY.

'You mentioned that the practice of reviewing had been very much improved of late years. Have these improvements tended to diminish the quantity of labour employed in the production?

'Most materially, though persons not in the secret are constantly proclaiming the reverse, to our infinite amusement. They fancy that the increase of subjects and of the length of the articles, is a decisive evidence on their side, whereas we

know that the increase of subjects has been accompanied by a much more than proportionable increase of common forms, and that the length of the articles is an admirable security that they are never read.

'You talk of common forms, what are they?

'Forms for beginning articles, such as, 1st. The Solemn; as for instance, "No one who contemplates the vast events which have been altering the condition of the old and new continents during the last twenty-five years, with the eye of a statesman and the spirit of a philosopher, can," &c. 2. The Abrupt; viz., "This is a mighty pleasant book." 3. The Common-place; as, "The nineteenth century is, unquestionably, an age of invention." 4. The Facetious; as, "A friend of ours was wandering one day near his seat in the West of England," &c. 5. The Polite; as, "We think the author of this book a very good-natured, easy, gentleman-like man." 6. The Impertinent; as, "This won't do;" with about twenty others, which it would tire the Committee to mention. Then, also, there are forms of conclusion. 1. The Eloquent, called more commonly in "The Edinburgh Review," "the Holy Alliance paragraph," chiefly used after very dull articles. 2. The Tremendous, generally a quotation from Fox or Grattan. 3. The Propitiatory, wherein an author is called a man of talents, and an honest man, at the end of an article written to prove that no one could have written his book who was not a fool and a knave. 4. The Saucy, the invention of which belongs to my lively young friend who writes about Macchiavelli and the Catholic Question. 5.—But I will not trouble the Committee any further.

'How do you furnish the middles of articles?

'The greater part from the public accounts and reports of the House of Commons, a good many from the reports of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, a few with quotations, and a great part of the remainder from old numbers of the Review.

'Do you exclude original articles altogether, then?

'Not entirely; there are one or two boys on the establishment who are proud of their skill in turning sentences, and therefore do not make use of those that are for each case made and provided. But they waste their time egregiously.

'You think that a Quarterly Swan-River Review might be published, which would not consume any portion of the settlers' thoughts which will be needed for other purposes?

'If the editor understands his business, certainly.'

The next person whom the Committee examined was Mr. Robert Montgomery, whose answers were throughout clear, straightforward, and satisfactory. (See Appendix, pp. 50—54.) He was decisive as to the possibility of raising a poem on Noah's Ark in the course of the voyage, of its going through several editions, and of its not being remembered at the end of the twelfth month.

The Committee must also particularly request the House to peruse the evidence of Mr. A. K. Newman, (pp. 216—219, of the Appendix,) who offered to contract, upon terms which the Committee must confess were exceedingly reasonable, to settle four hundred novelists in the colony before next August. For many reasons, the Committee were disposed to urge the adoption of the proposal, especially as Mr. Newman deposed that he was able to show by tables in his possession, that the writers for the Minerva Press contributed more to increase the population of England than any other body, country curates alone excepted. But they were deterred from coming to a final resolution, by Mr. Newman intimating that he could not answer for the continuance of these meritorious individuals in health, unless the House would undertake to provide them with an atmosphere like that to which they have been accustomed in Pater-noster-row and Drury-lane.

The next witness was Mr. Mill, the author of several works on history, philosophy, and political economy. His evidence is too important to be abridged. The Committee give it in his own words.

MR. MILL EXAMINED.

'You are a political economist, Mr. Mill? I am.

'Do you agree in a principle which has been just enunciated to the Committee by one of your class, that books are better in proportion to the smallness of the time and thought spent in raising them?

'Every objection affects an argument either to a material or to an immaterial extent. To know whether my objection to this proposition would affect the conclusion founded upon it in the one way or the other, I must know what the conclusion is.

'You do object to the proposition, then, to a certain extent?

'So far as this, that I believe works have been written upon which a great portion of time and thought has been bestowed, which, nevertheless, possess a high value.

'Could you favour us with an instance?

'A recent work published by Messrs. Longman, Hurst, and Co., and entitled "An Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind."

'Do you think it is generally desirable that books of such a description should be written?

'The necessity existed, but it has ceased. The book is written. Henceforth no work on the human mind will not cost its producer more time and trouble than is necessary merely to write down his ideas.

'Supposing, then, it were proposed to found a school of Metaphysics on the banks of the Swan River, do you imagine this object might be accomplished without departing from the principle of Mr. M'Culloch's proposition?

'Certainly; I could point out to the Committee ten young gentlemen of my own acquaintance, who, by means of the formulae provided in the book I have mentioned, would be able to establish the school and to write all the necessary treatises for it without spending a single thought.

'Without spending a single thought?

'I adhere to my words.

'What security would there be for their adhering to this economical principle?

'The security of an axiom which is as undoubted as any thing can be in moral science, as it has been generalised from a series of extensive observations, that the quantity of subject-matter consumed by any individual may equal or fall short of, but cannot exceed, the quantity of the same subject-matter possessed by that individual.'

The force of this clear, decisive and satisfactory evidence, was not shaken in the minds of the Committee by the counter testimony of a gentleman from Highgate, who entertained them for the space of six hours, with an account of the course and study of reflection necessary to the preparation of a work on the 'Elements of Discourse,' which, he observed, was intended as a metaphysical primer or horn-book, from which a student possessed of a hard head, a willing heart, a clear conscience, a good memory, and strong book-mindedness, might, by the application of all his faculties, acquire a knowledge of the alphabet of the science. The Committee think it would be decidedly inexpedient to send out this gentleman or any of his disciples to the new settlement. As much of his evidence as could be reported by the Clerk of the Committee will be found in the Appendix. [Pp. 96—204.]

Abundantly confirmatory of the principal facts deposed to by Mr. Mill, was the testimony of the 'Author of the Disowned.' The following extract from the evidence of this important witness, will set the question in a very clear light.

EXAMINATION OF THE 'AUTHOR OF THE DISOWNED.'

'In the course of the last winter, Sir, you published a metaphysical novel?

'I did—a metaphysico-fashionable novel.

• 'The metaphysics of which gave, as the Committee has been informed, universal satisfaction.

'If universal means merely of or belonging to the visible universe, I may say that it gave more than universal pleasure; for not only did it perfectly satisfy myself and the Lady Patronesses, but also a large body of bipeds, existing, for the most part, "*extra flammantis mœnia mundi*," on the north side of Oxford-street, and in the dark caverns of Westminster; and there called, as I learn from a dweller in those solitudes, who has described them particularly in the last "Edinburgh Review," Utilitarians or Benthamites.

'You mentioned, Sir, in a former part of your examination, that you were occupied nearly two months in the composition of the four volumes?

'I believe the MSS. did lie upon my table for nearly that time.

'Can you inform the Committee how large a portion of that two months was spent in preparing the metaphysics of the work?

'The press was delayed nearly a week by the dilatoriness of one of the parties.

'To what parties do you refer?

'A document which I have in my pocket will explain. I must beg leave to mention, that it was given to me this morning by my publisher, and that, being somewhat pressed for time, I unconsciously thrust it into my waistcoat. It is an offence which I never was guilty of before, and I trust the Committee will not betray me. The document is as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—You remember that in our original negotiation respecting 'The Disowned,' it was agreed that the charge for procuring the metaphysics, which I undertook, should not be included in the price of the copyright. I now beg leave to forward for your perusal the inclosed bill, which I have received from the different persons who took part in providing them.—I am, Sir, &c. &c.

"H. COLBURN.

"BILL.

"To selecting metaphysical opinions from 'The Westminster Review,' at the rate of 4s. for every 100,		£2	1	6
"To finding authorities for the same, at the rate of 2s. for the name of every ancient philosopher—1s. for all philosophers previous to Hobbes—and 6d. for all since,		3	2	1
"To washing, dressing, and making gentlemanly, the opinions taken from 'The Westminster Review,' as per former item. (This, being a delicate business, was undertaken by my own shopman.)		21	0	0
"To fitting the same to the character of Mr. Mordaunt,		4	5	0
		£30	8	7

'This, I understand, is much above the ordinary rate; and I learn from a person at the Bar, with whom I have the misfortune to be acquainted, that, if the bill were taxed in the Court of Chancery, it would be reduced to one-third of its present amount.

The portions of the evidence to which the Committee has referred, are sufficient, they submit, to prove the feasibility of the scheme for introducing literature into the new settlement. By comparing them with the other parts of the evidence contained in the appendix, it will be seen also, that some kinds of literature possess a decided superiority over others in the facility of their production, yet that there is none which, under proper management, may not be suitable for the present purpose. Wherever proper modes of culture have been adopted, and a skilful use has been made of the powers of machinery, every literary soil, however intractable at first, has at length been rendered productive, at a small expense of time and labour. The Committee, therefore, does not des-

pair of seeing, in a few years, a plentiful crop of English plants, of every genus, adorning the banks of the Swan River; and, by their periodical decline, making room for fresh flowers to spring out of a soil, upon which the animal matter they leave behind them has operated as a rich and fertilising manure. All things, however, must proceed gradually; and every great practical scheme should be preceded by one which is merely experimental. The Committee therefore recommend that the House should commence in the course of the next session, by sending out one metaphysician, two religious poets (that race being sickly), a reviewer, and a fashionable novelist. As it is desirable that all obstructions should be removed which can impede the suggested, or any future, emigration of persons of this description, the Committee would further recommend the repeal or modification of that clause in the original charter of the colony which provides that no convicts shall be allowed to settle in it.

THE STATUES.

I sought the hall where tranquil stood
The silent marble multitude,
The glorious Gods, the god-like men,
That earth will never see again.

Their brows were full of inward thought,
Their eyes with sightless meaning fraught;
A finer blood than plays in man
Unseen through every member ran.

Beauty and age, the hostile powers
That struggle in this world of our's,
In friendly league for them had made,
A sphere of calm, a splendid shade.

By a deep life within sustained,
They, to themselves sufficing, reigned;
Not more serene, or bright, or still
Angels that sleep on Horeb's hill.

I sought the hall wherein they stood
With hope to tame my fevered blood,
To breathe the cold and stirless air
That filled itself with beauty there.

And who, I said, 'mid brows so clear,
And eyes so pure from throb or tear,
Amid these pale embodied stars,
Would feel the world's convulsive jars?

A sacred awe, a strengthening might,
Sits on each forehead's lineless height;
And those broad eyes will scare away
The thoughts that are not calm as they.

But O! how strongly weakness rules;
How low the loftiest hopes of fools;
How vain to dream those forms could be
Aught but a phantom troop for me!

'Tis not when passion, fret, and care,
Have wrought the spirit to despair,
That Beauty from her skies will come,
To bless the dark, polluted home.

Slave of the wind and cloud! the sun
By other souls than thine is won;
Child of a brief and troubled hour!
Thou canst not grasp the Eternal's power.

I paced the voiceless hall, and gazed
On goodliest shapes like one amazed;
With burning cheek and fainting limb,
My bosom shook, my sight was dim.

I wandered quick from shade to shade,
In steadfast majesty arrayed,
And each, with threats and mocks of shame,
A dread avenging fiend became.

The hueless eye, the placid brow,
With horrid light were all a-glow;
And those high gods to spectres turned,
Started, and shrieked, and scowled, and spurned.

A ghastly throng around me spread,
And echoing yells pursued my tread;
And all that clear unearthly world
To chaos, vast and wild, was hurled.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

DR. CLARKE excited the interest of a numerous audience, on Friday last, by the relation of his ascent of Mont Blanc. The enterprising traveller, after noticing the different spots on the road from Dijon, at which the mountain is visible, and pointing out the best points of view presented by the neighbourhood of the Valley of Chamouny, (giving the preference to that of the Col de Balme,) proceeded to counsel those of his auditors who might ever feel the desire, and enjoy the opportunity, of engaging in the arduous task, as to the best mode of preparing for the undertaking. He condemned the custom of the guides, of providing themselves with heavy joints of meat, as a practice unsuited for the occasion and cumbersome, and impeding to those who were burdened with the charge. He recommended, in preference, such provisions as are light for carriage, and are compressible within smaller compass. The use of brandy diluted with snow he also objected to as liable to produce or increase the feverish state of the traveller, and recommended as the best beverage, claret and water.

After these preparatory remarks, Dr. Clarke described the different routes by which the summit of the mountain is accessible, pointed out that taken by himself and his party, and detailed the particulars of his journey, and the many difficulties he had to encounter in the course of it. We regret that we cannot follow him;—on paper, for we doubt much whether, even had a favourable opportunity presented itself, the aspect of this 'monarch of mountains' would have inspired us with the ambition to seat ourselves on his diadem. Dr. Clarke speaks of his sensations when on the summit as gratifying—highly gratifying, for the short period they lasted—but as of only a few moments' duration. Such had been the fatigue and exhaustion which had attended the effort, and such the powerful effect of the rarefaction of the air on the human frame, that it was with difficulty he could preserve himself from falling asleep. Dr. Clarke read several passages from a work on the subject, which, if we understood aright, he is preparing for the press. At the hour appointed for the conclusion of the lecture he paused, with the intention of breaking off in his narration, but the unanimous voice of the company invited him to continue.

On Friday next, the last evening meeting of the season, Mr. Faraday will lecture on Optical Glass.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Continued from p. 298.)

How many times since the first Monday in May has the observation been made by the admirers of Mr. Wilkie, that he has not improved by his change of style! To whose lot has it fallen to pass through the Great Room without overhearing more than one remark to this effect? It may be inferred, indeed, that the opinion is almost a general one; yet we would not that the conclusion be yielded to without inquiring, at least, from what premises it is drawn. It will be found, perhaps, that the notion of deterioration rests on a comparison made from memory merely, of former works with those now exhibiting. The earlier paintings of Wilkie have certainly left a strong impression on the mind: the sentiment and truth which distinguish his domestic scenes were qualities rare in English works of art, when his productions first began to attract public attention. From these qualities his pictures derived a charm which affected the heart to the very core, and which dwelt on it long after the beholder had ceased to regard them; any weakness or deficiency with which they might have been charged, was outshone by the gratification their merits afforded, or became quite obliterated in retrospection. But it may be doubted whether the memory in this case is an impartial arbiter, and whether the very persons who pronounce in favour

of the older paintings of Mr. Wilkie from mere recollection, would not hold a different language, were they to make the actual comparison. 'The Blind Fiddler,' for instance, now in the National Gallery, is not certainly one of the least esteemed productions of the pencil which has since been employed in representing the 'Washing of the Pilgrims' Feet,' and 'The Spanish Posada;' yet, admitting all the merits, the feeling, the fidelity to nature, the playfulness, the beautiful grouping, of the first-named painting, it must be confessed also, that it has a degree of littleness and crampedness which bespeak the days when the steps of art were yet timid: it wants that breadth of effect which proceeds from a free and bold pencil, and shows the master conscious of his power; nor does it display that depth of tone and general harmony which render the Spanish and Italian subjects of Mr. Wilkie, regarded with a view to the colouring only, such delightful paintings. It may be, however, that English amateurs are not prepared to take an interest in the foreign subjects and characters which are now brought before them; but surely this is not the fault of the painter, nor can it be received as a legitimate objection against his change of style. It certainly affords no proof of any present inferiority in the most recent productions of his pencil. On the contrary, the comparison of 'The Blind Fiddler' with any of the eight pictures now in the Exhibition, we doubt not, will furnish satisfactory evidence, to those who will take the trouble of making it, of a decided progress and improvement in Mr. Wilkie, the result of his travels. We trust it will not be long ere we are favoured with an instance of the application of the new fund of skill and experience acquired by this esteemed artist to some subject of British interest. But to resume our general notice of the contents of the Exhibition, which want of space obliged us to suspend in our last Number.

One of the best pictures, we will not merely say in the 'School of Painting,' but in the whole Exhibition, is the 'Landscape after a Shower,' No. 269, F. R. Lee. The charm of truth and nature which reigns throughout this picture is delightful; the effects are powerful without being hard, and are wrought with great judgment, ease, and spirit. The water is truly transparent; the broad leaves of the water-lily appear floating on its surface; the picturesque raggedness and bareness of the bright beech-tree, while it adds to the effect of the deep shade below and to the more sombre character and luxuriant foliage of the oaks in the corner of the picture, affords a pleasing variety. The colouring is powerful, rich, and extremely harmonious.

We alluded in our last notice of the Exhibition to the portraits by Mr. Simpson. There are four of them in this room all equally clever and conspicuous for the freedom with which they are painted, and for their character and expression. They are 'Portrait of Mrs. Flight,' No. 284; 'Portrait of Mrs. Blood,' No. 300; 'Portrait of Mr. Stanfield,' No. 359; and 'Portrait of Mr. Robinson,' No. 373. The likenesses of the two ladies, although persons of very different styles of character, are both most skilfully executed; the first is most remarkable for the boldness of the penciling; the second, for its animated and enchanting expression. The same distinction may be observed in the Portraits of Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Robinson; the former has a very strongly marked character, the latter displays more than usual freedom.

No. 358, 'Portrait of Edward Hurt, Esq.,' J. Jackson, appears a very clever portrait of a not very favourable subject.

We can point to no picture in the Exhibition more exquisite in its kind than 'Puppies' Heads,' No. 311, by Mr. Mulready. They are full of life and nature, and beautifully painted.

Mr. Reinagle's family pictures of ladies and gentlemen, be they brothers and sisters, or hus-

bands, wives, and sisters-in-law,—be they grouped under the porch of a mansion, or stuck up at the harp or piano,—are so stiff and disagreeable,—they represent with such unhappy fidelity, often, perhaps, while they misrepresent their particular subjects, the character of that estimable class of society in this country, who are genteel by will and not by feeling, that it is quite a relief to turn from them to a picture like No. 241, 'An African Scene, with Zebras and Quaggas.'

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE gallery of this institution opened yesterday, with a collection of ancient masters. The exhibition is a highly interesting one; poor it must be owned in historical works, but rich in first-rate landscapes, and in specimens of the productions of Dutch and Flemish masters. The most attractive pictures, with the exception, perhaps, of an extraordinary work by Both, which occasion will be taken to mention presently, are two beautiful landscapes, by Claude,—the one, 'Landscape, with Europa,' No. 20, the property of his Majesty; the other, 'Landscape,' 59, the property of Mr. Frederic Perkins, and better known as formerly belonging to Mr. Zachary. They are both examples of Claude's best manner: the former is of the quieter and more delicate character, and of a description of composition somewhat rare among the works of the Prince of Landscape Painters; it is delightfully painted, clear and transparent. No. 59 is a more powerful production. For its distance it may rank among the most brilliant and atmospheric ever produced, even by the pencil of Claude. The dark shade of the bank which overhangs the truly pellucid water has a delicious effect of coolness and calm, and greatly aids the brightness of the rest of the composition. The picture seems to be at present labouring under the disadvantage of too high a varnish.

The 'Portraits of Rembrandt,' Nos. 10 and 173; the former the property of Mr. A. Baring, the latter belonging to the Earl of Caledon, both painted by the artist himself, No. 10 when in the decline of life, the other while young, are rendered extremely interesting by these circumstances. The manner of the later painting is firmer but more hard and stiff than the earlier one; both are vigorously painted.

'Landscape with Figures,' Salvator Rosa, the property of Mr. G. J. Cholmondeley, is a small but delightful production of the pencil of that spirited artist.

'View in Italy, with fall of water and figures,' Both, No. 127, the property of Mr. Hamlet, is a real treasure in art. It is a most spirited composition, full of boldness and grandeur, truth and nature. It would make a fine pendant to the brilliant and exquisite production by the same master, belonging to his Majesty, and which, two or three years ago, occupied the place in which Mr. Hamlet's picture is now hung. It would be difficult to pronounce a preference between the two.

Of Canaletti's views in Venice, the number is greater than usual, although none of them are of large dimensions. Several are admirable examples of drawing and precision, and of clearness of effect. The 'View of the Prate della Valle, at Padua, in its former state,' No. 105, the property of Sir Abraham Hume, although the architecture want not any of the characteristics of Canaletti, is not an agreeable picture: the foreground is minute and harsh. The 'View of St. Mark's Place, Venice,' No. 144, the property of the Rev. Sir Samuel Clarke Jervoise, is an instance in which the precision of this admirable artist may be considered as bordering on excess, and attaining a degree of dryness which becomes a defect. The excellence of other works by the same hand in this gallery, will probably induce us to resume the notice of them on an early occasion.

'A Romantic Landscape, with figures representing the Judgment of Paris,' Both and Polemburgh, No. 6, the property of Mr. A. Baring, is a delightful composition. The figures executed by Polemburgh are in a style of painting so different from the landscape, and so much more elaborate, that the contrast is striking, and not altogether agreeable.

In addition to the works we have noticed, it will be sufficient in order to advise our readers of the splendid nature of the collection, to enumerate the names of Titian, Rubens, Vandyke, Caracci, Cuyp, Vandevelde, Ostade, Ruysdael, Jan Steen, Paul Potter, Murillo, Vouverman, and Hobbema, besides a long list of artists scarcely inferior in rank to those already mentioned. We shall return with pleasure to a more detailed review of the collection in our next number.

TURNER'S DRAWINGS.

We have returned to the view of this brilliant and elegant exhibition with fresh gratification, and renewed admiration of Mr. Turner's taste and powers. Safely, indeed, may it be affirmed that excellence in water-colour drawing is exclusively British, when such an exhibition as this exists, which may be referred to in proof of the assertion. Yet it is objected to Mr. Turner that his effects are not natural, that nothing like his colours is to be seen in nature. Without discussing the question in this place, whether the practice of an imitative art requires its follower to copy even as nearly as he can what lies actually before him, we would refer to the two drawings of 'Windsor' and 'Twickenham Meadows;' and putting aside the question whether either of those delightful scenes ever appeared in reality so brilliant as Mr. Turner has represented them, we would inquire if these drawings are not most delightful to the senses; whether the manner in which the scenes are treated by the pencil of Mr. Turner has not even elevated and ennobled them; whether a party bent on pleasure and enjoyment would object to have all around them as splendid, as gay as it here appears; whether our fair companions in a picnic party would not be more disposed to love than to hate the artist who should give an Oriental splendour to the groups they form, and to the spot they choose to repose in; who should make a fairy land of the scene of their elegant and innocent enjoyments. It seems to us to require very little poetry in the soul, very little reflection on the nature and province of art, to bring one's self to regard Mr. Turner's style of drawing as perfectly natural. His grand and general effects, in short, are true, although his details of colour are not exactly such as are every day seen.

But to indulge the most fastidious, what have they to object to the 'Stonehenge?' Surely there is nothing unnatural in this drawing! no extravagant tints, no gold, no gorgeousness! and what a subject too! yet what a picture! The proprietor of this drawing, Mr. H. Charles Heath relates a pleasant story respecting it. 'Mr. Turner,' he says, 'told him he had a drawing of Stonehenge, and asked him if he would take it for one of the views of England!' 'Stonehenge! such a subject!' 'But you may as well see it.' 'It would be of no use; the subject would never do.' Other drawings were proceeded with; on the back of one of these, Mr. Heath happened one day to cast his eye on the 'Stonehenge;' but he no longer objected to the subject, bad as he had deemed it. He eagerly purchased the drawing; and few, we are assured, are they who will condemn this change of resolution. The subject all will own was an ungracious one; but this very defect has only served to display the talent of Mr. Turner. He has chosen to represent the scene at the moment of a thunder-storm; the shepherd-boy, his faithful watch-dog, and a numerous flock, lie smitten on the ground; the sky is overcast with grand and gathered clouds, and amidst this storm of the elements, the huge masses rise in all their Druidical

majesty. The whole is an admirable specimen of artistic skill.

Another instance in which Mr. Turner has embodied his tone, where his subject would not lend itself to poetical effect, may be cited in his picture of 'Lowth in Lincolnshire.' It is not certainly the extravagance of the colouring that can be objected to in this drawing—the figures, perhaps, both men and beasts—but these are very unimportant parts of Mr. Turner's works.

Among the most beautiful drawings in the Gallery is the 'View of Richmond,' in Yorkshire, 'Kilgarren Castle,' 'Dartmouth Cove,' with 'The Seller's Wedding,' two of 'Virginia Water,' 'Eton'—but we should have to go through the list of the forty-one drawings, were we to name all that are excellent. It is observed, however, that an evident improvement between the earlier and more recent works of Mr. Turner is perceptible. The latter show clearly greater experience, and a more confident and masterly hand. The 'Views of Linnecottum' and 'Buckfastleigh Abbey,' which are among the weakest and tamest of the drawings, may be cited in proof of this remark.

THE CORONATION AT RHEIMS.

PAINTING BY M. GÉRARD.

WHILE the 'Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny' of Mr. Thoms are the season's rage in London, the 'Tableau du Sacre,' by M. Gérard, has been, at once, the cause and the object of a corresponding *surcraît* in the French capital. This picture was hung, about a month since, in the great Saloon of the Museum of the Louvre, in the place previously occupied by 'The Entry of Henry IV. into Paris.' It is displayed with great pomp, in honour to the exalted subject of which it treats; and, to make the exhibition a court affair, the Swiss and other keepers attend in their full-dress uniform and livery, while every care is taken to give effect to the painting itself, by protecting it from reflected and false lights, and from all deterioration from the vicinity of other vivacious colours, by green hangings, which cover on both sides the pictures near it.

In order to give action and life to his picture, M. Gérard has chosen for his point of time the moment when the Court and Ministers who assist at the important ceremony shout 'Vive le Roi.' The painting is brilliant; but the flesh part is objected to as too rosy and tinty, and as false: the drapery, and the velvet and silks which form it, are described as admirably executed: the composition is said to be pleasing, and the figures well arranged and drawn. The canvas contains about forty portraits, the greater part of them very successful resemblances; but it is observed, that those of the principal Ministers of the day, the Villèle triumvirate, who, of course, played their part in the ceremony, are not distinguishable. Had the picture been executed with more dispatch, it is probable, (says the critic,) that it would not have been, like the busts of Brutus and Cassius of old, by absence only that attention would have been drawn to the ex-Ministers.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE Veteran brothers, the Cramers, were for the second time this year, conductor and leader of one of the best Concerts of the season, forming the seventh, on the 25th ult. It commenced with a sinfonia never before performed in this country, composed by a new and juvenile aspirant for musical fame, of the name of Mendelssohn, who conducted it himself. He is the son of an eminent banker at Berlin, and like Meyerbeer, an amateur, and a musical genius of the very first class.

His sinfonia gave universal satisfaction, and was deservedly applauded. It consisted of the usual number of movements, a clever *Allegro molto* in C minor; was followed by a very quiet, sensible *Andante* in E flat; after which, in the usual place of the minuet, an unusually delicious, playful, and original scherzo in C

minor, (apparently written expressly for the occasion,) gave delight to every auditor, and was unanimously encored. It was performed by only a limited number of violins, tenors, and basses, but obligato for them, and all the wind instruments. The last movement resembled the first; an *Allegro* in C minor, and in it was exhibited very clever theoretical writing, scientific modulation, and good fusing counterpoint. The whole composition was sensible, clear, striking, and yet original, and a new sinfonia has never before been so eminently successful at the Philharmonic. If any resemblance could be found, it must be in the music so highly popular at the present moment, namely, Auber's opera, 'La Muette de Portici,' or the 'Crocato' of Meyerbeer; but certainly Mendelssohn's composition exhibited great originality, without that incoherent eccentricity, which Beethoven unfortunately had recourse to.

No. 2. Aria, Mr. Rosner, 'So reisend hold,' from Mozart's 'Zauber Flöte.' This was the second novelty of the evening—a new tenor singer, with a voice of considerable compass, also from Berlin. He sang Mozart's fine song quite well, in the original German, but took the time rather too slow. He is a polished, clever, and careful vocalist; but occasionally a little nasal.

No. 3. Concertante, piano forte and harp, Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Dixi, composed by Kalkbrenner and Dixi. This did not produce any very striking effect, or elicit extensive applause. Dixi had not any shewy or clever passages, and his harp was by no means exhibited to advantage. The Concertante was accompanied only by wind instruments, two flutes, two bassoons, and two horns. Much might have been done with such materials, but they were not efficiently employed. The middle movement was an ineffective adaptation of Mozart's 'Ah Perdonna,' commencing with the two flutes and harp, (quite in an amateur style à la Mazzinghi, or Latour,) and responded to by the two bassoons and piano forte. The concertante passages in the last movement were quite deficient in originality, and seemed to be formed upon the model of Cramer's exercises. If Dixi's position of his left hand be graceful or proper, (so near the sounding board, and with the thumb held downwards instead of upwards,) then is every other harp-player and teacher of that instrument holding false opinions, and promulgating erroneous doctrines. 'Why was this sort of thing exhibited at the Philharmonic?' says one professional member. 'D... is a director this season,' replies another!

No. 4. Scena, Miss Paton, 'Misera me,' from C. M. Von Weber's 'D'Atalia.' This was a clever and creditable exhibition, and Miss Paton deserves our best thanks for the pains she took to render a difficult piece interesting. Three very fine movements, an *Andante* recitativo, a beautiful *Adagio* in A flat, and an erudite *Allegro vivace* in E flat, were successively well performed.

No. 5. Weber's original, spirited, and striking overture to 'Euryanthe,' concluded the act, and was performed in the usual excellent manner. The wild and beautiful middle movement, performed 'con sordini' by the stringed instruments, was a little out of time and tune; but it exhibits such extraordinary modulation, that to make it 'go well' requires unusual talent and care.

No. 6. Mozart's magnificent sinfonia in E flat commenced the second part of the Concert, and was admirable, and admired as usual.

No. 7. Was another novelty: Madame Wraniskij, just arrived from Vienna, made her first curtsy to a British audience, and was well received. She sang the very estimable scena from Mozart's 'La Clemenza di Tito,' 'Non più di fiori,' and was beautifully accompanied by Willman on an F clarinet with a metal bell, representing a corno di bassetto. The want of this rather obsolete instrument has, perhaps, been the reason why Mozart's delightful song has not been so frequently heard. When Catalani sang it in the opera at the King's Theatre in 1811, this accompaniment was divided for violin, clarinet, tenor, and harp, (which latter instrument was especially applicable to the arpeggio accompaniment in the 3 8 larghetto,) and was performed by Weichsell, Mahon, Mountain, and Chaloner. Willman's accompaniment, however, was as usual, quite good, and the song went off excellently. Madame Wraniskij exhibited an extraordinarily fine and brilliant shake, and was much applauded.

No. 8. Concerto violin, Mr. Oury, composed by Kreutzer and De-Beriot. The Philharmonic audience have witnessed so much fiddling this season, that Oury's Concerto wanted freshness. He played extremely well,

but the performance was much too long. Kreutzer's first movement in D minor is in a sentimental melancholy style; his *andante* does not exhibit any thing more lively, and De-Beriot's variations were rendered tedious by Oury's repetition of each strain. The performance was highly creditable and clever, but rather deficient in interest, spirit, and shewy effect.

No. 9. Song, Miss Paton, 'If guiltless blood,' from Handel's 'Susanna.' This introduction of a little specimen of ancient music, (as in the sixth Concert,) answered exceedingly well, and Miss Paton sang very delightfully.

No. 10. Rossini's admired 'Amor! poscente nome,' from his 'Armida,' was by no means well performed by the Germans, Madame Wraniskij and Mr. Rosner. It was not the style for them. The Italians manage Rossini much better. Besides, the Duetto should not have been introduced at all. It added one piece more than usual to the Concert, which abounded with lengthy performances; and the audience took the hint, and began to depart before the finale, Cherubini's grand overture to 'Anacreon' commenced. The whole, consequently, concluded at a much later hour than ever we remember it.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

THE time that has elapsed since the performance which we were prevented from noticing last week, will have the effect of lessening the value of our observations, and must warn us, therefore, to make them as short as possible. Indeed, our only reason for reverting to this topic at all, is, that the opera produced on the night in question is the solitary exception to the general rule of the season, the only music not Rossini's, which we have heard in the King's Theatre. It is a very common and very sensible opinion, that musical taste changes its standard at certain intervals of time; no *beau idéal* having a longer period of supremacy than the third or perhaps the half of a single century. The cause of this fact might furnish food for much wise theory, and our own wisdom may at some idle hour hereafter be tempted to search for its unravelment. But at present we are content with observing that the most popular composer of the day cannot hope to preserve his glory even for this short season, unless there arise some other object to attract men's minds, and divide his empire; for the exclusiveness with which he has been admired, will lead to satiety;—and the grandeur of his fame will be the direct agent of his disgrace. For Signor Zucchelli's benefit, the opera of 'Don Giovanni' was produced a little while ago, and however differently people may shape their judgments, upon the relative excellencies of Mozart and Rossini, as operatic writers, we do not think there can be any doubt as to the refreshment of our own pleasure, and increased beauty of the compositions of either master, derivable from their being set in contrast, or rather in reciprocal relief. Were the variety of the duldest possible kind, we should still welcome it, for the wholeness of its consequences. But we do not take Mozart medicinally; and, though our appetites are strengthened by the draught, they become so by a process as agreeable as its effects.

But enough by way of preface.

Now to the performance. The great attraction of the night was Malibran's Zerlina, and never, in our memory at least, did the part fall into more efficient hands. On former occasions, we deemed the dramatic style of this lady somewhat too ferried and Asiatic, and her action too vehement and redundant; but on Saturday night this delusion (for we believe it such) vanished, and Madame Malibran revealed herself to our wondering eyes as the perfection of the vain and playful coquetting of low life. Mademoiselle Sontag appeared as Donna Anna. She seemed labouring under indisposition or low spirits; and these latter imparted a melancholy tone to her acting, which threw it into disadvantageous relief with Madame Malibran's. Nevertheless, towards the close of the Opera, she seemed to 'sparkle from the collision,' and her Aria 'Non mi di balla Idol Mio,' was sung in her best and happiest manner.

There is too much repose and luxurious stagnation about Zucchelli's rendering him an adequate representative of Don Giovanni. Of late, this admirable singer has acquired an aldermanic amplitude, which will be as fatal to his career in this walk of his profession, as Sir Joseph Yorke thinks the increase of salary will be to the cool judgment and clear discrimination of the Scotch Judges. Feeding lustily—or, to use the language of the gallant tar, 'blowing out one's jacket,'—is a sore destroyer of the *gaieté* and mobility of which the representative of Don Giovanni stands in need.

Pellegrini's *Leporello* made us regret that he is no longer 'dans sa première jeunesse.' Time, which, to use the German proverb, 'brings roses,' destroys them too.

Of Donzelli we can only speak in praise; and suffice it to say of Galli, that he was more effective than is his wont.

Covent-Garden.

GERMAN OPERA.—A second German edition of the 'Freischütz' was produced at this theatre on Monday, which we are happy to say was welcomed by a more crowded audience than had attended the first night of this performance. We did not, however, observe any vast improvement since last Wednesday, in John Bull's comprehension of the sprinkling of dialogue which the piece contains; nor any new modification of the grin with which he testified his sense of the more startling nasal or guttural evolutions of the faculty of speech in his outlandish entertainers. Nor was there any remarkable variation in the style of the performance: excepting that our foreign friends seemed rather more at home upon the boards, and on the whole, better acquainted with their audience. The broad comic humour of the drinking song was received with renewed plaudits; and Mr. Rosner's rich tenor, with his admirable ease, and the resistless force and feeling of his whole performance, only confirmed our first impressions of his merit. We beg pardon of the ladies for postponing their just claims to our first notice: which undoubtedly our natural impulse would have prompted us most warmly to bestow on them, if we had not felt ourselves somehow rather chilled by the majestic, not to say rather formidable, stature and bearing of the fair *Principal Soprano to the Duke of Hesse Cassel*, in whom we could wish for less Teutonic starch of countenance and drapery, happily relieved as it was by the all-intelligible archness and gaiety of her fair rival Madame Rosner, who looked *Hermia* to her *Helena*. We should be the last, however, to dispute the sheer straight-forward power of her voice and execution, although in our secret souls, like many of the audience, we might prefer the ease, spirit, and variety of her companion. Altogether we can promise those whose ears and eyes are unconstrained by the dictates of a squeamish and fastidious elegance, at least equal pleasure from this new and grand avatar of an old favourite arrayed in more than pristine life and energy, as they have lately been enjoying from the glare of a French ballet, or the liveliness, yet sameness, of a French vaudeville.

In the well-known farce which followed, Miss Covey, as Young Pickle, deserved the applauses which are naturally lavished on a very clever child, and a spoiled one. Her principal fault is her manner, which appears to us to be altogether too formed and womanish; and which, however it may please and surprise at present, will be a great bar to her improvement when she puts off childish things.

Of the piece we need say nothing, save (to those who have not seen it) that it is one of great pretensions with but little to support them, and, but for the imitable acting of Blanchard and Mrs. Davenport—names which we hope long to see placed in juxtaposition, and which are as naturally associated in our ideas as those of curry and rice, or Keely and Miss Goward—would be speedily consigned to the oblivion it deserves. Mr. J. Reeve, as Tag, infused into the part an humour peculiarly his own, particularly in the love, or 'Romeo and Juliet,' scene between him and Mrs. Davenport, which was, if we might judge by the moistened eyes of many of the audience, almost painfully comic. He played also the part of Bombastes in the next piece, and sung his 'Hope told a Flattering Tale,' with variations 'à la Sontag,' more to the taste of a large majority of the audience than would be—if we blaspheme not—the accomplished original.

PASTA AT VIENNA.—The appearance of Pasta at Vienna, in March last, seems to have created a sensation quite equal to that which was felt in England last year on the arrival of Sontag. Her principal performances were, 'Romeo and Julietta,' 'Tancredi,' 'Semiramide,' &c. The Rossini party at first showed themselves somewhat cynical, because she preferred the 'Romeo and Julietta' of Zingarelli to that of their idol, for her first appearance. Her subsequent performances, however, and her efforts in 'Tancredi' and 'Semiramide,' made ample amends even to the *Pesarese* party; and her efforts in these operas gained for her the hearts and voices of all, and the theatre resounded with universal shouts of *Bruce, bravissima!* She is spoken of by a German critic as a meteor or comet in the musical firmament, as one having the art, so rare in Italians, of sing-

ing while acting, and acting while singing; of ennobling the most insignificant *harlequin* music (Rossini's). Madame Pasta was also admitted to sing at the Burg Theatre, the theatre in the imperial palace, a distinguished honour, only granted when the emperor himself is desirous of hearing a performer. 'Romeo and Julietta' was the opera chosen for this occasion: at the close of it Pasta received a *Sevigné* and ear-rings, set with brilliants, and the title of first private songstress to his majesty the Emperor of Austria.

Before quitting Vienna, she performed *Semiramide* for her benefit. On this occasion, although the price of admission was doubled, her residence, where the tickets were dispensed, was beset by a throng of persons anxious to hear this 'queen of song' for the last time. The tickets were exhausted early in the day, and the receipts had amounted to a very considerable sum before nine o'clock in the morning. In the afternoon, not one was to be had for gold. She executed the part of *Semiramide* in the best style, and her efforts were appreciated by an enthusiastic audience. Rounds of applause followed her every time she withdrew; and on the conclusion of the opera, it seemed as if her hearers could not be reconciled to part with one who had given them so much delight. She was called for over and over again, and obliged to make her appearance on the stage three times successively. The presents she received amounted to 5000 francs; and she departed for Milan with the admiration and best wishes of every lover of music or acting in the Austrian capital.

PAGANINI, THE VIOLINIST.—The renowned Italian violinist, Paganini, was at Berlin in the course of the spring, where he indulged the musical population of that city with four concerts, in which he excited the astonishment and enthusiasm of crowded audiences by his wonderful and peculiar execution. It is described to be full of characteristic energy, southern fire, and effective instrumenting.

His performance on one string appeared quite miraculous. The hall in which the concerts were held, which is capable of holding 1200 persons, was full almost every time, at the unusual price of two dollars, (six shillings), each. After the conclusion of his concerts at Berlin, Paganini was expected to depart for London; and his admirers express a wish that the climate may prove more propitious to him than it did to Weber.

NEW MUSIC.

'When morning's light is gently breaking.' *The Barcarole*, sung by Mr. Braham, in the Opera of 'Masaniello,' composed by Auber. Mayhew and Co.

THE whole of Auber's 'La Muette de Portici,' performing under the title of 'Masaniello,' at the King's Theatre as a ballet, as an opera at Drury-lane Theatre, and at the Coburg as a melo-drame, presents music of a very interesting, striking, and original description, and must become highly popular; the Barcarole, sung by Braham especially, the edition of which published by Mayhew and Lee, has a pleasing lithographic sketch of the scene in which it is sung. This is the first publication of it we have an opportunity of noticing, but expect soon to review the greater part of the music in several shapes.

No. 1. of Rossini's Operas, arranged with embellishments for the Flute, by William Forde. Cocks and Co.

THIS is the commencing number of a new and interesting publication for the flute, upon a plan similar to the many we have before reviewed, as published by Cocks and Co., who must by this time have one of the best catalogues of useful and pleasing music for that instrument that can be met with. 'Moeé in Egitto,' is the opera chosen to begin with; and no less than seventeen pieces from it are neatly brought out, and stitched in a wrapper for the small price of 3s.

'Jenny Gray,' as sung by Miss Paton, Miss Wilkinson, and Madame Caradori Allan, the words by a lady, the music by F. Welsh. Harmonic Institution.

A VERY pleasing and appropriate continuation of 'Auld Robin Gray,' the poem describing his death and Jenny's second wedding with Jamie, and so prettily describing it that we were almost tempted to transcribe the words in our review. The music of Mr. Welsh, is (as might be expected) clever and characteristic, and each verse terminates with a few bars of the old song in a pleasing and ingenious manner. All who possess 'Auld Robin Gray' should obtain this termination of the story, and then Mr. Welsh's song would be one of the most successful publications of the day.

The favourite *Airs in Paganini's admired Opera 'L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei,'* arranged for the Piano-forte, by A. Diabelli. Boosey and Co.

WE noticed, a short time since, an arrangement of this opera as duets for two performers on the Piano-forte, by the same person, which was very judiciously made, and well presented. This, therefore, is only a concentration of the two parts into one, and is equally well adapted and brought out.

'The evening Primrose,' a favourite ballad, sung at the Nobility's Concerts, written and composed for, and most respectfully dedicated (by permission) to, the Countess St. Antonio, by F. E. Lucy.

A VERY graceful, elegant, and expressive 'patis-mosaic,' in the beautiful key of A flat, written within the limited compass of nine notes, and therefore quite within the power of most voices.

The National Waltz, arranged with variations for the Flute, and an accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by Bernard Lee. Mayhew and Co.

THIS is offered as the second number of a series of airs adapted for the Flute and Piano-forte, (the 1st was noticed in the Athenæum, No. 79, p. 271,) in a familiar and useful manner. It is expressly well arranged for the Flute, with eight shrewd and clever variations, and it must form an unusually good teachable lesson.

'The bright, the golden sunbeam.' *The Introductory Chorus in the celebrated opera, 'Das Unterbrochene Opferfest, or the Interrupted Sacrifice,'* composed and arranged for two or four voices, by Peter von Winter. Ewer and Johanning.

THE music of this opera is now a little stale; but, as the above has been recently sent to us, as a fresh arrangement, we notice it accordingly. To glee and duet singers, such as warble forth 'Glorious Apollo,' 'To all you ladies now at land,' and 'Away with Melancholy,' this publication may be warmly recommended, as an appropriate companion.

'Introduction e Rondo Giocoso, for the Piano-forte, composed and dedicated to Miss de Humboldt, by Cipriani Potter, op. 20. Clement and Co.

MR. POTTER is a credit to our English school of musical writers, an unusually industrious and well-informed composer. His Rondo is a clever and brilliant effusion in the showy key of E, requiring and deserving a good performer to do it justice. Mr. Potter aims at music of a higher class than the numerous puerile productions of the present day, and aims successfully.

LAW INSTITUTION.

FROM the report in the Daily Journals of the proceedings at a meeting of the Law Institution, held last week, it appears that the designs of Mr. Vulliamy* have been approved of for the new building about to be erected in Chancery-lane. A premium of 50*l.* was also awarded to Mr. Donaldson† for his design, which was considered by the Committee the best suited to their purposes after that of Mr. Vulliamy.

According to the explanation of the Chairman of the above-mentioned meeting, the objects of the Institution are, to form the profession into an associated and recognised body, to facilitate the transaction of legal business, to render the practice uniform, and by the collection of a complete law-library, and of every species of useful information, to meet the wants of a great and powerful body in the general exercise of a liberal profession. Several members, it seems, have already made numerous donations to the library of useful and expensive works; and many valuable publications have been received from authors and editors. The small sum of 375*l.*, the amount of fifteen shares, was all that remained unsubscribed of the proposed capital of 50,000*l.* It is expected that the building will be covered in by Lady-day next, and that the members may meet in their own hall at the next annual meeting in June.

* Mr. Vulliamy is the author of a much-esteemed work on Greek ornament, and it is under his superintendence that the elegant Gothic chapel on the estate of Lord Holland at Ken-sington has been lately erected.

† Mr. Donaldson is even more known than Mr. Vulliamy, as a contributor to our knowledge of Greek art and antiquities, and as the author more especially of one of the supplementary numbers to the grand work of Stewart's Athens. The new church at Brompton is built after his design.

THE PRIMARY PARENTS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

(From a Correspondent.)

In the study of natural history there is nothing more difficult than the formation of an unobjectionable arrangement of the organised part of the creation. Let naturalists adopt what classification they may, there are always found individuals approximating so nearly to those they seem to connect, that, after the closest examination, it frequently remains arbitrary as to which of their neighbours they most appropriately belong. A connecting link is found between every species of organised nature, from the plant to man. The different genera and species of the animal kingdom are distinguished by colour, form, and habit; and it is a striking peculiarity, that of the mammalia no two species have precisely the same anatomical structure. I am led to these remarks by the work of M. Bory de St. Vincent, (a notice of which was given in 'The Athenæum,') wherein he points out the improbability of the human race having but two primary parents. It is agreed among naturalists, that each species of animals had originally its own peculiar parents. M. Bory divides the human race into fifteen species. If he is correct; if these are really distinct species; that is, if these fifteen species are the progeny of fifteen primary couples, it must be acknowledged a remarkable anomaly that Nature, whose characteristic is love of variety, should have formed so many species resembling each other, in every respect except colour, which even in the same individual undergoes a material alteration by change of climate; size, which varies in each family; and the hair, which in some varieties is crisp, in others straight. All the human race have the same number of limbs, similarly situated, and the same number of muscles. All have thirty-two teeth; all have a frame composed of two hundred and forty-one bones: in short, the only apparent difference of structure is a greater or less prominence of the upper jaw-bone. No two species of quadrupeds, as I before observed, are to be found, with so slight a difference of structure. Zoologists agree, that all dogs (the *Canes familiares* of Linnæus) are the descendants of a single primary pair, and all dogs have precisely the same organic structure: yet who will not say that a far wider difference is perceptible in certain varieties of that species than in man? Some dogs have much the appearance of the fox; others, of the wolf: but naturalists do not imagine these three to be of the same race; and here again nature has constructed them thus differently: all dogs have six lumbar bones; the fox and wolf have seven: dogs have twenty-two caudal bones; foxes twenty, and the wolf has nineteen. Again; a superficial observer would imagine that there is no greater difference between the two and the three-toed sloth, than between a European and an Hottentot; but, in addition to the one having an extra toe, there is invariably found this distinction: of spinal bones, the two-toed sloth has, seven cervical, twenty-three dorsal, two lumbar, four sacral, and seven caudal: the three-toed sloth has nine cervical, fourteen dorsal, four lumbar, three sacral, and thirteen caudal. The ostrich and cassowary present appearances differing not more than the extremes of mankind; but the former has invariably two toes, the latter three. It may be observed, that, if the different varieties of the human race be admitted to be of the same species, the orang-outang differing apparently only in his covering and habits, may be referred to the same origin; but here, also, the anatomical structure differs: all quadrupeds, including the whole genus simia, have two bones in the face in addition to those found in man.

After this manner has nature stamped a difference in the organization of each species of quadrupeds; the same anatomical structure being given to the whole of the human race is, then, one substantial argument in favour of the hypothesis that the varieties of mankind are the descendants of but two primary parents.

To account for the change that has taken place to form the characteristic distinctions of the varieties of man, (supposing all to have arisen from one pair,) which distinctions are difference in colour, feature, and the hair being straight or crisped, does not seem to be an insuperable difficulty, if we may compare the human being with other parts of animated nature. As respects colours, for instance, what person, unacquainted with the effects of cultivation, would believe that the polyanthus is produced from the self-same root as the cowslip; the crimson double daisy from the common meadow daisy; or the ranunculus from the root of the butter-cup? As a very few years of cultivation suffice to effect these changes, we may

look upon an experiment of this kind as a demonstration that the physiological differences in organised bodies are occasionally produced by the peculiar differences under which they are circumstanced. As respects form, change of circumstance effects a greater difference in appearance in many parts of the vegetable kingdom than can be found in the extremes of the whole human race. The rough-leaved snake-weed, if removed into a soil differing from its natural one, produces smooth leaves; and, if the same plant be afterwards returned to its natural soil, it again throws out rough leaves. Many flowers, the corolla of which is composed of a single circle of petals, become, by cultivation, what are termed double and full flowers, in which case the stamens, organs however different in shape, are nevertheless converted into petals. Many of our domestic animals, on being transported to South America, become, in a short time, materially altered. According to M. Roulin, the hog quickly assumes the ferocious habits of the wild boar. 'European horses and horned cattle, also, soon become wild; and it is with the utmost difficulty they can be retained for domestic purposes.' The cow no longer affords the usual supply of milk; 'immediately the calf ceases to suck, the milk dries up;' if the sheep are left unshorn for a season, the wool falls off in patches, and its place is supplied by 'a short, shining, and close hair, exactly like the hair of the goat in the same climate; and where this hair once appears, there is never any return of wool.' M. Bory quotes, 'If naturalists saw two insects or two quadrupeds so constantly different by their exterior forms and permanent colour as the white man and the negro, notwithstanding the spurious offspring may result from their intercourse, they would not hesitate to set them down as two distinct species.' Now an argument fairly parallel is this: show a person, ignorant of the laws of vegetation, a single damask rose, and likewise a double white rose, and ask him if he suppose they are the fruits of originally the same root? That there is a greater difference in these flowers than is perceptible in any two of the human race, cannot be denied: in the double white rose, there are no longer stems; they are converted into petals. It is true, that, in point of colour, we do not look for a greater contrast than black and white, but the fairest of our race is tawny in comparison to the whiteness of the rose. As it is in every one's power to observe the variety produced from a single plant allowed to grow under different circumstances, we cannot but naturally allow that a change, comparatively small, may have taken place in the human race.

In admitting the present variety of mankind to be the descendants of only two primary parents, the circumstance most difficult to be accounted for is their manner of becoming scattered over the whole earth; the manner in which they were removed into countries divided from each other by wide seas. In admitting more than one primary pair, we do away with all possibility of a deluge having ever taken place; for if the deluge was general, there must have been many arks, many Noahs, and arks for each species. If a deluge never took place, or was only partial, inundating only so much of the world as was at that time known, and not the whole globe,—if this were the case, naturalists must fly to some other event to account for what are now considered as antediluvian remains.

Thus, without appealing to the scriptural authority, it would seem, judging from analogy, that the human race are but varieties of the same species, since the whole race has in every respect the same anatomical construction; and comparative anatomy teaches us that of the rest of the Mammalia, each species has an anatomic construction differing in some respect from every other species: that to account for the different features, colours, and habits of mankind, requires not that we admit of more than two primary parents; for we find greater differences exist in the fruit of many other orders of organized nature: and that the admittance of more than two primary parents, either makes it necessary that at the deluge two of each species (inhabiting countries widely apart) must have been saved, which is improbable; or infers that no deluge, or only a partial one, ever occurred,—which geologists will aver to be impossible.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD CZAR.—The word Czar is of Georgian origin, and is to be found used in the signification of Lord or master in the Slavonian translation of the Bible, in which it designates the sovereign power of ancient times. The Annalist, Nestor, in fact, gives the title to the Greek Emperor; and even at present, speaking in Russian, Constantinople is called even by persons of the lower class, Zaregrad, city of Czars.

VARIETIES.

NEW MINERALS OF CULEBRAS IN MEXICO.—In the 'Annales des Sciences Naturelles,' M. Del Rio gives an account of two new minerals, found at Culebras, Mexico, by M. J. Herrera. The first resembles hepatic cinnabar, and was found accompanied by native mercury, in the calcareous matter lying above the red freestone. This mineral, under the action of the blow-pipe, burns with a violet-coloured flame; it discharges a smoke which has the odour of putrid cabbage, and leaves a residue of greyish white earth. It is found in company and adhesively mixed with another mineral, so like grey silver, that M. Del Rio, as he confesses, was himself deceived by it. The simple consideration, that grey silver and cinnabar are not found together, made him doubtful. The dust of it is blacker, and stains more, than that of grey silver. It gives, under the pipe, the same result, as the red mineral; its specific gravity was 5.56; that of the red mineral was 5.66, differing considerably from that of the hepatic cinnabar, which exceeds 5.8. M. Del Rio gives to the second-mentioned mineral the name of 'Grey Mineral.' He found its constituent parts to consist of selenium 49, zinc 24, mercury 19, sulphur 1.5, lime 6; total 99.5. The mineral, according to the author of the description, is a bi-selenite of zinc with a proto-sulphite of mercury, which gives it the grey colour. The red mineral he concludes is another bi-selenite of zinc with a bi-sulphite of mercury, whence it derives its red colour.

INFLUENCE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS ON THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.—A difference of opinion exists between M. Arago and several English philosophers, and especially Dr. Brewster, as to the limit of the extent at which the Aurora Borealis exercises a perceptible action on the Magnetic Needle. M. Arago, on the strength of a number of observations of his own, maintains that the action of the Aurora Borealis operates in a sensible manner in places where that phenomenon is not visible. In support of his opinion, M. Arago has recently referred the French Academy of Sciences to the observations addressed to them by the Professor of Casan, in Siberia, and which confirm, he alleges, in the most satisfactory manner, the truth of his assertion. These observations show a continued correspondence between the movements observed, in Paris, in the Magnetic Needle, and the appearances of the Aurora Borealis perceived at Casan. M. Arago reminded the Academy, that these coincidences, remarkable as they were, in consequence of the great distance between the two towns, become still more so when it is taken into consideration that there is every reason to believe that Casan is not subject to the influence of the same magnetic pole. A great number of magnetic phenomena do not seem capable of explanation, on the supposition of a single magnetic pole, and every thing tends to countenance the idea, that in Siberia there exists a peculiar one, which exercises an influence on all the neighbouring regions.

COLOURING MATTER OF LOBSTERS.—In the 'Précis Analytique des Travaux de l'Académie de Rouen, pendant l'année 1828,' M. Germain maintains that it is a mistake to suppose that the red colour assumed by lobsters when cooked in water, is owing to a colouring principle contained in a membrane adhering to the inner part of the shell. According to M. Germain, this colour exists already formed: the shell, he says, consists of three distinct layers, the first or outer layer is very thin, and composed of a calcareous substance, on which is applied, or which has intimately connected with it, a green olive colour more or less deep; the second or intermediate, also very thin, adheres firmly to the former, is composed of the organic part of the shell, and contains the whole of the red colour, of which boiling, or the action of divers agents will occasion the development; the third or innermost layer is much thicker than both the others together, and consists only of carbonate of lime quite colourless.

NEW COMPRESSION PUMP OF M. THILORIER.—At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences of the 16th May, 1500 francs, as the Monthyon prize for mechanical inventions, were awarded to M. Thilorier, for the best contrivance for a compression pump. M. Navier, in making the report of the committee, described the object and mode of operation of the invention. From these it appears that, with the machine of Thilorier, six men are able to compress, to the thousandth part of its bulk, at each rising and sinking of the piston, a volume of air equal to six hundred and forty-five cubic centimetres (21 feet 2 inches cubic). With the ordinary machines, 200 men would be required to produce the same effect.

COMPLETE TREATISE ON CHEMISTRY, BY M. BERZELIUS.—A French edition of 'The Treatise on Chemistry' of M. Berzelius, the Swedish chemist, is in the course of publication at Paris, by MM. Didot. In order to render this edition more complete, and something more than a mere translation of the German publication, the author has transmitted to his publishers a quantity of new MSS. The 'Complete Treatise on Chemistry' will form eight thick volumes. The first four will comprise mineral chemistry, the fifth and sixth vegetable chemistry, the two last animal chemistry, with an alphabetical arrangement of instruments, apparatus, and experiments. This forms a record of the results of the long experience of the author. In writing this work, the great object of M. Berzelius has been to render the study of chemistry easy to the uninitiated.

M. GAY-LUSSAC'S LECTURES ON CHEMISTRY.—A course of chemistry, by M. Gay-Lussac, being the substance of thirty-three lectures on salts and vegetable and animal chemistry, was also published in Paris in the course of last year, by Puhon and Didier.

GERMAN CHILDE HAROLD.—The first Canto of 'Childe Harold' has been translated into German by Zedlitz, and will be published in 'The Agaja' annual for 1830.

COPYRIGHT IN GERMANY.—The exertions of the Prussian Government to procure an agreement between the various German states, for the purpose of securing the property of authors and publishers against the injury of counterfeit editions, have already been attended with many satisfactory results, and States, which until very recently, were wholly wanting in any fixed legislation on the subject of the press, are now enjoying the advantages of established laws for securing copy-right. Among the other Sovereigns who have complied with the instances of Prussia, is the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, who, in the course of last autumn, promulgated against the infraction of copyright, a law distinguished for its completeness and precision. It contains thirteen articles, of which the first eight concern the counterfeiting of books, and the acts which render it unlawful. The relations between authors and publishers are regulated in the third article. According to this; thirty years after the death of the author, the copyright ceases both in the executor and the publisher. The four following articles impose penalties for infraction; and the thirteenth charges the censors to enforce the observance of the law.

SUICIDE IN FRANCE.—The rage of suicide has attacked not only every class, but almost all ages: a child of twelve years old, living at Auxonne, has blown his brains out with a pistol, owing to some affront or other he had taken from his parents.

The suicides which have taken place at Marseilles in 1825, 1826, and 1827, amount to seventy, of which fifty-two are men, and eighteen women. In the six summer months of these two years, there were forty-eight suicides: in the six months of winter, only twenty-two. England is now by no means the country where suicide occurs most frequently. More suicides have of late years taken place in France than in that country; and it appears that the principal focus of that malady is in Germany.

INHUMAN INHUMATION.—The repairs in the cemetery of a commune, in the neighbourhood of Verdun, have opened up a tomb, in which was given to view the skeleton of a man, having his hands behind his head, grasping and filled with his hair. It should seem, that this unfortunate, interred while yet alive, must have torn them away in his despair. Here is a new example of the dreadful risk attendant on precipitate burial.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The state of New York has lately come to a resolution, according to which the infliction of capital punishment will take place in the interior of the prisons, in the presence of the sheriff alone, and not in public; as experience has demonstrated, that public executions, rather tend to harden the witnesses of them than to add to their abhorrence for crime; and that, besides, they give occasion not unfrequently to disorders.

MARINO FALIERO AT PARIS.—The difference between M. Delavigne and the Committee of the Théâtre Français, and the conversion of the tragedy of 'Marino Faliero' into a melodrama for the Porte-Saint-Martin, where it has experienced most unequivocal success,* has been laid hold of as the subject of a pleasant little piece of caricature at the Théâtre du Vaudeville. Marino Faliero, ill-treated in London, arrives in Paris by the Omnibus. Henry III. offers him apartments in his

palace, in the Rue Richelieu; * but the old Doge, who is still sensible to the charms of a pair of youthful sparkling eyes, prefers sparkling Charlotte Corday to the Porte-Saint-Martin. In vain, however, would he follow his own inclination. Pertinax, Saint-Mégrin, and Agamemnon seize him by the throat, and drag him, loaded with chains, to the colonnade of the Théâtre Français. The poor Faliero trembles from head to foot; surely will be condemned to be massacred by La Fontaine. On a sudden, a clap of thunder is heard, and the statue of Voltaire becomes animated; this venerable judge, standing, pronounces from his tribunal an excellent sentence, which, notwithstanding the clamour and petitions of the classicals, establishes the liberty of the stage, and the sovereignty of the people in matters of taste. The singing then recommences, and Voltaire takes his seat to listen to a vaudeville, in which the classicals and the romanticists, the inventors of patent soup, the gascon eloquence of the Minister, and other farces of the day, are shown up for the amusement of the audience; and, if the authors, says 'Le Globe,' are not deserving of much praise, the censors certainly are.

STATE OF THE MARINE IN GREECE AT ANCIENT EPOCHS.—M and M. Poirson Cayx, in their recent work, entitled 'Précis de l'Histoire Ancienne,' give the following comparative table to prove the state of degradation into which the Greeks had fallen, between the war of Troy and the invasion of the Persians, and especially after the invasion of Attica by the Ionians and Æolians, driven by the Heraclides from the Peloponnesus.

State of the Marine in Greece at the commencement of the Trojan War.	At the commencement of the Persian War.
Number of Vessels.	Number of Vessels.
Hæmoma (Thessaly) . . . 280	Thessaly . . . 0
Central Greece . . . 250	Central Greece . . . 100
Peloponnesus . . . 432	Peloponnesus . . . 80
Eubœa, Egina, the Cyclades 144	Eubœa, Egina, the Cyclades 143
Total, 1104	Total, 231

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Mansel, of the Middle Temple, Author of 'The Law and Practice of Demurrer,' &c., is on the eve of delivering a course of Lectures on the Principles and Practice of the Law of England as applicable to civil actions.

The Author of 'Reginald Trevor' has a new novel in the press, entitled 'Lawrence Mertoun; or a Summer in Wales.' It is descriptive of modern Welsh manners, and contains some lively sketches of character, especially referable to the Highlands of Merionethshire.

The Italian Library of Mr. Wilbraham will be sold by auction, to-morrow, at Mr. Evans's Rooms, in Pall Mall.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Private Life, by the Author of 'Geraldine,' &c., 2 vols. post 8vo., 2s.
King Alfred's Boethius, by J. T. Cardale, 2s.
Hunter's Hallamshire Glossary, crown 8vo., 5s.
A few Comfortable Meditations upon Advancing Years and Declining Life, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
A Present to Young Christians, 18mo., 2s.
Rybert de Cruce, 3 vols. post 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Geraldine of Desmond; or, Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth, 3 vols. post 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.
The Spiritual Cabinet, or Christian Pocket Companion, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
The London Latin Grammar, 18mo., 3rd edition, 2s. 6d.
Hurwitz's Hebrew Elements, 8vo., 5s. 6d.
Nicholson's Operative Mechanic, with Supplement, one thick vol. 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.
Fourteen Views, in lithography, of Bolton Abbey, Wharfedale, Yorkshire, by J. S. Davis, 2nd edition, 11. 10s.
Knight's Discourses on the Parables, 8vo., 12s.
Latrobe's Sketches of Switzerland, 8vo., 12s.
Gambert's Catechism of French Grammar, 9d.
The Five Nights of St. Alban's, 3 vols. post 8vo., 11. 2s.
Hind's Catechist's Manual and Family Lectures, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
The Concise Arithmetician, or Accountant's Manual, 2s. 6d.
Horatius, 12mo., 6s.
The Village Nightingale, and other Tales, by Miss Dayley, 6s.
Contes pour les Enfants, de 5 à 6 ans, 3s. 6d.
Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns, in Italian, 2nd edition, 2s. 6d.
Coxe's Memoirs of the Pelham Administration, 2 vols. 4to., 51. 5s.
Stafford upon Ulcers, 8vo., 5s.
A Journey through Lapland, Norway, &c., by the Rev. B. Everest, A.M., 8vo., 14s.
Saunders on the Ear, 3rd edition, coloured plates, 12s.
A Letter on Toleration, by John Locke, Esq., new edition, 1s.
Speculum Sacrum: The Christian Minister's Pocket Companion, by Wm. Shuttleworth, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Letters of Isaac Penington, an eminent Minister in the Society of Friends, 2nd edition, 18mo., 3s.
Hints for Conversing with the Children of Infant Schools, &c. Christian Biography, a Dictionary of the Lives and Writings of the most distinguished Christians, 12mo., 9s.
Memoir of William Henry Temple, 2s.
Millennial Church; or, Christ's Personal Reign upon Earth during Satan's binding.

* The Théâtre Français.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

June.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 1	61 58	30. 09	NW to W	Fair Cl.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 2	64 64	Stat.	Var.	Serene.	Cumulus.
Wed. 3	73 68	30. 06	N to NW	Ditto.	Ditto.
Thur. 4	65 68	30. 02	NW to W	Ditto.	Ditto.
Frid. 5	60 53½	29. 80	Var.	Clear.	Ditto.
Sat. 6	53 52	30. 02	N to E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 7	51 53	30. 14	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.

Nights and mornings fair. Scarcely any rain fallen since May 7th.

Highest temperature at noon, 62°. Mean temperature of the week, 57°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Venus in conjunction on Monday, at ½ past 1 in the morning.

The Moon and Mars ditto on Wednesday, at 5 h. p.m.

The Moon and Saturna ditto on Friday, at 3 h. p.m.

Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 9° 35' in Sagitt.

Saturn's ditto ditto 1° 25' in Leo.

Sun's ditto ditto 16° 28' in Gemini.

Sun above the horizon on Sunday, 16 h. 24 min. Day increased 9 h. 49 m. No real night.

Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 25" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .006633.

BARNETT'S SONGS of the MINSTRELS, Vol. II. Price 15s.

'These compositions are entitled "Songs of the Minstrels," and do equal honour to the Poet and Musician. The Portuguese Minstrel, "The Spot where I was Born," is particularly beautiful; and the Russian "Maid of Tartary," highly striking and original. These two, with the Neapolitan and Turkish, four of the twelve, are fully equal to the best of the first volume; indeed, there is not one which does not boast of some of the merits peculiar to this extremely pleasing and delightful publication. Mr. Barnett is the cleverest and most tasteful of English composers. The Poetry is by the late Harry Stoe Van Dyk.'—*Vide Literary Gazette.*

Published by Mayhew and Co., 17, Old Bond-street, Where may be had the following New Songs:—

'Rise, gentle Moon,' sung by Miss Love, with the most enthusiastic applause, and nightly encored, in the historical drama of 'Charles XII.,' composed by John Barnett, with a beautiful Lithographic Portrait of Miss Love, 2 6

'My sweet Guitarr,' sung by Miss Love with distinguished applause; composed by John Barnett, 2 0

'Here's a Health to Merry England,' National Song; sung by Mr. Braham, composed by John Barnett, 2 0

'Listen to my Wild Guitarr,' written as a companion to the celebrated Serenade, 'The Light Guitarr,' composed by John Barnett, 2 0

'The Chimes of Zurich,' sung by Miss Love, written by Harry Stoe Van Dyk, composed by C. E. Horn, 2 0

'Sweet Evening Star,' answer to Barnett's celebrated song, 'Rise, gentle Moon,' composed by Joseph Hart, 2 0

LAW INSTITUTION.—At the Third Annual General Meeting of Members, held in Furnival's Inn Hall, the 2nd June, 1829, WILLIAM TOOKE, Esq., F.R.S., in the Chair, read the Report of the Committee of Management.

Resolved,—1. That the Report, now read, be approved and entered on the minutes, and printed for circulation among the Subscribers, and for the information of the profession generally, under the direction of the Committee.

2. That Michael Clayton, Thomas Dawes, and Peregrine Deatry, Esqrs., be elected Auditors for the ensuing year.

3. That the Committee prepare rules and regulations for the government of the Subscribers frequenting the Institution, and recommend such particular hour or hours in each day as may be most convenient for professional men to assemble in the hall, and that such rules and regulations, and the recommendation of the Committee, be submitted to a general meeting, and a copy thereof sent fourteen days before such general meeting to each Member.

4. That the thanks of this Meeting be presented to the Committee of Management, for their valuable services during the past year, in accomplishing the acquisition of a most eligible site, and in obtaining a subscription adequate to the immediate object of building according to the plan proposed. (Signed) WM. TOOKE, Chairman.

5. That the thanks of the Meeting be presented to the Chairman, for his able and impartial conduct in the Chair. (Signed) R. MAUGHAM, Secretary.

No. 19, Chancery-lane.

DR. KITCHNER'S ZEST.—This incomparable Flavour for Soups, Gravies, Made Disables, Game, Poultry, Fish, &c., the sole invention of the late Dr. Kitchner, and repeatedly mentioned by him in 'The Cook's Oracle,' is now prepared from the Doctor's original recipe, and likewise sold by JAMES BUTLER, Herbalist and Seedman, Covent-Garden Market, whose name is written on the direction for its use, without which none are Genuine. The Zest is particularly adapted for families travelling, imparting its delicious taste on immediate application. It will keep for any time, in any climate.—Sold also by Messrs. Knight and Sons, Italian Warehouse, 83, Gracechurch-street; and by Mr. Hickson, Italian Warehouse, 72, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square; and Mr. Lazenby, 46, Lamb's Conduit-street; in bottles 2s. 6d. each.

* The copyright has been purchased by L'Avocat, at the price of 13,000 francs.

Just published, by J. Power, 34, Strand.
NEW VOCAL MUSIC, by Mrs. ROBERT ARBUTHNOT. — 'Richard the Brave,' a Legend; the Poetry by Thomas Campbell, Esq.; price 2s. Also, a Set of 6th Songs, price 10s. 6d.; the Poetry selected (by permission) from the works of Mr. Keats, Mrs. Ogle, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Thomas Moore, Esq., and William Spencer, Esq.; containing—
 Them be it so.
 Bess! thou art the sweetest flower.
 The Greek Exile.
 One hour with thee.
 Poor Louise.
 Beth Geier.

THE following **WORKS OF FICTION** are nearly ready for publication, by HENRY COLBURN, 8, New Burlington-street:

DEVEREUX. By the Author of 'Pelham,' and 'The Disowned.' In 3 vols.
THE NEW FOREST; a Novel, by the Author of 'Brambletye House,' &c. In 3 vols. post 8vo.
THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS. By the Author of 'The Subaltern.' In 3 vols. post 8vo.
SIR PHILIP GASTENEYS, a Minor. By Sir ROGER GREEN-ART, Bart. In post 8vo., 2s. 6d.
THE DAVENELS; or a Campaign of Fashion in Dublin. In 3 vols. post 8vo., 18s.
WALDEGRAVE, a Novel. In 3 vols. post 8vo.
OLD COURT, a Novel. In 3 vols. post 8vo.
TALES OF MY TIME. By the Author of 'Blue Stocking Hall.' 3 vols.

WORKS nearly ready for publication by HENRY COLBURN, 8, New Burlington-street:

THE BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR. By Lady MORGAN. 2 vols.
THE LOVES OF THE POETS. By the author of the 'Diary of an Emigrée.' In 2 vols. post 8vo., 18s.
LIFE OF JOHN LOCKE. With Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common-place Books. By Lord KING. In 1 vol. 4to., with Portrait.
PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE. By Captain C. C. FRANKLAND, R.N.
TRAVELS IN TURKEY, EGYPT, NUBIA, PALESTINE, &c. By R. R. MADDEN, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo., 24s.
THE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D. Edited from the Originals. By his Great Grandson, JOHN DODDRIDGE HUMPHREYS, Esq. In 3 vols. 8vo.
MEMOIRS OF LADY FANSHAW, Wife of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart., Ambassador from Charles II. to the Court of Madrid. Written by Himself; now first published from the original MS. To which are added, Extracts from the Correspondence of Sir Richard Fanshawe. Handsomely printed, in 1 vol. 8vo., with a Portrait.

THE following **POPULAR NOVELS** have been just published by HENRY COLBURN, 8, New Burlington-street:

GERALDINE OF DESMOND; or, Ireland in the Reign of Elizabeth. In 3 vols. post 8vo., 31s. 6d.
RYBENT DE CRUCE, a Novel. In 3 vols. post 8vo., 28s. 6d.
TRAITS OF TRAVEL; or Tales of Men and Cities, by the Author of 'High-ways and By-ways.' In 3 vols. post 8vo., 31s. 6d.
RICHELIEU, a Tale of France. In 3 vols. post 8vo., 17. 11s. 6d.
THE SCHOOL OF FASHION. In 3 vols. post 8vo., 27s.
ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE. By the Authoress of 'Hungarian Tales.' In 3 vols. post 8vo., 31s. 6d.
 Contents:—The Maid of Honour—The Bride of Zante—The Court at Tunbridge—The Soldier-Priest—The Princess's Birthday—The Hindoo Mother—The Queen of May, &c., &c.
STRATTON HILL; a Tale of the Civil Wars. By the Author of 'Letters from the East,' 'Tales of the West of England,' &c. In 3 vols., post 8vo., 31s. 6d.
THE SECTARIAN; or the Church and the Meeting-house. In 3 vols., post 8vo., 27s.

This day is published, handsomely printed in 8vo., price 15s. each, in boards, Vol. I. and Vol. II. of

HISTORIC SURVEY OF GERMAN POETRY, interspersed with various Translations. By W. TAYLOR, of Norwich.

Published by Treuttel and Wirtz, Treuttel, Jun., and Richter, 55, Strand-square.

Vol. III. is in the Press, and will complete the Work.
 'This is a valuable, philosophical, and poetical Miscellany for all lovers of German literature. We respect Mr. Taylor as one of the genuine lovers of literature for its own sake;—he is no book-monger;—his own compositions are, as it were, shown out in a course of study. He has never aimed at making and working up his productions to some staring model, which happened to attract the vulgar gaze of the day. All his qualities, both literary and personal, are sterling.'—*Quarterly Review*.

'The author has displayed a knowledge of the poetic literature of Germany, which, we think, is as yet unrivalled in this country. His criticism of individual authors is by far the shrewdest and most enlightened which we have seen on German authors proceeding from an English pen. It is evident that the author must be thoroughly acquainted with the language;—may, that he must be very familiar with the German mode of thinking on science, poetry, and religion.'—*Edinburgh Review*.

'The title of this work does not indicate nearly all its value. The biographical notices, of which there are many, and about which the title is silent, will probably be thought generally the most interesting portion of the work. There are five indeed of Bodmer, Klopstock, Haller, Lessing, all naming and instructive. For ourselves we confess that, while pleased and edified with every department of this volume, the critical also omitted in the title, is that which has afforded us the highest pleasure and instruction. The mind of the author is penetrating, more, perhaps, than comprehensive; and yet there are many instances here of analysis and combination, both as to motives and conduct, during long periods, and in reference to great interests, which prove not only that Mr. Taylor is a learned and enlightened man, but also that he is an intrepid, original thinker, elevated and removed far beyond the regions of common-place.'—*Scottish Review*.

London, June 10, 1839.
MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES, or
 Extensive Descriptions of the several Countries of the Eastern World, will be COMPLETED on the following dates; namely:

At THE CITY CONCERT ROOMS, FINSBURY CIRCUIS.
 Persia Wednesday, June 18.
 India Friday, — 19.
 Commerce of the East Monday, — 18.
 At THE KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.
 Mesopotamia Tuesday, June 16.
 Persia Thursday, — 18.
 India Saturday, — 20.
 Commerce of the East Tuesday, — 22.

The City Lectures will commence precisely at Eight o'clock in the Evening; and those at the King's Theatre, at Three o'clock in the Day.—Admission to Mesopotamia, Persia, and India, 5s. each; and to the Commerce of the East, 2s. 6d.

COLOSSIUM.
THE Public are respectfully invited to an inspection of this magnificent Exhibition, in its progress towards completion. It consists of the stupendous Panorama of London, taken from the summit of St. Paul's; a Saloon for the reception of Works of Art; a long range of Conservatories, stocked with the choicest Plants; and the Swiss Cottage.—Admission, 5s. each person; from ten till five o'clock.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS, by J. M. TURNER, Esq., R.A., consisting of VIEWS IN ENGLAND AND WALES, executed for a Work now in course of publication, at the Large Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admittance, by Tickets only, which may be obtained (gratis) of the publisher, Mr. Jennings, 2, Poultry; at the Gallery; and 225, Oxford-street.

Open from Ten till Six.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ELECTION.
AT a MEETING held in Trinity College, at one o'clock, on Monday, June 1, 1839, it was agreed that the following Notice should be circulated among the Members of the Senate:

'TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SENATE.
 On the probable vacancy in the Representation of the University, we, the undersigned, beg leave to submit to the Members of the Senate the following considerations respecting Mr. Cavendish.

It can rarely happen that we should have an opportunity of returning a Member so qualified in every respect for the representation of the University. He has adorned a hereditary connection with science by his own eminent talents and attainments. During the whole of his residence among us, his conduct was according to the true spirit of our institutions: his situation and his disposition are such, that we feel confident the fulfilling of the duties of such a station, and promoting the welfare of literature and science, will form the main object of his life, and that he will become closely identified with the interests and feelings of the University.

We, therefore, beg leave to inform the Members of the Senate, that on those grounds we intend to put Mr. Cavendish in nomination on the day of Election, in the earnest hope that the opinions we have now stated may be speedily sanctioned by their approbation and support.

'J. LAMB,
 Master of Corpus Christi College, Chairman.'

Wm. Smyth, Professor of Modern History, St. Peter's College.
 J. Henslow, Professor of Botany, St. John's College.
 G. B. Airy, Plumian Professor of Astronomy, Trinity College.
 J. Cumming, Professor of Chemistry, Trinity College.
 T. Minnigrove, Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, Trinity College.

W. Whewell, Professor of Mineralogy, Trinity College.
 Geo. Pryme, Professor of Political Economy, Trinity College.
 Towneley Clarkson, Jesus College.
 William Jones, Fellow and Senior Dean of St. John's College.
 J. Bowstead, Fellow of Corpus, and Moderator.
 T. S. Hughes, late Fellow of Emmanuel College.
 J. Lodge, Fellow of Magdalene College, and Librarian of the University.

Martin Thackeray, Vice-Provost of King's College.
 R. Dawes, Fellow and Tutor of Downing College.
 Marmaduke Ramsey, Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College.
 Joseph Romilly, Fellow of Trinity College.
 J. C. Hare, Fellow of Trinity College.
 George Peacock, Tutor of Trinity College.
 T. G. Hall, Fellow and Tutor of Magdalene College.
 C. Thirlwall, Fellow of Trinity College.
 H. Coddington, Fellow of Trinity College.
 H. Ariett, Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke College.
 P. Malkin, Fellow of Trinity College.
 W. J. Bayne, Fellow of Trinity College.
 J. A. Jeremy, Fellow of Trinity College.
 J. Challis, Fellow of Trinity College.
 S. W. Wand, Fellow of Magdalene College.
 T. Worsley, Fellow and Tutor of Downing College.
 C. Currie, Fellow of Pembroke College.
 J. A. Barnes, Fellow of Trinity College.
 S. Tennant, Chaplain of Trinity College.
 J. S. Upton, Trinity College.
 T. Thorpe, Fellow of Trinity College.
 T. Riddell, Fellow of Trinity College.
 Ralph Blakelock, Fellow of Catharine Hall.
 R. Wilson, Fellow of St. John's College.
 L. Stephenson, Fellow of St. John's College.
 T. Davies, Fellow of Jesus College.
 H. Battiscombe, Fellow of King's College.

At a Meeting of the Members of the Senate resident in London, held this day at the British Coffee-House, Cockspur-street, Professor Babbage was the Chair.

It was resolved,—That this Meeting fully concurs in the sentiments expressed by the resident Members of the University in favour of Mr. Cavendish, and does hereby express its cordial approval of their intention to put him in nomination, and its determination to support him at the Poll.

June 2, 1839. CHARLES BABBAGE, Chairman.
 Since the passing of the above Resolution, Mr. Cavendish has declared himself a Candidate, and is gone to Cambridge.

On the 1st of June was Published, Price only 2s. 6d.

Part VII. of
THE EXTRACTOR; or, Universal Repertorium of Literature, Science, and the Arts. The present Part contains—Travels in Arabia—Effects of Galvanism on the Animal Structure—Songs of Burns—Temple of Ypsamboul—The new Colony on the Swan-river—Coast Lights on a new principle—The two Emilias—Exemption of Operative Tumours from pulmonary consumption—Rice Paper—Writhe the Painter—Mr. R.—d's Dream—The Court of Napoleon—Description of Jerusalem—The Cause of Dry Rot Explained—Recollections of a Night Fever—Convent of St. Bernard—The Emperor of Austria—Transplantation of Grown Timber Trees in Phenology—Steam Navigation—Beet Root Sugar—Gastronomy—Ticks in Animals—Opium—Dr. Chalmers—The Borneo of Arnheim—The Waverly Novels—English Paper—Races for Connoisseurship in Painting—French Criminal Trials—Captain Owen's Plan for Bating Chronometers—Visit to the American President, Jackson—Mountain Storms and Slides in America—Origin, Nature, and Number of Sutures—Poisonous effects of Fresh Water on some Marine Animals—The Editor in his slippers—The first and last Kiss—Modern Jewish Customs—Fragments of Teaching—Public Records—The Proverbs of Solomon—Three Years at Cambridge—Wits and Authors—Cavalry Tactics—Dogs—Remember Me—Varieties, &c. &c.
 Published at 'The Extractor' Office, 120, Fleet-street; and may be had of all Booksellers.

THE following is a copy of the **CIRCULAR** addressed by Mr. CAVENDISH to the Members of the Senate:

'Cambridge, June 2, 1839.
 Sir,—Finding that a considerable portion of the Members of the Senate have determined to do me the high honour of nominating me at the approaching Election for the University, I feel that it is impossible for me to decline so flattering a mark of their approbation.

If the support of the Members of the Senate should place me in the honourable situation of your Representative in Parliament, no exertions on my part shall ever be wanting to prove that I am mindful of the important Trust reposed in me, and of the duties which attach to so distinguished a station; and you may be assured, that the main object of my life shall be to support the rights and promote the interests of the University, with which my feelings have been long identified.

On these grounds, I venture respectfully to solicit your support on the day of Election.

I have the honour to be,
 Sir,
 Your faithful and obedient Servant,
 'W. CAVENDISH.'

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

MR. CAVENDISH'S COMMITTEE respectfully announce, that the Day of Election is fixed for Tuesday, the 10th instant. The Poll will open at Eight o'clock in the Morning, and close at Four in the Afternoon of that Day and Wednesday. It will close finally at the Senate of Thursday.

Arrangements have been made for facilitating the convenience of Members of the Senate, both to and from Cambridge, with all possible expedition.

Mr. Cavendish's friends have provided ample accommodation, at Cambridge, for his Out-voters.

It is requested, that all inquiries and communications may be addressed to Mr. Cavendish's Committee, who sit constantly at the British Coffee-house, Cockspur-street.

CHARLES BABBAGE, Chairman.

June 9, 1839.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ELECTION.

MR. BANKES has addressed the following Circular to the Members of the Senate:—

14, George-street, Hanover-square, June 8, 1839.
 Sir,—The Election for the University of Cambridge being fixed for the 10th instant, to continue on the two following days, I beg again to solicit your Vote upon this occasion; and, should I be honoured by your support, to request very earnestly your early attendance at the Poll.

The principles on which I have presumed to offer myself are, I believe, sufficiently made known by a reference to my past public conduct. Those principles remain unchanged; and it is my determination to continue firm in maintaining unimpaired, the institutions, both ecclesiastical and civil, of the country.

Should I receive the mark of confidence to which I now aspire, it would be a high source of satisfaction to me that I might then claim it as a peculiar duty to stand forward in maintaining those rights and privileges of the University which, to the best of my power, it has ever been my study to uphold.

I have the honour to be, Sir, with the greatest respect,
 Very faithfully yours,
 GEORGE BANKES.

THERMO-METALLIC TEETH.

MR. A. JONES, Surgeon-Dentist, 43, New Bond-street, begs to acquaint the Nobility and Gentry, that, from many years' intense application, he has invented and brought to perfection, a New System of Fixing THERMO-METALLIC, NATURAL, and ARTIFICIAL TEETH, from one to a complete set, which are so accurately fitted as not to be distinguished from the original, and answer all the purposes of mastication, articulation, &c.—Mr. A. J. continues stopping decayed teeth with his unrivalled Anodyne Cement, which in one minute allays the most excruciating pain; and by this means carious teeth are wholly preserved and rendered useful, even if broken close to the gums. This being a metallic composition, it becomes hard as enamel in a few minutes, will not decompose with the heat of the stomach, and resists the effects of acids, atmospheric air, &c.—Cleaning, and every operation incidental to Dental Surgery.—At home from ten till five.

London: Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning, by WILLIAM LAW, at the Office, No. 4, Wellington-street, Strand.

THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 86.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1829.

Price 8d.

MR. BROUGHAM'S EDUCATION BILL.

We gather from some observations which fell from Mr. Brougham in the course of a recent debate, that it is not his intention to renew the Education Bill which he introduced into the House of Commons a few years ago. He expressed himself, however, so doubtfully, evinced so much reluctance to abandon the measure, and assigned so strong a reason for believing that the chances of accomplishing it were greater now than at any former period, that we earnestly hope he will be induced to revise this determination and to alter it.

The most vehement objections to the Bill, when it was first proposed, came from the Dissenters, who were jealous of the influence which it would place in the hands of the Established Clergy. This opposition arose, Mr. Brougham thinks, from the irritable feelings which were produced in the minds of the Dissenters by the operation of the Test Acts, and, this cause of discontent being destroyed, he anticipates a speedy removal of all its consequences. In this hope he may perhaps be too sanguine. The Dissenters, though more attached to the Government than formerly, have not as yet exhibited any alteration of feeling with regard to the Church; and, glad as we should be to witness such a consummation, there seems no immediate chance of it. The repeal of the Test Acts will, we have no doubt, cause many defections from the ranks of the Dissenters; but it is still to be seen whether those who remain among them will not feel their aversion from the Establishment strengthened by that very circumstance. At any rate, the question, therefore, is not, whether the Dissenters will approve of the arrangement which Mr. Brougham proposes, but whether they ought not to approve of it, and whether the Legislature ought not to carry it in defiance of their opposition.

This question turns, we think, altogether upon the previous one, Whether it is expedient that a State should provide its poorer members with education, or whether that duty should be left to the zeal and wisdom of individuals? Let the former point be conceded, and we think we could show without any great difficulty, that the management of the system must in every community be confided to that body of men whom the State recognises as the administrators of its spiritual concerns; and that objections to the principle of that recognition must be general, and cannot affect any special application of it. A parallel instance will explain this. Many persons object to the punishment of death for forgery. But if any of these persons were to rise up in the Legislature, and propose that some offence should be declared a forgery which had not previously been included in that class of crimes, clearly he waives his right, *pro hac vice*, to complain of the existing punishment. He is not estopped at any future time from proposing that it should be abolished for all forgeries, (that one to which he first gave the name among the rest,) but he is most obviously estopped from proposing that, while other forgeries remain obnoxious to this visitation, some different infliction should be specially reserved for this one. He has weighed, no doubt, all the circumstances before he makes his proposition; he has considered whether it is not more advantageous that this particular offence should be referred to its proper head, than it is disadvantageous that, in one additional instance, a punish-

ment, (which may, after all, be changed universally,) should be recognised; he has considered all this, and brings forward his proposition, knowing perfectly the consequences which it must involve.

The same is the case which we are speaking of. The State has made a provision for the spiritual wants of its members. This provision is called a Church Establishment. Whoever professes that the State should make a provision for parochial education, signifies thereby that there is a spiritual want in the people of England, of which the Legislature have not taken cognizance hitherto, and of which they ought to take cognizance. Such a man, then, though he may hereafter say, 'I wish all spiritual concerns were taken out of the control of the Church Establishment,' cannot say of this particular spiritual concern, 'I wish that to be exempt from its control.' He must either propose the abolition of the Church Establishment altogether, or he may object to any further legislative interference with that class of interests, which, by the very constitution of the Church, fall within its jurisdiction, or he must submit to see its influence extended. The first proposition would not find five hundred supporters among educated men, and scarcely a thousand among uneducated men, throughout the country.

Which of the two remaining courses is the most reasonable for an Englishman to adopt, is the subject we shall now discuss.

There is one set of arguers against State provisions for intelligence and morality in general, whose opinions on this occasion we fortunately shall not be required to consider. We mean that class,—which we believe is diminishing every day, and of which, possibly, in a twelvemonth, none may remain alive,—who maintain that the doctrines about supply and demand, and the other principles of political economy, are just as applicable to the moral as to the physical wants of the human species—that morality, religion, and intelligence need not be recognised by the State; because, if they be wanted, people will ask for them; and, if they ask for them, they will get them, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c. Dr. Chalmers, in two admirable little books of his, has put the utterers of these assertions to the proof, and they have not found a word to say for themselves. These assertions had found favour, as many assertions do, simply because, being proposed without evidence, the public take it for granted that they must be first principles; and, as Dr. Chalmers has shown, there is not only not one tittle of evidence in support of this notion, but a mass of evidence quite irresistible in proof of the opposite doctrine.

But, in the present case, we do not require the assistance of this able advocate. The most rabid supporter of a free trade in morals will not take upon him to say that it applies directly to the case of a provision for the poor. We never heard any one contend—though there may be such a person, probably, about the London spouting clubs—that where there is a demand for benevolence, there will necessarily be a supply. Guineas do not come from the 'vast deep' of Mr. Rothschild's pocket merely because they are 'called'; there may possibly be more wanted than are at hand. It may be desirable, or it may not, to provide for the temporal or for the spiritual wants of the poor; but the reason why it is not desirable cannot be, that it is quite certain they will be provided for without it.

Experience, however, it is urged, has demonstrated what previous theory could not,—that individuals will come forward to provide education for their poorer brethren. And, therefore, say one class of the objectors to the scheme, Government, of which the main duty, you will allow, is to provide for men in societies, and not as individuals, must not step out of its province to do what will be done without its help. And, therefore, say another class, since the intermeddling of a state is always a check upon our personal freedom, it ought to withhold its patronage where it is quite clear that we can dispense with it. Both these classes of objectors rely upon one argument: with that argument, turned the other way, we will confute them both.

You say that the business of Government is to provide for man as a social being? You mean, that it is not the business of Government to concern itself with man's individual responsibility, except so far as that affects his situation as a member of the State. We agree with you. The business of a State, so far as individuals are concerned, is to make them good subjects, nothing more. Without a certain education, in the present day, you will allow, there is no security for men being good subjects; and we in our turn will allow, that if there could be a system of education in a country, which perfectly sufficed to make men good subjects, though it were utterly insufficient for every other higher end, the Government would have no business to establish another. The question is, does such an education exist, can it exist, while the care of providing it is entrusted to individuals? What is included in the idea of a good subject? Take it in its narrow sense, as denoting a person who feels that he owes his country a kind and degree of allegiance which he owes no other power to which he is not subjected by the necessary laws of his being,—and what does this imply? Is not the first element of such a dutiful allegiance, a feeling that we are tied and riveted to each other as parts of a nation, in a sense in which we are not tied to one another as members of any corporation whatever? Must not this conviction lie at the root of the character of every good subject and good citizen? And do you say that the education which experience shows us that individuals will confer, is sufficient for this? What! Do you know so little of the education schemes of the present day, that you are not aware whence came nineteen-twentieths of all the schools for the poor that exist in the country? Do you not know, that men establish schools—not because it is a part of their duty as men—not because it is a part of their duty as subjects—but because it is a part of their duty as members of a sect? Do you not know, that the Church in a parish has a school for the poor, because it is right that the Episcopalian should not be behind others in furnishing education; and the Methodists for the same reason, and the Baptists for the same, and all the rest for the same? And, if allegiance to the sect be the motive for establishing a school, allegiance to the sect must, consciously or unconsciously, be the principle inculcated in the school. A person who, when he might have been prompted by either of two motives to the performance of a duty, proclaims that he was swayed by one of them, proclaims, also, that motive to be, in his opinion, the most important, and lays himself under an obligation to press it more than the

other upon the consciences of those whom he guides. If he gives the first fruits of his will to his sect, and the second to his country, he cannot do otherwise than require the same priority of service from those whom he educates. Is this the education, then, which will produce national feeling, to which the state may trust confidently the formation of good subjects?

We turn to the other class of objectors. You think that the highest duty of all,—higher even than that of making good subjects, higher, therefore, than any which the State can ever be bound to discharge,—is the cultivation of each man's individual character, the awakening him to a consciousness and a fulfilment of the responsibilities under which he is laid by his relation to the Supreme Being? We agree with you. And you think, moreover, that if the lower end of making good subjects interfere with the higher end, it ought to be sacrificed? We agree with you. And you think that the State may endanger education by taking it under its care, and thus making it appear that its own highest object is likewise the highest object of Education? We agree with you in this also. We grant that there is a risk of education, when it is undertaken from motives of State wisdom, seeming subservient to these purposes, though it should really aim at others of mightier worth and importance. The question, therefore, with you is this: Is there greater risk of this end being lost sight of when education is undertaken by the State, or when it is left to individuals? We say that the risk is infinitely greater in the latter case, and upon these grounds:

Firstly,—That nearly every individual, from the circumstances of his birth, of his locality, of his profession, of his sect, has generally some particular standard of moral excellence, which is much further below the highest standard of excellence than that which the State proposes. The duty of being a good subject is much more, in quality and kind, like the duties we owe to a Superior Being, than the duties of being a good neighbour, of paying our debts, &c.

Secondly,—The individual who proposes to inculcate his standard of excellence, exercises a direct control over the mode of education: the statesman, though he may believe in his own mind that the obligation of being a good citizen is the greatest of all obligations, does not educate persons into this belief, but, on the contrary, commits the work of education to men whose ordination it is to inculcate the highest motives for this and every other duty.

Thirdly,—Every obligation, except the highest and primary one, which is its own sanction, must be enforced by the sanction belonging to some obligation higher than itself, and may be enforced by the sanction belonging to any obligation which is higher than itself. Consequently, any of the lower duties, such as that of being a good neighbour, may be enforced by the sanction belonging to the obligation of being a good citizen, and there will be no need of referring for that purpose to any higher obligation than this. But, the obligation of being a good citizen being the highest of all the social obligations, and next in rank to our individual obligations, if inculcated as a first duty, must be enforced by aid of the sanction which belongs to those individual duties. Consequently, there is in the nature of things a greater danger, that individuals, who are given to overrate the lower social duties, will neglect to enforce the moral responsibility of the individual, than there is that the State, whose object is to enforce the highest social duty, will. Experience will amply justify and expound all these observations. The education of the present day we have shown to be an Education of Sects. The low social duty of allegiance to the sect is the primary duty enforced, and the sanctions resorted to are not the high sanctions of individual religion, but the low sanctions of a corporate technical religion,—the sanctions of the catechism, not of the Scriptures,—

of fear, not of love. We asked before, is this sectarian education [the way to make good subjects? We ask now, is it the way to make good men?

The conclusion of the whole matter is this. If we want to have the boys of the next generation made into Churchmen, into Dissenters, into Methodists,—into tailors, into shoemakers, into chimney-sweepers, by all means leave the work of educating them to individual conscience. There are enough of persons, we admit, whose zeal for their profession or sect will carry them great lengths, will induce them to make great sacrifices, for the accomplishment of this end. There need be no extraordinary love of enterprise, no very hugely developed organ of Space, in the man who compasses sea and land when the expected reward is that he shall make one proselyte. If the country is to be a vast cauldron, filled with all the elements of confusion and disorder that lie scattered around us, or can be collected from the farthest ends of creation, by all means let each party witch be allowed to try her separate incantation. But if we wish to create a NATION, which ought to differ from a mere corporation in precisely the same way as the soul of an individual differs from his body,—a nation which cannot be created by the mere binding together of parts, naturally unsocial, into a mass, but which must contain a principle of inward spiritual attraction,—a nation, the condition of which, in its perfect form, is, that every member of it should be a distinct person, and yet that there should be no distinction in any of its substance—if this be our end, then the business of education must be undertaken by the State. Individuals are at variance, and we require a system of education that shall be harmonious: individuals adopt schemes framed with a view to the particular district or class in which chance has fixed their habitation, and we want a scheme that shall suit us as Englishmen: individuals devise methods that suit the cravings of the moment, and we want a scheme that will avail for the generation to come. The country requires this; no matter whether the country wishes it or no. If it wish it not, if there be any beggarly objections to the scheme, on the score of the tax which will be needful to bring it into operation, with every rightly thinking politician that should be an additional argument in its favour. If the nation thinks that its moral improvement should be postponed to every other consideration, what an awful proof is this of the necessity for commencing the task of improving it at once! Is education popular?—we are grateful; it is a proof that the mind of Englishmen is desirous of being made wiser: let us gratify the wish. Is it unpopular?—then let not a moment longer be spent than is necessary to give a stable, statesmanlike character to our scheme, before we set it at work to remove the ignorance and the moral perversity, which it is clear, from this opposition, that all our past endeavours have been unable to overturn.

LIFE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

The Life and Actions of Alexander the Great. By the Rev. J. Williams, A. M., Vicar of Lampeter. (The Third Number of the Family Library.) Murray. London, 1829.

THIS is a much better book than any other in English on the same subject. It is a life of a man, except Mahomet, the most remarkable in the history of the world, and therefore deserves (and requires) to be written by a man of genius. Mr. Williams has hardly succeeded in doing this as it ought to be done; but he has done it much better than any of his predecessors.

We say that Alexander is the most remarkable person in history except Mahomet;* and for

* We fear we should be accused of irreverence, if we were also to except Jesus Christ; yet of whose life have the mere worldly results been half so mighty?

these reasons. History is a succession of vast movements, by which one set of thoughts and state of circumstances is substituted for another. The instrument of almost all these changes has been conquest. There can be little doubt that all the great empires of the East were founded as legal polities by successful armies, though, in general, no direct evidence of the fact has come down to us. In Greece itself, we know how important a power were the arms of colonising strangers. Conquest was the pillar of the Roman State, the very air it breathed; and by it the great mistress of war and law impressed her own character on half the nations. The two most important and seminal of the world's later revolutions are the subjugation of a part of Europe, Asia, and Africa, by Mahometanism, and that of Rome's European Empire, by the Teutonic tribes. These have been the moulds in which human society has been formed to its present shape. We cannot look for a moment at the world without meeting, as the most singular and prominent circumstance, the religion of the great Arabian. Nor is there one of the objects which surround us, or scarcely a word we speak, a thought of our hearts, which would not have been other than it is, but for the arms of the warriors who were led by Clovis, Theodoric, and Hengist.

Now of these immense and awful changes in the affairs of men, we know but of two, (excluding Christianity,) the whole means and ultimate scope of each of which were originally present to a single wonderful mind. These two are the laws, institutions, and powers of the Mahometan nations, and the Asiatic conquests of Alexander. Our literature contains no work in which either of these great revolutions is treated as it ought to be; and we much regret that the one selected by Mr. Williams should be so inadequately handled.

This book, nevertheless, contains a far clearer, more lively, more reasonable, more learned, and even more thoughtful, account of the Macedonian's character and life, than any other in English. We understand better, after reading it, what kind of person he was, what he did, and how he did it. There are two short chapters by Montequieu worth all that Mr. Williams has thought on the subject. But we have, perhaps, no right to complain that a learned and able man is not a man of genius. It is curious, however, to see the narrowness of speculation display itself almost wherever there was much room for the contrary even from the beginning of the Preface, the first paragraph of which is as follows:

'The following work is chiefly intended for youthful readers, who may feel a wish to trace the extraordinary progress of Alexander, with due attention to geography and chronology. The study of history unconnected with these two branches of knowledge, is mere trifling, and may be beneficially superseded by the historical romance. But as there is something more wholesome and invigorating to the mind, in the naked perception of truth, than in all the glowing colours of fancy, I trust that the following narrative may, in some degree, attract the attention of the mere English reader.'

Now we would ask Mr. Williams, whether there be no 'truth,' the 'perception' of which is 'wholesome and invigorating to the mind,' except that of 'geography and chronology.' Can we learn nothing of human nature, nothing of political society, nothing of the thoughts and characters of men, from Livy, for instance, or Froissart, whose geography and chronology are, for the most part, inaccurate; or from Tacitus, (whom Mr. Williams has the sense and taste to admire,) in whom there are qualities of such infinitely higher value than accuracy in 'chronology and geography,' (important as they are,) that it scarcely occurs to us, except in merely critical moments, to consider whether he knew any thing about them at all.

Again, let us look at the character of Aristotle, drawn by Mr. Williams:

'The mental stores of Aristotle were vast, and all arranged with admirable accuracy and judgment. His style of speaking and writing pure, clear, and precise;

and his industry in accumulating particular facts, only equalled by his sagacity in drawing general inferences.—P. 12.

This is all. And might it not be applied with as much precision and characteristic force to almost any other eminent thinker, from Plato down to Hume? In what Aristotle differed from all other men, is the point in question; just as another point in question is the distinction between Alexander and the rest of great mankind. The latter, Mr. Williams has in a degree settled; of the former, he seems to know no more than a child. Yet, on the whole, the chapter on the education of Alexander is curious and valuable. We have much pleasure in extracting it; and our readers will thereby see, that, though we have ventured to find fault with Mr. Williams, he is a writer for whom it is impossible not to feel respect:

‘Alexander, the third King of Macedonia of that name, and commonly surnamed the Great, was born at Pella three hundred and fifty-six years before Christ. His father Philip traced his origin through Temenus, the first Heracleid King of Argos, to Hercules and Perseus. The family of his mother Olympias was no less illustrious; for the royal race of Epirus claimed to be lineally descended from Neoptolemus, Achilles, and Peleus. As he could thus refer his origin to Jupiter by the three different lines of Perseus, Hercules, and Peleus, it is impossible for us in the present day to calculate the impression made on his youthful mind by so illustrious a descent. It is certain, however, that, from his earliest days, he proposed to himself to rival, and, if possible, surpass the renown of his ancestors.

‘Philip received the news of the birth of his son immediately after the capture of the city of Potidæa, the peninsular situation of which had enabled it long to resist the Macedonian arms. On the same day he received intelligence of a victory gained by Parmenio over the Illyrians, and of the success of his horses in bearing away the first prize at the Olympic games. In after times the Asiatics remarked, with superstitious awe, that the magnificent temple of Diana at Ephesus had been destroyed by fire on the night of Alexander's birth, and that the general conflagration of Asia had been typified thus early by the destruction of its most splendid ornament. Perhaps it ought to be remarked, as a proof of the eager and restless spirit of the times, that the incendiary, who ought to have remained nameless, was willing to purchase deathless notoriety at the expense of his life, and preferred an infamous death to an unrecorded life. Such a state of morbid feeling could be produced only in times of great and common excitement.

‘Nothing certain is known respecting the infancy and childhood of Alexander. The letter which Philip is supposed to have written to Aristotle on the birth of the Prince, is, I fear, a forgery. For it is rather incompatible with the fact, that Aristotle did not take the immediate charge of his duties until his pupil had attained his fifteenth year. But as the philosopher's father had been the favourite physician in the Macedonian court, it is not unlikely that even the earlier years of the Prince were under the superintendence of his great preceptor, and that his primary education was conducted according to his suggestions. If such was the case, we can easily deduce the principles on which both the earlier and more mature education of Alexander was conducted, from Aristotle's Treatise on Politics, where they are developed.

‘He divides a regular course of education into three parts. The first comprises the period from the birth to the completion of the seventh year. The second from the commencement of the eighth to the completion of the eighteenth year, and the third from the eighteenth to the twenty-first.

‘According to Aristotle, more care should be taken of the body than of the mind for the first seven years: strict attention to diet be enforced, and the infant from his infancy habituated to bear cold. This habit is attainable either by cold bathing or light clothing. The eye and ear of the child should be most watchfully and severely guarded against contamination of every kind, and unrestrained communication with servants be strictly prevented. Even his amusements should be under due regulation, and rendered as interesting and intellectual as possible.

‘It must always remain doubtful, how far Olympias would allow such excellent precepts to be put in execution. But it is recorded that Leonnatus, the governor of the young prince, was an austere man, of great

severity of manner, and not likely to relax any adopted rules. He was also a relation of Olympias, and as such might doubtless enforce a system upon which no stranger would be allowed to act. The great strength, agility, and hardy habits of Alexander, are the best proofs that this part of his education was not neglected, and his lasting affection for his noble nurse Laniæ, the daughter of Dropidas, proves also that it was conducted with gentleness and affection.

‘The intellectual education of Alexander would, on Aristotle's plan, commence with his eighth year. About this period of his life, Lysimachus, an Acarnanian, was appointed his preceptor. Plutarch gives him an unfavourable character, and insinuates that he was more desirous to ingratiate himself with the royal family, than effectually to discharge the duties of his office. It was his delight to call Philip, Peleus; Alexander, Achilles; and to claim for himself the honorary name of Phoenix. Early impressions are the strongest, and even the pedantic allusions of the Acarnanian might render the young prince more eager to imitate his Homeric model.

‘Aristotle mentions four principal branches of education as belonging to the first part of the middle period. These are literature, gymnastics, music, and painting, of which writing formed a subordinate branch. As the treatise on politics was left in an unfinished state, we have no means of defining what was comprehended under his general term literature, but commencing with reading and the principles of grammar, it apparently included composition in verse and prose, and the study of the historians and poets of Greece. During this period the lighter gymnastics alone were to be introduced, and especially such exercises as are best calculated to promote gracefulness of manner and personal activity. Aristotle had strong objections to the more violent exertions of the gymnasium during early life, as he considered them injurious to the growth of the body, and to the future strength of the adult. In proof of this, he adduces the conclusive fact, that in the long list of Olympic victors, only two, or at most, three instances had occurred in which the same person had proved victor in youth and in manhood. Premature training and over-exertion he, therefore, regarded as injurious to the constitution.

‘Not only the theory of painting, but also a certain skill in handling the pencil, was to be acquired. Aristotle regarded this elegant art as peculiarly conducing to create a habit of order and arrangement, and to impress the mind with a feeling of the beautiful.

‘Music, both in theory and practice, vocal and instrumental, was considered by him as a necessary part of education, on account of the soothing and purifying effects of simple melodies, and because men, wearied with more serious pursuits, require an elegant and innocent recreation. By way of illustration, he adds, that music is to the man what the rattle is to the child. Such were the studies that occupied the attention of the youthful Alexander, between the seventh and fourteenth year of his age. When he was in his eleventh year, Demosthenes, Æschines, and eight other leading Athenians, visited his father's court as ambassadors, and Philip was so proud of the proficiency of his son, that he ventured to exhibit him before these arbiters of taste. The young prince gave specimens of his skill in playing on the harp, in declamation, and in reciting a dramatic dialogue with one of his youthful companions. But if we can believe Æschines, Demosthenes was particularly severe on the false accents and Dorian intonations of the noble boy.

‘In his fifteenth year he was placed under the immediate tuition of the great philosopher, according to whose advice I have supposed his earlier education to have been conducted. In the year B.C. 342, Aristotle joined his illustrious pupil, and did not finally quit him until he passed over into Asia.

‘The master was worthy of his pupil, and the pupil of his master. The mental stores of Aristotle were vast, and all arranged with admirable accuracy and judgment. His style of speaking and writing pure, clear, and precise; and his industry in accumulating particular facts, only equalled by his sagacity in drawing general inferences. Alexander was gifted with great quickness of apprehension, an insatiable desire of knowledge, and an ambition not to be satisfied with the second place in any pursuit.

Such a pupil, under such a master, must soon have acquired a sufficient knowledge of those branches described before, as occupying the middle period of education. He would then enter on the final course intended for the completion of his literary studies. This comprehended what Aristotle calls *Mathesias*, and included the branches of human learning arranged at

present under the general term mathematics. To these, as far as they could be scientifically treated, were added moral philosophy, logic, rhetoric, the art of poetry, the theory of political government, and the more evident principles of natural philosophy. On these subjects we still possess treatises written by Aristotle, in the first place most probably for the use of his pupil, and afterwards published for the public benefit.

‘We learn also from a letter of Alexander, preserved by Plutarch, that Aristotle had initiated his pupil in those deep and mysterious speculations of Grecian philosophy, which treated of the nature of the Deity, of the human soul, of the eternity and other qualities of matter, and of other topics which prudential reasons prevented the philosopher from publicly explaining. As the letter gives a lively idea of the exclusive ambition of Alexander, I here insert it. It was occasioned by the publication of Aristotle's treatise on that branch of knowledge, called from that very book *Metaphysics*.

“ALEXANDER TO ARISTOTLE, HEALTH.

“You did wrong in publishing those branches of science hitherto not to be acquired except from oral instruction. In what shall I excel others if the more profound knowledge I gained from you be communicated to all. For my part I had rather surpass the majority of mankind in the sublimer branches of learning than in extent of power and dominion.—Farewell!”

‘But the great object of Aristotle was to render his pupil an accomplished statesman, and to qualify him to govern with wisdom, firmness, and justice, the great empire destined to be inherited and acquired by him. It was his province to impress deeply upon his mind the truths of moral philosophy, to habituate him to practise its precepts, to store his mind with historical facts, to teach him how to draw useful inferences from them, and to explain the means best calculated to promote the improvement and increase the stability of empires.

‘It is difficult to say what were the religious opinions inculcated by Aristotle on his pupil's mind. In their effects they were decided and tolerant. We may therefore conclude that they were the same as are expressed by Aristotle, who maintained the universality of the Deity, and the manifestation of his power and will under various forms in various countries.

‘As in modern, so in ancient times, great differences of opinion prevailed on the subject of education. Some directed their attention principally to the conduct of the intellect, others to the formation of moral feelings and habits, and a third party appeared more anxious to improve the carriage and strengthen the body by healthful exercise than to enlighten the mind. Aristotle's plan was to unite the three systems, and to make them co-operate in the formation of the perfect character, called in Greek, the beautiful and good. In truth, no talents can compensate for the want of moral worth; and good intentions, separated from talents, often inflict the deepest injuries, while their possessor wishes to confer the greatest benefits on mankind. Nor can it be doubted, that a sound constitution, elegance of manner, and gracefulness of person, are most useful auxiliaries in carrying into effect measures emanating from virtuous principles, and conducted by superior talents.

‘It is not to be supposed that Aristotle wished to instruct his pupil deeply in all the above-mentioned branches of education. He expressly states that the liberally educated man, or the perfect gentleman, should not be profoundly scientific, because a course of general knowledge, and what we call polite literature, is more beneficial to the mind than a complete proficiency in one or more sciences; a proficiency not to be acquired without a disproportionate sacrifice of time and labour.

‘It was also one of Aristotle's maxims that the education should vary according to the destination of the pupil in future life; that is, supposing him to be a gentleman, whether he was to devote himself to a life of action, or of contemplation. Whether he was to engage in the busy scenes of the world, and plunge amidst the contentions and struggles of political warfare, or to live apart from active life in philosophic enjoyments and contemplative retirement. Although the philosopher gave the preference to the latter mode of living, he well knew that his pupil must be prepared for the former; for the throne of Macedonia could not be retained by a monarch devoted to elegant ease, literary pursuits, and refined enjoyments. The successor of Philip ought to possess the power of reasoning accurately, acting decisively, and expressing his ideas with perspicuity, elegance, and energy.

'I have mentioned these particulars because it would be difficult to form just conceptions of the character of Alexander without taking into consideration, not only the great advantages enjoyed by him in early youth, but also the recorded fact that he availed himself of these advantages to the utmost. Amidst his various studies, however, Homer was the god of his idolatry; the Iliad, the object of his enthusiastic admiration. The poet, as Aristotle emphatically names him, was his inseparable companion: from him he drew his maxims; from him he borrowed his models. The preceptor partook in this point of the enthusiasm of his pupil, and the most accurate copy of the great poem was prepared by Aristotle, and placed by Alexander in the most precious casket which he found among the spoils of Darius.

'Eager as Alexander was in the pursuit of knowledge, it must not be supposed that Philip would allow his successor to form the habits of a recluse; on the contrary, he early initiated him in the duties of his high station. At the age of sixteen he was appointed Regent of Macedonia, while his father was detained at the siege of Byzantium, and on a prior occasion astonished some Persian deputies by the pertinency of his questions, and the acuteness of his intellect. His studies were diversified even by the toils of war, and in his eighteenth year he commanded the left wing of the army at the celebrated battle of Chæroneia, and defeated the Thebans before Philip had been equally successful against the Athenians.

'In the following year Philip destroyed the peace of his family by marrying Cleopatra, the niece of Attalus, one of his generals, and by disgracing, if not divorcing, Olympias. Philip had married many wives, but they were the sisters or daughters of Thracian, Illyrian, and Thessalian chiefs, and probably not entitled to the honours of sovereignty. But his marriage with a Macedonian lady of high rank and powerful connection could only tend to a formal rupture with Olympias. To widen the breach, Philip changed his bride's name from Cleopatra to Eurydice, his mother's name. That this was done by way of declaring her the legitimate queen, may be inferred from the fact, that when a princess called Adea married Arideus, Alexander's successor, her name also was changed into Eurydice. The natural consequence was, that Alexander became suspicious of his father's intention about the succession, and a misunderstanding took place, which ended in the flight or banishment of several of the prince's most intimate friends, and in his own retirement with his mother into her native country. Subsequently a reconciliation took place, and Olympias and the prince returned into Macedonia. Alexander, the reigning king of Epirus, and the brother of Olympias, accompanied them, and the re-union was celebrated by his marriage with Cleopatra, the daughter of Philip. During the festivities attendant on the nuptials, Philip was assassinated by Pausanias, one of the great officers of his guards. As this event led some writers to question the fair fame of Alexander, it will be necessary, in order perfectly to understand the subject, briefly to glance at the previous history of the Macedonian monarchy.—Pp. 7—17.

At page 295 we find a passage which illustrates our previous assertion as to the inadequacy of Mr. Williams's attempts at speculation:

'It is a melancholy consideration, that hitherto on this globe a high degree of civilisation has first destroyed national feelings or patriotism, then national independence, as the inevitable consequence, and, finally, national existence. The Chaldean and Assyrian have been swept from the face of the earth; the descendants of the Medes and Persians are outcasts from their country; a few Copts represent the ancient Egyptians; the Greek is the barbarian slave of a barbarian tyrant; and Italy, with her double wreath, with her two eras of light and liberty, is partly enslaved and partly barbarised. Thus, also, the Hindoos have, for centuries, been the prey of more warlike tribes, who have fought and bled for the sovereignty of that great peninsula, while the inhabitants have remained passive spectators of the contest, as if a change of masters was to them a matter of indifference. China alone has escaped the common fate, not so much from its admirable constitution, as from its great population, and exclusion from the rest of the world—two circumstances that have enabled it twice to absorb its bandit conquerors, without any material change in the nature of the institutions and of the people.'

Now we should wish to know whether this author really thinks that we cannot become or remain patriotic without giving up our civilisation? Are we to look for the regeneration of all countries

by carrying on their civilisation, which has never been mischievous except when partial and ill-directed, till they become full of national spirit, and thereby strong and virtuous? or are we to bid the world go back till it shall have reduced itself to a desert, possessed by savages as degraded as those of New Holland. Putting little faith in these vague and obsolete lamentations about the evils of civilised life, we dare maintain that the Chinese is more patriotic than the native of Otaheite, and that the Prussian is animated by a far deeper and nobler national spirit than the native of China. In the name of all the young, for whom Mr. Williams designs his book, we entreat him carefully to exclude from any subsequent edition all the crude speculations of this kind; remembering that the sense of the work-day man is far more useful, far more respectable, far wiser, than the subtlest conclusions of a perverted sophistical philosophy.

We will only add an extract which displays the activity of Alexander's mind in the last year of his life:

'Numerous embassies from Grecian states waited the King's arrival at Babylon; they were all complimentary, and received due honours. To them was entrusted the care of the trophies which Xerxes had carried away from Greece, and which the King ordered to be reconveyed to the several cities whence they had been removed. Athenæus has quoted a passage from Phylarchus descriptive of the appearance of Alexander's court on public days, which, in the absence of better authority, I introduce here.

'The golden plane trees, the vine of pure gold loaded with clusters of emeralds, Indian carbuncles, and other invaluable gems, under which the kings of Persia used to sit and give audience, were not equal in value to the sum of Alexander's expenses for one day. His tent contained a hundred couches, and was supported by eight columns of solid gold. Over head was stretched cloth of gold wrought with various devices, and expanded so as to cover the whole ceiling. Within, in a semi-circle, stood five hundred Persians, bearing lances adorned with pomegranates. Their dress was purple and orange. Next to these were drawn up a thousand archers, partly clothed in flame-coloured and partly in scarlet dresses. Many of these wore azure-coloured sashes. In front of these were arranged five hundred Macedonian Argyraspides. In the middle of the tent was placed a golden throne, on which Alexander sat and gave audience, while the great officers of the guard stood behind and on either side of him. The tent on the outside was encircled by the elephants drawn up in order, and by a thousand Macedonians in their native dress. Beyond these were arranged the Persian guard of ten thousand men, and the five hundred courtiers allowed to wear purple robes. But out of this crowd of friends and attendants, no one dared to approach near to Alexander, so great was the majesty with which he was surrounded.'

'But neither the homage of suppliant nations nor the pomp and magnificence of his court, could divert the active mind of Alexander from useful projects. He sent Argæus with a band of shipwrights to the shores of the Caspian Sea with orders to cut timber in the Hyrcanian forests, and to build ships on the plan of the Grecian war vessels. For he was anxious to discover with what sea the Caspian communicated. The Greek philosophers reasoning from analogy, had not given credit to Herodotus concerning its alleged isolation. Nor was their scepticism blameable. Herodotus wrote only from report; and as his account of the rivers that flow into that sea is grossly erroneous, his accuracy respecting the sea itself can be regarded only as casual. The narrow outlets that connect the Mæotic with the Propontis, the Propontis with the Euxine, the Euxine with the Mediterranean, and the Mediterranean with the Atlantic, had prepared them to expect a similar outlet in the Caspian. They would not, therefore, without a careful investigation of every creek on its coast, allow the anomaly of an inland sea that did not communicate with the circumambient ocean. Alexander did not live to hear of the success of his plans, but Seleucus carried them into execution, and a fleet under his admiral, Patrocles, was employed to survey carefully the shores of the Caspian. The dangers attendant on the navigation of that rude and boisterous basin seem, however, to have been too great for the courage of Patrocles. His pretended discoveries of the mouths of the Oxus and Jaxartes, and of a south-east passage into the Indian Ocean, are

proofs that he never in reality fulfilled his commission, nor examined the shores. Had Alexander himself lived, the veil of darkness that enveloped those regions for thirteen centuries longer would probably have been removed.

'The Indian fleet, under Nearchus, had sailed from the great estuary, up the Euphrates to Babylon. Alexander, on his return to Ecbatana, found it there, as well as two quinqueremes, four quadriremes, twelve triremes, and thirty triacometers, which had arrived from the Mediterranean. The vessels had been taken to pieces on the Phœnician coast, carried by land to Thapsacus, re-constructed there, and navigated down the Euphrates to Babylon. There he ordered a harbour large enough to accommodate a thousand ships of war, to be excavated on the banks of the Euphrates, and covered docks in proportion to be constructed. Sailors from all parts of the Mediterranean hurried to man his fleet; among these the fishermen of the murex or purple-fish, on the Phœnician coast, are particularly mentioned. Agents were sent to engage the most skilful seamen, and to purchase the ablest rowers for his service. In a word, it was his intention to form on the Susian and Babylonian coast, a second Phœnicia—equal in wealth and population to the Syrian.

'He had fixed upon Babylon for the seat of empire, as the central spot between Egypt and the Mediterranean on one side, and the Indus and Eastern Ocean on the other. The fertility of Assyria was boundless, and its revenues, in the time of Herodotus, formed a third of the annual receipts of the Persian kings. But these had neglected the interests of Assyria, and the ruined cities on the banks of the Tigris, described by Xenophon, attest the extent of desolation. It was Alexander's policy to heal the wounds inflicted by them, and to restore Assyria to her ancient supremacy. But before this could be done effectually, and unrestrained communication opened between the provinces of the south-western empire, it was necessary to reduce the Arabs to subjection. Their position to the west of Babylonia made incursions into the province easy, and their command of the course of the Euphrates enabled them to exact ruinous sums from the merchants navigating that river. His plan for their subjugation was for the fleet to circumnavigate the Arabian peninsula, and its motions to be attended by a landed force. Thirty oared galleys were sent successively to examine the southern shores of the Persian Gulf, and to report the state of the Arabian coast. Hiero, a sea captain from Soli, ventured furthest. His orders had been to sail round into the Red Sea, until he arrived in the vicinity of the Egyptian Heropolis. But when he had coasted along the whole extent of the shore within the gulf, and doubled the formidable cape now called Ras Musendoon, his heart also failed him, and he ventured to announce to Alexander the greatness of the undertaking.

'But difficulties only stimulated him, and the preparations for the departure of the great expedition were carried on without any cessation. Had it set out under the command of the King, the probability is that it would have proved successful. The Arabs were not formidable in the field; and an active land force, supported by a large fleet, might, without enduring much hardship or opposition, have made the circuit of the peninsula. The fertile spots between Muscat and Mocha, and Mocha and Mecca, are numerous enough to furnish ample provision for an invading army; and from Mecca he could easily have transferred his troops to the Egyptian shore, where the resources of the valley of the Nile were at his command.

'Ælius Gallus, who invaded Arabia under the auspices of Augustus, found no resistance from the natives, and during an eight months' campaign lost only seven soldiers by the enemy's weapons. Nor is the boasted invincibility of the Arabs founded in truth. Sha-Poor, or Sapor, one of the greatest monarchs of the Persian dynasty of Sassan, marched victoriously from Hira, on the western frontier of Babylonia, to Gathreb or Medina, on the Arabian Gulf; and the great Nushirwan completed the conquest of Arabia, and compelled every sheik and saladin within the peninsula to acknowledge him as their head. It cannot therefore be supposed that Alexander's activity, forethought, and prudence, in proportioning the means to the end, could, in the common course of calculation, have failed. Probably, also, as the expedition was to partake of the character of a voyage of discovery as well as of conquest, the sheiks would have soon discovered that resistance would only irritate, and cause the conqueror to delay his course and exterminate, while a ready submission would save the inhabitants from all molestation, save the transmission through their territories of the travelling force.

'While the preparations were still continued, the King turned his attention to the canals and irrigation of Assyria. To the west or south-west of Babylon was a long succession of large cavities or depressions in the soil, into which the superfluous waters of the Euphrates could be turned in the season of the floods. These cavities were supposed to have been the works of former Assyrian kings, and were equal in extent to an inland sea. The canal, which connected the Euphrates with these reservoirs, was called the Pallacopas; its upper end being in the right bank of the great river, about thirty-six miles above Babylon. The entrance into the Pallacopas was opened during the floods, in order to relieve the banks near and below Babylon from part of the pressure of the waters; but when the floods subsided, it was necessary again to obstruct the entrance, and to prevent the water in its fertilizing state from escaping into the lakes. It was easy to cut the bank, and admit the flood waters into the Pallacopas, and thence into the great basins; but it was a Herculean task to repair the breach, and compel the Euphrates to resume its ordinary channel. The satrap of Assyria had every year to employ 10,000 men, for three months, in the work of obstruction. Alexander sailed up the Euphrates, and examining the mouth of the Pallacopas, found it impossible to remedy the evil at the point where the cut was annually made, as the whole soil in the vicinity was gravelly and alluvial, and almost defied the task of obstruction; but on examining the bank higher up the stream, he found, about four miles from the ancient place, a spot where the bank below the surface was rocky. Here he ordered a new channel to be excavated, which might, with comparative ease, be obstructed in the proper season.'—Pp. 381—387.

PHENOMENA OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind. By James Mill, Esq., Author of the 'History of British India,' and 'Elements of Political Economy.' In 2 vols. 8vo. Baldwin and Cradock. London, 1829.

THOSE suffrages which ultimately fix the just height of philosophical reputations have, at least in this country, been awarded with scarce less regard to the language and apparent mental temperament than to the genius and the learning of its claimants. Moral essayists may recommend the popular forms of virtue with the warmest colours of style their common-place book can afford,—preachers may bring airs from heaven, or blasts from hell, to animate their appeals to the alarmed or languishing piety of their audience; but those who are more commonly distinguished as philosophers—those the field of whose research is the foundation of science, the source and origin of moral distinctions—are expected to subdue their fancy and feeling in the conduct of their main design: and nothing, perhaps, would be more fatal to the character of a system than the predominance of those very qualifications most required in the discovery and collection of its elements. The most illustrious example of a great genius, trained and bridled to the most strict prosaic temperance of manner and style, has been afforded by the founder of our modern philosophy; and, if there is any thing more striking than his powerful yet delicate grasp of all that imagery or language could contribute to his purpose, it is the resolute curb maintained on his own copiousness,—the wilful neglect to draw on his unexhausted stores for novel illustration, when some familiar or already used comparison would suffice him,—the resolute self-denial, or denial, rather, of license to those vagrant and seductive propensities and tricks of false eloquence, obscure or artificial elevation, whereby that great self would have been spoiled of its symmetry. He said, that 'the very styles and forms of utterance of men were so many characters of imposture, some choosing a style of pugnacity and contention, some of satire and reprehension, some of plausible and tempting similitudes and examples, some of great words and high discourse, some of short and dark sentences, some of exactness of method, ALL OF POSITIVE AFFIRMATION; without disclosing the true motives and proofs of their opinions, or free confessing their ignorance or doubts, except it be

now and then for a grace, and in cunning to win the more credit in the rest, and not in good faith.*' And this censure of the various modes of language in others involved the self-approval, however unconscious, of his own.

The same sobriety of tone which has conciliated submission to the intellectual empire of Bacon, may be suspected to have been still more influential in substantiating the title to an all but equal eminence in the person of him who pursued into the province of mind a similar enterprise to that which his great master, urged by 'ill-matched ambition,' left unfinished in the field of physical science. Those who do not celebrate the genius of Locke with fiercer ardour than assorts with the calm spirit they apotheosise, will confess that the great charm of his work is the clearness of exposition with which he has given the results of a deliberate unimpassioned survey, combined with that which is a surer indication of a truly philosophical spirit, than any outward characters of style can furnish—the determination, ever avowed and acted on, to recall investigation from abstractions to realities.

But this measure and sedateness of expressions which, in Bacon, is enforced upon the vigour of an ever-active mind and teeming fancy, in Locke appears the only medium of communication suitable to the quality and structure of his thoughts. The style of Bacon is studiously levelled and familiarised when the abstruseness of his topics requires facilities for apprehension: the style of Locke naturally runs on a level, and is familiar, as it seldom needs to deviate from the common-place experience of others. We consult him as an accurate observer of the ordinary phenomena of thought and speech, and as a cool and acute expositor of the ordinary fallacies which infest the daily exercise and use of both. But we rarely, if ever, find in him a clear and rapid insight into the more mysterious processes of either—still less are we constrained to feel and acknowledge that extended intellectual mastery embracing alike the nearest and the most remote objects, which to mental leaders alone can secure the allegiance of their followers. We admire the shrewd contemplator of the human understanding, who, having well observed the functions and operations of the moral frame in its full size and maturity, can then show us in its infantine and nascent state the parts which, in its future growth, are to swell with yet unawakened powers and capacities. But the question will suggest itself, Could the moral constitution which, having first been seen in maturity, seems thus easily reduced into its primary and original elements, have been anticipated merely from such data as its earliest sensations will furnish? Is there not, as it were, a new element of being introduced at every succeeding epoch of physical and moral existence? Are these likely to be detected in their real strength and subtlety by any cold and formal process of analysis, or are there not mental characters traced, as it were, in sympathetic ink, needing warmth as well as light to be legible? The plain and somewhat prolix monotony of Locke may bear much of the appearance, nay, reality, of sober and sincere investigation; but can never with impunity stray out of those subjects to which a dry, unwieldy style appears to many the most appropriate. An example of this is the comparative neglect under which the bulk of Locke's writings labour; and how fortunate soever his political treatises in the crisis of their first appearance, it will now be confessed, that they cannot bear a moment's comparison with the similar speculations of Hooker or Bolingbroke.

We detain our readers too long from the work of Mr. Mill; but we must still entreat their patience till we notice a particular of some importance to the estimate they may form of its contents. This is the analogy so often said to exist between the processes of physical and metaphysical science;

and in stating which, an eminent author, whom Mr. Mill appears to agree with in this, as in several other instances, appears to us to have run into a paradox very hurtful to the soundness of his views on either branch of inquiry. 'There can be no question,' says Dr. Brown, ('Philosophy of the Human Mind,' vol. i., p. 94,) 'as to the nature of that unity which we ascribe to bodies. We have seen that the substance, which, in thought, we regard as one, is, in truth, not one but many substances, to which our *thought* alone gives unity, and that all inquiry, therefore, with respect to the nature of a substance, as it exists in space, is an inquiry into the nature of those separate bodies that occupy the space which we assign to the *imaginary aggregate*.'

We can easily conceive an uninitiated auditor or reader of philosophy like this, after surmounting the first shock of disenchantment from these *imaginary aggregates*, to which *thought* alone gives unity, rather gratified than otherwise by the feeling of his novel metaphysic emancipation. There must, moreover, be a proud satisfaction in according to the cabbages and donkeys around him the privilege of appearing in his presence, as well in an individual as a collective capacity, and in magnanimously resolving to swallow cabbage and drub donkeys, as other people do who know no better; thus giving these respectable quadrupeds and vegetables an unity in his conception they would not otherwise be entitled to. But if the words of Lord Bacon be correct, which Dr. Brown himself cites as his 'great primary aphorism,'—*Homo, naturæ minister et interpretes, tantum facit et intelligit, quantum de naturæ ordine re vel mente observaverit; nec amplius scit aut potest*,—we should be glad to know on what pretence of chemical discovery those elements, into which material substances may be resolved, should be regarded as separate, independent, &c., while the same title is denied to the aggregates composed of them. We have exactly the same evidence, that of the senses, for attributing unity to these as to any of their elements. They affect us with sensations different from those which are excited by their elements, regarded either singly or one after the other in succession, or (in many cases) even in juxtaposition; at least, in any meaning we attach to the term.

The bearing of these remarks upon the science of mind, and their especial reference to the work which is at present before us, will be shown in a future number.

RYBRENT DE CRUCE.

Rybrant de Cruce. 3 vols., post 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

THIS novel has a kind of merit very rare in our days of hasty writing—excellence, namely, of plot. The story is so constructed as to contain nothing which does not assist the general design, and to want nothing without which that design would be imperfect. The catastrophe is in no degree forced, and yet it ends a great difficulty, and disposes satisfactorily of all the characters introduced in the course of the work. To accomplish this, required much both of labour and talent. It was to bring the powers of the author into comparison with one of the most prominent and popular merits of Fielding. In other respects, the book, though not of first-rate value, is pleasant and able.

The evil of that kind of composition in which the interest turns almost entirely on the skillful arrangement of the story, is this, that when once the secret is discovered, the mechanism laid open, the mystery solved, we can no longer care about the subject. Our curiosity is satisfied; and, unless there be other excellences which will bear to be dwelled on, we throw aside the book for ever. We fear that this will be the case with 'Rybrant de Cruce.' Yet, that we may prove it not to be destitute of other good qualities besides that

* 'Interpret. of Nat,' c. xviii.

which chiefly we have ascribed to it, we will quote, from the third volume, a passage distinguished by clear and spirited writing :

'The sun was rising in the clear brilliancy of an October morning, behind the — hills; there had been some showers in the night, and the topmost branches of the trees, which, in many places, fringe those eminences to their summits, were beaded with large diamond drops that hung quivering and glittering in the sunshine, while the wood below yet lay deep in shade. Several narrow lines of white vapour marked the windings of various streamlets, which else had lain hid, each in its deep and shady bed. At first, these slender mists stretched their well-defined and unbroken length like silver girdles athwart the woods below; but, as the air received the sun's increasing warmth, the cold and still precision of their forms began to yield; the sides curled off in fleecy wreaths, which clung awhile in detached masses upon the trees, and then gradually melted away. The short turf on the summit of the hills was overspread in gentle shade by a fairy network, which it seemed impious for human foot to disturb; while the shining threads not only crossed each other in thick patches on the grass, but even stretched their bright and tangled web over the tall heath and furze which rose in tufts around. The air was fresh and exhilarating, and a young sportsman, who, with his dog and gun, had climbed a rough and difficult ascent, stood contemplating, with pleasure and surprise, the singularly wild and solitary scene which suddenly lay beneath his feet.

'Though his dress and accoutrements denoted the chase, while the ruddy health on his cheek, and the bright glance of his dark eye, appeared to denote a heart open to its enjoyments; yet so deeply had his thoughts till now been engrossed by some secret but overpowering influence, that the hills he had already crossed, the freshness of the air, and all the varied charms of nature, had hitherto remained entirely unnoticed.

'It is true, a gun rested on his shoulder, and, as he plunged down each dark gully, pushed vigorously through the tangled thicket on its side, forded or leaped the water at its foot, or climbed, with an activity which seemed to want no rest, the opposite, and sometimes perpendicular, ascent, a casual observer, who crossed his path, might easily have imagined that his pursuit was as earnest as his step was free, and that the joy which beamed in his open and manly countenance was but the reflection of the beauty that on all sides smiled around him. But the only eye that watched his progress was that of a much more accurate and experienced judge: and greatly was poor Rover dismayed, and wistfully did he look in his master's face for some solution of the strange enigmas, when, after bounding joyfully over brake and bush, splashing and wading through each shallow pool, or wheeling at his utmost speed round the open turf on the heights they had already traversed, he returned with eager diligence to draw his patron's attention to the game he repeatedly started, and found him plodding resolutely on in some contrary direction, utterly insensible to all the hints and signals he was wont so readily to understand, and equally regardless of the clamorous remonstrances which, issuing in short and shrill barks, showed at length that Rover's patience was entirely exhausted.

'It is difficult to say how long this state of things might have continued; but at last, in consequence of some pause in the young sportsman's cogitations, or from the singular aspect of the scene, its wildness and novelty that forced themselves upon his attention, on reaching the summit of the steep ridge he had just mounted, he stopped short for the first time that morning, and, breaking from the reverie which had till then made hill or dale appear alike to him, surveyed with interest and curiosity the deep glen beneath. "This is a strange and lonely spot indeed!" he murmured to himself; while his attention being thus roused, he now traced the singular features of the deep and narrow dell whose wild aspect had extorted this remark. It was a dark ravine, on the opposite face of which a few small rills trickled in hand-breadth fissures down a perpendicular and naked rock, till they were lost to sight in a depth so profound, that his eye explored its details for some time in vain, before he could ascertain any probable outlet for the stream, whose existence below was only betrayed by a yet undissolved line of snow-white mist. The height on which he stood terminated abruptly before him in a broken and treacherous edge, so undermined as to overhang in many places the irregular wood which richly clothed this side of the narrow vale; while the

trees, sometimes apparently rising on knolls, and sometimes sunk so deep in chasms that their heads but just reached his sight, proved how wildly the ground beneath them was broken.

'Immediately below his feet, however, they lifted their broad summits in more regular succession above one another, till the overhanging ground forbade their nearer approach, and at the same time rendered access to the glen from that spot extremely difficult, if not dangerous.

'From this abrupt height, therefore, he gazed awhile on the scene before him, watching the stream of light which gradually poured from the ascending sun into the depth below, gilding by turns the head of each taller tree, and discovering hollows as yet unobserved.

'But the eyes detain not long the heart which is absorbed in its own joy or bitterness; and the young sportsman's thoughts at length involuntarily wandering from the scene before him, he turned his head in a contrary direction, though, it must be owned, he well knew that the intervening hill he had left behind must prevent all sight of a spot so attractive.'—Vol. iii. pp. 46—51.

'It was not marvellous, then, that poor Rover found his master's inattention this morning so incorrigible, nor that the wildness of the deep glen over which Rybrent so unexpectedly stood, had little power long to detain his thoughts, or even his eyes, which instinctively turned, as has been said, towards Warrington. The house, indeed, was not to be seen,—Rybrent having, in the vigour of youth and spirits, proceeded at so rapid a pace, as to have left it at a considerable distance behind. Though the recesses among the hills on this side of Warrington were, of course, not so familiar to him as the grounds nearer Esterfield, (the house itself having, in general, formed his stopping point,) yet he imagined he knew the scenery well, and had really, therefore, been surprised, as well as pleased, with the novelty and deep seclusion of the ravine he had just discovered; while Rover, whose dutiful patience was entirely exhausted, and whose expectations of any joint sport with his abstracted and incomprehensible master were utterly damped, had quickly plunged headlong down the difficult descent, with the evident intention of catering henceforth only for his own amusement. Both parties continued thus separately engaged during the period which has afforded time for the above abridged detail. But young De Cruce's lucubrations at length terminated in a desire to retrace his steps in the same direction his thoughts had flown, and perceiving, on consulting his watch, that Clarina's breakfast hour was approaching, he whistled to recall his rambling companion, and waited, somewhat impatiently, a few minutes for his approach.

'But his signal was in vain: Rover obeyed it not; and Rybrent soon fancied that he heard in the depth below, a succession of short and quick barks, which proved him engaged in some pursuit or contest too important, if not too perilous, to allow of attention even to his master's call. Rybrent several times repeated his name in vain, and listening more intently, he was now convinced that it was indeed Rover's cry below, at a considerable distance, and that it was the voice of fear no less than wrath. Half provoked and half excited by that eager desire of pursuit or peril, which seems inherent in man as well as dog, Rybrent pondered a moment. "I may as well return that way," he at length decided; "it is but clambering down this rough piece, and I must issue somewhere below, near the foot of that western hill at the edge of the park. I shall then be nearer the house than I am here, and can see in my way what has so roused poor Rover's alarm!"

'The thought had scarcely passed, when he was already eagerly examining the possibility of putting it in execution. Yet so extremely rugged and difficult was the descent before him, that some minutes elapsed, ere, with his utmost exertion, and at the imminent peril of a severe fall, he could so far accomplish his purpose as to get on a level with the upper rank of trees, on whose leafy heads he had before gazed.

'Once there, however, to proceed seemed less hazardous, though quite as difficult; the brushwood through which he had to press being so thickly tangled, and the ground so deeply broken, that once or twice he regretted having undertaken, for so slight a cause, a route which appeared likely from its intricacy, rather than its length, to detain him longer than he wished. To return, however, was even less easy than to proceed; besides that Rover's continued barking, which he now more distinctly heard, urged him to pursue his course. He, therefore, for some time, vigorously

pushed on his downward way, still guided by the sound, when, at length, he was somewhat startled at finding a sudden stop put to his descent by a kind of wall, which seemed to form one side of a walled hut, so old and rotten, indeed, as well nigh to give way to his pressure, yet apparently stuffed, and recently but hastily repaired in several places from within. The brushwood through which he had with such difficulty pressed, rested upon and half covered this solitary edifice; and the thought of the hut of which he had heard, but the remains of which, as Trefarley had pleaded himself unable to guide him to them, and as his own time had been fully occupied, he had never attempted to visit, now rushed into his mind. Rover's short and hurried cries, close as he was on the other side of the building, increased as he seemed conscious his master's aid was approaching; and Rybrent, with highly-excited feelings, looked for a moment on his gun, and hastily cocking it, pushed forcibly round the side of the hut, and quickly emerged on the small green before it, across which a recent track was plainly visible.

'In the midst of this little plat stood the tall tree which had been described to him, and which he instantly recognised, as he cast a hasty glance around. But no human shape was visible; while Rover, now barking boldly, and evidently delighted with his master's presence, was standing in the door-way of the wretched dwelling, within which, it was plain, was to be found the object of his terror or his wrath. Accordingly, Rybrent stooped slightly to enter the gloomy habitation, but for a moment all was too dark within to allow him to ascertain what might be its inmate. He spoke, but received no answer; and stepping forward, the light he had before intercepted, streamed across the rude apartment, and showed at its farther extremity a miserable kind of bed, extended on which lay a female figure, in a still attitude, which could be only that of death.'—Vol. iii. pp. 63—68.

LECTURES ON SCULPTURE.

Lectures on Sculpture, by John Flaxman, Esq., R.A., Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy of Great Britain, &c.; with a brief Memoir of the Author. Pp. 339, royal 8vo. Murray. London, 1829.

(Concluded from p. 386.)

THE 'Lectures on Sculpture' of the late Mr. Flaxman, consist of ten discourses, of which the three first relate to the history of the art; 1st, in this country, as has been already shown by the ample extracts given in our last Number; 2d, in Egypt; 3d, in Greece. The fourth lecture treats of Science, considered under the heads Anatomy and Outline, Proportions and Mechanical Motion. The fifth is an essay on Beauty; the sixth is devoted to Composition; the seventh, to Style; the eighth, to Drapery; the ninth is a review of Ancient Art; and the tenth treats of Modern Sculpture; that is to say, of sculpture from the period of the revival of the arts to the latter part of the last century.

There is not one of these discourses which may not be read with pleasure as well as improvement by the ordinary class of readers, certainly by all who cherish a love for the fine arts, equally with the student in sculpture. The learning they contain qualifies them for the instruction of the last: the easy and popular manner in which that learning is conveyed, with references to examples, either generally familiar, or made known by illustrative plates, of which there are upwards of fifty at the end of the volume, renders the perusal of the lectures a facile, interesting, and pleasing study. There are some, perhaps, who, from the known character of Flaxman, would have expected that in the lecture on Composition more stress would have been laid on the abuse of the redundant style, which had prevailed and gradually increased, from the time of the early followers of Michael Angelo until the end of the last century; and it may seem, that at the period when these discourses were delivered, the necessity of simplicity might have been more strongly urged: but respect so deservedly due to the great name of the master who was the innocent cause of the adoption of a style so inappropriate to the art which forms the subject of the lectures, and the well-known disposition of the lecturer himself for all that was pure and graceful, must silence

all objectors, in the apprehension that they should appear presumptuous in hazarding observations which he did not think it incumbent on him to make.

Neither the historical nor the scientific discourses are capable of analysis with any effect; they are in themselves concise, and it would be difficult to make a choice of one fact more interesting than another, or of one rule more important than the rest. Yet so rarely is the opportunity afforded of presenting our readers with reflections or instruction on the subject of art from a teacher so competent as the late Professor, that we cannot let the occasion pass without enriching our pages with a second selection from the valuable matter contained in the volume before us. The Chapter on Style appears to lend itself most readily to our purpose, that of giving, in a few columns, a connected view of a particular and interesting subject. We have had recourse, therefore, to the seventh lecture, for the following extracts:

'The term style, at first, was applied to poetry, and the style of Homer and Pindar must have been familiar long before Phidias or Zeuxis were known; but, in process of time, as the poet wrote with his style or pen, and the designer sketched with his style or pencil, the name of the instrument was familiarly used to express the genius and productions of the writer and the artist; and this symbolical mode of speaking has continued from the earliest times through the classical ages, the revival of arts and letters, down to the present moment, equally intelligible, and is now strengthened by the uninterrupted use and authority of ancients and moderns.

'And here we may remark, that as by the term style we designate the several stages of progression, improvement, or decline of the art, so by the same term, and at the same time, we more indirectly relate to the progress of the human mind, and states of society; for such as the habits of the mind are, such will be the works, and such objects as the understanding and the affections dwell most upon, will be most readily executed by the hands. Thus the savage depends on clubs, spears, and axes for safety and defence against his enemies; and on his oars or paddles for the guidance of his canoe through the waters: these, therefore, engage a suitable portion of his attention, and, with incredible labour, he makes them the most convenient possible for his purpose; and, as a certain consequence, because usefulness is a property of beauty, he frequently produces such an elegance of form, as to astonish the more civilised and cultivated of his species. He will even superadd to the elegance of form an additional decoration in relief on the surface of the instrument, a wave line, a zig-zag, or the tie of a band, imitating such simple objects as his wants and occupations render familiar to his observation—such as the first twilight of science in his mind enables him to comprehend. Thus far his endeavours are crowned with a certain portion of success; but if he extend his attempt to the human form, or the attributes of divinity, his rude conceptions and untaught mind produce only images of lifeless deformity, or of horror and disgust.

'When we consider these weak and inefficient attempts for a moment, with what astonishment shall we turn to the almost breathing statue, whose mimic flesh seems yielding to the touch! whose balance alarms with the expectation of movement! whose countenance beams with the sweetest charities of humanity! In these opposite descriptions we contemplate the productions of man just emerging from gross and savage nature, and civilised man, formed to moral habits, intellectual enjoyments, and delighting to trace the Creator in his works.

'Such is the difference between the beginning and the perfection of art. To mark this progress and its gradations is the object of our present inquiry; nor will our time be unprofitably employed; for if, by the characteristics of style, we can secure land-marks on the road to excellence, we may avoid the danger of deviating into the paths of error.

'The characters of style may be properly arranged under two heads, the Natural and the Ideal.

'The Natural Style may be defined thus: a representation of the human form, according to the distinctions of sex and age, in action or repose, expressing the affections of the soul.

'The same words may be used to define the Ideal Style, but they must be followed by this addition—

"selected from such perfect examples as may excite in our minds a conception of the supernatural."

'By these definitions will be understood, that the natural style is peculiar to humanity, and the ideal to spirituality and divinity.

'In our pursuit of this subject we are aware of the propensity to imitation common in all, by which our knowledge of surrounding objects is increased, and our intellectual faculties are elevated; and we consequently find in most countries attempts to copy the human figure, in early times, equally barbarous, whether they were the production of India, Babylon, Germany, Mexico, or Otaheite. They equally partake in the common deformities of great heads, monstrous faces, diminutive and mis-shapen bodies and limbs. We shall, however, say no more of these abortions, as they really have no nearer connection with style, than the child's first attempts to write the alphabet can claim with the poet's inspiration, or the argument and description of the orator.

'We shall now proceed to mark the character, and trace the progress of style, not from the earliest dawn, but rather from the sun-rise of human intelligence, when the imitative faculty is assisted by rule, and corrected by reflection—when the representation partakes, in some degree, of man's dignity in countenance and figure. In this state we find painting and sculpture among the Egyptians, whose application to geometry, and inquiries concerning the animal structure, enabled them to give a general, though imperfect, proportion and outline to their figures, whose forms, however, were more determined by simple geometrical lines than a scrupulous attention to nature.'—Pp. 197—202.

After some details of the proportions generally found in Egyptian sculpture, we have the following observation on their style:

'The style of Egyptian sculpture is simplicity in the extreme, and the magnitude of their colossal works is awful; but the simplicity is so excessive, that one face, and one set of forms, have extended an universal monotony of resemblance, as far as possible, through the differences of age and sex. The surface of the body and limbs betrays a great ignorance in the knowledge of the bones, muscles, and tendons, which produce the forms in the surface; and, although this people have been celebrated for their skill in geometry, their basso-relievos and painted compositions demonstrate that they had not advanced sufficiently to determine the balance and motion of the human figure by the rules of that science.

'The Egyptian sculptors astonish us by their indefatigable labour, but, considered as artists, they are but beginners; their works little more than bodies without souls, the dead letter of the art, whose purpose was, symbolically, to deliver an historical fact, a philosophical precept, or a divine mystery; but never to charm by life, sentiment, heroic power, or spiritual beauty.'—Pp. 204, 205.

Greek art in its state of perfection necessarily forms an important feature in this chapter.

'Grecian art began where Egyptian art ended.

'The Egyptian statuary were laborious mechanics; their works were lifeless forms, menial vehicles of an idea, or the fixed slaves of uniformity in a temple or a palace.

'In Greece, painting and sculpture were liberal arts: they were studied by the noblest and best-educated persons; they were improved by the accumulation of science; they were employed to excite and celebrate virtue and excellence; and, finally, to exalt the mind of the beholder to the contemplation of divine qualities and attributes.

'In whatever instances the institutions of Greece cultivated and rendered more powerful the virtuous exertions of mind and body, the arts of design also were animated by their beneficial effects, to a degree which surpassed the other nations of antiquity, and has laid a foundation of principles and practice for all succeeding ages.

'The early statues strongly resemble the Egyptian in attitude, in form, in want of outline and anatomical distinction; they have also nearly the same expression of countenance.

'The compositions on painted vases immediately succeeding this period offer little variety of subject:—the encounter of Theseus and the Minotaur, the duel of Eteocles and Polyneices, Hercules strangling the lion, and to these may be added Bacchanalian dances.

'The drawing of the figure, as well as the choice of subjects, indicates the state of society; the compressed abdomen and spare limbs prove habits of activity in war and the race; the Bacchanalian dances show the

introduction of mysteries and pageants in an increasing polytheism, and both seem perfectly consistent with the manners of the early inhabitants of fortified cities.

'The early arts of Greece were interrupted in their progress by a succession of political commotions and destructive wars, and we scarcely perceive any improvement in them until the time of the Seven Sages, of Pythagoras and Esop, who were all contemporaries about one hundred and thirty years before Phidias. They increased the intellectual light of their country by foreign travel and laborious study, they reformed the laws and morals, improved science and the useful arts of astronomy, geometry, numbers, harmony, and medicine, including the animal structure and economy. Their philosophy taught a purer system of divinity and providence, and the works of the poets were made known in public libraries.

'The benign influence of such advantages was felt in the arts of design, and prepared them for that beauty and perfection with which they were subsequently graced in the times of Pericles, Alexander and his successors.

'The works of the age we are now speaking of, embraced a greater variety of subjects, in composition more copious; the Bacchanalian dances were in greater number,—the labours of Hercules, Nessus, and Dejanira, processions of the gods, and acts in the Theban war. Pausanias describes the chest of Cypselus, Tyrant of Corinth, covered with a great number of heroic stories in relief.

'Although the Grecian sculpture was considerably advanced after the age of the seven wise men, some of the old barbarism still remained. Much of the ancient face and figure continued. In painting and bas relief the faces were profiles, whatever might be the position of the figure. The limbs were distorted, because the artist was unacquainted with the structure of the joint, and the lines of its perspective. The breasts, general curves of the ribs on each side of the thorax, the bend of the arms, and a small projection for the knee-pan, were the chief, and almost the only indications of bone and muscle. That infinite variety of compounded lines requisite to draw or carve the features of the face, in any even the most common views, were beyond the skill of these times. They, therefore, substituted the easier method of making the eyes, nose, and mouth of nearly simple curves, whose extremities turned upwards in the same direction. Simple geometrical forms were equally employed in the folds of drapery—parallel curves across the body or limbs—perpendicular parallels in falling drapery, and zig-zags, like reversed steps, for the edges of the drapery. Thus in the early efforts of design, geometrical formality supplied the place of the ever-varying forms in nature.

'In compositions which required an increased number of figures, two were seldom grouped; and when this was done, the group was frequently awkward, and sometimes impracticable. In the course of this period, however, the figure was better drawn, the parts were more defined; and on a nearer approach to the age of Phidias, there were some attempts to distinguish between divinity and mortality.

'The early arts above described, represented the persons and habits of a race chiefly occupied in the exercises of war and hunting, agriculture, and the care of flocks and herds, living in the open air, and defending themselves from their enemies by impregnable fortifications on rocks; their arts consisting in the fabrication of instruments for agriculture and war, the architectural construction of walls and citadels, to which may be added, potter's vessels for domestic use and sacred offices, on which they indulged the more intellectual powers, by tracing heroic traditions and religious processions.

'The Doric simplicity in this style of art, is imposing from its determined expression, and awful by an uncommon and barbarous character. The processions consist of uniform repetitions, their actions are violent, stiff, and angular oppositions: but these being faithfully transcribed from the grosser appearances of human character, expression, and action, laid a sure, though rude, foundation of principles, for the superstructure of excellence afterwards raised on them by succeeding improvements.

'From the age of Pericles, to the death of Alexander the Great, Greece was the focus of admiration to the world. Greece destroyed the Persian power, the terror of all nations! Nor was the mental progression of this people less admirable than their military achievements—their science was extended and enlarged by the succession of their wise men—their philosophers taught more distinctly and publicly the doctrine of a

Deity, and the subordinate agencies of his providence throughout the visible and invisible universe. Their poets harmonised their minds by numbers, and enriched their imaginations by presenting the range of whatever is sublime and beautiful in visible nature or mental abstraction.

'Such was the spirit of patriotism, that the richest citizens did not endeavour to exceed others in the magnificence of their houses or tables, but employed their wealth for the security and defence of their country, and in raising noble public buildings and works for the service of religion, and in honour of public and private virtue.'—Pp. 211—218.

It was at this period that two of the seven wonders of the world, the Olympian Jupiter of Phidias and the Colossus of Rhodes, were produced. After noticing the flourishing state of painting during the reigns of Philip and Alexander, and the different styles observable in the works of the professors of that art, the lecturer returns to the subject of sculpture.

'There was a like difference in the statues: the more hard, approaching the Tuscan style, were by Calon and Egeus; the less rigid by Calamis; the more soft than those already mentioned (that is to say, more resembling flesh) were by Miron. Polyclethus excelled the others in diligence and decorum, and although the palm was given to him by many, yet something was to be deducted because he was deficient in gravity; for as he added a grace to the human form beyond the truth, so he seemed not to have fulfilled the authority of the gods, and as he was said to have avoided the more important age, he presumed only to engage in lighter subjects. But the qualities wanting in Polyclethus were given to Phidias and Alcamenes. The works of Phidias are unrivalled, even if he had done nothing but the Athenian Minerva or the Olympian Jove in Elis. In this, the Homeric divinity was personified with a beauty of majesty, beyond which human intellect did not extend. Minerva, the type of divine wisdom and power, both to the philosopher and common votary, manifested the charms of celestial youth with the expression of severe virtue. These determined the acknowledged apparent forms of these divinities, from which no painter or sculptor afterwards presumed greatly to deviate. The countenances, figures, and attributes of all the other divinities in Homer, were soon after decided by Phidias and his successors, whose laws became immutable, and were submitted to with willingness, until the darkness of polytheism was dispersed by the sacred light of the Gospel.

'Yet with this pious reflection in our hearts, we cannot avoid pausing to dwell on the exquisite beauty of the ancient sculpture. The choice of the most perfect forms—countenances expressive of the most elevated dispositions of mind and innocence of character—the limbs and bodies, examples of manly grace and strength, or female elegance—youth and beauty, in all their varieties and combinations in perfection: indeed, we must believe, when we look on those forms, so purified from grossness and imperfection, that if we could see angels and divine natures, they would resemble these.

'The improvements of this and the following ages, were not confined to determination of character, selection of form, harmony of proportion, or whatever else most perfect may be conceived in the individual divinity or hero; they were extended through the various branches of association, and the noble composition of Mycon, a sculptor and painter rather anterior to Phidias, of the fight between the Lapithæ and Centaurs in the Temple of Theseus, with compositions by Phidias on the shield of Minerva, and on the throne of the Olympian Jupiter, embodied the Homeric theology and heroism, by examples which have generated or afforded principles for the subsequent efforts of painting and sculpture.'—Pp. 220—223.

The pages immediately following these extracts touch on the use of colour in ancient statues, which although Mr. Flaxman is reluctant to condemn in the cases in which it was applied, he pronounces to be utterly improper for general representation of the human figure, observing, moreover, that it will be found that for the most part the practice has been employed to enforce superstition, or preserve an exact similitude of the deceased. To this he adds:

'These, however, are in themselves perverted purposes. The real ends of painting, sculpture, and all the other arts, are to elevate the mind to the contem-

plation of truth, to give the judgment a rational determination, and to represent such of our fellow men as have been benefactors to society, not in the deplorable and fallen state of a lifeless and mouldering corpse, but in the full vigour of their faculties when living, or in something correspondent to the state of the good received among the just made perfect.

'As the consideration of painted sculpture cannot really be entitled to any place in the progress of style, we will return to our legitimate subject.

'The British Museum contains such noble relics of the Temple of Minerva, as enable us to understand the sublime conception of composition which filled the pediment, the heroic contest of the Lapithæ and Centaurs in the Metops, and the animated men and horses in the Panathænic procession of the frieze.

'It is the peculiar character and praise of Phidias's style, that he represented gods better than men. As this sculptor determined the visible idea of Jupiter, his successors employed a hundred years on the forms of the inferior divinities. This must, therefore, be denominated the sublime era of sculpture.

'Numerous were the painters and sculptors of renown, and numerous were their celebrated works between the time of Pericles and Phidias, and the death of Alexander the Great. During this time, the individual characters of the different divinities, were not only represented in the supposed period of adult perfection, but also in infancy and youth, with all the varieties of countenance and form becoming their various offices and ministries.

'The different Bacchuses from early infancy, when he was delivered by Mercury to the nymphs, when a beautiful youth of almost feminine delicacy, supported by a muse, and leader of their chorus. He is also represented with a more masculine person, as a conqueror, or the giver of poetical inspiration, until he becomes the venerable and bearded philosopher in the sacred mysteries, teaching the immortality of the soul, transmigration, with the ascent and descent to Hades, or the lower world. The same establishment of character under all circumstances, prevailed in Apollo, Mercury, and the other deities, male and female.

'During this era the Venus of Praxiteles appeared, the most admired female statue of all antiquity, whose beauty is as perfect as it is elevated, and as innocent as perfect; from which the Medicean Venus seems but a deteriorated variety.

'Whoever desires a more detailed account of the works of these ages, will be gratified by consulting Pliny, Pausanias, and the published galleries and museums of ancient sculpture and painting.

'In the times we speak of, every possible perfection was added to the sister arts that rival and accumulated talent could reach. In the characters of countenance, every gradation from simple beauty to sublime dignity—the same gradation in form, from the most slender and elegant, to the most powerful and massy—the attitudes the most choice, and the flesh seemingly yielding to the touch. The drapery in form and folds showed or indicated the body and limbs most advantageously, by playing round the outline in harmony or contrast, or giving additional effect by the projection of strong shades.

'The earlier productions of this era were distinguished by a Doric severity of style, which raised the subject above the level of general nature, and beyond its bounds. The geometrical simplicity of form was ideal; the character was decided, and the sentiment was single; of this class is the group of Niobe and her youngest daughter. A less severity of style is in the Apollo Belvidere. The most easy way of motion, and the most delicate approaches to nature are observable in the statues of Venus, the Cupid, Faun, and Bacchus, of Praxiteles.

'Busts and statues (portraits of individual persons) were not generally permitted, until near the time of the death of Socrates; and as this practice, once introduced, became popular and extensive under the successors of Alexander the Great, it was an additional stimulus to the study of the human figure in detail, and thus, as the art departed from ideal sublimity, it partook in the peculiarities of nature. It descended to the intelligible, and became a stronger resemblance of the human race.'—Pp. 228—232.

The plates by which the contents of the Lectures are illustrated, deserve mention; they are executed on stone in a free sketchy style of drawing, and many of them are replete with character.

NEW MUSIC.

Carl Maria von Weber's celebrated Walts, as originally adapted by him for the Piano Forte, (being his last composition,) also arranged as a Duet, for two Performers, with an (ad lib.) accompaniment for the Harp, and (with permission) respectfully dedicated to the Misses Beeve, of Ham Grove, Surrey, by W. Etherington, Organist of Twickenham, Middlesex. Mayhew and Co.

THE lamented Weber's last effusion, is a romantic and characteristic sketch in A flat, modulating into the sub-ordinate D flat; hence it is somewhat difficult for performers in general, being also very chromatic, in addition to the four and five flat keys noticed. This edition is by far the most estimable we have seen, as it comprises Weber's original Waltz, the same as a duet, with or without a harp part, which would render it interesting as a trio. The principal charm of this trifle, is the unusual and beautiful key in which it is written, and yet we have seen another edition, in which some barbarian (as poor old Solomon would have called him) had sufficient assurance, and evil taste, to transpose it into A natural—none but A natural would have attempted so foul a deed. Etherington is well known as a good teacher, musician, and harp-player, and his adaptation is well made.

The Alpine Herdsman, a celebrated Swiss Air, as sung by Madame Stockhausen, at the Nobility's and Public Concerts, the words by W. H. Bellamy, arranged with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Harp, and dedicated to her Highness the Princess Esterhazy, by F. Stockhausen. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

THIS is presented as No. 1 of a series of Swiss airs, partly arranged, and partly composed by Stockhausen, for his wife to sing, and is a characteristic specimen of that species of music; it presents an allegro in A 3-4 time, and is a pleasing and easy trifle, composed within the low pitched scale from C below the staff to E in the fourth space, with the exception of an A as the last note, which may be omitted at option. This sort of melody is highly popular at the present passing hour, and the specimen here offered is exceedingly well arranged and brought out.

No. 2 of Rossini's Operas, arranged with embellishments for the Flute, by William Forde. Cocks and Co.

WE with much satisfaction noticed the publication of the first number of this desirable periodical, in 'The Athenæum,' No. 85, which was of 'Moiè in Egitto.' Forde has judiciously chosen another established favourite Opera for his second number, and his adaptation of 'Il Barbiere di Seviglia,' is also quite well made. Sixteen pieces (comprising all that is favourite in the Opera) are excellently engraved, and offered for three shillings only.

Le Desir, a favourite Walts, arranged for one or two Guitars. By F. Horetzky, from Vienna. Ewer and Johanning.

THIS is the briefest musical publication we have ever seen, as the parts for the two guitars occupy but one side of half a sheet of paper, and the price is ninepence! 'Brevity is the soul of wit.'

The Bohemian Melodies; as sung, with the greatest success, at the Argyll Rooms, by the Four Bohemian Brothers. Arranged by N. C. Bochsa. No. 7. Welch.

THE melody in F 2-4 time is here presented, one of the pretty airs that have been so frequently exhibited; it is intitled, 'Natali, or the Miller's Daughter;' and is published with German words, and an English version by Mr. W. Ball.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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FRENCH CHARACTERS.

BY A FRENCHMAN.

No III.—THE ADVOCATE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ADIEU! ye gay quadrilles, ye wood-nymphs of the balls of Sceaux and St. Mandé! ye sentimental rambles through the groves of Meudon! ye merry cavalcades on the asses of Montmorency! Adieu! The day of mirth and pleasure is gone by for ever. The student in law, already grave and sedate, has just passed his examination. He has stood without flinching the fire of argument, unriddled the enigmas of the Sphinxes of the faculty, and won by fair playing the ermine of doctorship. He will no more be seen, armed with his five codes, climbing with nimble feet the craggy heights of the hill St. Geneviève, to attend every fortnight the call of the Professor, and, by this periodical assiduity, save his inscriptions in the course of a second Alciat. He has disdainfully vacated the eminent post of second clerk in a conveyancer's office. The dainty viands of the tavern have replaced the frugal ordinary of make-shift dinners, washed down by the waters of the fountain d'Arcueil; and from the height of the aerial mansarde of the old *hôtel garni* of the Rue de la Harpe, behold him descended into the splendid cabinet in the Rue du Coq St. Honoré!

Under the auspices of a veteran of the order, the young novice has taken the vows of Themis; and already the heedless rival of the Trepiers and Dupins rushes towards the bar, preceded by the brilliant reputation which he acquired by discharging the functions of an advocate in depute and of procureur-general in conferences. He has, moreover, made proof of his profession in the theatre: he has succeeded in getting a vaudeville received and represented at the Gymnase,—thanks to M. Scribe, who was very ready to stand godfather to the new-born; and in company with MM. Victor Ducange and Melesville, he has furnished his third of a melodrame, very dark and dreadful, which set in motion all the connoisseurs of the Faubourg du Temple, and drowned in tears all the nymphs of the back-alums.

He is therefore sure of achieving a mightily successful début. Besides, the cause affords such a fine scope for pathos. His business is to oppose a demand of formal separation for adultery, on the part of a brutal and jealous husband, against the most interesting and virtuous of wives. The orator delivers his exordium in a low and timid tone; (it is indispensably necessary in making a début to shake in every limb;) but, speedily obtaining self-command, he rises to the highest flight of his eloquence. Hark how he repairs, one by one, all the breaches in the reputation of his Lucretia, ingeniously avoiding ticklish points, proving chastity with syllogistic exactness, and reinvesting the bridal bed with all its splendour and with all its purity! The husband can no longer resist the language of persuasion; and, preventing his advocate's most brilliant reply, he throws himself at the feet of his calumniated spouse to implore her pardon, which she has the charity to grant. The audience applauded this touching scene. Seguier, from his elevated seat, smiles on this most signal of triumphs; Dupin affectionately squeezes his young brother by the hand; Berville pays him the prettiest little compliment in the most approved academical style; while an old practitioner of the Bazoches, ex-procureur to the Tournelle, turns his back upon him with a shrug of the shoulders, dreadfully scandalized to find that in the present generation knowledge and reason are beforehand with the beard.

Long since deserted by the aristocracy of the Bar, the assizes are the theatre where the neophyte is called to signalize himself. It is there that he develops the earnest of his future elo-

quence, unloads all the treasures of his sensibility, and displays all the elegance of his attitudes. In the dramatic nature of his action, it is easy to recognise the pupil of Michelot. His mellifluous and persuasive voice finds its way to the souls of a Jury, and controls at will the feelings of his audience. If sometimes—for he is easily impressed—a young beauty gives a turn to the cause by an attack upon his nerves, without interruption to his argument, the gallant orator resorts to the ethered sponge, with which he takes care to be furnished for preventing the dangerous effects of such *coups de théâtre*. How great is his joy—his intoxication, when, for the first time, he has saved the life of a fellow-creature! The prisoner is a fiacre-driver. The verdict of acquittal is hailed by the acclamations of the numerous companions whom a fellow-feeling has brought together; and hardly has the defender left the bar, when he feels himself caught in a vigorous embrace. In vain he tries to disengage himself: a prisoner in the bonds of gratitude, he escapes from the arms of his first captor only to fall into those of his neighbour; and, thus banded about from one to another, is he obliged to submit to every beard of the public Automedons, and at last makes his escape from the tortures of enthusiasm, at the foot of the grand staircase, by jumping into an omnibus.

The next day, he will see blazing in the 'Gazette des Tribunaux' the gleanings of his eloquence, collected by the stealthy pen of the short-hand writer, whose report, however, will be curtailed a full third by the scissors of the inexorable Darmaing, who does not allow advocates, be they even actionnaires, to fatigue the public with prolixities which afforded the drowsy magistrates the most agreeable dreams.

The trumpet of the periodical press has sounded the fame of our Hortensius in his native town. The pleaders of the province already call for his assistance in the grave disputes which they may have with justice. He burns to justify their honourable confidence; and accordingly, furnished with the permission of the Keeper of the Seals, off he sets! In the diligence? Nothing of the sort! A barrister travel like dealers in orvietan! Clic-clac! Mettle some post-horses and an elegant calèche are the means of transport prescribed by the decency and dignity of the order on the king's high road. The talents of the stranger orator are a nine-days' wonder on this new theatre. The Graces of the country come to smile upon his pleading; and in the hospitable banquet with which he is honoured, a friendly toast is drunk to the barristers of France, and to the repeal of the ordonnance Peyronnet.

Meanwhile, if he be anxious to perfect a reputation so happily begun, our jurist will devote himself to the most serious and varied studies. The Bar of France was too long behind-hand with the progress of the human mind and civilisation. Pascal had published his Provincialisms, a master-piece of reasoning; Molière had written his 'Tartuffe,' and Despreaux his Satires,—when in the Palais, Gauthier was still heard evoking demons in his ridiculous plea against the impostor Tancredi, and Lemaître quoting to the Parliament the example of a woman who, to prove her innocence, held a red-hot iron in her hands, without any other feeling than as though it had been a bunch of flowers! The generalisation of the subjects of knowledge is now the condition of success in every career. Thus the advocate whom Bacon has taught 'that all sciences are but so many branches of the same stem,' carefully guards against making jurisprudence a separate study, included within the circumscribed horizon of existing codes: he has discovered its relations with morals, literature, public right, history, the scenes of nature, and even trade itself. In a question of infanticide, or a case of monomania, he will reason

on medical and physiological law like a Majendie or an Orfila. In a literary question—an epigrammatic cause, he will wield with a skilful hand those wit-dipt arrows, those sharp-pointed javelins, which the father of Figaro threw so dexterously at the Goemmons. The delinquencies of the deaf and dumb will raise his arguments to the region of metaphysical controversy and the great problems of the human mind; and law-suits occasioned by the odes of a chansonnier, will communicate poetic rapture and Pindaric elevation to his inspired accents.

He will do well, however, carefully to avoid the quackery of authorship, and not to imitate those manufacturers of law, who, having had the luck to acquire a marketable name in the book-trade, weekly put their names in two-line letter, as the printers phrase it, in the title page of a new edition of some old author revived and rouged by some dozen poor knights of the quill, working night and day, at a salary of 1200 francs, to the immortalisation of the nominal manufacturer, whose fertile genius sometimes takes the trouble to enrich the work with a preface or a biographical sketch.

Like the Chambers of the Legislature, the Palais also has its *côté gauche*, its *côté droit*, and its two centres; and you may see walking to and fro in the hall, at a leisurely pace, the feudal champions of the aristocracy, the pivoted weather-gauges of the ministerial winds, and the ardent defenders of our liberties, who form a large majority. All opinions, however, meet with toleration among the Bar, provided they be open; and political sophisms themselves find grace, so long as they are the emanations of conscience. They only point the finger at bad faith, venality, and treachery. The young advocate has not hesitated a moment in choosing his colours: he has ranged himself under the banner where he thought he should find true principles combined with the interests of his country. No half-shades for him, no hypocritical dissemblings, no prudent reservations before this or that interlocutor! This may be a very useful policy to those who, accommodating their opinions to their interest, or withholding the expression of the one when it would clash with the other, are always found in the train of power, whatever be its elements; but he who thinks well,—in other words, he who can prefer the benefit of his country to his own individual profit,—need not fear to think aloud. As intrepid as the heroes of the Tribune, the citizen advocate appears at the bar to defend our immunities against the encroachments of power, when it endeavours to regain in its decisions what it has lost through legislative scrutiny. The organ of the rights of the third estate, he protests against the surreptitious registration of the electoral lists. Individual and religious liberty never had a more zealous apostle: he fears neither the opposition of power nor ultra-montane anathemas. He drags the Molitors and the Contrafattos from the midst of the square battalions of Jesuitism, to deliver them over to the galleys. The most unfortunate will become his clients. He will proclaim, were it even in the Upper Chamber, the inviolability of opinions, secured by the faith of treaties. His voice will make more than one face turn pale beneath the ministerial purple. He will evoke in open court the bleeding ghosts of the victims of the Rue St. Denis: he will denounce the tricks of a corrupt police, the Macchiavelism of informers. He will blunt by wise animadversion the too-cutting edge of our penal laws; will prepare by his luminous discussions the triumphs of the liberty of the press; and if, in some retired corner of the kingdom, a tyrannous administration, covering with the shield of office the responsibility of its compromised agents, should pretend to impose on writers courageously indiscreet, the silence of the dead who cannot complain of the wrongs inflicted on the living, he will firmly maintain, that even beyond the bounds of the metropolis, the right of animadversion is not

an usurpation of the press, nor philanthropy a contraband virtue.

Was ever mission more honourable? When did the Bar offer so glorious a harvest to be reaped? Praise to new institutions, the Palais is become the auxiliary of the Forum! Oh! may these civic trophies be the object and end of forensic ambition! May the vertigo of greatness and the monomania of power never disturb the brain of the sons of Themis! And when the spontaneous suffrages of the country have invested the man of law with its highest office, always in arms, always ready to mount the breach, watching against tyranny, let him well beware of casting on the portefeuille a covetous eye, and of taking the steps of the Tribune for the back-stairs of the Cabinet. Advocates free of the Gironde! it is you who have hitherto cultivated the nursery of our excellences. 'Stay!' said a placeman, 'don't go and embroil me with those persons: how do we know they won't be Ministers to-morrow?'

FROM 'THE PEACE' OF ARISTOPHANES.

SCENE—Olympus, Jupiter's House.

Trygæus.—Mercury.—War.—Hubbub.

Tryg. (Knocking).—Holloa! within there! Jupiter at home?

Merc. I thought I smelt a mortal. Oh! my God, What devilry's here?

Tryg. It's nothing but a beetle,* Saddled and bridled to carry single: see!

Merc. Oh! you vile scamp! you impudent bold man!

You infamous, you most outrageous scamp, How came you up here? You d—t—n scamp! What is your name? Speak. What's your name, Sir?

Tryg. Scamp.

Merc. Where do you come from? What may your tribe be?

Tryg. Scamps.

Merc. Who was your father?

Tryg. A d—t—n scamp.

Merc. Now by yon earth thou shalt not live a second

An if thou tellest not thy name.

Tryg. Oh! Sir, My name's Trygæus, of the tribe Athmone, An upright honest man, a man in trade, Neither a thief, a lawyer, nor a statesman.

Merc. What come you here for? Tryg. Gracious Mercury, To bring you a few pounds of rare rump-steaks.

Merc. Poor fellow! how could he get up?

Tryg. The glutton! He's given over calling me bad names. Pray now can I see Jupiter?

Merc. Ha! ha! You hav'nt much chance of seeing the Gods, I guess. The family left their lodgings yesterday.

Tryg. Where upon earth, then, are their Godships gone?

Merc. Where upon earth, fool! Don't you know where you are?

Tryg. Nay, Mr. Mercury, tell us where they're gone.

Merc. A devilish long way farther up; as high As they could get into the dome of Heaven.

Tryg. And how came you to stay behind?

Merc. I stay To take care of the furniture and plate, The dishes, platters, tables, and so forth.

Tryg. What made th' immortal Gods leave home just now?

Merc. Their anger at the Greeks. The mansion-house here

They've let unto a querish sort of a tenant, A Mr. War, who is to overlook You men, and farm the earth a while just as he likes; They've gone, meantime, as high as they can go, Not caring much to see you blackguards fight; To be out of the reach, besides, of all your prayers.

Tryg. What is this for? Why do they use us so?

Merc. Because ye will have war, while they advise you,

'Peace, and be friends.' For if the Lacedæmonians Gain but a little vantage, straight they cry, 'Now, by the twins, but Attica shall pay for it.' Again, if Athens get the upper hand, And the Laconians come to talk of truce, Then say your people: 'Mighty well, indeed! No, by Minerva, that will never do: Keep Pylos, now we've got it; they'll come again.'

Tryg. That's something like the talk below, to be sure.

Merc. By Jove, I don't know if ye'll ever see Peace upon earth again.

Tryg. Why what's gone with her?

Merc. Our Governor War has put her in a hole.

Tryg. What hole?

Merc. Why this down here, and look you too What piles of stones he's heap'd upon her head. By goles, I think she'll never be got out.

Tryg. And what's he going to do with us then, pray?

Merc. Indeed I cannot say—I cannot tell—I only know that yesterday he bought A kind of a mortar, a large one, very large.

Tryg. Why what's he mean to do with that same mortar?

Merc. He means, he says, to put th' Hellenic states in't,

And pound 'em cheek by jowl. But I'll be off; For, Gad's my life, as sure as I stand here, He's coming out of doors. Don't you hear a row?

Tryg. Oh Lord! oh Lord! where shall I run t' escape him?

I hear the rattling of that cursed mortar.

War. Oh! mortal men! woe to you, mortal men! I'll make you cry for mercy on your bones.

Tryg. Oh! Prince Apollo, what a monstrous mortar!

And what an evil cast in his ugly phiz! Is this the devil we think to get away from, So wonderful, so horrible, so big— Goes with those legs at least ten leagues an hour!

War. Woe to thee, Prasiæ! city famed for leaks, Thrice, four times, ten times, most ill-fated city, This day thou'rt dust! (We shan't want any more garlick.)

Tryg. Come, that won't hurt, however; that's nought to us;

Let him pound all Laconia if he likes.

War. Oh! Megara, Megara; woe unto thee Megara

I'll pound thy battlements, Megara, for my supper.

Tryg. Oh Lord! oh Lord! a' mercy; and he'll make

Sharp sauce, I reckon, of Megarian tears.

War. Oh Sicily! oh Sicily! thou shalt suffer.

A noble state, indeed, to mince and grind.

A little Athenian honey over this—

Tryg. Holloa there! stay: you best not use that honey.

Two shillings a pound! Consider, don't use that.

War. Hubbub, come here.

Hub. Yes, Sir.

War. I'll break your bones.

Confound your laziness. Take that, you mongrel.

Hub. Oh master! softly, master. (Aside.) How

the garlick

On his d—n'd knuckles makes my poor eyes water!

War. Fetch me the pestle.

Hub. Lord, Sir, don't you know

We haven't one. We only came last night.

War. Step down to Athens, then, and fetch me one.

Hub. Yes, Sir; directly, Sir. Confound his knuckles!

Tryg. Ah me! we men, poor rascals that we are,

What will we do? here's a sad scrape indeed.

If that young imp should bring a pestle back,

Yon devil will soon have ground the states to powder:

Pray God he tumble down and break his neck!

War. Here he comes. How now? haven't you got one?

Hub. No;

That great Athenian pestle, the foul tanner Cleon, who peated Greece so long and well, Will do no work again: he's dead and gone.

Tryg. By Pallas, he died gloriously, and just

In time to save his country a good pounding.

War. Why, then, go try at Sparta; and make haste.

Tryg. Oh mortal men! what's to become on 's now?

I wish (by the Lord) I were on earth a moment,

Within some temple, where I could fall down

At Jupiter's statue, just to pray a little That vagabond messenger might sprain his foot.

Hub. A well-a-day! Alack and well-a-day!

War. Holloa! what, haven't you got one now?

Hub. No, Sir;

The Lacedæmonian pestle's also gone.

War. What, Brasidas? How, you rogue?

Hub. They lent him, Sir,

To their allies in Thrace, and lost him there.

Tryg. By Pollux and by Castor, but I'm glad on't. Courage, good mortals; all may yet go well.

War. Humph! Hubbub, take the mortar in; I'll go And make a proper good one for myself.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

If I beheld it in a dream,
Or if by summer's waking beam,
Ah me I cannot tell;
But this I know, it was a sight
To make the heaviest bosom light
By some mysterious spell.

Along the grass a tufted wood
Its pale and wavering shadows strewed,
Broken by sunny lights,
Gleams of the noon, like sportful elves
On slope hill-sides, or sandy shelves,
Wild troop of wandering sprites.

And leagued in scattered knots the flowers,
Filled with fresh life by nightly showers,
Breathed out a fragrant air,
By the strong oak, or lady beech
There was a tranquil nook for each,
And all were joyous there.

Like noises of the human crowd,
The rooks made known with clamours loud
Their high and leafy state;
Like lonely voice of sage or bard,
The cuckoo from the brake was heard,
The shy wood-fairy's mate.

The sky laughed out at summer's birth,
The breeze was singing o'er the earth,
Each leaf in song replied;
And birds and flies in glittering rounds
Enriched the air with murmured sounds,
And streams like gems were dyed.

The world no more was shrunk or cold,
No more a withered beldame old,
The growth and wreck of time;
But a bright spirit newly born,
Waking amid a glorious morn,
Flower of Creation's prime.

Methought that I in covert lone,
To bird and wandering doe unknown,
O'erlooked that Eden vale,
And with the finer sense was filled
That from each blade of grass distilled,
And blew in every gale.

Quick through the wood with airy spring,
And foot as light as swallow's wing,
Came forth a maiden child,
Her eyes were soft with dreamy light,
Her forehead like a star was bright,
Her look was free and mild.

Five summers' joys had stirred her breast,
Which in a scarf of white was drest
With strings of berries bound,
Her skin below the knee was seen,
And sandals knit of rushes green,
Were twined her ancles round.

To tufts of all the flowers that blow,
She murmured greetings sweet and low,
From each a flower she took;
And she herself was fairer far
Than the earth's gayest garlands are;
I lived but in her look.

And when her ministry was done,
And those frail spoils of nature won,
She wander'd from mine eye,
E'en as a golden morning ray
Fades from the darkened field away,
When clouds come o'er the sky.

Fair being, to my soul I said,
May angels float above thy head,
Bright train and sure defence;
Safe be thy steps from wrong or wrath,
No gaze impure beset thy path,
Or scare thy innocence.

* Trygæus, having caught a large creature of this species, appears on horseback, as he calls it, at the gate of Olympus, to the admiration of Mercury, as above.

The gorgeous wreath thy hand has culled,
Must by a few quick hours be dulled,
And shrunk to phantom leaves;
Its scents to other climes will fly,
And shadows dim the richest dye,
That earth from heaven receives.

And those gay parent knots of bloom,
A season's flight shall bring the doom
Of all so loved by thee;
And not a leaf in field or wood
Shall cheer and light the solitude,
Or woo a pilgrim bee.

But thou, fair child, while fades the prize
That decks thy breast and glads thine eyes,
Shalt live, and grow, and flower;
And time, while on through chance and change,
This shifting world must ever range,
Shall swell thy beauty's dower.

No sweeter braid shall bind thy brow,
Than that thy hand has culled but now,
And like a sceptre bears;
But oh, how lovelier far shall be
The face that now in childish glee,
An embryo glory wears.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE meeting of Friday last, which was the closing one for the season, was occupied with one of the most interesting, and, as regards science, one of the most important, lectures which have been delivered this season. Mr. Faraday had undertaken to impart the progress he had made in his experiments to obtain a perfect material for the object-glasses of telescopes. He commenced by stating that he should have preferred delaying the disclosures he was about to make until he could have announced his complete success, but that the closing of the season, and the rumour which had become public, that the object of his experiments had been effected, induced him rather to make known at present the point at which he had arrived, than postpone the explanation until the next year. Before entering on the history of the course that had been pursued, with a view to procure more perfect achromatic object-glasses, Mr. Faraday explained their use in telescopes, and the disadvantages attending the employment of either crown or flint glass. These were stated to arise from the separation and dispersion of the rays of light necessarily accompanying the use of simple lenses, as the object-glasses of refracting telescopes, and which produced a coloured image. The method by which this difficulty was obviated by the discovery of Mr. Dollond, was illustrated by reference to diagrams. Mr. Dollond had observed that substances refracting light did not all refract in the same ratio, that substances had different dispersive powers, and that by the juxtaposition of substances having various refracting powers, the production of colour might be annulled; and it was shown that the combination of three prisms having different dispersive powers or different refracting powers, would be achromatic, or free from colour, but that for this purpose it was requisite that the glasses should be perfectly homogeneous.

But the imperfections to which glass is liable are fatal objections to its use for achromatic purposes. The principal of these arise from the derangement of the fluids which cause *striae*, curls, or waves, from which it is hardly possible to find a glass that is free; the bubbles formed on the glass are another great, but less important, objection.

Several attempts had been made to correct the evil by which glass was thus rendered inapt for achromatic purposes. The most important result had been the making of a glass now at Paris of eleven inches in aperture, or diameter, with a focal length of twenty-five feet; another, six inches in aperture, with a focal length of ten feet six inches. Mr. Faraday referred, also, to the celebrated Dorpat instrument, praised by all astronomers, and made of glass procured by Fraunhofer of nine inches in diameter and fourteen feet focal length, and Dollond also made one of

eight inches in diameter, and ten feet six inches focal length.

The difficulties which still exist in obtaining perfect glass, whether crown or flint, were stated to be immense. Crown glass was explained to be preferable to plate glass, but liable to large veins. Mr. Dollond, it was affirmed, had not been able to procure a piece of glass fit for his use, more than four inches in diameter, for five years past. The desire to obviate these inconveniences in the formation of glass, led to the appointment by the Royal Society of a Committee for the purpose of inquiry into the subject. The committee was appointed in 1824, by Sir Humphry Davy; and on the mention of the name of the late President of the Royal Society, Mr. Faraday took occasion to allude to his recent removal from the scene of his researches, and noticed in a feeling manner, the losses which the scientific world had sustained within a few short months by the deaths of Dr. Wollaston, Dr. Young, and Sir Humphry Davy.

Mr. Faraday then proceeded to give the history of the formation, in 1825, of a sub-committee, consisting of Mr. Herschel as mathematician, Mr. Dollond for the handywork of the inquiry, and himself for the chemical observations. The desire of the sub-committee to make experiments on such a scale as would entail no serious consequences on failure, induced the Royal Society to make an application, in 1827, to the Royal Institution, to allow the use of their establishment for the purpose. This request was granted, and the investigation was taken up in September 1828; and Mr. Faraday had the satisfaction of being able to report that glass had been made in the Institution.

The principle on which the experiments had been conducted, was the endeavour to obtain a freely fusible glass made uniform by stirring,—the ingredients used being oxyde of lead, silica, and boracic acid. From this process a glass was soon obtained, twice the weight of ordinary glass, not colourless, but slightly yellow, and possessing a high refracting power. The implements at last adopted for the experiments, after much time and labour and many disappointments, were foils of platinum for the fusing vessels. On finding that holes were made in platinum by the lead, recourse was had to the conversion of lead into nitrate of lead, and this proved a remedy for the difficulty. The silica used by the experimenters was a pure silica of their own, procured by especial process. Mr. Faraday explained the inconveniences found to attend the use of iron vessels for heating, on account of the carbon contained in iron, and the carbonic oxyde liable to be formed during the necessary process, and which had the power of injuring platinum. The iron vessel in which the first experiments were made, was consequently discarded, and slabs of the stone of which cornish crucibles are formed were substituted. The rakes used for stirring the fluid were produced, and Mr. Faraday explained the manner in which he had overcome, among other difficulties, the inconvenience arising from the porosity of the slabs: this evil he had remedied by procuring a counter-current, which proved so effectual, that since it was resorted to, no clouded glass has been produced.

In conclusion, it was stated, that the results of the experiments were satisfactory: advances had been continually made, but not without great labour. Glass had been sent to Mr. Dollond, and three telescopes had been made from it, of progressive degrees of perfection; the last had been completed only a few hours before the meeting, but promised to perform well, and is superior to all former attempts with glass of the same manufacture; but whether it is equal to the best telescopes made with flint glass, remains to be ascertained. As to the constancy of the result, whatever that result might happen to be, Mr.

Faraday assured his hearers there was no doubt, and at present there was no reason for apprehending that the result would not be perfect.

On the tables of the library were various mechanical models, and presents to the Society of objects in Natural History and the Fine Arts, by Mrs. Jones and Mr. Henning; but that which attracted the most attention, was a specimen of the strength of New Forest oak timber—a stake of timber of seven feet in length between its points of support, and of five inches scantling, which had required 9,061 lbs. weight to break it. The axis of fracture was a very little above the middle of the thickness, not straight across the piece, but making an angle of about 80 degrees with the horizon, that is to say, a little above the middle on one side, and a little below it on the other. The weight which broke the piece was alone mentioned, but neither the degree of flexure when it broke, nor the weight which first overcame its elastic force, and produced a permanent deflection, was noticed in the paper which accompanied the specimen.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE eighth, last, and most brilliant concert, not only of this season, but perhaps ever witnessed, took place on Monday, June 9th, exhibiting as fine a specimen of vocal and instrumental musical talent as Europe can boast. The best leader and conductor were chosen to terminate the season; namely, Spagnoletti and Sir George Smart. The Concert commenced with Spohr's magnificent, melodious, and scientific Sinfonia in E flat, which he himself introduced to the Society, and led at the last performance of the Philharmonic in 1820. This very beautiful composition, if not unrivalled, is at least, we think, unsurpassed, even by the great Mozart, Beethoven, or Haydn; and so think all lovers and judges of instrumental music that have heard it. The opening movement is of extreme difficulty, on account of the many rapid diatonic scales in unusual keys, given to various instruments, in imitation of each other, and which are literally impossible to be well performed, (or scarcely performed at all,) upon oboes, clarionets, and bassoons. The allegro exhibits Spohr's finest style; but the adagio in A flat is altogether delightful, and a masterpiece of science, melody, and harmony. The minnets (in Haydn's manner) are playful and well conceived, and the last movement, in common time, is of so pleasing and graceful a character, that it would answer admirably to be adapted in an opera ballet, as a figure dance. The whole went off exceedingly well; and Spohr's music, upon this occasion, seemed to be more justly appreciated, according to its superiority, than ever before. We hope and trust, that next season all his other Sinfonias will be performed, especially the very beautiful one written expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and which they have still in manuscript.

Before proceeding with the programme of the Concert regularly, in our usual manner, it may be well to remark, that the Directors, a little time since, being desirous of the powerful and attractive assistance of Mademoiselle Sontag, requested to know upon what terms she would sing at one of the concerts: her demand was twenty-five guineas, which they found either beyond their means or their liberality, and declined the engagement. The lady, however, in a very handsome and obliging manner, wrote to them before the eighth Concert, to say, that the pleasure of singing to so superior an orchestra as the Philharmonic, and in a Society of so excellent a nature, would be to her a sufficient reward, and that she would willingly perform without any pecuniary remuneration! The other star of the present day, Madame Malibran Garcia, hearing of this occurrence, would not be outdone in spirit and generosity, but very kindly proffered her gratuitous performance; and thus these deservedly admired vocalists did themselves and the Society honour.

The second piece, therefore, performed, was Mercadante's Recitativo ed Aria, 'Del mio pianto,' beautifully sung by the admired Sontag. Her animation and brilliancy seemed in accordance with the liberal engagements she had made, and her success was transcendent.

No. 3—Fantasia, Flute, Mr. Nicholson, who never played with more taste, spirit, and excellence. He performed his admired variations to the French air, 'Au clair de la lune,' in an unrivalled manner, and still holds the highest pre-eminence upon his instrument,

although the great continental flautists, Drouet and Tulou, are here to rival him. It is gratifying to the national pride to reflect, that the best performer upon his peculiar instrument (with the exception, perhaps, of Puzzi and Dragonetti, who are, as it were, naturalised among us) is an Englishman!

No. 4, Aria, Madame Malibran Garcia, 'Nacqui all'affanno!' from Rossini's 'Cenerentola.' This performance, also, was delightful, although a contemporary writer, in a critique upon this Concert, throws out some angry and spiteful remarks upon the choice of the music performed by Sontag and Garcia, arising principally, it should seem, from an unfortunate and unconquerable prejudice the critic entertains against Rossini's compositions. We agree with him, that 'much has been said on the subject of the despicable vocal music which the directors allow to be introduced at the performances of the Philharmonic Society,' and much has been also said by us in 'The Athenæum'; but the thing *has* been much reformed this season, and Donzelli, Stockhausen, Caradori, Paton, Phillips, &c., have each performed Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, and Spohr, in a manner that has deserved and received particular approbation. In the present instance, surely the vocalists of the highest rank, who sang gratuitously, might be allowed their choice of subject; but, as the critic did not seem aware of this fact, we drop the ungracious subject. Malibran sang exquisitely! Her extraordinary compass of voice is astonishing, and, probably, unparalleled: on the present occasion, she sang down to F sharp, on the fourth tone in the bass clef, and she has sometimes been heard to skip with the most extraordinary exactitude from the E flat of the bass to the E natural upon the third ledger tone above the treble staff,—the surprising, difficult, and uncertain distance of three octaves and a semitone! Her choice of the song from 'Cenerentola' was certainly not a happy one; but she enchanted her auditors notwithstanding.

No. 5 concluded the act, with Weber's overture, 'Der Freyschütz,' in which the orchestra (under the able attention of Sir George Smart) took uncommon pains. Poor Kiesewetter's enthusiastic energy which he used to exhibit in this (his friend's) overture, will, we fear, never be equalled; but Spagnoletti exhibited his best exertion and fire, and the performance was admirable; indeed, so much so, as to cause the audience to request an encore. But it happened that the King had a Concert, at which Sontag and Malibran, with Lindley and Dragonetti, were engaged;* the Directors therefore justly feared that if the overture were repeated, those distinguished vocalists and instrumentalists must have been necessarily absent in the second act of the Philharmonic Concert; this was explained to the audience by Sir George Smart, and some degree of impatience which had manifested itself was appeased.

Haydn's Sinfonia, in B flat, No. 9 of his last twelve, commenced the second act, and went quite as well as usual. The adagio (in 3-4 time) of this Sinfonia, is a quiet, classical piece of writing, almost too grave for a full instrumental performance. It was adapted as the middle movement, by Haydn himself, to one of his piano-forte sonatas, (we believe about opus 73 or 74,) [at the time it was first produced, and is said to have been an especial favourite of the composer.

No. 7, Duetto, Mademoiselle Sontag and Madame Malibran Garcia, 'Ebbene—a te: ferisci' from Rossini's 'Semiramide.' This was the grand attraction of the evening; and we hesitate not to say, after

* With respect to this Concert of his Majesty, at which all the eminent vocalists were engaged, we lament to state that his advisers (said to be Sir Andrew Barnard and Kramer, the King's head musical men) should not have urged the employment of a full instrumental orchestra, as proper and necessary, instead of accepting the proposition of a certain performer, who said, 'Give me ten guineas, with similar sums to Dragonetti and Puzzi, and we can form orchestra sufficient.' They were forced, ultimately, (on the evening of performance,) to send for the powerful addition of Lindley's talent, but these four instrumentalists were the only persons engaged! Several performers of the Philharmonic orchestra jocosely offered to set off in a body, to offer their services to his Majesty, gratis, out of loyal patriotism; and it would have been no contemptible joke to have seen them arrive with their instruments, as volunteers, similar to a clan of Scotch Highlanders with their weapons, offering their services to Prince Charles. The serious part of this story is, that, although undoubtedly the King may engage whom he pleases, (for kings can do no wrong,) yet the mischief is in the precedent and fashion afforded to all who may give musical parties in future. We know and lament that vocalists generally prefer a subdued accompaniment, as fearing the rivalry of stringed instruments with their own performance; but Sontag, in the best possible taste, volunteered her services to the Philharmonic Society, professedly for the purpose of singing to so unrivalled an orchestra, as she emphatically assured Sir George Smart it was, on the night of the fourth Concert last year.

witnessing every species of vocal performance in this country, from the days of Mara in the year 1800 to the present period, that nothing has been heard so finished, so beautiful, or so interesting; in the immediate duet parts, every breath, every aspiration, was given so simultaneously and so perfectly, that the two voices seemed to be actuated by one person only. This, we remember, was supereminently the case with the Demoiselles De Lihu, and constituted *their* peculiar attraction; but with Sontag and Malibran, the same admirable exactness was united to *their* very superior voices, and abilities of execution, and the *total ensemble* was consequently transcendent. The andante sostenuto, 'Giorno d'orrore,' was eminently interesting, and became quite a different sort of thing from the performance of the same piece by Caradori with Cornega in 1827, or again with Brambilla last year, or even by Pasta at the King's Theatre. Double cadences, either by a voice and an instrument, or by two voices, are almost invariably the dulllest and worst arranged things possible; but, upon this occasion, the cadence of Sontag with Malibran was perhaps the most beautiful feature of the performance, not only as regarded the execution displayed, but the excellent arrangement of the passages, musically speaking; and especially let it be remembered, that it was the *composition* (for it deserves that denomination) of Malibran herself! The orchestral performers seemed to be inspired by the excellence of the singers, and the whole was exceedingly delightful, and highly superior to any previous performance of the same description; and we offer this as the unanimous opinion of the very experienced orchestra.

No. 8, Fantasia Violin, M. De Beriot, composed by himself. This gentleman confessedly stands in the foremost among violinists, from the extreme exactness and beautiful polish of his performance, and he played with his usual propriety and success. He keeps time and tune better than any other concerto performer, (always excepting Lindley,) and his downward staccato bow is unrivalled.

No. 9, Recit. and Air, Mr. Phillips, 'Roaming on foaming billows,' from Haydn's 'Creation.' We pitied poor Phillips, to be placed as a make-weight, to fill up, as it were, the measure and quantity of the Concert; for, although his singing was good, as usual, and the piece chosen was unexceptionable, yet, after the brilliant effusions, of various descriptions, that had been exhibited, his song almost appeared '*flat, stale, and unprofitable*.'

The Concert and the season, during which such an excellent series of interesting performances have been exhibited, concluded with Beethoven's well-known Overture to 'Egmont.'

The seven Directors have been,—Weichsell, John Cramer, T. Cooke, Latour, Bishop, Dizi, and Dance. The Leaders—Spagnoletti (twice), F. Cramer (twice), Mori (twice), Weichsell, and Loder, (the same as last year.) The Conductors—Messrs. J. Cramer, Bishop, Sir George Smart, Attwood, Dr. Crotch, and Potter. The Singers—Mademoiselle Sontag, Madame Malibran Garcia, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Paton, Madame Stockhausen, Mademoiselle Blasis, Madame Camporese, and Madame Wrantzikij; Signors Donzelli, Curioni, Zuechelli, Pellegrini, Begrez, De Begnisi, Bordogni; Messrs. Phillips, Sapiro, and Roemer. Concertos on the Violin, by De Beriot, Oury, Hauman, Tolbecq, and Artôt; on the Piano Forte, by Cramer and Schlesinger; on the Flute, by Nicholson; and, on the Horn, by Puzzi; besides Concertante Performances by Weichsell, Lindley, Mrs. Anderson, Dizi, Willman, Mori, Spagnoletti, &c.,—the whole unequivocally presenting as fine and unrivalled an assemblage of talent as the musical world can possibly furnish.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

Most people enjoy the music of Rossini, but all delight in that of Mozart. Hence, overflowing houses on occasion of the several recent performances in the Haymarket, almost calling to mind the glorious season of 1828, when Pasta and Sontag aroused well nigh to madness the enthusiasm of the town. Madame Malibran had her benefit on Thursday evening, and displayed equally her taste and policy, her own predilection for what is best in her art, and her knowledge of her audience, by choosing the 'Nozze di Figaro' for the principal attraction of the evening. The casting of this delightful opera was worthy of its music, if indeed any casting can do perfect justice to a work so exquisite. With Mademoiselle Sontag in the Countess, Madame Malibran in Susanna, Signor Donzelli in the Count, and

Pellegrini in Figaro, each emulating the other in doing their utmost, what was left to be desired? Malibran showed herself even more effective in the opera buffa than in the opera seria: lively without being boisterous, arch but never vulgar, she acted Susanna to the very life; her scene with the Count and the page was excellent, but even this was surpassed by her expression on undecieving the Count, and disclosing herself to him in the attire of Rosina. Sontag looked the character well—she was perfectly lady-like—the part, it is true, requires but little acting; and certainly this exquisite songstress gave no needless exertion to throw into her part more than was required. The exercise of her musical powers, however, lost none of its effect from the tameness of her acting: she executed her part most charmingly, and with that organic facility and ease of manner, the result of conscious power, which gives such additional zest to the enjoyment of the performance of first-rate artists. Malibran possessed equal self-command in her part, while she displayed a more intense feeling of the beauty of the music. The duett 'Canzonetta sull' aria,' as sung by these ladies, was a treat, to which music, perhaps, can hardly present an equal. It was encored, as was also the quartett in the first act, 'Piano, piano.' Donzelli has not, perhaps, in Mozart's operas, so many opportunities of displaying the peculiar power of his voice, as in Rossini's; but, after all, it is not much to his disadvantage, or that of his hearers, that he is thereby restrained from over exerting his own voice, and the ears of his auditors. We never heard him finer than in the few words in which he asks Figaro whether he knew who wrote the letter. Pellegrini acted Figaro with his usual spirit. We envied him the slap which he received from such a Susanna. It is our duty also to mention, with particular commendation, the performer, who on Thursday acted the drunken Gardener.

There was, however, one dreadful *hiatus* in the performance; for the leaving the part of the Page in the hands of Madame Castelli, was rather worse than omitting the part altogether. As long as this lady seemed aware of her own deficiencies, we were careful not to occasion her any pain by unnecessarily remarking them. But, when she aspires to such a part as that of Cherubino, her ambition must be checked. She must be told, that she neither looks, acts, nor sings her part. M. Laporte also ought to learn, that the part of the Page is one of too much importance to be so neglected. If Madame Vestris's engagement at Dublin so suddenly occasioned her absence, the disappointment should not be aggravated by such a substitution. If it was impossible to get any of the better English singers to take the part, even Specchi would have been preferable to Castelli.

Covent-Garden.

ALLEGED OUTRAGE ON THE DECENCY AND GOOD TASTE OF A BRITISH PUBLIC.—We were much shocked, in the course of last week, to hear that decency and good taste were to be most dreadfully outraged at one of the big theatres. We thought it right to institute a very minute inquiry respecting the truth of so inexplicable an occurrence. We well knew that the monopoly of those immense establishments was instituted solely in order to protect the tenderness of national taste. We knew that dramatic morality was under the careful surveillance of a Colman and a Montrose: and, above all, we felt perfectly assured that nothing like indecency would ever be tolerated by a British audience.

It appeared, however, that a Mr. Watson and a Miss Hughes were to have a joint benefit at Covent-Garden, and had advertised, as an attractive performance, 'The Beggar's Opera' reversed; that is, that the female parts were to be performed by men, and the male characters personated by females. The news of this monstrosity struck terror into domestic life; and fathers and brothers began to feel due horror at allowing such exhibitions to shock the eyes of females of respectability. It was feared that much injury would result to society from such a spectacle; that the moral order of things would be entirely reversed; and that this was but the first step of an innovation which might change for ever the *habits* and relations of the two sexes. Letters on the subject began to appear in the 'daily sources of intelligence': the accurate barometer of 'The Times' marked the rising indignation of the canting world, and 'The Globe' seemed ready to burst with an earthquake of indignation. Miss Hughes perceived the first mutterings of the storm, and withdrew her countenance from the transaction, and her name from the play-bills. Her friends entered a solemn protest against the supposition that she had been in any wise connected with the choice of the per-

formance, and Mr. Watson was left alone to enjoy the indignation of the moral, and the profits of the performance. A controversy now arose between the friends of Mr. Watson and of Miss Hughes. Great praises were lavished on the lady who had sacrificed her interests at the shrine of decorum. If some compared her sufferings in the cause of virtue to those of the virgin sufferers of yore, there were others who proposed to mark the existence of a different and a better state of things, by proposing a pecuniary compensation to the martyr of morality. The friends of Mr. Watson urged a precedent in his favour, pleaded the number of his children, and remarked severely on the caprice of Miss Hughes, with many unhandsome allusions to certain secret motives for her sudden fastidiousness.

On Saturday, in defiance of the anger of the decent part of the community, the obnoxious exhibition took place. A large audience was assembled, composed of the immoral who came to enjoy, and the moral who came to condemn the spectacle. So great were its attractions that Liston got but a poor benefit at Drury-Lane the same evening.

The performance went off in perfect quiet. On its commencement, certain ladies in the boxes, who had apparently come in order to go away, withdrew the sanction of their presence. The hisses of the moralists corrected Mr. Reeve for an undue elevation of the lower part of his female habiliments. The only other objection to the piece was that it was very stupid. It is hard to pay for three acts of a joke which becomes wearisome after the first scene.

The outcry that has been made about the indecency of the performance seems rather unwarrantable. It is certainly an indelicate act in a young woman to exhibit her shape in a tight pair of breeches. But moralists ought to be consistent. The British public has applauded the exhibitions of Madame Vestris and Miss Love in male attire, and consequently encouraged other ladies to court the popular favour by the same means. It would be absurd to say that the number of females so acting in the present case increases the indecency of the performance.

But it is objected that by this change, exceedingly libertine sentiments and low language are put into the mouths of actresses. On any better regulated stage, such as the French, this would be a very rational objection. But in our theatres the most usual, and certainly the most approved purpose for which females appear on the stage, being to utter indecency for the amusement of the galleries and upper boxes, it is a matter of little importance whether they utter them in breeches or in petticoats.

We would also entirely acquit Mr. Watson of any intent to insult the taste of the play-going public. Mr. Watson doubtless considered the present order of theatrical things as one which could not be deteriorated by any change. He knew that it is the principle of the modern drama to deviate as far as possible from nature. The public is greedy of change, and he gave them what they had not had before. It is fond of farce, and he gave them a piece of buffoonery perfectly in accordance with their liking. Nothing could be more gross than the exhibition,—nothing more vulgar and inane. As he could only judge from past experience of what things had been honoured by the meed of public applause, he was right in judging that grossness, and vulgarity, and absurdity were the qualities that would raise the grin of British box and gallery.

At the same time we do not mean to disapprove of Miss Hughes's scruples. In this free country no woman should be forced to violate decency, particularly if it does not become her to do so. At any rate, we are happy to assure the British public that the performance of Saturday has not in our opinion impaired the character of the British Theatre: and we have no doubt that we shall continue to consider our stage as the most moral, the most decent, and the most refined in the world.

Haymarket.

THIS amusing summer theatre opened on Monday to an amiable summer audience, very brilliant in appearance, although their numbers, in the pit at least, were calculated better for their own ease and coolness than the profit of the managers. 'Spring and Autumn' was selected, as a well-established favourite, to usher in the newer entertainments of the season; and Mrs. W. Clifford, as the jealous 'old girl' of the piece, carried her counterfeit presentment to most laughable perfection. But the great epoch of the evening was the entrance of Parren, which was greeted with reiterated rounds of applause, whether to console the Thespian

hero for the buffetings of Themis, we inquire not; but so warm a welcome, whatever were its cause, called forth so much of genuine comic power from its object as might well suffice at least for its justification. 'A New Military Ballet' was the next performance, and narrowly escaped damnation, from which it certainly was not saved either by the grace or the intelligible meaning of its movements and incidents, but simply by the *pas de deux* of a pretty little girl and boy, which called the attention of the audience from the demerits of the piece as well as from the merits of the other performers. A very pleasant piece, in one act, entitled 'Lodgings for Single Gentlemen,' was added, 'for the first time,' as the bills inform us, to the catalogue of the evening. The principal merit of the plot, was being easily understood, and the entanglements in which it involved the whole *dramatis personæ* afforded still increasing merriment up to the moment of the dénouement. Mrs. Prattle, (Mrs. Glover,) lets lodgings for single gentlemen, and in addition to her not very novel punctilios concerning the 'genteel' and 'correct' character of her house, she possesses a no less ordinary characteristic of her sex and station, inordinate inquisitiveness into the private affairs of her lodgers. 'Parlour,' 'second-floor, and 'attic,' have been each and all detected in their most secret doings by the indefatigable Mrs. Prattle. 'Drawing-rooms' alone (Captain Postlethwaite) remains inscrutable, and Mrs. Prattle's curiosity is screwed to the utmost, by the fact of her 'Drawing-rooms' never stirring out of the house during the unprecedented term of nearly a fortnight. This phenomenon turns out to have been consequent on a solemn promise made by the Captain (Vining) to his intended spouse (Miss F. H. Kelly), the breach of which would annul the tender compact between them; and much of the humour of the piece turns on the efforts of Mrs. Prattle to make herself acquainted with the secret, by the seduction of Trusty, (Webster,) to the betrayal of his master, by means of 'tea and muffins,' &c. His resistance to these forms of temptation, the precarious tenure and final breach of compact by his master, and the terrible scene produced by the detection of a lady too many within the precincts of 'the little book-room,' leave no time for criticism or yawning; and the somewhat artificial complication of the story by a second solemn vow between Miss F. H. Kelly and her brother, to share together the mutual sweets of widowhood and bachelorship, may be excused, as being in some degree requisite to complete the full measure of embarrassment and ludicrous misconception on all sides. Mrs. Glover's acting, if possible, was even more clever than usual. Miss F. H. Kelly dressed and looked a highly desirable widow. Mrs. Ashton (from the Theatre-Royal, Bath,) played all the part set down for her well. Webster was inimitable as Trusty, and Vining played with spirit in the character of his master.

Surrey Theatre.

GAY's exquisite ballad has given a name to a piece which has nothing to do with the song, nor the song with the piece, except that one of the characters sings during the progress of the latter.

The plot is very tragical, and the whole lacrymose in the extreme. A drunken Lieutenant is rude to Miss Susan, (the maid become a wife,) and this rudeness is resented by 'Sweet William,' who not only strikes but draws and wounds his officer. The over-resentful lover and husband is brought to court martial, tried and most solemnly condemned to death. Then follows a touching farewell with his messmates, (pretty good, but overdone,) and a farewell with Susan to the pleasing accompaniment of some death-guns, announcing that the moment for his execution is pressing on. William's last request is, that Sue shall have him buried under a tree (near the village church) where they used to play at hide-and-seek, when children. The last kisses are interrupted by an officer and some sailors, who give him forcibly to understand it is time to leave the cock-pit for the yard-arm. The Black-eyed Maid, (Miss Scott, who really enacted her part well,) falls lifeless, and William gazing at her once more with tenderness, summons up the man within him, and goes to quarters. There are all the close details of domestic tragedy and familiar horror that render the 'Maid and Magpie' so touching to some people, and so wholly insupportable to others; there are even more, for there is not merely a funeral procession towards the 'rope,' but the very 'rope' is slung in view—the very noose is tied before our eyes,—William throws himself on his knees to say his prayers,—the captain, officers, and 'merry middies' do the same,—and the group is very edifying, and very much like that formed by the Children of Israel who sing the sublime chorus in

Rossini's 'Moisé,' only they do not sing their prayers. 'Sweet William' rises, seizes the flag of Old England, (lowered on the sad occasion,) presses it to his lips, and is then mounting most courageously to the running rope, when the officer he had struck (and whose life he had twice saved) rushes to the ship with a free pardon. When William's offence was committed, it appeared he was no longer in the 'King's service'; his discharge had been already signed, but detained by a crafty and malignant relation. Black-eyed-Susan flies to the deck, and into her William's arms,—comrades embrace, and officers felicitate, and the sorrowful business ends most joyfully.

The piece was much applauded. 'Sweet William' was well done by Mr. T. P. Cooke; though we could not but agree with a critic at our elbow, that 'he piped his eye too much.' The piece, indeed, throughout was well calculated to put one in 'the dumps.'

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'—*Comus*.

I.—ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—*Genesis*.

1.—CHROMATOLOGY.

Colour of Hydrophytes.—At a depth of nearly 200 feet, on reaching the latitude of the Canaries, Humboldt and Bonpland drew up that singular *Caulerpa* with vine-shaped leaves, the beautiful green colour of which proves that the coloration of vegetables may take place in some instances, without exposure to intense light, usually supposed indispensable. It was at the depth of about 500 feet near Lewin's Land, that Mangé and Péron brought up, by means of a drag, specimens of *Retepora*, *Sertularia*, *Isis*, *Gorgonia*, *Spongia*, *Alcyona*, and *Ulva*, glittering with phosphoric light, which emitted a sensible heat. It was at a depth of about 600 feet, that, between the Isles of France and Madagascar, a hard tuft of *Sargassum Turbinatum* in every respect like that which is collected on the shore, was picked up. In fact, it was at a depth of nearly 1100 feet in the seventy-ninth degree of northern latitude, and eighty miles from the coasts of Greenland, that a whaler uprooted that extraordinary polypus, figured by Ellis (Act. Angl. 48. p. 305. T. xii.; and Corall. tab. 37,) and which became the *Pennatulæ Eurcinus* of the *Systema Naturæ* (xii. t. 1. p. 3867); an animal six feet long, gigantic in its tribe, a living umbrella formed from hydras, which shone with tints of the most beautiful yellow; which is another proof, that an organised being may be coloured without the participation of light, unless it be admitted that the rays of light penetrate through the depths of the watery abyss. If any naturalist should ever attempt to discover the truth, in such a case we should wish him by no means to neglect the examination of the colour of certain marine productions which have vegetable existence, whether they partake of animality or not in covering themselves with polypi, or whether they invariably remain in the state of plants. The tentacula of those actinia, which their changing beauty has caused to be called by the name of *Sea-anemones*, but which we call *Iridea*, *Padina pavonized*, and *Cystocera*, produce the effect of a prism, and on the surface of the waters spangle with the colours of the rainbow; there appear the delicate carmine and azure blue of the *Medusæ*, the appendices of *Porpites*, of *Thalia*, and *Glaucus*, whilst *Beroë*s and *Amphinoma* agitate their glittering tentacula. Below this almost superficial zone, through which each sort of luminous ray must penetrate to decompose and strongly colour bodies, appeared a multitude of *Florid*, in which the red with the purple pass to all shades, as well as the coral like blood, which begins with this zone. The tender green, which adorns *Ulva* and *Conferva*, lives indifferently on the surface of marshes, or at the great depth in the sea at which it has been found on *Caulerpa vitifolia*. The yellowish brown, which has been more observed to be of a superficial nature, by the appearance of moist species of the genus of *Lichina*, adhering to the sides of river rocks, cast up by the foam of waves during the tide, continues in that state below the region of verdure, since imprinting its monotony on the greater part of *Fucacea*, *Spongia*, and *Sertularia*, it has been observed in a *Sargassum*, which was growing at a depth of 600 feet. The pure yellow, which is not found in the higher regions, is only seen lower down, where, at a depth of 236 fathoms, it taints the *Pennatulæ Eurcinus*, the *Umbellulæna Greenlandica* of Lamarck.—*M. Bory St. Vincent*.

2.—DENDROLOGY.

Cedars of Lebanon in England.—Some cedars which have been planted in a soil well adapted to them, at Lord Carnarvon's, at Highclere, have grown with extraordinary rapidity. Of the cedars planted in the Royal Garden at Chelsea, in 1683, two had, in eighty-three years, acquired a circumference of more than twelve feet, at two feet from the ground, while their branches extended over a circular space of forty feet in diameter. Seven-and-twenty years afterwards, the trunk of the largest one had increased more than half a foot in circumference, which is probably more than most oaks of a similar age would do during an equal period. The surface soil in which the Chelsea cedars thrive so well, is not by any means rich; but they seem to have been greatly nourished from a neighbouring pond, upon the filling up of which they wasted away.

Various specimens of the cedar of Lebanon are mentioned as having attained a very great size in England. One planted by Dr. Uvedale, in the garden of the manor-house at Enfield, about the middle of the seventeenth century, had a girth of fourteen feet in 1789; eight feet of the top of it had been blown down by the great hurricane in 1703, but still it was forty feet in height. At Whitton, in Middlesex, a remarkable cedar was blown down in 1779. It had attained the height of seventy feet: the branches covered an area one hundred feet in diameter; the trunk was sixteen feet in circumference at seven feet from the ground, and twenty-one feet at the insertion of the great branches twelve feet above the surface. There were about ten principal branches of limbs, and their average circumference was twelve feet. About the age and planter of this immense tree its historians are not agreed, some of them referring its origin to the days of Elizabeth, and even alleging that it was planted by her own hand. Another cedar at Hallingdon, near Uxbridge, had, at the presumed age of 116 years, arrived at the following dimensions:—its height was fifty-three feet, and the spread of the branches ninety-six feet from east to west, and eighty-nine from north to south: the circumference of the trunk, close to the ground, was thirteen feet and a half; at seven feet, it was twelve and a half; and at thirteen feet, just under the branches, it was fifteen feet eight inches. There were two principal branches, the one twelve feet and the other ten feet in girth. The first, after a length of eighteen inches, divided into two arms, the one eight feet and a half, and the other seven feet ten. The other branch, soon after its insertion, was parted into two of five feet and a half each.—*Library of Entert. Knowledge—Trees.*

3.—XUENOLOGY.

Fancy Woods.—The following is a description of a few of the woods extensively used in ornamental cabinet-work, which we have taken from a very interesting chapter in 'The Library of Entertaining Knowledge,' just published.

Zebra-wood is the produce of a large tree, and we receive it in logs of two feet wide. It is a cheap wood, and is employed in large work, as tables. The colour is somewhat gaudy, being composed of brown on a white ground, clouded with black, and each strongly contrasted, as its name imports, derived as it is from the colours of the zebra.

Coromandel-wood is used in large works, like zebra and rose-wood. It is inferior to rose-wood in the brilliancy and division of its colours, having a dingy ground, and sometimes running into white streaks. The tree which produces it, is of a large size.

Satin-wood is well known for its brilliant yellow colour, with delicate glowing shades. It is now not much used in cabinet-work. The timber arrives here in logs of two feet wide, and seven or eight feet long.

Santal-wood is of a light brown colour, with brilliant waves of a golden hue, not unlike the finest Honduras mahogany. It is about the same size as satin-wood.

Amboyna-wood is now very much used in cabinet-work. It is of various colours; and the shades are generally small. It arrives in logs of two feet wide.

Botany Bay Oak forms very beautiful furniture. The ground is a uniform brown, with large dark blotches.

Ebony.—Of the several cabinet-makers' woods bearing this name, there are the African cliff ebony, which is black, with a white spot; and the spotted ebony, a very beautiful wood, and extremely hard, (more so than the common ebony,) of which the ground is black, with brown and yellow spots.

Acker-wood is the produce of a large tree, and is of a cinnamon colour. *Canary-wood* is of a golden yellow.

Purple-wood, which has been lately introduced, is of a purple colour, without veins. This appears to be the produce of a thorn of tropical countries, being only four inches wide. These three woods have been little used in furniture, but have been lately employed in mosaic floors, of which there are two now constructing at Windsor Castle, and at the Buckingham Palace. *Bird's-eye maple*, (its appearance is described in its name,) which has also been so employed, is a narrow and long wood.

Snake-wood is extremely hard, of a deep red colour, with black shades. It is principally used for bordering and small work.

Harewood something resembles satin-wood in the arrangement of its waves; but its colour is different, being of a light brown ground.

Calamander-wood.—There is a very beautiful wood of this name, growing to the Island of Ceylon, which, when wrought into furniture, surpasses, we think, in appearance, any other we ever saw. We are surprised that it is not regularly imported into this country; all that is here, has been brought over by private gentlemen, returning from that colony, for their own use. The wood is very hard and heavy, and of singularly remarkable variety and admixture of colours. It is very difficult to describe this—nay, impossible to convey to those who have not seen it, an idea of the manner in which the shades run into one another. The most prevailing of these is a fine chocolate colour, now deepening almost into absolute black, now fading into a medium between fawn and cream colours. In some places, however, the latter tint is placed in more striking, though never quite in sudden contrast with the richest shades of the brown. The variations are sometimes displayed in clustering mottles, sometimes in the most graceful streaks. There is not, however, any thing in the least gaudy or fantastic in the general result. It certainly arrests the eye; but it is from the rich beauty of the intermingled colours, not from any undue showiness.

This wood takes a very high polish. It is wrought into chairs, and particularly into tables. Nay, we have seen large folding doors made of it. The late Governor of Ceylon, Sir Robert Brownrigg, brought over large quantities of this remarkable product of that country; and in some additions he has made to his house in Monmouthshire, he has had the doors of his dining-room constructed of calamander. The effect is peculiarly happy.

4.—ANTEDILUVIAN BOTANY.

Nature of Vegetation at different Epochs of the Crust of the Globe.—M. Adolphe Brougniart, has published an interesting paper upon this subject in 'The Annales des Sciences Hist. Nat.' for November, in which he divides the time of the formations into four periods; viz.

1. The immense numerical predominance of vascular Cryptogamia, that is to say, Félices, Characæ, and Lycopodiæ; and the great development of these plants, are the essential characteristics of the first period.

2. The numerical equality of vascular Cryptogamia, of gymnospermatic Phanerogamia, represented by the Conifera and Monocotyledones, as well as the least development of the vegetables of the first of these classes, appear to be the essential marks of the second period.

3. The third period is particularly distinguished by the predominance of gymnospermatic Phanerogamia, and particularly of Cycadæ; the vascular Cryptogamia hold the second rank, and then an inconsiderable number of Monocotyledones succeed.

4. Lastly, the fourth period presents us with vegetables of all the classes at present existing; among which, as at this epoch, Dicotyledones are by far the most numerous; then Monocotyledones, gymnospermatic Phanerogamia, and last of all, Cryptogamia, and Agamia.

Newcastle Legend.—Sir Francis Anderson, Mayor of Newcastle in 1559, standing on the bridge, probably to see the troops pass by which had been sent by Queen Elizabeth to resist the Scottish Lords, he chanced to drop his ring into the Tyne. Some time after, one of his servants accidentally bought a fish in the market, in the body of which was found the identical ring which had been dropped. M. Brand, from whose history of Newcastle this story is taken, affirms that he has seen this ring in the possession of a descendant of the family, and adds, that Mr. Anderson has a family deed, prior in date to the above-told event, with the impression of the same seal on it. The engraving on the signet appears to be a Roman antique.

VARIETIES.

DEATH OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.—The name of this distinguished philosopher, it is now certain, is to be associated with those of the two other celebrated Englishmen, benefactors of science, who have departed from the theatre of their labours in the course of the last six months. Even as one of a trio so illustrious, if the important results which attended his scientific observations alone be considered, Sir Humphry Davy must be undoubtedly regarded as pre-eminent. To him the scientific world is principally indebted for its acquaintance with the powers and properties of the Voltaic battery; while his discoveries of sodium and potassium, and the invention of the Safety-lamp, are deservedly classed among the most valuable presents which philosophy ever made to art, and will not fail to transmit his name to posterity. The removal from amongst us of so eminent a man, however complete his career, cannot fail to excite melancholy feelings. He died at Geneva, on the 29th of May; and every honour was paid to his remains by all the residents of that city in any wise distinguished either in science or literature.

CHILD WITH TWO HEADS LIVING.—At the sitting of the *Académie des Sciences*, of the 25th of May, M. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire presented the drawing of a monstrosity living at Turin in the early part of March. The object was a girl with two heads. The lower parts only were in common; the upper part was separate, and presented the ordinary conformation. The priest, regarding this being as two distinct individuals, baptised them separately, the one by the name of Riitta, the other by that of Christina. They were born at Sassari, in Sardinia, in the beginning of the year; their size is that of an infant borne the full time by the parent. The French journal, 'Le Globe,' in reporting the proceedings of this sitting, enumerates the following instances of similar monsters which have lived to a considerable age. Under the reign of James III., King of Scotland, says Buchanan, there lived a man double from the naval upwards: single below that region. The King had him brought up with care. He made great progress in music. The two heads learnt several languages; they disputed with each other, and the two upper parts sometimes even fought; but in general they lived as good friends. When the lower part of the body was pricked or tickled, both the upper individuals were sensible to the operation at the same time. But, on the contrary, when the upper part of one individual was touched, the other remained insensible. This being died at the age of twenty-eight years. One of the bodies survived the other several days. In 1723, M. Martinez saw, at Madrid, a man with two heads, who was shown for money. Siebert, also, relates having seen an infant double in the superior part; single below. The one only ate. The two often quarrelled and fought. The one survived the other four days.

PRIZES OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—The question proposed by the French Academy of Sciences, for the Alhumbert prize of twelve thousand francs, was the following:—'To show in a complete manner, by means of drawings, the changes undergone by the skeleton and muscles of frogs and salamanders, at different periods of their life.' The Committee charged with the examination of the essays which should be sent in reported on the 25th of May, that there were no candidates for the prize, which appeared the more extraordinary, as the question did not seem to present any great difficulty. It was inferred that the time allowed for sending in the Memoirs had been too short, and it was agreed to renew the question, and to give two years' time for answering, with an addition of 300 francs to the prize, which is now consequently, 1,500 francs. The Memoirs to be sent in, at latest, on the 1st of April, 1831.

At the sitting of the 1st of June, a prize of 2,000 francs was awarded to the author of an essay on the following subject, proposed by the Academy: 'The general and comparative history of the circulation of the blood, in the four classes of vertebrated animals, before and after birth, and at different ages. The prize offered was 3,000 francs, but the Committee did not consider the memoir worthy of the entire sum, and the lesser was granted by way of encouragement.

LOUIS XIV. AND BEDLAM.—Old Bethlem, in Moor Fields, was built on the plan of the Royal Palace of the Thuilleries, at Paris, which imitation gave such offence to the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV., that he ordered the plan of St. James's Palace to be taken for an office that shall be nameless! The present hospital is a noble pile of building erected on the site of the once cele-

brated DOG AND DUCK TAVERN,—a curious revolution, from scenes of voluntary madness excited by wine, to the straight-waistcoat and solitary cell of the present colony of maniacs!—and is capable of containing 200 patients of both sexes, besides two wings for criminals, supported by Government, and calculated to accommodate sixty more.

THE REV. DR. PERNE.—Dr. Andrew Perne, was a man of wit and learning, bred at Peter-house, Cambridge, of which college he became at length master, as well as Vice-Chancellor of the University. Although he changed his religion four times in twelve years, he yet was beloved steadfastly by the Protestants, as his interest was exerted to save many from the flames. His turn was extremely sarcastical. He had once chanced to call a clergyman a fool. The irritated priest threatened that he would complain to his Bishop. 'Go to your Bishop,' replied the bitter Perne, 'and he will confirm you.' A jest is said at length to have cost the Doctor his life. Elizabeth, at the close of her reign, increased in pettishness and obstinacy. She would ride out in the rain in spite of the humble entreaties of her maidens; and the only hopes they had of stopping her was to set her buffalo, Clod, to laugh her out of it. 'Heaven dissuades you, Madame,' in the person of Archbishop Whitgift, and earth dissuades you in the shape of your fool, Clod; and, if this will not serve, at least attend to the dissuasions of Doctor Perne, who has long been suspended in religious doubts between heaven and earth.' The Queen applauded the joke, but the Doctor sank under it, accompanied his patron, Dr. Whitgift, to Lambeth, and very soon after expired.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—The humiliating idea of dying childless inspired Elizabeth with a transient spirit of coquetry, which probably made her smile on many adorers. Besides Lord Robert Dudley, the Earl of Arundel presumed on the antiquity of his family; Sir William Pickering on his person; and the Earl of Arran on his relation to the crown. Several foreign princes, too, among whom were Eric, King of Sweden, and Adolphus, Duke of Holstein, paid their tribute of admiration to Queen Elizabeth as suitors; and none met with a positive refusal.

Elizabeth, during the reign of Mary, had refused the offer of this son of Gustavus Vasa, in so prudent a manner as to extort praise even from the lips of her ill-disposed sister. This princely wooer had paved his way to the fair queen by sending to her a royal present of eighteen large pyed horses, and two ships laden with riches. (*Strype, Annals.*) There was a diverting perplexity as to the method of receiving this prince at court, from the prudish idea of 'the Queen's Majesty being still a mayde.' (*Warton from Burghley.*) The costly method in which Eric carried on his suit, was a matter of serious concern to the Senate of Sweden.

EDWARD VI.—Fuller, speaking of this excellent young prince, says, 'no pen passeth by him without praising him, though none praising him to his full deserts;' and William Thomas, who was much about his person, thus describes him: 'Alas! if you knew the towardness of that young prince, your hearts would melt to hear him named, and your stomachs abhorre the malice of them that would use him ill: the beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun, the liveliest, the most amiable, the gentlest thing in all the world; such a spirit of capacie in learning the things taught him by his schoolmasters, that it is a wonder to hear say: and finally, he hath such a grace of porte and gesture in gravitie, when he cometh into any presence, that it should seeme he were already a father! and yet passeth he not the age of ten yeares, a thing undoubtedly much rather to be seene than believed. Alas! (quoth I,) nay, alas! agayne, what crueltie should move these ravening dragons to covet the devouring of so meek and innocent a lamb with the sedition of such devilish rumours!'

[*Advertisement.*]—A number of extraordinary cures in cases of rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, erysipelas, and eruptive complaints, have lately been effected by the means of Mr. Green's baths, in Great Marlborough-street, London, the use of which is strongly recommended by Sir Henry Hallford, and all the leading medical men in the kingdom. A gentleman of the first respectability in this neighbourhood, who will bear testimony to the great utility of these baths, requests us to make this mention of them in our papers for the benefit of invalids. Mr. Green has published a pamphlet on the subject of his baths, in which he relates numerous astonishing, but, at the same time, well authenticated, cases of successful treatment. Mr. Green, it appears, is in the daily habit of directing hot air, sulphur chlorine, aromatic, and mercurial fumigations, together with vapour baths.—Copied from 'The Salisbury and Winchester Journal,' June 8, 1829.

THE MINER'S BRIDE.

THE life of a miner is very laborious and very different from that which we lead,—we that are used to enjoy the dazzling light of the sun, to be revived by the warmth of his beneficent rays, and who look upon the varied pictures which nature is continually producing. Scarcely can we form any conception of the miner's subterraneous existence! Hardly can we imagine that, to furnish the demands of our trade or of our luxury, a multitude of men should be condemned to pass a part of their lives—some even the whole—in the bowels of the earth, lighted only by the pale glimmer of a lamp, and exposed to every species of danger.

Nothing is more horrible at first sight than their lot! But such is the force of habit, that the miner seldom thinks of regretting during the days of labour that which he can enjoy only on days of festivity and repose. From his laborious, retired, and frugal life, there arise to him virtues which make him love life and bless Providence. His vocation falls to him by inheritance, and he adopts it on the same grounds as the Laplander prefers to the most pleasant and fertile countries, the eternal snows and sterile heaths of his clime, and the gloomy, smoky hut where he received existence.

The miner executes his task with a persevering regularity that diminishes its weight, paying to his superiors a cheerful submission so long as the spirit of justice dictates their commands, and observing toward the strangers who venture to explore his deep laboratory, a simple and respectful politeness, and an ingenious solicitude to preserve them from fatigue and danger. It was in the dark scene of their manipulations that I studied their manners; and when I had quitted the surface of the earth which was then lighted by the melancholy rays of the moon, and plunged rapidly into the hole of a pit of more than 700 feet deep, it appeared as though I was entering a new state of existence. Braving the fatigue, I traversed in all directions those long sinuosities by which human industry extends its conquests. Bending over the rocky coal, I also handled the pick-axe and the spade, and could thus calculate the efforts to which a miner is condemned in tearing from the earth's bowels those materials which yield him only a very moderate recompense. In the intervals of repose, while seated amidst these sable people, I was pleased to hear them conversing without restraint, and their simple confidence did not disappoint my eager curiosity. There did I hear the song of gaiety and the accents of love—for the miners have also their bards and minstrels; and there I saw men entirely satisfied with their lot.

It was in a village in the north of France. There, amid a population wholly occupied in the labours of the mines, lived Pierre and Margaret. Pierre was the son of a captain of the mines. Hardly had he learned to walk, when he ran to the pits; where he descended, and by his infant wiles lightened the labours of his father. Afterwards, when the innocent looks of infancy were exchanged for the more decided features of adolescence, Pierre became a good workman, and next to his father was most capable of directing the works. He would indicate the point at which the miner might sink without fear of disappointment: he would traverse without any deviation the long subterraneous passages; and, incapable of terror in the darkness, he used gaily to explain by natural causes the mysteries with which his companions were wont to frighten one another. He alone did not tremble at the mention of that scourge of the deep mines, that terrible explosion, of which the most experienced miner cannot hear the name without a secret horror.

One evening, as Pierre's father was returning from a neighbouring village, he heard groans. He was a feeling man, and always attended to the cries of distress. He stopped and searched the underwood which hedged in on both sides the

road which he was travelling. What was his surprise! An infant, covered with a few rags, was struggling on the grass, and lifting up its little hands towards heaven, as if it was imploring succour. The tears coursed down its pale cheeks, and the hoarse sound of its voice plainly evinced that for some time past hazard or desertion had thus left it to the compassions of the passers-by.

The old miner felt his heart burst at this unexpected sight. He thought of his son, his own dear Pierre; and he quickly stooped down to the poor foundling. As if it could take consolation from his words, he spoke to it, promised it his support; and, all the while endeavouring to soothe it, he collected the tatters which defended it from the inclemency of the air, folded it in his leathern apron, and carried it away with many kisses and constant efforts to appease it.

'Wife,' said he, opening the door of his house, 'guess what sort of present I bring thee! Providence has selected us from all the inhabitants of the village to take charge of a deserted one. Thou wilt approve of what I have done, I am very sure.'

Pierre's mother answered by giving her hand to her husband. Then she learnt by what chance this pretty little girl had come to her house, and regarded it as her own child. Thus was Margaret restored to life, and provided with a family, after having lost all, and being apparently, destined as a prey to voracious animals.

Now the children grew up; and, as they were always together, felt a mutual desire to please, and loved each other with much tenderness. The names of brother and sister which they had given one to the other, were succeeded by titles more endearing. They read each other's heart, and indulged in day-dreams of the felicity of a future which they did not know; and Pierre asked his father to give him Margaret for a companion. This was what their parents wished. How did their hearts rejoice when Pierre's father said to them, 'Fix for yourselves the day of your happiness!'

This was very soon; and they were so loved, they merited so well to be so, that the day of their nuptials was made a general holiday! Labour suffered a pause; the mines were forsaken; tables were spread; nosegays adorned the corsets of the maidens and the buttonholes of the youths. The air rang with the voice of joy and the notes of the instruments which regulated the motions of the dancers assembled on the green-sward.

But, behold! in the midst of the rejoicings, Pierre was observed tenderly to embrace his beautiful bride. Afterwards, he said in a whisper to his young companions, 'Hold there; this is the time to surprise her, and now I will make her the presents.' He was then seen to dart laughing away, with his finger on his mouth, as an injunction of secrecy. He turned round the corner of the house, appeared to take a devious track leading to some former mines, and then—Pierre returned no more. He came not at eventide—he came not on the morrow. They sought him, they called for him, they expected him. Three days, four—eight days, a month, a year rolled by; but Pierre never came! On the wedding-day, as soon as his continued absence was perceived, the sports were suspended. The bride wept, and wrung her hands. The miners, led on by Pierre's father, traversed all the passages of the mines, and left no place where man could come unexamined: but nothing, no nothing, appeared to afford them the hope of discovering even the least remain of their companion—their friend.

Margaret had well nigh died! She became reconciled to life only that she might consecrate it to the father and mother of her Pierre, they were so much to be pitied! She, alas!—but gratitude gave her supernatural courage—she took off her bridal ornaments, and, as she put them carefully by, said within herself, 'I will wait for his return!'

(To be continued.)

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Richardson's Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America, 4to., 11. 11s. 6d.
 Brande's Geology, 2nd edition, post 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Sumner's Sermons, 8th edition, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Nine Lectures on the History of Peter, by the Rev. H. Blunt, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
 Bickersteth's Companion to the Communion, 32mo., 8s.
 Goodlove and Evans's Synopsis of Midwifery, 2nd edition, bound in pocket-book, 8s., 2s. 6d.
 Tate's Introduction to the Greek Metres, 2nd edit., 8vo., 8s.
 Captain Basil Hall's Travels in North America, 3 vols. 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.
 The Cook and Housewife's Manual, by Margaret Dods, 4th edition, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
 Marquis Spineto's Lectures on Hieroglyphics, with plates, 8vo., 10s.
 Machylli Agamemnon Triglottus, (Greek, German, and English,) with Notes, by the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, royal 8vo., 12s.
 The Rev. John Penrose on Christian Sincerity, 8vo., 5s.
 The Voyage of Captain Poppin, new edition, with Illustrations, 1 vol. 8vo., 9s. 6d.
 Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, vol. III., 8s.
 Waldegrave, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo., 57s.
 Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, by R. R. Madden, Esq., M.R.C.S., 2 vols. 8vo., 24s.
 Preston's Masonry, by Oliver, 14th edition, 12mo., 8s.
 The Anthology, or Annual Reward Book, by Parry, 8s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	June.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon.	8.56	52	30.18	N.	Rain A.M.	Cirrostratus
Tues.	9.56	52	Stat.	N.E.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.
Wed.	10.60	56	30.19	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Thur.	11.57	59	30.25	E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Frid.	12.63	64	Stat.	Var.	Serene.	Ditto.
Sat.	13.73	67	30.22	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun.	14.75	73	30.14	S.W.	Ditto.	Cirro-cum.

Nights and mornings fair. Mean temperature of last week, 63°.
 Highest temperature at noon, 81°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Apogee on Monday.
 Mercury at his greatest elongation on Monday.
 Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 8° 45' in Sagitt.
 Saturn's ditto ditto 20° 10' in Leo.
 Sun's ditto ditto 23° 4' in Gemini.
 Sun above the horizon on Sunday, 8h. 33min. Day increased 8 h. 48m. No real night.
 Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 3' 22" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .06692.

This day is published, the fourteenth edition, price 8s. boards, **ILLUSTRATIONS of MASONRY.** By the late WILLIAM PEARSON, Esq., Past Master of the Lodge of Antiquity, acting by Immemorial Constitution. With important additions, alterations, and improvements. By the Rev. G. Oliver.
 Printed for Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., Ave-Maria-lane.

This day is published, in a neat pocket volume, the sixth edition, corrected and considerably enlarged, with Views and Maps, price 8s. bound, **THE CAMBRIAN TOURIST; or, Post-Chaise Companion through Wales: containing Cursory Sketches of the Welsh Territories, and a Description of the Manners, Customs, and Games of the Natives.**
 Printed for Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., Ave-Maria-lane.

A MIDSUMMER PRESENT.

This day is published, in foolscap 8vo., with a coloured Presentation Plate, price 5s., in extra boards, **THE ANTHOLOGY; or, Annual Record** Book for Youth; consisting of Amusing and Instructive Selections from the best Authors.
 I. Curiousities in Zoology, Botany, &c.
 II. Tales, Apologues, and Anecdotes.
 III. Voyages and Travels.
 IV. Moral, Eloquent, and Miscellaneous Extracts.
 V. Poetry.
 Printed for Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., Ave-Maria-lane.

On the 1st of June was Published, Price only 2s. 6d.
 Part VII. of

THE EXTRACTOR; or, Universal Repertorium of Literature, Science, and the Arts. The present Part contains—Travels in Arabia—Effects of Galvanism on the Animal Structure—Songs of Burns—Temple of Ypsamboul—The new Colony on the Swan-river—Coast Lights on a new principle—The two Emiles—Exemption of Operative Tanners from pulmonary consumption—Rice Paper—Wilkie the Painter—Mr. R——d's Dream—The Court of Napoleon—Description of Jerusalem—The Cause of Dry Rot Explained—Recollections of a Night Fever—Convent of St. Bernard—The Emperor of Austria—Transplantation of Growth Timber Trees in Phrenology—Steam Navigation—Beet Root Sugar—Gastronomy—Ticks in Animals—Opium—Dr. Chalmers—The Baron of Arnheim—The Waverly Novels—English Paper—Rules for Connoisseurship in Painting—French Criminal Trials—Captain Owen's Plan for Rating Chronometers—Visit to the American President, Jackson—Mountain Storms and Slides in America—Origin, Nature, and Number of Sutures—Poisonous effects of Fresh Water on some Marine Animals—The Editor in his slipper—The first and last Kiss—Modern Jewish Customs—Principles of Teaching—Public Records—The Proverbs of Solomon—Three Years at Cambridge—Wits and Authors—Cavalry Tactics—Dogs—Remember Me—Varieties, &c. &c.
 Published at 'The Extractor' Office, 156, Fleet-street; and may be had of all Booksellers.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY, Gallery of the Royal Mews, Charing-Cross. Patron—The King.—The EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN daily.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogues, 1s.
 T. S. TULL, Secretary.

THE GALLERY of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, Pall-Mall East, WILL CLOSE, for the present Season, on Saturday the 27th instant.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
 CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

COLONEL TOD'S HISTORY OF RAJPOOTANA.

Dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty.
 Nearly ready, to be published in about a fortnight, in 1 vol., royal 4to., illustrated with an original Map, Genealogical Tables, and nearly thirty superior line Engravings, by Finden, Storer, and Haghe, from Designs taken on the spot.

THE ANNALS and ANTIQUITIES OF RAJASTHAN, or the Central and Western Rajpoot States of India. By Lieut.-Colonel JAMES TOD, late Political Agent to the Western Rajpoot States.

The entire work will consist of two volumes; the present volume contains a Geographical Sketch of Rajpootana, History of the Rajpoot Tribes, Sketch of a Feudal System amongst the Rajpoots, Annals of Mewar, Religious Establishments, Festivals and Customs of the Rajpoots, and the personal Narrative of the Author.

N.B. This volume will form a complete work in itself. Specimens of the Engravings may be seen at the publishers', Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill; and Calkin and Budd, 118, Pall-Mall.

On the appearance of the work, the original designs will be shown to the public as above.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ELECTION.

AT a MEETING held in Trinity College, at one o'clock, on Monday, June 1, 1839, it was agreed that the following Notice should be circulated among the Members of the Senate:

'On the probable vacancy in the Representation of the University, we, the undersigned, beg leave to submit to the Members of the Senate the following considerations respecting Mr. Cavendish.

'It can rarely happen that we should have an opportunity of returning a Member so qualified in every respect for the representation of the University. He has adorned a hereditary connection with science by his own eminent talents and attainments. During the whole of his residence among us, his conduct was according to the true spirit of our institutions: his situation and his disposition are such, that we feel confident the fulfilling of the duties of such a station, and promoting the welfare of literature and science, will form the main object of his life, and that he will become closely identified with the interests and feelings of the University.

'We, therefore, beg leave to inform the Members of the Senate, that on those grounds we intend to put Mr. Cavendish in nomination on the day of Election, in the earnest hope that the opinions we have now stated may be then honoured by their approbation and support.

J. LAMB,

'Master of Corpus Christi College, Chairman.'

Wm. Smyth, Professor of Modern History, St. Peter's College.
 J. Henslow, Professor of Botany, St. John's College.
 G. B. Airy, Plumian Professor of Astronomy, Trinity College.
 J. Cumming, Professor of Chemistry, Trinity College.
 T. Musgrave, Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, Trinity College.
 W. Whewell, Professor of Mineralogy, Trinity College.
 Geo. Pryme, Professor of Political Economy, Trinity College.
 Townley Clarkson, Jesus College.
 William Jones, Fellow and Senior Dean of St. John's College.
 J. Bowstead, Fellow of Corpus, and Moderator.
 T. S. Hughes, late Fellow of Emmanuel College.
 J. Lodge, Fellow of Magdalene College, and Librarian of the University.
 Martin Thackeray, Vice-Provost of King's College.
 R. Dawes, Fellow and Tutor of Downing College.
 Marmaduke Ramsay, Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College.
 Joseph Romilly, Fellow of Trinity College.
 J. C. Hare, Fellow of Trinity College.
 George Peacock, Tutor of Trinity College.
 T. G. Hall, Fellow and Tutor of Magdalene College.
 C. T. Lirlwall, Fellow of Trinity College.
 H. Coddington, Fellow of Trinity College.
 H. Arlett, Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke College.
 F. Malkin, Fellow of Trinity College.
 W. J. Bayne, Fellow of Trinity College.
 J. A. Jeremia, Fellow of Trinity College.
 J. Chailis, Fellow of Trinity College.
 S. W. Waud, Fellow of Magdalene College.
 T. Worsley, Fellow and Tutor of Downing College.
 C. Currie, Fellow of Pembroke College.
 J. A. Barcus, Fellow of Trinity College.
 S. Tennant, Chaplain of Trinity College.
 J. S. Upton, Trinity College.
 T. Thorpe, Fellow of Trinity College.
 T. Riddle, Fellow of Trinity College.
 Ralph Blacklock, Fellow of Catharine Hall.
 R. Wilson, Fellow of St. John's College.
 L. Stephenson, Fellow of St. John's College.
 T. Dicks, Fellow of Jesus College.
 H. Battiscombe, Fellow of King's College.

At a Meeting of the Members of the Senate resident in London, held this day at the British Coffee-House, Cockspur-street, Professor Babbage in the Chair;

It was resolved,—That this Meeting fully concurs in the sentiments expressed by the resident Members of the University in favour of Mr. Cavendish, and does hereby express its cordial approval of their intention to put him in nomination, and its determination to support him at the Poll.

June 2, 1839. CHARLES BABBAGE, Chairman.
 Since the passing of the above Resolution, Mr. Cavendish has declared himself a Candidate, and is gone to Cambridge.

Published this day, in 12mo., containing above 550 closely-printed pages, price only 7s. 6d. boards, the fourth edition, revised and enlarged, of

THE COOK and HOUSEWIFE'S MANUAL:
 A Practical System of Modern Domestic Cookery and Family Management, containing a Compendium of French Cookery, and of fashionable Confectionary, Preparations for Invalids, a Selection of cheap Dishes, and numerous useful Miscellaneous Receipts in the various Branches of Domestic Economy. By Mistress MARGARET DODS, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's.
 Published by Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

EXHIBITION of DRAWINGS, by J. M. W. TURNER, Esq., R.A., consisting of VIEWS in ENGLAND and WALES, executed for a Work now in course of publication, at the Large Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.
 Admittance, by Tickets only, which may be obtained (gratis) of the publisher, Mr. Jennings, 2, Poultry; at the Gallery; and at 332, Oxford-street.
 Open from Ten till Six.—Subscribers' names received at the Gallery.

TO AMATEURS and PROFESSORS OF THE FLUTE.
MESSRS. RUDALL and ROSE, whose attention has been for several years devoted to the improvement of the Flute, and whose exertions have been rewarded by the approbation of the most accomplished Amateurs, as well as of the most distinguished Members of the Musical Profession, beg to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that they have on hand a large stock of Wood, which has for some years undergone the process of seasoning; and that they can confidently recommend the Instruments made from this well-prepared material, as being secure against any injury from the distillation of the breath, or the vicissitudes of climate.—No. 15, Piazza, Covent-Garden.

'Among the numerous improvements which have of late years distinguished musical science, it may be mentioned that Messrs. Rudall and Rose, of Covent-Garden, have brought the Flute to a state of perfection, which leaves nothing more to be desired. In point of power and brilliancy of tone, in the extreme neatness and elegance of their mechanical properties, but more particularly in their well-known capability of withstanding the changes of all climates, their Flutes surpass any thing of the kind that has hitherto been offered for public approbation and support.'—*Athenæum*, Nov. 26, 1838.

IMPROVED TERRO-METALLIC TEETH.

MR. HOWARD, 52, Fleet-street, (removed from 33,) having brought to perfection an important improvement in TERRO-METALLIC TEETH, respectfully solicits the attention of the Nobility and Gentry to his new method, which he is confident will be found on investigation to be far superior in natural appearance and durability to any ever before produced in England. They perfectly restore the articulation and mastication, and are not to be distinguished in any respect from the original teeth.—52, Fleet-street. At home from 10 till 4.

TERRO-METALLIC TEETH.

MR. A. JONES, Surgeon-Dentist, 43, New Bond-street, begs to acquaint the Nobility and Gentry, that, from many years' intense application, he has invented and brought to perfection, a New System of Fixing TERRO-METALLIC, NATURAL, and ARTIFICIAL TEETH, from one to a complete set, which are so accurately fitted as not to be distinguished from the original, and answer all the purposes of mastication, articulation, &c.—Mr. A. J. continues stopping decayed teeth with his unrivalled Anodyne Cement, which in one minute allays the most excruciating pain; and by this means carious teeth are wholly preserved and rendered useful, even if broken close to the gums. This being a metallic composition, it becomes hard as enamel in a few minutes, will not decompose with the heat of the stomach, and resists the effects of acids, atmospheric air, &c.—Cleaning, and every operation incidental to Dental Surgery.—At home from ten till five.

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London: Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning, by WILLIAM LAWES, at the Office, No. 4, Wellington-street, Strand.

THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 87.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1829.

Price 8d.

AN AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION.

'WELL, I am sorry to differ from you,' said the commission-merchant, seated in his red dining-parlour, at Highgate, after dinner, while the dusk was rapidly closing; 'I am sorry to differ from you; but I must say I would not give a button for fine landscapes, full of a sort of sun-light that scarcely ever shone. My taste is for pictures of old women and school boys playing tricks on one another, and people eating and drinking and laughing. I like to see, in painting, buttered toast and legs of mutton, and all that I have been used to.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed the medical student, who was the commission-merchant's only guest, 'do you not see that it is the business of the fine arts to represent not the actual, but that which may be and ought to be. In the world of painting, all that we see around us lives again, but in its proper place, with reference to the absolutely beautiful. The trivial objects which we are usually conversant with become to us, in our actual life, the boundaries and standards of our minds. The painter, the true painter, he who alone is worthy of the name, does not destroy or overlook them; but between and above these petty obstructions he opens to us vistas of the distant and glorious, through which blow in on our souls the airs of Paradise. All that has ever at any time been wrought within us, is implied in the state of mind which enables us to understand and enjoy the master-pieces of the fine arts.'

'Nay, when you deny the existence of that higher and spiritual consciousness; which, if any works of man are to be precious and true, must needs be embodied in them, you deny that popular creed to which you pretend that you are willing to bind your faith. Have not, in fact, all nations, at all times, made for themselves an image of a brighter world, which hangs above the earth like a golden morning cloud over the misty prospect. And of what moment is it, if in some cases there has been a real field and foundation for this belief, unless you can give some reason why men should constantly have agreed to cherish these traditions more than others. They create for themselves a bright sphere with which they fill the past and the future, but which few are strong and wise enough to substantiate in the present.'

'Thus the Mohammedan looks back to Eden and forward to Paradise. He remembers, as if it had belonged to the personal consciousness of his childhood, the time when angels walked the earth; when the air was filled with visible genii, lords of pleasure and power, and dispensers of all the riches of the mines. And what else but this persuasion can have thrown consolation and light around the paths of the Turkman in his grassy waste, and over the bare deserts of the Arab. How would he have been led to live an exulting soldier and die in victory, but by seeing, when he turned his eyes from earth, the firmament opened, and the streams of heaven flowing in freshness, and the melodious trees waving their shadows round the maids who beckon to the expiring warrior. This vision was the talisman of Mohammed; and still, my friend, does it furnish energy and union to the nations of Islam.'

'Was the subtle and passionate Greek less devoted to a thought which, with its manifold and living beauty, relieved him from the dullness and deadness of the actual? In the earliest generations of that wondrous people, do we not know that the common eye was an eye of faith, which beheld the unchanging gods, and the spirits of rivers and of forests and of the sea moving among men, with as

vivid and corporeal a reality as themselves. They had not only a faith in distant orbs, and separate abodes of superior natures, but saw their deities by the very light of our earthly noon. Not only did Olympus throw its deiform shadow over the world, not only had they glimpses of that Atlantis which dwelled like a separate star among the lonely waters, but sea-nymphs moved before them along the sands; and gods, in glittering panoplies, marshalled their lines for the battle. They believed in these ethereal beings with the same simple and kindly faith, as in the trees and winds and mountains, the priests and queens, the broad ocean, and the ship, with its military crew, and the tall leader. Neither in after times, when they had begun to trade, and to doubt, more freely than before, (not that I think you are necessarily a sceptic, because you are a merchant,) did they lose their conviction of the existence of a life and value in their mythology. The deities mingled, indeed, no longer with mankind; but they remained as princes and sages in their own calm and distant sphere. A sacred light surrounded them. Change and trouble could not approach them. Their region was as a crystal globe, setting them apart for especial glory. Yet were they connected by their thoughts and attributes with humanity; and men who could not regard them as mixed or occupied with their trivial follies, might, nevertheless, behold in them serene friends and awful counsellors.

'If the Romans had not believed in gods, the greatness of their country would have been to them a religion. That country, not in its material existence, not at the hour in which they, as individuals, belonged to it, but as a thought, a power, a living, and organised being, with a history and a future, was to them the centre and purpose of all; and raised by their love for it above the mean and transitory concerns of the passing moment, they had a high vantage-ground, a stay, a hope, and a supremacy. Thus were they made wise and mighty, and thus did they come as princes and legislators to every land in which they set their feet.

'Look from these to the immense and wonderful kingdoms of the east. Neither have they, in their passive apathy, been able to rest satisfied, without creating for themselves a grotesque and monstrous world of beings, brighter and more powerful than men. And is not even that state of inaction, almost approaching to annihilation, which is the ideal of some oriental sects; is not even this an effort to give a higher form than any found in the outward system of things, to a longing and hope which they can but imperfectly satisfy in themselves?

'Or, leaving these speculations as to the times of antiquity and oriental countries, think for a moment of the history of Christian Europe. How strong has been the tendency to change our feet to wings. How earnest men's belief in that shining hierarchy of martyrs, saints, and angels up the degrees of which they might lift themselves to the foot of the eternal throne. By what strange influence was it that these visions became more familiar to men's minds, more necessary to their life than the physical elements of existence. Was not the whole spirit of Europe shaped and dyed, age after age, by these traditions and mysteries? And did not the imperious baron, in his blazoned hall, and the serf toiling in his woodland hut, alike find in these images, a twinkling gleam of the spiritual, the universal, and enduring?

'How powerfully also, and terribly, were principles deeper and more potent than our understandings can master, or our human will contend with, expressed and substantiated in the faithful rites of

witchcraft and magic, which wanted not, any more than the mere creations of the fancy, a certain strange and impressive beauty, and cloudy magnificence. The wizard's circle, on the heath, or in the cave-like ruin, was divided indeed from the field and the market, by superstitious terror and insane longing. But it was also set apart from the dreariness and waste of custom and mere selfish prudence, and within it walked, if no where else, shapes that attested man's possible superiority to a higher life than the animal.

'Nor was it only in the devices of churchmen, or in necromantic secrets, that the unsatisfied and high-reaching soul of man endeavoured to preserve and nourish its interior faith. Behold the peasant, beaten and famished, quaking with dread of his master, and scowling the menace of revenge, reduced almost to the degradation of the wretched dog or labouring horse, yet keeping in his withered heart one spot of living green, haunted by the silver footsteps of the fairies, and all its wild flowers trembling, while they are fanned by hovering wings of tiny angels. Through the wintry chinks of his hovel, or among the branches of the gloomy wood, he looks at some moments of his weary life with joy and confidence, at the jewels on the cloaks and crowns of dancing elves; and through the mournful and ruinous passages of his soul tinkles the fairy music, and tells him that he has still a spirit formed to converse with the lovely, the cheerful, and the innocent. He gazes with faith and hope, and the merry phantoms become more numerous and more eager; they whirl around him in a dance of wild and infant-like rejoicing; one leaps with laughable gestures in the air; another wheels and darts like a dragon-fly over the water; here, in a ring, the little female genii circle and toy with the gallant elves; and, drinking honey-dew under a grove of fern, a train of glow-worm spirits chime out a chorus of delicate notes. There the tale-teller, astride on a floating cob-web, makes fantastic grimaces, and varies with a changeful voice, clear as that of the linnet, his story of enchanted gold and punished misers; and deals around in showers, like apple-blossoms falling in the morning wind, his jests at the thin and misty elfin wealth, and the capricious spriteliness of fairy love.

'Would you tie down the mind of this poor slave to trust in nothing but the reports of his senses and of the conventional voice of society? Would you leave him no treasure or staff but the thorns and thistles with which his rugged hands are too familiar; no more enlivening drink than the bitter draught of wretchedness which he drew from his mother's paps, on which his boyhood has been nourished, and which has well nigh imbruted all the faculties of his manhood? Is that which the earth yields to us, and which we can win from the niggardliness of others, so easy of digestion, so sweet, and nourishing, that we can afford to strike with barrenness, and abstain from cultivating the rich and flowery region laid open to us in our hearts? No, my friend, do not say that you care for nothing but the actual; or the actual itself will lose, ere long, whatever it now has of bloom and charm. Men will soon become weary of that which is near and round them, if they do not look before, behind them, and above. Leave to the Mohammedan his Paradise; blame not the Boeotian, or the Argian, that he thought with joy of Olympus and of Pindus; nor the Roman, that he had faith in the deity of Rome and of Capitoline Jove. The Hindoo feels that he has a wisdom of his own, when he looks from the plain of Bengal to the cloud-like pinnacle of snow, where soars and shines Meru; and the Teutonic herdsman was only

raised above his cattle by his belief in the angel, and the saint, the ghost, the goblin, and the fairy.

'I will even add more than this. When you say that you like a picture which represents what you have been used to see about you every day, you do not mean one which represents the particular objects that you have been accustomed to, but objects of a similar kind, better arranged, for the purpose of being painted, than, perhaps, you ever saw them. Now, whatever superiority of arrangement there may be; to whatever degree the household furniture, the game, and clothes, and common-place countenances are connected and contrasted more pictorially than you commonly see them, to that degree the picture is removed from the region of the actual, and brought into the world of intelligence and art and beauty. For whence comes the law or principle by which those objects are disposed and harmonised, so as to produce even the mean and feeble effect which is designed to be their result, but from a thought, a power existing in the mind of the painter, in some degree perceived by you, and not at all to be found in the things themselves.

'If, then, as is evident, you cannot propose to derive any other pleasure from pictures than a child's delight in the gay colours, (an enjoyment which you may have in a greater degree from a Persian carpet, or a kaleidoscope,) without acknowledging your subservience (a subservience which produces the only true freedom of mind,) to thought and imagination, why should you seek to obey the most meagre and weakest forms of intelligence, instead of exalting yourself by submission to the highest. If you would be made happy by knowledge and love of the fine arts, reverence them in their noblest powers and works. Make yourself a citizen of that state whereof the institutions and rulers are the various forms of truth and beauty. Here is the real dominion and abode of painting; here dwells habitually the painter, and creates around him his own universe of graceful shapes and expressive hues, wherein every mode of human thought has its appropriate and proportionate manifestation by lines and colours; and which melts away, around its whole horizon, into a world more awful and profound than even art can dare to invade.

'The painter lives in calm, and a soft and sunless light; and to his eyes every hidden emotion, and low deep-rooted principle, flowers out into a subject for the exercise of his skill. In quiet and brooding thought consists his magic; and the pencil he uses is of wider sway than the seal of Aschmedai or Solomon. In his ethereal atmosphere a thousand genii inhabit, the mysterious, the oracular, the holy, which you will not meet with in the street or the manufactory, but of which, in the still and self-meditating pauses of our lives, we all acknowledge the being and ministry. Justly has painting been made the art of Christianity, of that which embodies the highest and the largest thought, and which the parables of Jesus and the pictures of Raphael may prove to us to endow with meaning a greater variety of the symbols whereby man is encircled in this animated world, than would the fancies of all poets, or the systems of all philosophers. How little, how very little of the treasures of this art would he be master of who should look for them only in the shells and husks of the material creation, or in all that is most aimless of the habits and fashions of our social life. Weary not yourself with perpetually climbing and reascending the stile which obstructs the entrance to this noble vista; but having once over-leaped it, move boldly forward to the centre, from which all the innumerable and glorious prospects lie before you.

'Painting, too, like the other planetary spirits whereof I spoke to you, has a star and cycle of its own. So, also, has the more complete and self-sustaining art of the sculptor; by which all is forced into a calm and, as it were, circular unity, which has no glimmering shades, no clouds, no firmament, and no horizon. In it we see the self-sufficing power of sedate and cultivated humanity; the highest elevation from which man can look down, though not the highest to which he may look up. But cling, as

you propose, to your bare and paltry personal experience, and this, too, disappears, with all its pure serenity and heroic perfection. Nor will sculpture alone be to you a fretful and worthless riddle; but poetry the regal, the prophetic power, will to your ears be mute, or utter only harsh and inarticulate noises.

'Above all, my friend, if you will never raise your eyes from the dust whereon you tread, what becomes of a kind of truth higher than all philosophies and sciences and arts, what becomes of religion?' . . .

(*The door opens, and enter a servant.*)

'Eh? eh?' said the commission-merchant; 'why, it is quite dark; let us order candles. Bless me! I believe I have been asleep. What, what? Mr. . . . Eh? I hope I have not kept the wine from you.'

'My mistress,' interposed the servant, 'desired me to say that she has kept the tea waiting for you more than an hour.'

'Bless me!' ejaculated the commission-merchant, 'how quick the time passed. My dear sir, you were uncommonly kind in not waking me. But, dear me! what will my wife say to me when we go into the drawing-room?'

CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1828.

Constantinople in 1828. A Residence of Sixteen Months in the Turkish Capital and Provinces; with an Account of the Present State of the Naval and Military Power, and of the Resources of the Ottoman Empire. By Charles Mac Farlane, Esq. 4to. Saunders and Otley. London, 1829.

THAT Mr. Mac Farlane's work is, as respects its subject, exceedingly well timed, the title alone sufficiently proves. This merit, however, is by no means the only recommendation of the quarto volume before us. The 'Constantinople in 1828' happens to be the very sort of book of all others the most required by those who interest themselves in the important events now in progress in the East, and whom neither passion, prejudice, nor self-interest has rendered partisans of any of the three principal actors in the interesting drama. It exhibits to us the Turks and Greeks, but the former more particularly, not through the medium of colours prepared under the determination, or even in the disposition, to support the one or the other cause,—not through a veil, interposed by the views and inferences of the author between his reader and the facts which he professes to disclose, nor by highly-wrought delineations of character, or learned dissertations on customs and manners, such as are too often indulged in on like occasions for the gratification of the vanity of the writer rather than for the information of the reader, and in which the fervour of authorship is much more discernible than accuracy of observation; but by a picture, the simplicity of which bespeaks its fidelity, of the demeanour and actions both of individuals and masses of people, in a variety of circumstances and situations, which placed their dispositions and habits, their actual barbarity, or their comparative civilisation, and their aptitude for improvement, in a striking light. Mr. Mac Farlane relates tales of atrocities committed by the Turks in the course of the protracted struggle between them and the Greeks, and which were perpetrated before his arrival in the country, as he heard them from the mouths of eyewitnesses, and he describes scenes of desolation, the effects of that ferocity which he has himself beheld; but he acquaints us both with the horrors, the accounts of which he has gathered from others, and those he has himself seen, without any attempt at aggravation, and certainly with no apparent desire to extenuate. At the same time the narration of the circumstances occurring to him personally, in his intercourse with the Moslems, leads to the detail of facts, from which his readers may draw the conclusion, although he barely hints at the inference, that humanity is by no means such a stranger to the heart of the Ottoman, and that the probability of the adoption of modern civilisation is not so distant as is generally imagined.

We have addressed ourselves to the duty of drawing the attention of our readers to this book with the

persuasion that, on such a subject, we could not do better than follow the example set by the author, and be content to quote his facts, rather than indulge in speculations of our own on the probable issue of the great question, from its reference to which the new publication draws so considerable a portion of its value; but we cannot proceed to select the passages necessary to afford the means of forming an accurate judgment of the nature of the information furnished them by Mr. Mac Farlane, without avowing that the perusal of his work has afforded us, and we think it cannot fail to afford to all who interest themselves in the general welfare of their fellow-creatures, this great consolation—that, whatever the result of the struggle now going on may be as to the integrity of the Turkish empire, the effect, as far as the interests of humanity are concerned, must prove beneficial—that it must be advantageous even to the Turks themselves. The pages of this volume abound in proofs that the bulwarks which defended the outworks of barbarism have already begun to yield to the force of circumstance; and that, in small things, no less than in greater, in the relation of social life as well as in state policy, civilisation is at least on the advance.

Among the innovations which countenance this satisfactory conclusion, the changes effected by the Sultan Mahmoud in the composition of his army, and his determination to discipline his troops after the European fashion, are certainly not the least interesting, nor the least likely to be attended with important consequences. Already have the courage displayed by the prince in resolving on the dangerous step of remodelling his army, and his firmness in bringing it to a happy issue, met their partial reward, if it be true, as has been asserted, that, at the opening of the second campaign of the war with the Russians, the newly-formed infantry have successfully measured bayonets against the veteran soldiers of the Czar.

Hassan Pasha, the governor of Smyrna, at which place our traveller's Turkish tour may be considered as commencing, had been one of the first of the Sultan's lieutenants charged with the raising and disciplining levies on the modern system; and the Tacticoes, as the Franks call the new troops of Smyrna, were considered only inferior to those of Constantinople, the drilling of whom the Sultan himself had superintended. It is not surprising that an European traveller should be curious to witness the performance of these military novices, and we accordingly find Mr. Mac Farlane, soon after his arrival at Smyrna, making frequent visits to their quarters. Our readers probably will have no objection to follow him in one or two of these excursions.

A small square before a large, half-ruined wooden house, formed the field of exercise, in which three or four Turks, grey-beards, were found putting the recruits through their exercises. We will give the account of the rest of the scene in our author's own words:

'The shattered building, where we heard a tremendous rattling of arms, had been converted into temporary barracks. On advancing to the door, we were kindly invited to enter, by what we should call a serjeant or corporal, and two sentinels at the foot of the stairs presented arms to us; though, I imagine, this honour resulted rather from their spirit of frolic, or a desire of showing their ability to European officers, than from any instructions of their superiors, which would not be consonant to Mahometan ideas. The interior of this building was even more dilapidated than the exterior; the boards creaked, and started, the beams groaned, the staircase shook through every inch, as the noisy inmates ran to and fro; and when we went into a large *salle* on the second story of the building, where some twenty fellows were going through their "shoulder arms" and "ground arms," banging the butts of their muskets on the wooden floor with deafening clamour, I almost apprehended a rapid and vertical descent. All present were extremely good natured and civil to us, and instead of being offended at our close inspection of their arms and accoutrements, and the strange barracks in general, they invited our curiosity, pulled down every article, and took us into every

possible corner. A gratification, however, they did not fail to exact in return: my friend, Lieutenant B——, of the Marines, was begged to shoulder a musket, and go through the exercise as it is really done among the Ingisees. There was no denying them this favour; but, when once he began, there was no ending his military display: he did it so well, that he must have the kindness to do it once more, only once more, and poor B—— went through such a drilling as he had not had for many a day. It was a curious scene. All those who were disengaged ran about us; and these Turks, who would be imagined so starchy and grim and fierce were as playful as so many school-boys. I never after saw this gaiety and natural ebullition among the Moslems but once, and that was among a very different class—the students of the medrese or college, attached to the Mosque of Sultan Amurath, at Magnesia.

After describing the barracks, which, it seems, were merely temporary accommodations, subsequently abandoned for a more commodious edifice built expressly for the purpose of quartering the troops, our traveller thus proceeds:

‘The friends we had made at our first halt, civilly conducted us to another temporary barrack close by, where we saw another party going through the rudiments of drill; and thence to a square in front of the pasha’s palace, where part of the élite of the forces (about three hundred men) were exercising under the eyes of their colonel and officers. Considering that these troops were, at the time, of little more than a year’s standing, they went through their evolutions in good style; they handled their muskets with great activity and tolerable precision, but they had not yet caught the military march-step. The marching, indeed, was the worst part of the exhibition; and its slovenliness is perhaps to be accounted for by the habitual locomotion of the Turks, which is performed by something which I should describe as between a shuffle and a strut, and by their wearing clumsy *papou-shes*, which fit ill to their feet. The most striking deficiency, of course, was that of non-commissioned officers and subalterns; these being imperfect in their service, threw all the work on a few of the superior officers, who were seen running from place to place, performing the duties of drill sergeants: even the colonel did this, and was seen racing and storming, and using the flat of his sword, until he appeared ready to drop from heat and fatigue. Strange work this for a colonel! but so few were the subjects possessing any previous knowledge of the military art, that they were obliged to submit to it. Another strange sight to see, was, that many of the officers carried thick heavy horse-whips, made of plaited thongs, not merely for ornament, as was demonstrated by their frequent application to the shoulders of the awkward or careless soldiers. This endurance of blows which the *tacticoes* bear with the equanimity of an Austrian recruit, is considered, by those acquainted with the proud and fiery character of the Turkish people, as not one of the least strange workings of the “new order of things.” The colour of the uniform of the Smyrna corps of regulars is blue; their jackets, like those frequently worn by Italian sailors, are long, and rather more loose than becomes military *tenue*; their trousers are very wide down to the knee, where they are tied in, thence they fit close to the leg, and descend to the instep; neither stock nor stockings have been introduced; and the want of them, and bare necks and feet, give a dirty, forlorn look to the whole man in the eye of a European. The European military hat or *shako*, has not been introduced; but the eastern turban has been entirely put aside. They wear red cloth caps, (not small, and gracefully clasped on the crown of the head, as with the Albanians, but large,) padded, and descending over the whole of the upper part of the head, and reaching the ears: a blue tassel in silk or wool, is pendant from the crown, as an ornament. This description will certainly not convey a splendid idea of the uniform of the *tacticoes*; but even this, as worn by some of the officers, properly made to fit, and in good materials, with a *croissant* worked in silver, or in small brilliants (according to their rank) on the breast, with a good cap, and flowing bushy tassel, and a neat pair of morocco leather boots, or at least a pair of stockings in their alippers, does not look amiss. The best part of an officer’s equipment is, however, a cloak or mantle, worn

occasionally: this is fastened round the neck by a silver clasp, and descends below the knee in loose folds; the colour is a rich Turkish red. It has a graceful and military appearance; and so sensible are the wearers of this, that they can scarcely be induced to resign it by the heat of the dog-days. No people, perhaps, are more attached to dress than the Turks; and had the grand signior’s finances permitted, it would have been wise in him to create an affection to his essay (the regular service) by giving them a dashing uniform.

‘The muskets and bayonets of the troops, which were furnished by a house at Marseilles, are of inferior French manufacture, and were not kept remarkably clean. The belts and cartouche boxes were extremely slovenly, and hung too low; a trifling defect to the eye, which they share with the French. The instructors and officers were all Turks. At the commencement, the pasha had a Piedmontese; but he was dissatisfied by his entire ignorance of the Turkish language, without which it was impossible for him to do much; and the soldier of fortune, on his side, thought his services inadequately recompensed, and retired. The colonel and one or two elderly officers had acquired their knowledge, during the fatal attempt made by Sultan Selim, to introduce discipline and European tactics. Indeed, it was a few of these men who escaped massacre at the time from the hands of the Janissaries, and who were found alive at the suppression of that body, that formed the nucleus of the infant Turkish army of Mahmoud. It was on these men the Sultan called, and on them he relied. A very false idea prevails in Europe, as to the number of Christians employed in the formation of the new troops, and also as to those actually in Mahmoud’s service. The fact is, he never has had more than a few individuals employed merely as instructors, without rank or command in his army, and they had dwindled down to almost nothing before the opening of the Russian campaign of 1828. As the Turks of the *Nizam djedid*, under Sultan Selim, were instructed by French officers; and as the Europeans employed by the present Sultan were either French or Italians who had served in Buonaparte’s army, the French system of drill and evolution has been naturally adopted for the new troops.

‘During my stay in Smyrna, I was a frequent visitor to the Turkish side of the town, to see the exercising and progress of these *tacticoes*. On particular days, all those who had passed through the “awkward squad,” exercised and manœuvred before the pasha and his court. By the end of September, 1827, there were between six and seven hundred men, so far advanced; the mere *tyros* were between three and four hundred.’

These military disciplinings were objects of lively curiosity to the inhabitants of Smyrna; the occasions were considered as holidays by the Moslem population, and the reviews and parades were attended even by Turkish women, ‘who,’ says our author, ‘contrary to an opinion prevalent in Christendom, are constantly gadding about, and who seemed to find much amusement in these military scenes, particularly in the firing.’ The effect on the minds of the men is thus described:

‘The countenance and admiration of the fair sex, to the new military, and to “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” even though such were but imitations of the faithless Christian, seemed to be pretty generally shared by the young Turks, particularly by those of the city. There were, however, not wanting sneerers and scoffers, and deprecators of the departure from the old and true Osmanli arms and tactics, and the modern and impious adoption of the *summanly* weapons, and riddling, incomprehensible manœuvres of the Ghisours. Such men, indeed, were numerous both at Smyrna and Constantinople, though in the latter city the expression of their contempt and complaints was, for good reasons, much more guarded. Besides the exclusive attachment to what was Mussulman and antiquated—besides their religious fanaticism—a considerable portion of the spirit of Janissaryism entered into all this.

‘A grim old Osmanli, from the inland district of Magnesia, a true Turk, who looked upon every change as a crime, happened one morning at the review to enter into conversation with a Lezantine gentleman, with whom he was acquainted. “So these are the new troops,” said

he, “that I have heard so much of; these are the troops that are to defend the Ottoman empire from its enemies! And what, in Allah’s name, can the sultan expect to do with these beardless, puny boys, with their little shining muskets? Why, they have not a yataghan among them! What does this mean? It was with the yataghan the Osmanlis conquered these territories and the countries of the Christians; and it is with the yataghan they ought to defend them. The yataghan is the arm of Mahomet and of his people, and not that chibouque-wire I see stuck at the end of their guns. Mashallah! And what sort of a monkey’s dress is this? What sort of ugly-faced, shrivelled, puling dogs are these? Why, they don’t look like Osmanlis! And the land of Mahomet to be defended by such as these!—Baccaloon!” He continued somewhat in this style, blaming all he saw, and breathing his choler from time to time with a—“If it please Allah!” “Allah be praised!” “We shall see!” “What is written is written!” and other good Turkish orthodox exclamations. Of their deploying, their lines, their squares, and other mathematical figures, the *tacticoes* formed in the course of their evolutions, he could make out nothing, except that it all appeared very silly. But when they came to firing; when he saw a regular rolling fire maintained along the line; the firing in platoons; the means of defence of a solid square;—all which was very tolerably executed;—and other things which his philosophy had not dreamt of, he was obliged to confess that it would not be so easy as he had imagined to charge and cut such troops to mince-meat, with the yataghan in hand. Indeed, at length his progress to conversion seemed merely impeded by the conviction, that though clever and effective, this mode of warfare was wicked and unbecoming of the children of Mahomet, being derived from profane, infidel sources.’

Horror of innovation, it seems, is not an exclusive characteristic of a civilised age and people. Are we to conclude from the last sentence or two of the passage just extracted, that openness to conviction distinguishes the barbarian hater of change from his more civilized brother?

The picture of the *Tacticoes* would remain imperfect without the addition of the following passages:

‘One remark of the prejudiced old man does, however, merit attention, at least in my opinion, as I have frequently made the same myself. The *tacticoes*, in fact, do not look like Turks, (generally a fine set of men, physically considered;) they are short in stature, clumsily made, by no means robust, and abominably ill visaged. Only a trifling part of this difference can be accounted for by the change in their dress, the rest must be sought for in other causes, to which the following circumstances may afford some induction.

‘On carrying into execution his long-favoured plan for raising a disciplined army, the grand signor directed the levies to be made among young lads, and principally in districts remote from the great cities of the empire; thus wisely insuring to himself a superior degree of docility, and running little risk of his conscripts having the dangerous talent of Janissaryism among them. The regular service, as may be well imagined, was not much affected; and the better class of Turkish peasants bought off their sons from the officers and local authorities, who, in Turkey, are universally corruptible by bribes, to an extent perhaps unknown in any other country. The weight fell on the most degraded of the peasant caste, and for the most part in poor, mountainous, rude countries. The Turkish people, when they first came in contact with the nations of Europe, were remarkably ugly, and their great improvement has been attributed to the intermarriages, once very frequent, with women of different countries, where the standard of beauty is high. But immense portions of the original race, that remained stationary in remote districts, (particularly in the interior of Asia Minor, which has furnished so great a part of the levies,) can have had no such opportunities of improvement, and may have retained their original Tartar ugliness.’—Pp. 30, 31.

Our author had afterwards occasion to observe the progress which the European system of drill had made under the eye of the sultan himself, but did not find much to add to his account of the *tacticoes* of Smyrna. Speaking of the sultan’s guard and of

the troops of the oldest standing, of whom there were two or three thousand in the capital, he describes them as extremely active, quick in all their movements, and able to perform their manœuvres with the rapidity of some of the finest European regiments. The evolutions, however, it is added, were not done neatly or symmetrically, but the result was obtained, lines were changed, squares solid or hollow formed, the troops again deployed with celerity, and if their style of step and march would not satisfy the critical eye of an English or German serjeant-major, there was nothing to be said against the promptness and regularity of their fire.

We shall take a future opportunity of returning to this interesting volume, and of selecting from it other proofs of change in the social habits of the Turks, which, although not in all cases perhaps for the better, (in getting drunk for instance,) are valuable as indications of a disposition to relaxation from prejudice.

(To be continued.)

THE SCHOOL OF FASHION.

The School of Fashion: a Novel. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Colburn.

To this very lively and amusing book we cannot (at least in our present number) render the honours it deserves. It takes that light and airy view of character, manners, and opinions which requires as thorough an understanding of them as the deepest discussion, and to which a flexibility and gracefulness of spirit are necessary, such as we do not always find in systematic investigators. At the same time it is pleasant to see that the light of the author's pleasantry is an illuminating not a consuming fire. There is in it, we think, scarcely any thing of that bitter and mocking propensity which, under the disguise of wit and laughter, throws us into a mood of more fretful sadness than is produced by any other kind of human thought. It is really very pleasant, amid the wilderness of monstrous and idiotic phantoms who obey the spells of Mr. Colburn and other patent enchanters, to meet now and then with a reasonable, good-humoured, and unaffected being, such as evidently is the author of the *School of Fashion*. We shall not attempt to give an account of the plot, which is not very important; nor of the characters, which can be satisfactorily understood only by a perusal of the many agreeable dialogues with which the book is filled. We prefer to give a sample of the author's qualities. It would have been easy to find a more striking passage than the one we have selected; but it is exactly suited to our limits, and we trust will amuse our readers:—

"In the course of time Lady Blaney Mount Shannon, being first in rank, watched for the eye of Mrs. Buckle, to make that little signal for a move, which probably creates in no two people precisely similar feelings. To the lady with a weak stomach, whose feet begin to swell, and her nose to redden, from the heat of the dining-room, it is the greatest blessing. To the coquette, who hates an interruption to her flirtation, and anticipates no pleasure from the society of her own sex, it is a grievance. To the neighbour of a bore it is a relief; and in that light (to judge by the conversation which generally takes place after the departure of the ladies) it is viewed by the male part of the society.

"We have often heard conjectures made by men, as to the probable subjects of discussion in the female conclave after dinner. Though as boys, under the age of thirteen and fourteen, are generally admitted into these petticoat mysteries, under the false idea that they are too young to understand what they hear, we are surprised that they should not remember, that there is no time when ladies' small-talk is so very small as then. All the ladies of course go first to the looking-glass, to see if their curls have been at all discomposed by heat, awkward servants, or any other such calamity. They next remark upon the colour of each others' gowns, or ribbons, or hats, or scarfs; and then those never-failing topics of births, deaths, marriages, servants, nurseries, and governesses, naturally begin to occupy their attention.

"Lady Blaney," said Mrs. Buckle, "can you re-

commend me a nursery-maid? I find we cannot manage without one, now baby begins to walk."

"I do not at present know of one that I could recommend, for I think one should always be so very careful about recommending people when children are in question. You have a nurse I think?"

"Mrs. Buckle replied in the affirmative.

"Well now you must excuse me for giving you advice; but to people who are obliged to mind expense, I think it might easily be managed to make your own maid the superintending person, and so have a maid under her; by this means you keep one servant less."

"Lady Blaney was very proud of her arrangement of the home department; and as she was "My Lady," she thought it a merit to be so, and therefore proclaimed it. Mrs. Buckle, on the other hand, never could bear to be supposed "poor;" and, consequently, as her greatest object was to impress others with her own indifference to expense, Lady Blaney's advice was entirely thrown away; indeed, were the truth known, she had very little thoughts of increasing her establishment, and only wished to show to her friend that she had the power of so doing. Not liking, therefore, the manner in which her "show off" had been taken, she quickly turned the subject by saying—

"Do tell me, Lady Blaney, how do you settle the matter now between your nurse and the governess? Do the younger children dine with Miss Wilkinson yet?"

"Mrs. Buckle was immediately informed of every particular respecting the children's eating, drinking, and sleeping; how their cribs were placed; when they exercised their bodies; and how their minds were cultivated.

"I suppose," said her Ladyship, in allusion to Mrs. Buckle's situation, "you expect, soon."

"Hush," she replied, drawing her chair nearer to Lady Blaney, "speak lower, if you please, when Rosa is in the room, she is so innocent, dear girl! She actually now believes that all her little brothers and sisters are found under the cherry-tree! It is so very delightful to have their minds such perfect white paper!"

"Here the ladies whispered, and the words "last year," "before the time," "nothing ready," "such distress," "baby linen," &c. &c. were indistinctly heard by the two young ladies, who were diligently occupied at a table in another part of the room—Miss Rosa in spoiling muslin after a pattern given her by Lady Emma Danvers, and Miss Laura in copying music that she had heard in London, into the smallest possible book.

"Though these two opening buds had no great affection for each other, yet, as the two married ladies had got into such close conference that they felt themselves unheeded, they took the opportunity of having a little friendly chat.

"So, Rosa, I see Mrs. Buckle is in the family way again! what a number of you there will be to be sure!"

"Hush! Laura, pray speak lower, for Mamma thinks I don't know any thing about it. Our old nurse and Sally always tell me every thing, but Mamma would be so angry if she knew it. Do you know I heard her one day advise Lady Blaney never to let her girls have the run of the library; so the first day Papa went out, I got into the study to see what the reason of this could be, and I'm sure I never read so much in my life as I did that afternoon; but, la! there was nothing that I could find but what every body knows."

"What books did you read?"

"Oh! I looked into such a quantity; and as Mamma is always so afraid even of my brothers seeing "Reece's Medical Guide," I took down a book all about physic, just to know why we may not see it."

"And did you make out?" inquired Laura.

"No! for just as I was opening Metaphysics, I heard a footstep; but it seemed to be about some horrid disorder, I saw the word 'matter' so often: I don't know where the complaint is."

"No more do I," said Laura, who had, however, some indistinct notion that she had heard Metaphysics mentioned with Craniology in London, "but from what I heard in town, I believe it is only a disorder in the head."

"What a difference it makes in the friendships of youth when there is nothing to excite feelings of jealousy or

rivalry! Laura did not like Rosa at dinner, because they were in company, and she feared people would admire Rosa's red cheeks more than her fashionable air. Now that no one else was present, they were very fond of each other; and Miss Dyer being two years older than Miss Buckle, the latter listened with great attention to what she had to say; and the former had no objection to opening her heart to an attentive and envying listener. Thus, after one had copied a few wrong notes, and the other stitched the small stalk of a flower, Laura sighed loud, that Rosa might ask why.

"It is ten days yet to the ball! said Miss Dyer. "How noble in those dear Officers to give us a ball, though they are all so poor that they say themselves they never can pay for it."

"It is, indeed," exclaimed Rosa with enthusiasm.

"So considerate of them, to be thinking of the amusements of others in the midst of all their own hardships! Night after night they take it by turns to mount guard! I often think how shocking it is, that whilst we are sleeping comfortably in our beds, without waking all night, they never close their eyes, and are watching, even in time of peace, over the safety of their country, like guardian angels!"

"This sentiment almost made Rosa's tears fall, she thought it so beautiful; and it had not struck her before, though she had also bestowed a few thoughts upon the Regiment.

"You don't know what it is to be unhappy yet," she continued.

"Yes, indeed! but I do," said Rosa, as she gave a little sigh; "only Mamma don't know it."

"You will see him at the ball."

"Whom Laura?" inquired Miss Buckle, anxious to know which "him" she meant, and equally curious about her friend's "him," as interested in her own.

"Why, my Eustace to be sure."

"Do you know him to speak to, Laura?"

"Know him! I have danced twice with him."

"Poor Rosa felt quite crest-fallen, for she did not know her Frederick, though she was quite as much devoted to him as was Miss Dyer to her Eustace.

"He actually brought the invitation himself to us," continued Laura, "for the Regimental ball, and he looked so handsome in his dear foraging cap, and the sash tied round his waist! I am trying to learn the sitch, that I may make one for him, if he continues to shew me as much attention as he has done lately."

"Does he really talk to you, and make verses, and give you his hair, and look at the moon at the same hour that you do?" eagerly demanded Rosa, anxious to discover how much more blessed was her friend than herself.

"No! not yet; but I am to dance the supper dances with him at the ball, and Heaven knows what the fascinating creature may persuade me to accept there."

"Here Laura looked down and simpered at the thoughts of the proposal which she conceived it probable that she might receive from Cornet Somers.

"Ah! Laura! how I envy you," said Rosa; "I don't believe Frederick knows me, even by sight; but I heard his voice when he was talking to one of my cousins the other day. I have bought a book on purpose to keep a journal of all he says, if I could only get introduced to him; but Mamma thinks I bought it to write out the history of England, and that sort of stuff. I cannot sleep for thinking of the ball, and there I shall see him in full regimentals."

"How I pity you, poor child!" said Miss Dyer, feeling quite satisfied of her own superior powers of attraction. "I wonder you can live without something to comfort you all this time."

"But I have one treasure which I look at every day," said Miss Buckle, "and I always wear it at my heart, and then I try to copy it, and I sleep with it under my pillow, because then I dream of Frederick."

"What is it?" exclaimed Miss Laura, the horrible idea having crossed her mind that Rosa possessed a picture of her lover, while she was without any such delightful consolation in the absence of her cornet.

"Stop a moment," whispered Miss Buckle, as she warily looked round to see that her mother and Lady Blaney were month-nursing, or suckling, or weaning with sufficient earnestness to prevent their observing her

"I will shew you;" and as the rich bloom spread all over her face, head, neck, shoulders, and arms, till she looked like a fresh blown piony, she drew from her bosom a visiting card! "Here it is, take care, it is his own hand-writing! I stole it out of my uncle's hall the other day, and have never let it be away from me for a moment since; it is as good as printing, I declare; Lieutenant Frederick Radcliffe! what a beautiful name! Don't you pity me, Laura?"

Before, however, Miss Dyer could assure her of her sympathy, a move on the part of Mrs. Buckle and Lady Blaney caused the card to be popped back to its hiding-place, and all further *épanchement* to cease. The two elder ladies had finished their maternal communications, and having nothing else to talk upon, the large work-basket of Lady Blaney, and the tiny box of Mrs. Buckle were opened, and in a few seconds the former was diligently sewing a boy's shirt, and the latter counting her beads over a necklace, by which means they each displayed their particular tastes—Miladi for economy, and Mrs. Buckle for finery.

No one, we imagine, can deny that the foregoing sentences are very laughable and exhilarating. Yet it is rather below than above the general rate of cleverness and humour in the book; and more especially will give a very inadequate notion of the sound sense and genuine good feeling which naturally display themselves throughout its sprightly pages.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Principles of Natural Philosophy; or, a New Theory of Physics, founded on Gravitation, and applied in Explaining the General Properties of Matter, the Phenomena of Chemistry, Electricity, Galvanism, Magnetism, and Electro Magnetism. By THOMAS EXLEY, A.M. Associate of the Bristol Philosophical and Literary Society. pp. 478. 8vo. Longman and Co. London, 1829.

WE feel much disposed to characterise this book by a paradox, by saying it is the *most* and the *least* theoretical of any work on natural philosophy which we have ever seen. Our meaning will be better understood when we inform our readers, that the author has not framed new principles and new hypotheses upon which to build his New Theory of Physics, but has only extended the Newtonian principle of gravitation, to explain the phenomena, not only of chemical attraction, but of electricity, galvanism, magnetism, and light. We are not prepared to give our assent to all the views which he has here given respecting these subjects; but they seem, from his statements, to be extremely plausible, and it is impossible to deny them to be simple, perspicuous, and very ingenious.

The extension of the common principle of physical attraction to chemistry, has long been hovering about in our own fancy, but very vaguely, we confess; for we could never muster sufficient resolution to investigate the matter by experiment, or to take advantage, for illustration, of the experiments of others. Mr. Exley has done all this in a manner highly creditable to the soundness and accuracy of his judgment, as well as to his shrewdness and ingenuity.

Sir Isaac Newton and his followers conclude that the attraction by which the particles or atoms of bodies adhere together, observes a different law from that which regulates the distant bodies of the universe, and decreases at a greater rate than directly as the quantity of matter, and reciprocally as the square of the distance. (*Principia* I. 85, &c.) Mr. Exley thinks he has discovered an error in this beautiful theorem, which requires the attractive forces to be directed to *every point* of the sphere; for, in every point of a body, even on Newton's own showing, there are not atoms situated, since he admits that the most dense bodies contain more vacuity than solid parts; hence the proposition will not apply in nature when rigidly considered, and it is not a little wonderful that Newton's penetrating genius did not perceive the discrepancy. Our space will not admit of our giving more than a part of the argument the author on this point:

"It has been said that the attraction of cohesion, at a small increase of distance, is changed into repulsion; thus when a piece of glass is broken, and we attempt to replace the fragments, there is a repulsion, and the parts cannot be again forced so near together as they were before the fracture, the parts being now removed into the sphere of each other's repulsion. But here again, we ought to observe, that the surface and pores of glass and other bodies are replete with a fine elastic fluid, which by attraction adheres to those parts of the corpuscles to which it can gain access; and as soon as the glass or other body is broken, the particles of this elastic fluid diffuse themselves by their mutual repulsion over the surfaces exposed by the fracture, as will be more fully explained in its place; and these atoms of ethereal matter so diffused by their repulsive forces will prevent the reunion. Various kinds of attraction have been supposed to exist, but every kind, not excepting electrical and magnetical attractions, may be explained without having recourse to any attraction but that of universal gravitation, affecting every atom of matter of every sort after the same manner, and according to the law above-mentioned.

Many opinions have also been entertained respecting these powers, especially repulsion; some philosophers are persuaded that the atoms of matter have several spheres of repulsion and attraction, succeeding each other alternately; others have supposed that repulsion acts between the atoms of matter at sensible distances; and others again conclude that caloric is the sole cause of repulsion. Caloric has been considered as the only agent in repulsion at minute distances; it has been called "the repulsive power, which constantly acts in opposition to the power of attraction, or chemical affinity."—*Parke's Chem. Catechism*, p. 88.

Some have considered the law of repulsion as unknown; others state that it varies inversely as the square of the distance; and others, that at the least, in some cases, it varies inversely as the distance. It is now generally admitted that repulsion is as universal as attraction.

Without this power, elastic bodies could not recover the figure and state which they had before compression. Its action must be perpetuated between every two atoms of matter, otherwise they would adhere inseparably in complete contact; for so minute are the smallest parts of matter known to be, that the attraction between them, if in contact, would be indefinitely great. It cannot, however be shown that repulsion varies by any other law than that of the square of the distance inversely. It is, indeed, ascertained by careful experiment, that when dry air and other gases are gradually compressed, their densities vary as the compressing force; and from this it has been inferred, that the repulsive power of the atoms of gases varies inversely in the simple ratio of the distance of the atoms. This inference rests on the supposition that all the repelling atoms continue in the compressed gas, and without this it cannot be true.—(Page xiv.)

Now we cannot deny that this is exceedingly ingenious and plausible, though it would require a longer investigation than we have at present leisure to go into, before we could bring ourselves to adopt or reject the author's principles. Upon what is usually considered one of the fundamental facts of philosophy the author is no less original, though he is also more than usually hypothetical: we refer to the doctrine of atoms,—a doctrine respecting which we ourselves have long been sceptical. That the solid materials of the universe may be composed of very small bodies impenetrably hard and of a certain shape, round, angular, or amorphous, is neither impossible nor improbable; but that such corpuscles or atoms really exist has never been proved and perhaps never will. Certain experiments upon crystallization seem to indicate that the smaller portions of a crystal are always globular; though this is announced more by inference than by actual observation, and cannot therefore be admitted as proved. Amidst this uncertainty about the fact, we think the following remarks, by our author, not a little ingenious and worthy of attention:—

"It may be asked, Are we absolutely to exclude solid atoms? I confess I can find no use for them. It is true

Sir Isaac Newton thought that the atoms of matter consisted of minute solida, as appears from the following beautiful paragraph taken from the closing part of his incomparable *Treatise on Optics*:—

"All these things being considered, it seems probable to me, that God in the beginning formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, moveable particles, of such sizes and figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportion to space as most conduced to the end for which he formed them, and that these primitive particles, being solids, are incomparably harder than any porous bodies compounded of them, even so very hard as never to wear or break in pieces: no ordinary power being able to divide what God himself made one in the first creation. While the particles continue entire, they may compose bodies of one and the same nature and texture in all ages: but should they wear away or break in pieces, the nature of things depending on them would be changed. Water and earth composed of old worn particles and fragments of particles, would not be of the same nature and texture now with water and earth composed of entire particles in the beginning. And therefore, that nature may be lasting, the changes of corporeal things are to be placed only in the various separations and new associations and motions of these permanent particles; compounded bodies being apt to break not in the midst of solid particles, but where those particles are laid together, and only touch in a few points."

The atoms of matter constituted as in the theory now proposed, possess all the individuality, indivisibility, and indestructibility which the learned and illustrious Newton ascribes to his small solids, and may answer all the ends he has mentioned; the central points indeed will be utterly impenetrable by each other, since the repulsion there is infinite; and if at those centres we suppose small solids to be placed, they can answer no further end than is accomplished by this immensely great repulsive force, for from what we know of matter, we must suppose them to be indefinitely small, if we introduce such solids; and hence they will occupy the place where the repulsion is indefinitely great; such solids would be found only an obstacle and an encumbrance to the free action of matter; since, however small we imagine them to be, their magnitude will be infinite if compared with a mathematical point the centre of an atom, which is devoid altogether of magnitude. It may be added, that if any reader wish to retain these solids at the centres of the atoms, it will not materially affect the conclusions, provided he allow us to trace them as small as we please; and so much if he intend to philosophise, he must grant whatever course he may determine to pursue.—Page xxi.

Such is the sort of reasoning which Mr. Exley employs upon this abstruse subject, and it must be confessed to be no less ingenious than plausible. The views which he has taken became first apparent, he says, when he was attempting to explain electrical phenomena. What is more extraordinary still, they seemed to be confirmed on finding that the reflection, refraction, and inflection of light could also be rendered intelligible by the same simple means. He had it in contemplation, accordingly, to introduce the subject of optics, had this not involved too abstruse mathematical principles to be intelligible to common readers.

We have been exceedingly pleased with the execution of the work as well as with its plan, which first describes the phenomena, then exemplifies them by experiment, adding, when necessary, observations, corollaries, &c. For example:—

Phenomena 2. If a vessel of glass, porcelain, metal, &c. have a thin stratum of water on its flat bottom, and if a drop of alcohol be placed, by means of a glass rod, nearly on the centre, a dispersion of the water is produced, leaving the bottom of the vessel dry; the edge round the alcohol presents an undulating or tremulous motion, showing the continual emission of the particles of alcohol to the water till they are united. This is most evidently seen by varying the experiment, first using water tinged by turnsole, and then using alcohol similarly tinged.—*Nicholson's Journal*, vol. viii. p. 20.

In this experiment we perceive a repulsion and a subsequent union.

Exp. When liquids of different composition are put

together, an easy deduction from the theory will show that in many cases a part of the atmospherules of the one fluid will pass over to those of the other, and in the present case a portion of the atmospherules of the alcohol being transferred from those of the water, will cause the dispersion of a thin stratum of that liquid, and after the equilibrium of the atmospherules is attained, the mixture will be effected, and the parts will either cohere or enter into chemical union."—Page 89.

We wish we could spare room to quote some of the very ingenious and simple explanations which our author has given of the phenomena of electricity, galvanism, magnetism, and electro-magnetism; but for these we must refer the reader to the work itself, which is well worth the perusal of all who have a taste for natural philosophy.

GERALDINE OF DESMOND.

Geraldine of Desmond; or, Ireland in the Reign of Elizabeth. An Historical Romance. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1829.

If our ancestors ever held the opinion which we are in the habit of attributing to them, that the duties of women were confined to clear-starching and embroidering, they did not intend thereby to derogate from the dignity of the sex; they did not insinuate for a moment that ladies had not souls above muslin. All they wished to signify was this, that if the consciousness of ladies will not allow them to be content with performing only the easy duty of making all the world happy, the additional offices which they impose upon themselves should be rather those which require industry and dexterity than wit and originality, the reason being, that they must needs consume so much of the latter in their first grand occupation that they can have little left for these subordinate ones.

A portion of the female sex which has in some points deviated very far from the practice of the old times, appear to have recognised the propriety of this canon; for, in extending the sphere of their operations very far beyond the limits prescribed by their foremothers, they have been careful not to change the quality of the operations themselves. They have regarded with too much reverence the talents, whereby their worthy progenitresses performed their extraordinary feats, to substitute any others in their place, even when the material upon which they had to work was different. Accordingly, they have spun histories, worked novels, and embroidered poems, by the same mechanism which formerly spun worsted, worked caps, and embroidered arm-chairs. Those estimable persons, the late Miss Benger and the present Miss Aikin, acting upon this principle, have constructed works which display a diligence that, otherwise directed, might have lined Westminster Hall with tapestry. But they have reserved their higher gifts for the purposes to which nature principally destined them, the improvement of themselves, and the edification of the social circle.

The example of those ladies has had its influence more upon those who, like the authoress of 'Geraldine,' instead of feeling alarm lest their genius should not suffice its primary uses, labour under the more reasonable apprehension lest it should overflow its banks and deluge conversation, if not allowed to find an outlet in a book. Though with no ground to fear that their own resources will not be sufficient to make a work popular, the modesty of these fair writers induces them to spend much more time than is needful in adding to it the wisdom of books. Accordingly, not to mention the mottoes, of which there are seldom less than five to each chapter, the notes to this work display a quantity of reading which could only have been collected by the labour of many years in ancient libraries. So far as this learning has affected the text, we are grateful for it, as we have not the least objection to help out our vague surmises respecting the character of our ancestors by authentic and elaborate particulars respecting their dresses. In this knowledge, the authoress of 'Geraldine' is perfectly unrivalled. We have gained more light respecting the minutiae of young ladies' attire from these volumes, in the course of a

few hours, than we had any hope of being permitted to obtain in the course of a whole life. Indeed, nothing but the pleasure and advantage which we derive from this information could atone for the serious alarm we have felt at the profound acquaintance with the mysteries of our sex's wardrobe, which the acute observation, vigorous fancy, and extensive reading of the lady before us, have enabled her to acquire. Nevertheless, with all our admiration for the diligence which must have been employed in collecting these facts, and our gratitude for its results, we could have been well contented to exchange it all for a few such vigorous descriptions as the one we are about to quote; though we ought not for a moment to leave our readers under the impression that there are not other scenes in the book quite as powerful, and which promise as well for the success of the author's future career as a novelist:

'The dispositions for the expected battle were made by the direction of Spanish officers of acknowledged skill, gallantry, and experience. Hence there was greater regularity and more address displayed in the military preparations, than was usually evinced in the desultory system of Irish warfare.

'But to reduce such miscellaneous materials into any thing like the appearance of order, required much tactical skill. The most able general would have found insurmountable difficulties in attempting to subject bodies of rude mutineers into a state of military organization; therefore, all that could be done was to endeavour to stem their force within those boundaries, from whence it could be brought to bear, with the most practical effect, upon the objects of their vengeance. For this purpose, numbers of the militant rustics were secretly posted in a thick forest, that skirted one side of the plain on which the crowded encampment of Sir John Desmond lay. In this ambush they were ordered to remain in perfect silence, until the favourable moment arrived, when they might deal destruction on the foe, by rushing forwards in a sudden onset. Within the walls of an old abbey which stood upon the field of battle, and hidden in the hollows of the adjacent hills, bodies of marksmen, armed with javelins, bows, and arrows, were stationed. These, from their superior skill, were expected to do much execution. The same shelters which concealed them from the view, gave the double advantage of secreting the archers from personal danger, and of enabling them to assail the enemy, by shooting arrows, alighting javelins, or throwing huge stones unexpectedly upon their ranks.

'We have said that the whole amount of the Irish forces did not exceed two thousand men. This little army was marshalled at the foot of a thickly-wooded mountain, which bounded the plain of battle on one side. The Spanish and Italian troops, with front ranks of Irish soldiers, who were armed with pikes seven feet in length, formed the main-body, in the centre of which, the great national banner, called the *Sun-burst of Erin*, emblazoned with the heraldic cognizance of the harp, waved its draperies of green and gold, upheld by the ensign-bearer, and surrounded by the hereditary guardians. Crowded about the person of the *Sun-burst*, and the pappal standard, which was unfurled near it, fifty minstrels appeared, clad in wide robes, and *birrid* caps. These men, striking their harps to the war-strain of Ireland, looked as if endowed with a prophetic spirit, while they hymned forth songs of triumph, with a resistless energy, which found its unison in patriotic breasts, that panted to achieve the victories predicted in the eloquence of bardic inspiration.

'Upon the right wing of the army, the hobblers, or Irish cavalry, were placed, attended by their *Dattius*, and flanked by platoons of spearmen. The left wing was composed of the kerne, or light-armed infantry, and files of gallow-glasses in their short brazen harness, who bore the formidable battle-axes which have been already noticed.

'The mass of people who followed the army formed dense and irregular bodies in the rear of these positions, and their courage, animosity, and strength, almost seemed to atone for their defect in discipline. We have already said that the command of the Irish was vested in Sir John of Desmond. Sensible of the advantages derived from the cover of the mountains, which secured his troops from being charged or surrounded in rear; the Irish Ge-

neral resolved not to relinquish his position, and therefore determined to await the onset of the Royalists, upon the ground which he had taken.

'Sir John of Desmond led the centre of the Irish army. The conduct of the right wing devolved on the O'Nial. That of the left was intrusted to Mac-Carthy More. The Knights of the Red Branch, the Knight of the Valley, the Knight of Kerry, and the White Knight, availing themselves of their privilege of wearing five colours, appeared on this occasion splendidly accoutred, with breast-plates of pure gold, and chains of the same metal round their necks; and as they headed their clans, they seemed to justify the designation which the voice of Europe had bestowed on the Cavaliers of Ireland, in styling them "the Heroes of the Western Isle." The Lord of Ophaly, and the Chiefs of all the other clans, held different important stations in the field, and watched with wild enthusiasm and restless impatience, for the approach of the English army.

'At this solemn moment, when impending danger increased the courage and added to the revenge which was rankling in the hearts of all, Allen rushed through the Irish ranks, and holding high above his head a naked sword, exclaimed: "Comrades, I have changed my palmer's staff for this! and, by the help of God, its blade shall draw the heart's blood of our foes!—Comrades, Ireland beholds you! Victory to her and Rome!"

'The wild war-cry of the country answered this appeal.—A response thundered from the British troops. Their drums and trumpets struck upon the ear, and with desperate rapidity three columns of the English rushed to the attack.

"Charge, for Saint George and the Queen!" resounded from the royal lines.

"Onward, for God and Ireland!" rose in a shout of triumph, that was echoed and re-echoed by the whole of the allied troops, as with unshaken firmness they received the shock of the British onset. The dispositions of the English were obliged to be regulated by those of their opponents. Mutual enmity seemed to animate both armies. Hand to hand, and horse to horse, they struggled with the inflexible courage and the proud feeling of men who were resolved to conquer or to die. A desperate attempt was made upon the main-body of the Irish, by a phalanx of the British infantry. Dreadful slaughter ensued, for each side fought with invincible valour. But at length the superior discipline of the English troops prevailed, as, breaking through the front ranks of the enemy's pikemen, they threw the centre of the Irish into great confusion. Then rushing in between the main body and the right wing, the English succeeded in separating the latter from the middle division, and routed the hobblers, some of whose squadrons they broke. But the severed wing soon formed again: displaying the utmost bravery, they returned to the charge, and being forced to a close fight, both sides engaged man to man with incredible valour. In the mean time Lord Thurles, at the head of his cavalry, had attacked the right wing of the Irish. The green and blue colours, the arms and achievement of a lion chained, and the motto, "Lamb Dearg Eirin,"—i. e. the red hand of Ireland,—which were emblazoned on the banner of the O'Nial, distinguished him from every other chief. To see was to attack. The Vircount rushed upon his rival. "Geraldine of Desmond!—You know the rest.—Rebel! look to your life!" cried Thurles, as he prepared to charge.

"Strike for Geraldine of Desmond! Strike!" shouted the O'Nial, madly careering against his adversary. The swords of the opponents clashed and crossed each other, and the horse of the O'Nial staggered beneath a gash which pierced to the quick. Both combatants leaped to the earth, and renewed the deadly contest. Each fought with devoted valour. They foamed and struggled together, foot to foot, and hand to hand. The conflict grew more furious than before; but at the instant, when Thurles drew slightly back, and raised his arm to deal a death-stroke on his foe, the sudden wheel of a Spanish division, as it turned on one of the English flanks, completely separated the combatants.

'Almost at the same moment, Sir John Desmond shouted to O'Nial to "charge!" The Chief, springing on a fresh steed, plunged his spurs into its sides, and

dashed forwards, with his gallant hobblers, against the English line of horse.

'A chosen corps of artillery dealt a murderous fire, which volley after volley ran through the Irish army. Allen, at the moment when it raged with the greatest vengeance, seized the Sun-burst of Erin, waved it above his head, and under a shower of balls charged the British, while in a loud voice he shouted forth, "To conquest! soldiers! we are still vic—" a bullet struck the speaker to the earth, and as it did so, numbered Allen with the dead!

'A general cry of consternation burst from the Irish army; the horror and confusion which spread along their lines were increased tenfold; for, almost at the instant when the Jesuit fell lifeless on the field, Lord Thurles, dashing at full gallop into the midst of the enemy, succeeded in cutting down the papal standard to the ground. It was trampled in blood and torn into atoms by the plunging horses, whose riders furiously fought above the remnant of the banner, each man aiming the point of his sword at the throat of his antagonist. The brunt of the battle now bore down towards the spot where the corpse of Allen lay covered with the drapery of the standard he had seized, and which he still clenched, in the firm grasp of death. The guardians of the Sun-burst had rushed forwards at the critical moment of the Jesuit's fall; but failing to replant the banner, they crowded round their precious charge, which seemed to be the main mark, and the centre of the enemy's attack. The bodies of those who had died upon their posts, formed a horrid, and nearly an impassable pile about the national standard, which only a handful of living warriors now remained to defend. Seeing this, Sir John of Desmond, with the bravery of a lion, rushed through the whole of the enemy's fire, and forced his country's banner from the stifling gripe of the Jesuit. Through whirlwinds of smoke, the golden draperies of the Sun-burst glimmered, as it alternately rose and sunk with the movements of Sir John Desmond, who, sword in hand, literally cut his way through the enemy's battalions, over a field which was slippery with blood, and strewn with the wounded and the slain.

'Whirling round and round in the terrible circle which was formed by their foes, the unfortunate Irish fell into frightful tumult. Intrepid to the last, they tried to rally, but the effort was in vain; the little order that had ever prevailed among the Irish, was now entirely lost; their undisciplined numbers only increased the universal confusion, and, like a shapeless mass of human beings, acting without leaders or design, they lay almost at the mercy of the victors. Yet even at this moment of extremity, the Irish maintained their courage, and grouping themselves around Sir John of Desmond, they resolved to die as soldiers ought, upon the field of honour. A shocking struggle followed; the fate of the Irish became every moment more critical. Hemmed in as they were on all sides, even that last dreadful resource, a retreat, was apparently beyond their reach; but at the instant when it seemed the most impossible, a way was suddenly opened, by the Irish who had lain in ambush. Bursting forth from their retreat, with the fury of beasts upon their prey, those brave though undisciplined men dashed into the midst of hostile bayonets. Seized with amazement, the English at first scarcely resisted the attack, which bore down upon and overwhelmed their ranks.

'Before they had well recovered their astonishment, they found themselves involved in inextricable confusion, mixed indiscriminately with their enemies, and encountering, at the same time, the headlong charge of their antagonists, and the desperate efforts of their former foes, who, in despite of the balls, that thick as hail fell round them, forced through the English, in an attempt to gain a passage to the mountain which they had so rashly abandoned. Every inch of ground was now disputed. To have attempted any longer to withstand the superior discipline of the British soldiers, would have been an act of madness.—It was vain to fight against impossibilities, and Irish rashness yielded to English steadiness. With a heart bursting with indignant desperation, Sir John of Desmond was forced to command the little remnant of his army to retreat. The order was obeyed so slowly, that the Irish, in the act of withdrawing from the field of battle, looked more like a rallying than a routed army.

'Turning round several times, they resolutely faced their enemies, presenting the determined front of men who, even in the last hour of defeat and ruin dared to come to the closest quarters with their conquerors. At length they neared their hill of refuge. As they approached still closer to its foot, a shout of exultation broke from the harassed and almost exhausted Irish. It changed to a frantic cry, which was reverberated until it reached the skies. A startling discovery, an awful sight had caused that burst of despair. The mountain was wrapped in a sheet of flame! The wood upon its side had been set on fire by the English. The impetuous elements, aided by a strong wind, blazed from the crackling timber, and with frightful rapidity spread throughout the forest. For an instant each man stood transfixed in horror and surprise, but the next moment another electrical shout broke from the Irish, who, one and all, rushed unhesitatingly into a pass, which, though contiguous to the flames, had partially escaped them.

'The English pursued, and the tumult raged louder than ever. Yet, even amid the uproar and confusion of the awfully brilliant scene, the figures of two warriors rose pre-eminent. These were Thurles and O'Nial, who, once more closed in fight, were seen struggling together on the edge of a bare and rocky cliff, that jutted considerably outwards from the burning mountain. The top and a great part of the sides of this platform had as yet escaped the conflagration; but a circle of fire nearly surrounded its base, while in the high background the outbursting element streamed a vivid light upon the combatants, and gave their glowing figures distinctly to the view, as they fought on their rocky pedestal. With a sea of flame beneath, and a fiery heaven above them, Thurles and O'Nial pursued their frantic strife, braving horrors from which the greatest hero might have shrunk. Danger thickened to destruction. The smoke and heat grew insupportable, as the advancing flames held on their devouring progress. It became difficult, almost impossible, to breathe the stifling atmosphere; and no hope could be rationally entertained of withstanding its baneful influence beyond a few seconds.

"Yield!" cried Lord Thurles in a suffocated voice, as he made a desperate attempt to obtain a last and sure revenge.

"Never! for Geraldine is mine!" burst in a sort of choked articulation from O'Nial. Scarcely had these difficult words found utterance, when an enormous brand of burning oak dropped from a tree which blazed above the heads of the combatants, and falling with a dreadful crash between them, stopped their career of vengeance, which thus, a second time, the hand of Providence suspended. O'Nial, with the swiftness of lightning, leaped across a chasm that was now a gulph of flame, and lighting on a rock which was still untouched by the blazing element, he turned a projecting point, that gave access to a defile of the mountain.

'Thurles, springing down through volumes of smoke and flakes of fire, regained the open plain, from which his soldiers bore him to his tent half-senseless from exhaustion.'

We should not prove the full extent of our respect for a lady who has given us so much amusement, or our conviction of the certainty that she will soon have an opportunity of again revising *Geraldine*, or the importance which we attach to her example, if we concluded this article without mentioning one blemish which has offended us grievously in examining this work. We allude to the style. If we are fastidious on this point, it is because we rate very highly the importance of preserving the pure idioms of our language, and because we believe that the duty of preserving it is one for the performance of which the fair sex is specially responsible. Some authoresses of our day—and, above all, Miss Edgeworth—have acquitted themselves of this trust most nobly; some, and we grieve to reckon among them the authoress of '*Geraldine*,' have most sadly betrayed it. We are quite willing to believe that her original taste has been corrupted by the study of bad models; we see from her mottoes that she reads Macpherson and Lord Byron, two of the most corrupt authors, in point of style, existing in any country under Heaven; and, in her preface, she praises

the prose of Moore—a more guilty writer than either of them, because he has shown in his satires, and in some of his melodies, that he can write English, which they have never shown any where. The mind into which admiration of such authors has stolen, may well lose its naturally keen perception of purity in composition, and may, at last, learn to indite such a sentence as this:

'Yielding to the ascendancy of the moment, Lord Desmond and his companions insensibly sunk into that passive surrender of the thoughts and affections, in which the soul unresistingly abandons itself to the influence of external objects, and, with the fervid enthusiasm of genius, enjoys the beautiful though somewhat indistinct associations which fancy conjures up, and clothes with an authority created by her power.'—Vol. i., pp. 135—136.

Or worse still; as this, wherein are collected into the space of eight lines eight metaphysical words—a crime which with us would be perfectly unpardonable, as it would prove the authoress to have studied metaphysics, if they were not fortunately all used in a wrong sense:

'The variety of impressions that outward objects infused into Geraldine's mind, and the intensity of those inward emotions, which, abstracted from matter, overran her imagination with ideas exquisite in their nature, but overwhelming in their operation, produced a host of images too great and multiplied for the capacity of her conceptions; agitated and confused, she suddenly checked her rapid steps.'—Vol. i., p. 99.

We do trust that, before the second edition makes its appearance, (therefore it were well that they should be ordered immediately,) the authoress of these volumes will give Geraldine a set of diamonds, instead of these impressions, images, ideas, capacities, imaginations, abstractions, conceptions, intensities, outward objects, and inward emotions; and we know that young lady's sterling sense far too well not to be convinced that she will be exceedingly glad of the exchange.

There is a secret upon the subject which we would impart in confidence to the authoress of '*Geraldine*.' A great scheme is now on foot, which is pregnant with more important consequences than even the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond. It is a scheme for restoring the Old English dynasty, and for putting down the tyranny of the Rhetoricians. Does any one hint that it will fail from the strength of our enemies, and the feebleness of the force on our side, let him hear the names of our leaders. Ireland, it will be allowed, is a country in which success was most problematical. There Miss Edgeworth has been appointed Generalissima, with strict direction to execute summary justice upon any who shall offer signs of resistance. That lady received her commission in January last, and so rapid and decisive were her movements, that, in less than one month after her appointment, she forced his Majesty's Government, first, to put down the Catholic Association, which was at that time the capital of the usurper's empire. Through her manœuvres,—and herein she received the active co-operation of Sir Walter Scott, who is general of the Scotch division, supported by a great body of native Englishmen,—she procured the repeal of the Catholic disabilities, which, as every one knows, had given occasion to more vile measures of old English prerogative than any other cause whatever. The activity of Sir Walter Scott in his own neighbourhood, has not been inconsiderable. He has compelled Mr. Jeffrey, a concealed wit, and dangerous enemy of the true principles, to fly from the post which he had occupied in the field; and we understand he has threatened to put one or two of the writers in '*Blackwood's Magazine*' under arrest. He has found an able co-operator in Mr. De Quincy, and, by their joint assistance, we have no doubt that Edinburgh will be reduced to perfect submission. It was thought right to begin at these extremities of the empire; but, in the meanwhile, strong measures are in preparation elsewhere. Wordsworth in the north, with a stout band of Westmoreland yeomen, completely kept the northern bar in awe during the last circuit; and he even went so far, a proceeding which we can hardly justify, as to arrest

Mr. Brougham upon suspicion, which was the occasion of his appearing so seldom in the House of late. William Cobbett is general of division in London, and to the terror of his name it is owing that nearly all the debating societies have been put down, and that not a single debate has taken place in the House of Commons since Easter, and that 'Geraldine of Desmond' is the only fashionable novel of the least notoriety which has appeared in the same time. We are only awaiting the arrival of Savage Landor from Italy, and for some rather dilatory, though extremely resolute friends, from the two Universities, before we openly declare the country under martial law, and sentence every subject of this kingdom, who, being able to speak or write, does not write or speak good English.

We implore the authoress of 'Geraldine,' who writes and speaks extremely to the purpose, to bethink her of this heavy judgment, and to avert it by a timely declaration of allegiance. Those of her sex who are still factious, (and we cannot think without tears of the miserable fate which is reserved for those fair but devoted beings, if they persevere in useless rebellion,) will, upon the signal from her, rush to our standard, and then, as Miss Geraldine Desmond babbly remarks in these volumes, 'Victory must be ours.'

ANCIENT ORNAMENT.

A Selection of Architectural and other Ornaments Greek, Roman, and Italian, drawn from the Originals, in various Museums and Buildings in Italy. By John Jenkins and William Hosking, Architects. Carpenter and Son. London, 1829.

THE riches of the continental Museums of antiquity are conceivable only by persons who have enjoyed the good fortune to visit those precious depositories of venerable relics. A year's revenue of the most opulent empire in the world would scarcely be adequate to the expense of making known to the public, after the style and manner of their excellence would deserve, the objects of divers descriptions destined either for use or ornament, the relics of classical ages, which have been preserved in various public and private collections, and which still happily exist to bear their share of evidence to the perfection to which art, in all its branches, was carried by the ancients, and to supply the deficiency of that invention in matters of taste which unfortunately seems incompatible with the maturer age of the world. Like the quarries of certain marbles and precious stones, of which little more than mere samples remain to us, while the mines whence they were extracted are either exhausted, or lost to knowledge; the faculty whence, in the youth of mankind, were derived the exquisite lines and contours and forms, the beauty of which even the destroying hand of time has respected, seems now either worn out or concealed: and as, for modern purposes of decoration, we are reduced to work up the material which our predecessors have left us,—the Verde-antico, the Giallo-antico, and the Rosso-antico, fragments of ancient monuments,—so also in the very designs of our utensils and ornamental works of every kind, having no source of our own to which to resort for new devices, we acknowledge the necessity of applying to models come down to us as legacies from the superior intelligence of former ages. We may deem ourselves happy that our inheritance in treasures of this nature is so ample in quantity, and in quality of such exquisite perfection. As to the abundance, indeed, it would exhaust volumes, entire pages even to transcribe the mere enumeration, not of the individual articles, but of the *genera* and *species* which the learned author of the work on the Monuments of Herculaneum refers to, as preserved in the Museums of Naples alone. Forms of vessels of silver and bronze, in stone, in earth, in clay, for every sort of use, public and private, sacred as well as profane; culinary and other domestic utensils; surgical instruments, and implements of husbandry and gardening; fashions, ornaments of the person, and jewellery; hints to the dancing-master, to the dandy, the gambler, the coiffeur, may be derived

from this rich mine of models in decoration; to which, in fact, may be traced more than half the important changes in the modes, whether personal or household, which have occurred during the last hundred years.

That those alterations have been for the better, that the emancipation from the extravagant and laboured style, no less in dress and manners than in matters of decoration, which prevailed during the greater part of the last century, is a cause for congratulation, no person of sound and pure taste will deny; and we are, therefore, under obligation to all those whose labours have effected, or tend to perpetuate, the improvement, by rendering us familiar with examples of ancient art, the discovery of which has exercised so material an influence on modern embellishment. The authors of the work before us are creditors of the public on this score; they have traversed the Continent in the desire to improve their own taste and judgment in matters connected with their profession as architects, and now seek to impart, in the most accurate and accessible manner, to those who have not enjoyed the same advantages as themselves, an acquaintance with a few of the contents of the various repositories of ancient relics they have fallen in with in their travels, which are distinguished by any peculiarity of beauty or form, and are applicable to modern purposes. Their principal object is a very modest one, as we gather from a chapter of introductory letter-press which accompanies the plates, and aims, as would seem, rather more, at supplying the artisan than the architect with models for imitation.

On the subject of the application of architectural ornament to articles of use and luxury, the following remarks will be found pertinent, and probably will not prove unacceptable to our readers:

'The most accomplished nation of modern times, or rather that which was so for the five centuries preceding the last, did not confine architectural enrichments to friezes and capitals, but also employed them to give beauty and elegance to every thing on which they could be introduced. The same combinations which are sculptured on the jambs and architraves of doors and windows, are to be found on tombs and altars, on bells and ordnance,* on the earthen wine-jug of the peasant, and the golden goblet of the prince. All who have travelled in Italy must have noticed the variety and beauty of the painted decorations on the walls and ceilings even of inns and coffee-houses, particularly in those of Rome, which, though frequently ill drawn, are often very chastely designed, and certainly are more deserving of admiration than the whitened ceilings and grotesquely papered walls so much in vogue in this country. Still the art of decoration has not been wanting here. Different indeed from, but hardly less beautiful than the Greek style of ornament itself, and fully equal to that of the Romans and Italians, the Gothic style has flourished in perfection in England; but its influence was spread very little beyond its architecture, leaving room for the admission of the abominations which arose in France and Italy on the revival of architecture, that is, on the extinction of the previous good taste, and the introduction of puerile rules for general composition and detail, and the trash referred to for decoration. Architects, artists, modellers, carvers, gold and silversmiths, founders, and in fact all,—those who designed and those who executed,—those who bought and those who sold, were equally imposed on by the speciousness of style at the same time florid and meagre, made up of wiry outline or formless mass, either composed of an heterogeneous heap of leaves, shells, beasts, birds, and fishes, or a tame repetition of the same twisted stalk.

Bad taste appears to be much easier acquired than got rid of. In spite of the length of time the Hamilton vases have been in the British Museum, we still see our silversmiths execute works formed on the models of Pain and Le Pautre, and the enrichments they use are generally drawn from the same and like *classic* sources. Though the villa of Adrian, the baths of Titus, and the cities of

* There are some beautiful specimens of Venetian ornament on some brass field pieces in the arsenal at Woolwich, which, by the fortune of war, have fallen into our hands. It would not be amiss if they were referred to in the manufacture of our own.'

Herculaneum and Pompeii have discovered to us canelabra, vases, every variety of utensil for ornament and use, and internal decorations, painted, sculptured, and modelled, yet still we see the grossest and most inelegant forms in every direction, and hang our rooms with paper covered with abortions too vile to be described.

'All this may, in a certain degree, be ascribed to those who have the power, through rank or wealth, to cultivate good taste in themselves, and require it of those whom they employ, for continuing to patronize such things; and partly it may be attributed to the want of delineations and descriptions of some specimens of really beautiful enrichments to supersede those which were so profusely poured from the mint of ignorance and bad taste. For this last purpose nothing can be better than selections of Greek, Roman, and Italian Ornaments, which may in time be made to displace the other, and lead the way to original compositions in the same good taste; and with that object in view the present work was undertaken.'

—P. 3.

The work consists of five parts, each part containing five lithographic plates, with concise letter-press descriptions, in French and English. It will be sufficient to add, that the examples are selected with considerable judgment; they are in various styles, and in divers degrees of simplicity or richness: the specimens of the order of decoration which prevailed in Italy during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are in a peculiar but very pleasing character, and extremely applicable to the purposes of modern ornament.

The objections that might be raised to a certain degree of stiffness apparent in the execution of some of the lithographic plates, are anticipated by the authors, who excuse themselves on this head by stating, that, with the view of ensuring fidelity of representation, and retaining the precise character of the originals, they had preferred drawing the ornaments on the stone themselves, to having them copied by a more experienced lithographic draftsman, who, to a clearer outline, might sacrifice more essential qualities. This is an appeal to critical indulgence, too just and too powerful to be refused.

Jesuitism and Methodism: a Novel, 2 vols. Saunders and Otley. London, 1829.

NOTHING can be more pitiable than the state of mind from which such a book as this must have proceeded. The bitter irritation displayed against all who differ from the author, even those whose opinions he the least understands, might perhaps be of bad example; but that the thorough imbecility of his intellect ensures that his writings must necessarily be quite ineffectual.

ENGLISH MUNICIPALITY.—The oldest municipal seal now existing, is supposed by Mr. Dalloway, to be that of Bristol. It was granted the citizens of that port by Edward the First, as lord of the castle, in an early part of his reign. The seal is skilfully engraved, and represents on one side the castle of Bristol as it stood at the time of the grant; the reverse refers to the following circumstance, not very honourable to the Bristolians of that period: A vessel having been seen at the mouth of the Avon, was invited by the inhabitants of Bristol to enter their port. Too late the foreigners perceived the snare, and that they had been decoyed into the clutches of an enemy: the crew were made prisoners, and the cargo fell a prey to their perfidious hosts.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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MEMOIR OF A POPULAR AUTHOR,
LATELY DECEASED.

Mr. ——— died on last Wednesday at his lodgings in London. The public are naturally interested in a person whose writings have attained considerable celebrity; and the few particulars which we have been able to collect regarding him, are therefore entitled to a page in a literary journal.

——— was the eldest son of a respectable shoemaker at Exeter, who still survives, and whose only consolations must now be found in the practice of his profession, and in the knowledge that his son will always hold an honourable place among the worthies of Devon. The child very early displayed symptoms of that literary tendency which governed his riper genius. Of the books, however, to which his infancy was addicted, we have recovered the names only of 'Jack the Giant Killer,' and 'The History of Cock Robin;' works, the perusal of which, probably, encouraged his youthful propensity to indulge in the delights of fictitious narrative.

When he had become a schoolboy, his master frequently complained that the more abstruse studies of grammar, arithmetic, geography, and the theory of penmanship, had but little in common with his brilliant, fanciful, and eccentric character. He was distinguished for the boldness of the nocturnal exploits which he designed, and which, as he did not wish to be a monopolist of fame, he left to be executed by his companions. Being conspicuous for the rapidity with which he wrote his themes, he was on one occasion employed by them to draw up a round-robin, in which they complained of the various grievances that afflicted them. This task he willingly undertook, and accomplished it with the utmost success. But when it became necessary to sign the paper, he observed that he had already taken on himself a large responsibility; and declined to add his name to those of the other pupils.

If some future historian shall discover this document, and eagerly examine its time-worn page, in the hope of detecting the name of the youthful ———, how bitter is the disappointment that awaits him, how unfortunate this *lacuna* in the archives of Exeter!

In consequence of the absence of his name from the paper, he was not included in the general punishment for that rebellious manifesto, which consisted in a deprivation of butter at breakfast during the next month. His father looked on this circumstance as an omen that through life he would know how to 'butter his bread.' How miserably, alas! in some periods of his existence, was this prognostic frustrated!

Before his boyhood had passed away, ——— became a rival of the most literary mantuamakers in the intensity of his devotion to the circulating library. Their emulous delight in novel-reading speedily was a bond of sympathy between those interesting females and himself. The maidens wept with the youth over the exalted miseries of Rosalia, and the sublime suicide of Alphonso. ——— soon became an unequalled inditer of Valentines, and was considered, at many of the tea-tables of Exeter, a young gentleman of the highest promise. His father was delighted at the budding indications of future glory; and, on his son observing that he confessed himself to have a soul above grammar, the affectionate parent withdrew him from school, and sent him into the office of a solicitor. ——— was now sixteen. His breast was filled with the examples of heroes in black mantles, and lovers with bleeding wounds. But his hand was bound to the desk of a scrivener, and his great mind had no opportunities of expanding its wings, except at the evening parties, where he was the delight of bright eyes and feeling hearts; and on the Sunday afternoons, when, in white trousers, with a switch in his hand and a pink in his button-hole, he was the admiration of the multitude, and the more cherished idol of the few who love and reverence the aspirations of youthful genius.

Miss ———, the assistant of a milliner, was the fair object of his early passion. Her wonder at his

eloquence and fancy was uninterrupted; her confidence in his faith unbounded. She felt that they were congenial minds; and he thought her the loveliest of women. Alas! that love should ever end in sorrow! That our hearts cannot become their own sweet law! That the most delightful of emotions should produce the deepest wretchedness! Before ——— was eighteen, the stern satellites of municipal tyranny presented themselves like messengers of evil fate at the abode of his sire, and demanded compensation for the burthen thrown upon the parish in consequence of the two susceptible weakness of Miss ———.

The full weight of paternal indignation now burst on the unhappy ———. The old man paid, indeed, the miserable yellow dust demanded by the ministers of parochial cruelty; but, unacquainted with the generous magnanimity of the sage, he visited on his unfortunate offspring the effects of fervent passion and malignant stars. He seized, in the chamber of the youth, the volumes of the mysterious Ratcliffe and the eloquent Lewis, marked as they were by the tears and fingers of the lovers, and committed them to the culinary pyre; and to these, irreparable destruction! he added the blotted and irregular manuscripts, the produce of his son's inspired vigils, and those brief epistles from the hand of the fair mourner, ———, in which tenderness and constancy so beautifully struggled, like midnight luminaries, through the silver mist of neglected grammar and lawless orthography. He commanded the young man for ever to abandon the beloved of his heart, and to confine his literary studies and labours to the exercise of his profession. But the youth replied that his spirit was too free for drudgery, and his affections too profound to be so lightly withdrawn from Miss ———. His father drove him from the house, and he went to the abode of his mistress. She was absent; and he did not find her till she was standing at the altar, and giving her faith to an eminent tobacconist.

Seared at heart, and solitary, and desperate, ——— fled from his native city, and began to lead that wandering and adventurous life which enabled him to exhibit in his after-writings so intimate and various a knowledge of society. Of this portion of his existence we have succeeded in recovering no more than a few scattered notices. We have been informed that at the age of about three-and-twenty, he made his appearance on the Bristol stage, in the character of Lear; but his conception of the personage is said to have been so lofty and complex, so far superior to the design of Shakspeare, that it was impossible even for his powers to present it in all its extent and energy, on an ordinary stage. His failure, however (for so it was called), was of a nature to warrant a higher estimate of his powers than of those of the most successful performers.

The candour, and as it were the universality of his mind, enabled him to perceive how much there is of truth in all human opinions; and thus it was that without doing violence to the delicacy of his conscience, he was successively editor of a radical newspaper at Litchfield, contributor to a Calvinistic and Tory Magazine in Dublin, and Old Bailey reporter for a Whig Journal in London. But he was discontented with this narrow sphere; and, remembering at the age of thirty his early occupations, he became eager to proclaim himself a poet. In the interval of his forensic labours at Newgate, he employed himself in the composition of several short pieces of verse, in which he told of his high aspirations and adverse fate; recalled, with all the fondness of Orpheus wailing for Eurydice, his early love, Miss ———, long since Mrs. Samuel Pigtail; and announced the agonies of baffled hope, and his contempt for existence, and for all mankind, and his sullen independence of the world. He then procured an introduction to a bookseller, and, having brushed his coat, and put the MSS. in his pocket, presented himself in the shop of the tradesman. The author made his most polished bow, and with the condescension inseparable from genius, began to talk of the bibliopole's high character for judgment, liberality, and so forth. The tradesman's brow grew black, and he interrupted him with 'Beg your pardon,—pray pro-

ceed to business,—time very much occupied.' Mr. ——— grew pale, and trembled, while he drew forth the bundle of paper, and laid it on the desk. 'Eh! eh! what's this, sir, O——h? A——h! I see, I see! Songs of Sorrow, eh? or the Agonies of Anastasius, eh? Pay for copyright, eh? Beg your pardon, sir, but I presume these are written by a very young lady—had thirteen volumes of sorrowful minor poems last week from the Ladies' Academies at Highgate and Clapham. Nothing of this sort sold ten copies for the last five years.' And, so saying, the bookseller turned his back, and the high-souled and misanthropic poet left the shop of this ignorant and pettifogging pedlar of literature.

It is the privilege of great minds not to be overcome by misfortune or depressed by the ingratitude of the world. Mr. ——— strengthened himself against his opposing destiny by the use of those physical restoratives which he had always found most favourable to the exertion of his powers, broiled *lamine*, namely, of beef, and the complicated liquor for which London is celebrated, and which enters so largely into the formation of that unrivalled specimen of human nature, the English character. Thus invigorated from without, and morally sustained from within, he wrote a tragedy, which he offered to one of the patent theatres. The fatal confidence of resplendent minds which teaches them to rely on themselves without sufficiently considering the state of society, and the circumstances in which they are placed, induced him to relinquish his employment as reporter, and to devote himself to the theatre. Here he was occupied in endless negotiations with managers and actors, which called forth the most admirable resources of his talents. But unhappily, delay,—delay, the adverse power which ruined Hannibal, and which annually gives up thousands to perdition, delay was victorious even over ———. While engaged in frightening scene-shifters by his eloquence, and winning by the charms of his approbation the favour of the green-room, his purse grew daily lighter and lighter. The fierceness of scorn and hatred came over his soul; he fell asleep amid visions of the theatre in flames, and the rescue of his tragedy by the interposition of Urania and Shakspeare; but, alas! he scarcely woke until he found himself in that abode of injured innocence and outraged merit, the King's Bench Prison.

Here he met with a number of individuals, who, though misunderstood or trampled on by the world, were filled with a spirit akin in strength and brightness to his own. One of these, a man declined in years, but to whom every day of existence had given wisdom, was particularly attracted by the free and calm superiority with which Mr. ——— felt and expressed himself towards all orders of society. They became friends and companions. Mr. ——— found that the old man had been a sedulous and successful writer, and had nourished by his pen the reputations of a score of periodicals. He died while ——— was in prison, and his last advice was this, 'My friend! my friend! write a fashionable novel.'

Mr. ——— meditated profoundly on the advice of his departed friend. 'True,' he thought, 'I have never been in fashionable society. What then? Neither have the majority of my readers. True, I have no knowledge of the costumes, characters, or manners of the persons whom I am to describe. Pooh! I need only make them strange enough, and I shall be sure to excite interest. He immediately began to compose his novel. Coat or cravat he had none; (such is the scorn and such the folly of the world; and to a like fate have been reduced Camoens, Cervantes, and Otway;) his inferior garments were tattered, and he wanted the means of repairing them; yet did his creative imagination enable him to conceive the persons of gartered nobles and glittering ladies. The scenes among which he placed his actors were the parks and gardens of princely mansions, and the lofty halls of London palaces hung with silken draperies and precious pictures; yet, while he was describing these abodes of splendour and haunts of fancy, he was seated in a room without any furniture but the chair and table

which he was using, walls, floor, and ceiling stained with dirt, squalid, dreary, and dilapidated. There was no less singular a contrast between the conversation which he heard and that which he recorded. Oaths and clamours filled the air around him, squabbles for porter and tobacco, the exclamations of gamblers, and the songs of turbulent pauperism. But Mr. ——— was compelled, by his resolution of becoming a popular author, to narrate dialogues of mincing and delicate affectation, and to cover page after page with tame, apathetic nothings, or with profligacy the most gentle and unconscious.

His triumph, however, was magnificent. Mr. Colburn gave five hundred pounds for his three volumes. Mr. ——— became one of the 'lions' of the season with almost every body in London, except, perhaps, those of the class which he had attempted to describe. His opinion was asked confidentially on horses, wines, coats, caps, dishes, and poetry; and he found himself in truth the 'popular author' of a 'fashionable novel.' Happening to travel in the West of England, he was received with enthusiasm as a member of three literary societies; and in the streets of Exeter, Mrs. Samuel Pigtail looked penitent, and endeavoured to obtain a favouring glance. But Mr. ———'s sense of the difference between right and wrong did not permit him to relent, and he declined to renew his acquaintance with her.

He obtained eight hundred pounds for another novel; and he was thinking of becoming a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and of purchasing an old cabriolet, which had broken down in France, but might perhaps succeed better on English roads, when he was suddenly carried off by an indigestion, leaving a gap in English literature, which, in spite of the number of his rivals, will not readily be filled up.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

ONCE more, with joyous spirit uncontroll'd
And light of heart, as he, who set at large
But one day in the year, delighted bounds
Through Epping Forest, when the hunt is up,
I wander, Hampstead, on thy pleasant hills.
How beautiful the country does appear!
How very pleasant is the month of June!
How sight and sound combine to make us glad!
The green leaves dance to the merry-making song
Of the young birds; while greener parasols
Glance in the sunlight, and at intervals
Wav'd like the leaves by Zephyr's wing, let forth
Sweet murmurs from the laughter-loving fair.
Now the witch Memory weaves her subtle spells,
And in this lonely nook, where plenteous grass
And overhanging trees invite repose,
With visions of the past enchants the mind.
'Tis seven long summer days, laborious week
Of careful toil, since last I lingered here.
Yon little ass that twirls his long ear round
So tenderly to warn th' incumbent flies
That tickle but not hurt him, (how I love
His meekness, his benevolence humane!)
Yon little ass was here last Sunday morn,
And near this very spot; I know him well.
And by his conscious eyes I guess that he
Remembereth me, as I remember him:
Two hours we ruminated here together,
He chewing grass, I Fancy's bitter cud
Pensive, not pleased; for coming things had cast
Their shadows on my soul, and I was sad.
I thought, for so the newspapers had said,
That Hampstead Heath was soon to be enclos'd.
'What then,' I cried, indignant, for the muse
Had warm'd my bosom with a generous flame
Of holy wrath, 'shall these majestic hills,
These heathery mountain wilds, which heav'n design'd
To tower eternal o'er the works of man,
Be trimm'd to garden walks and villa walls?
Shall yon expansive waste (I love all waste
And solitary places,) yon fair furze,
Yon boundless garden of purpureal bloom,
Unfruitful Eden, blat sterility,
Give place to unromantic crops of corn?

No more shall we, poor prisoners of the town,
Walk forth to breathe the gentle breath of May,
And with the earliest fashions of the year
Outvie her modest blooms. Ah! here no mo
Shall dainty *lady-smocks* arrange their groups
Of doubtful white; no *dandy-lions* here,
No undulating *swells*, no *coves* in green
And velvet vesture clad shall charm our eyes;
No well-known smell of *city-wall* be found.
No more the hoary sire from weekly toil
Of counting-house reliev'd, with portly spouse,
And children Sunday-dress'd, shall turn his eyes
To yon dun ocean of incumbent smoke,
(Like ship-wreck'd mariner escaped) wherein
Lie buried all his treasures and his cares,
All, save the cares and treasures at his side.
No more shall wanderer, studious of the muse,
While the slant sunbeams break yon column'd mass
Of cloud, and through the gilded fragments shew
Dim heaps of temples, palaces, and towers,
Rising like dream-land upon Fancy's ken,
Stand here, and with fixed eye and folded arms
Forget the world, his mistress, and his duns.
Shall such things be while men have souls to think,
Arms to gesticulate, and tongues to utter?
Avert it, Heaven! forbid it, House of Commons!
Redeem your credit; a disgraceful sessions
With wisdom crown; nor let a second bill,
Like that which curs'd the country, curse the town.'

I spoke: the House of Commons could not hear
Or know my prayer; but Heaven is over all,
And the many-voiced wish that rose aloft
From lowly hearts and humble lips like mine
Prevail'd: the House of Commons quash'd the bill.
Therefore rejoice, oh! Hampstead; hop ye high,
Ye little hills; ye furry wilds, look grand;
Shake off your dust, ye leaves, look doubly green;
Ye birds, with *treble* notes, enchant the air:
And you triumphant smoke-dried multitudes,
Struggling from Wapping westward through the Bar,
Lift up your voices, shout aloud for joy.
And ring the bells of Dunstan and Lebow!
For Hampstead Heath survives, and evermore
Shall love, romance, and poetry be found
With pleasure, health, and joy on Hampstead Hill.
There Jupiters may still with Maia's rove,
There Mercuries of the Times and Morning Post
Stand tiptoe upon heaven-kissing hills;
Mars of the clinking heel and whisker'd lip
Walk arm in arm with Venus; Hercules
Treat Hebe to repeated pots of beer;
Apollo drive nine sisters in one car;
Bacchus get drunk alone; and every grace
Flirt with her favour'd swain on Hampstead Hill.

THE CURATE.—A TALE.

(Continued from page 350.)

THREE years went by
In offices of cold civility,
While more retired from day to day he grew:
Judge then with what surprise all men who knew
His proud and cold heart, heard that he had wed
A gay and lovely maiden: one whose bed
The richest and the noblest sought in vain!
And much men marvelled, she whom all the pain
Of gay and youthful lovers could not move,
With such affection should bestow her love
On one so rude as he: and oh! men say
That she was lovely as the young spring day
Which trips along the misty hill-tops, clad
With dewy fragrant clouds, and maketh glad
The birds, o'er-wearied, watching at the fold:
And that the fawn, which o'er the mountains old
Goes bounding, is less sportive:—her sad tale
Makes ever my blood boil. Care-worn and pale
Her portrait is; upon her scraph's face
Sorrow hath drawn deep lines, striving to erase
The indwelling beauty: 'twas not years that wrought
This change—not years! For the swift months had
brought
The sun but twice unto his goal, when she
Had this sad portrait done, that it might be

Her only son's memorial of a friend
Whom he was soon to lose. Unto the end
A mystery it remained how Hardyng won
This gentle creature: yet I think that one
Wh through all varied shapes of life had been,
Had wandered far through many a savage scene,
Had rode o'er desert steppes, had ploughed the main
Towards Araby and India, well might gain
The affections of a simple girl, who knew
That she was weak, and strove to find some true,
Some stable rest without herself. To me
More strange it ever seemed, that such as he
Should care to gain her: but, perchance, 'twas pride
And rivalry which burned to win the bride
So many sought; or that she was allied
To a renowned line. Perhaps he thought
He loved her truly when her hand he sought,
For sometimes cloaked self-love deceives our heart
Even to this; so roughness laid apart,
He wooed and won her. Be this as it may—
Love soon was fled, and she from day to day
Became less joyous. Ellen, I have seen
All shapes of desolation: I have been
Where man, at war with nature, had upturn
The glory of the woods; have seen the shorn
And shredded foliage into miry clay
Down trodden by men's feet on the highway;
Have seen tall castles-mingling with the soil
On which they rose: but nought hath power to spoil
Creation of its beauty, as deep love
Wanting return; when warm hearts cannot move
The hearts to which they're linked, but linger on
By their own flame consumed, till all is gone
Which fed them—gladness, mirth, and hope; and then
Nothing is left but death! These torments men
Regard not, oft breaking by slow decay
Hearts that with too much joy have caught the ray
Sent from a holier sphere; and oh! how few,
E'en loving most, can love as women do!
This sweet girl loved too well! Love was her life,
Which wanting, life must fade. He, as a wife
Bearing his name, with proud civility
Would greet her; and a distant courtesy
Unto the last affected; 'what may do
Such, given for love, but tear the heart in two!
As hers it rent—in few words let me close
This painful tale—Death ends all earthly woes!
And hers it ended. One young child was left
An orphan in a widowed house, bereft
Of all parental love; for the sweet joy
A father shares with his beloved boy
Poor Walter never knew: for the old man's heart
Grew harder with his years, till by the art
Of some hot schismatic impostor, he said,
That for wild deeds in early youth displayed
Stern penance must be done; so he retired
Still more from men, sold all his lands, and hired
A gloomy house among the mountains: then
Strangely the days went by; loud, noisy men
Wrangling surrounded him, till he their creed
Severe adopting, from his hold decreed
This right, that wrong, a fierce polemic wild,
With men and with himself unreconciled.
How Walter 'scaped I scarce can tell; but he,
If men were fierce, found nature's love was free,
And when with angry doctrine filled, and made
At variance with himself, he sought the shade
Of the o'er-hanging mountain, traced the brook
Up to its source, and in the eternal book
God's visible gospel read, in stars revealed,
Fountains and stones, in cavern and in field!
Think we that stones are dumb? No! Though we
strain
Each nerve to be cold, heartless things, in vain
We strive with our own souls. There's not a sound,
A sight, that moves beneath yon vault profound,
But hath its task appointed; but must wake
Ten thousand primal sympathies, which make
Their dwelling in our heart of hearts, a soul
Within our soul, by no impure control
Of earthly incantations o'er bow'd down
From their eternal throne; must find us, thrown
By rill or waterfall, in forest glade,
Or cave, or temple, or the mossy shade

Of colleges and cloisters. To the wind
Give hateful systems, which make brothers blind
Until they smite each other! We will keep
Our better hope, and read yon azure deep,
There find the mystery of our death and life,
There gaze on harmony that shuts out strife,
And see by God's forefinger graven the sign
That love, and love alone, can make this dust divine.
Driven from his home, with heart and head confused,
Upon the hills young Walter better mused
Than in the house of Rimmon: so he grew
In love to all; till in its season due
Came manly form, and on his gentle face
The beauty he pursued might all men trace,
The gift of stars and streams. At length, when time
Had raised the stripling into manhood's prime,
Won by much intercession, slow consent
His father gave that Walter should be sent
To tread the halls Barrow and Milton trod:
With stern remonstrance that the word of God
He should preserve unstained in Babylon,
The purple Hierarchs e'en at the altar-stone
Defying, if need were; for that the place
Had lost the seed of saints, whom heavenly grace
Raised up to strike oppression on the throne,
And in the mitre.—As I said, alone
Walter had lived, because he found no love
Among his kind: this soon was changed; the grove
Ceased to be all-sufficing, life brought fears,
Hopes, duties; now he mingled with his peers,
And if sometimes he witnessed hate and guile,
Ill guided rivalry and pride; the smile
Of a kind friend to whom he poured the tale
Of golden-winged hope, how might prevail
The lofty virtues which should sweep away
Sorrow and shame from men, and how a day
Might come when all harsh thoughts should sink to
sleep.

And heaven be found on earth; this smile could steep
His soul in loftiest feelings, noblest pleasure,
Gifts wealthier than nature's wealthiest treasure,
Could teach him that though wounded hearts may love
Through all the visible universe to rove
In quest of peace, peace man can only find
In commerce with himself, and with his kind.
This knowledge, bought by sad experience, he
Gave early to my thought; and oh, in thee,
My love, how true I find it. I have been
So tempted, e'en as he; I, too, have seen
My shame, my woe, and what through all upheld
My soul but thou, in whom my eye beheld
All objects of all love, whom, like a shield,
I've thrown before my heart! So Walter taught
In earlier years, ere manhood on me brought
Its cares. Now wrapt in science he pursued
The secret laws of nature; or imbued
With philosophic lore, unrolled the page
Of the inspired Plato, whom the age
Of blinking sophists ever with their sneers
Assail; more guilty in those latter years,
Than ere the light on man was shed from heaven,
For few could then believe what now 'tis given
Even to the meanest villager to know.

(To be continued.)

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre, Saturday.

ONE might fancy that the spirit of Rossini, driven for a little while from its old resting-place, chuckled as it went, and whispered the pleasant words, 'Mi rivedrai.' The wag might well afford to be good humoured on the occasion, for his banishment lasted but a single week, and here he is again in all the glory of his ancient popularity. 'Tancredi' has filled the theatre as much as ever; and it would be to our perfect pleasure if each of those artists who now so excellently support it, were to assure us that its beauty will be withdrawn from us only for a season, by quoting the same comfortable expression, 'Mi rivedrai.' Any detailed account of a performance so well known would be now unnecessary. The novelty in the present representation is the appearance of Madame Malibran in the part of Tan-

credi; and, perhaps, a general air of newness is suffused over the whole opera by means of this single change. Much assuredly of that which is most backened in our eyes and ears, has assumed a modified and regenerated form, inasmuch as the quality of her voice, and style of acting, are in themselves new, and insinuate a new effect into all the concerted scenes of the opera. The performance of this character is distinguished by all the life, and force, and variety which belong almost exclusively to Madame Malibran. No torpor nor feebleness vitiates the prevailing vigour of her style. The very redundancy of which we have sometimes complained, is glossed over by the hazy lustre of the atmosphere in which she moves. How singularly unlike the quiet majesty, the intellectual nobleness, with which her predecessor in the character filled the soul of her auditory; and yet, how near a rival, how bewitching, how talented, how wonderful!

The celebrated recitative, 'Oh! patria!' was delivered with much precision of tone and dramatic fitness of expression; and, perhaps, not even Pasta so well represented the eager energy of a pilgrim greeting his native soil. The air which succeeds it had the honour of an encore,—no slight triumph when achieved only one short twelvemonth after our hearing the 'Di tanti palpiti' of the true Tancredi. But these detached efforts had not, after all, the same richness of effect as some of the combined pieces of music, in which her own admirable singing was filled out and made perfect by harmony with that of Mademoiselle Sontag, whose personation of Amenaide is as graceful and interesting as ever. Nothing can exceed the sweetness of the union of these two voices. No instruments, prepared by the finest art, ever attained a more perfect and reciprocal nicety of tune. No birds, 'sitting upon the forest's midmost tree,' poured forth notes more silvery and flowing. And, to carry to the highest possible degree of beauty this common and equal charm, art and industry have been diligently employed to adapt themselves each to the other; so that their ornaments and variations are like the flights of mated birds; their wings are spread together and twinkle in the air—they rise or sink, and float here and there, in circles or angles, or straight onwards; but still inseparable as at first, their pinions keeping the same aerial track, their bodies almost commingled. Their duets are like a succession of the sweetest of earthly sounds heard simultaneously with their echoes; and, in the minute cadences and florid interpolations, the effect of these quick reverberations is almost miraculous. We refer to the 'Lasciami, non t'ascolto,' and 'L'aura che intorno spira,' for a corroboration of our words. Any one, indeed, who has heard Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Sontag apart, will be able to form a shrewd conjecture that their singing together is likely to be one of the most brilliant and delicious forms in which music can be presented. The latter especially exhibits in this opera the abundant riches of her style; and, now and then, as, for instance, in the air, 'Giusto ciel che umile adoro,' addresses us with a tenderness not merely passive. In mentioning the concerted pieces, we should not forget the happy execution of the sextett at the close of the first act, which demands much accuracy and care, in addition to the strength of voice usually employed in it. Curioni's Argirio is well, and, we doubt not, favourably, remembered by our readers.

French Theatre.

THE theatre closed for the season on Friday night. Jenny Vertpré, acted in 'Le Médecin des Dames,' 'La Femme Châta,' and 'Yelva ou l'Orpheline Russe.' There was besides a very amusing little novelty, in one act, called 'Le Bouffe et le Tailleur.'

The lady who pretends to have been a cat is one of the most favourite of Madlle. Vertpré's parts. The idea might appear almost too fantastic were not the character rendered a part of nature by her acting. The explanations hurt the effect of this vaudeville. Had the plot been a regular fairy tale, and Jenny a young lady who had really been a cat, we should have felt that her acting was a perfect representation of the

union of the feminine and feline characters. We could not have laughed more to be sure; but we should not have had the puzzling impression that she was after all only representing an actress.

We were, however, even more curious to see 'Yelva,' because we had witnessed the performance of a translation of it at Covent Garden. Nothing was ever more decidedly, nothing ever more deservedly damned by a British audience: and though we knew how much dulness may be added by our national translators and actors, we could not conceive that the original could have possessed merits which had been so carefully excluded from the translation. The plot of the vaudeville is rather meagre; the dialogue does not exhibit as much lightness and wit as the generality of its kind. It is made an admirable acting piece by admirable acting alone. There was deep tragic power in Vertpré's performance of the dumb girl. There was never more expression put into a single word than into the 'toujours' with which she answers her lover at the end. She is indeed a charming actress, and may elicit much admiration even from those who have seen Madame Malibran.

The manager's speech at the close of the session was as dignified and significant as most sessional addresses. The man seemed actually overpowered by his feelings of deep gratitude. A Frenchman does not live in humbug as an Englishman does; but the very rarity with which he has recourse to it makes him use it with more spirit and skill.

We take leave, with great regret, of the only rational dramatic amusement which, with the exception of the Opera, is permitted in London. On the English stage there is some good farce, much of the delicate amusement which is derived from vulgarity and indecency, much show, much noise, but hardly any acting. We do not mean to say that there are not very good actors and actresses on the English stage: but even these rarely act well, because they have a laudable wish to gratify the public; and the public liking any thing but nature, she has been expelled violently from our theatres; and unfortunately has not shown the pertinacious tendency to return, which is imputed to her by Horace.

The French company in London is, for a French company, decidedly bad. But still it is a body of actors and actresses who do not shock, if they do not satisfy our taste. These people act, and act with spirit. Each person has a particular part, and performs it in such a manner as to contribute to the effect of the whole. On the English stage, each performer appears to go through his own part with a most perfect indifference to the rest. A good actor sometimes appears to conceive and represent his part; but his effect is always marred by the intolerable slovenliness and stupidity of the rest of the company. The great fault of the English stage is, the total neglect of the inferior parts. The quota of merit necessary to play these parts is less than is required for the higher; but to the good effect of the whole piece, the presence of these smaller portions of good acting is as necessary as that of the greater.

The British public, to be sure, have learnt to appreciate the French comedy. They console their national vanity by supposing that they have a better tragic stage; they think that the 'Mahomet' and 'Cid' are the tragedies of the French. But these are the tragedies of the Théâtre Français, not of the French people. The real French tragedy, like the comedy, is to be found in the vaudeville. Like their comedy, it is true to nature: and like that, the best acted, the most moral, and the most intellectual of any dramatic performance in Europe.

The managers may next season improve their standing company; they may give us rather a greater variety of the first-rate French performers; they may correct the great delay which wastes so much time between the acts. But as we wish to part on good terms with them, we must praise them for a singular, and in our eyes, a great merit. Their theatre is the only one in London which has confined itself to its proper language and class of performances. At the Italian Opera-House we have had French performers

acting English; and at the theatres royal German singers have sung in an unknown tongue. Men act women's parts; women seem almost to have thrust the male sex from the performance of male characters. At the French theatre the public applause has not been courted by any such tricks. Madame Malibran once sung there; but she can never be out of her proper element. The visits of angels may appear inexplicable, but must always be welcome.

The Duke of Gloucester honoured the evening's entertainments with his presence. We were happy to see that his Royal Highness looked remarkably well, and appeared much gratified with the performances.

Vauxhall Gardens.

THE anniversary of the battle of Waterloo has, as usual, been celebrated at these Gardens, by grand and attractive galas. The greatest novelty is an Italian opera buffa. How little would such an event as the representation of an Italian opera, at a popular place of amusement, been dreamt of ten years ago. Yet this spacious concert-room was thronged, and the lively music of Rossini was unequivocally enjoyed. The Cenerentola was judiciously selected for the occasion. Miss Fanny Ayton performed Cenerentola and Pellegrini Dandini with happy effect. The airs should be translated for the benefit of the non-Italian part of the audience. The fireworks have been ingenious and clever in design, and most brilliant in effect.

French Readings.

WE regret having been prevented attending the first of the Lectures Dramatiques of M. P. Victor, at the Argyll Rooms. We shall not fail to be present at the subsequent readings, which we observe are fixed for the 24th, 26th, and 29th of this month, and to duly report on them.

MR. BOCHSA'S CONCERT.

NOW of the phenomena of the season have worn so imposing an aspect as the placards studded with every type and character of print, prospective of Mr. Bochsa's Concert. Everywhere was the eye greeted with this same promise of good things to come; and the gourmand might be seen loitering at the shop windows to feast himself upon the Bill of Fare, even though he had no thought of partaking in the feast it announced. Heavens! what awful rivalry of the venerable Ude! Such a display of side dishes had never before been exhibited to the musical world. Listen ye who have been idle or on a low diet, and excluded from this banquet. First came Acis and Galatea, with Braham and Miss Paton, as the love-principals; Begrez and Miss Byfield as subordinates, and Signor Zucchelli as Polypheme. Next, M. Bochsa played a concerto on the harp. Then followed the final scenes of Romeo e Giulietta, supported by Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Sontag. Next, a violoncello concerto by Mr. Bohrer. Next, a grand Scena, from Rossini's 'Ciro in Babilonia,' Madame Pisoni personating the hero. Next came the Overture to the Freyschutz, succeeded by a portion of the Second Act, in which Mademoiselle Sontag and her sister appeared as Agata and Annchen. After this came the Juno di Morte of Meyerbeer, with Donzelli as Adriano. Then a Duet between Bochsa and Tulon; an epitome of Spontini's Vestale, which brought before us Mademoiselle Blasis, Curioni, Begrez, and a M. Valner.—After which and lastly arrived an arrangement of Beethoven's Symphonie Pastorale, as a Ballet, being a tolerable dessert to a sufficient repast, as we before said.

Of the motives which influenced M. Bochsa in making out this list of attractions, little need be said by way of conjecture. He is a clever man, and knew well enough, that at this late period of the season, any orthodox and ordinary allurements would be useless. Curiosity, legitimate or not, was all he strove to excite, and certainly the fulness of the house proved that he had accomplished his aim. But, setting aside the cleverness of the device,—the ingenuity, industry, and toil necessary to gather together and keep in good order such an anomalous

troop as those he had to marshal, we must not hesitate to say that the experiment is a dangerous one both in itself and in its consequences. The greediness of many would be provoked by the length and number of the entertainments thus offered to them, but human nature is weak, and not one of the hundreds who were assembled at the theatre on Monday night, could, we are persuaded, have endured to the end without fatigue. This is an accompaniment that tells badly at the time, but still worse afterwards. An unpleasant feeling is associated with the idea of a concert, or even of music itself; and to go again would be an undertaking and an effort which one could not fail to look at with some little disinclination. As for the practice of expressing the rich essence out of longer compositions, and offering it in a reduced shape, we are quite sure this has a pernicious influence on the general taste, and the collecting and contrasting a vast number of such tit-bits, wearies the palate and weakens the capacity of enjoyment,—It is not wholesome. But of this empiricism *jam satis*.

Acis and Galatea would have gone off tamely but for Zucchelli's noble personation of the one-eyed monster. Braham had no controul over his voice, and sang not only flat and sharp alternately, but commingled his notes in such a way, that one might speculate on the division between them being entirely lost some day or other, and one single burst of sound comprising the whole gamut. Miss Byfield shows some power but much awkwardness, and Miss Paton always needed an expressiveness of tone to make her singing first-rate. But Polypheme!—Nothing was more perfect, or more effective in the whole collection. The air that he sings upon his entrance, 'Oh! ruddier than the cherry! Oh! sweeter than the berry, &c.' was literally blocked up by the applause of the house. It was the most vigorous and finished bass singing we remember. The celebrated trio, 'The flocks shall leave the mountains,' gave us much pleasure; for Braham's piano, strange to say, was better than his forte, and the delicacy of these passages showed that the galleries have not quite spoiled the finest tenor voice that our generation and our fathers have known. Bochsa's concerto was an ingenious grouping of some Irish Melodies, or rather of subjects broken off from them, into one elaborate whole. Perhaps our ears are sometimes alike offended with these liberties taken with old friends; and perhaps the gems in themselves are almost lost in the rich chasing and embossed work in which they are set. However, the audience was well satisfied, as they ought to have been, on the whole, for with the exception of a little failure in the harmonies, the performance was both masterly and agreeable. Of Romeo e Giulietta we are inclined to say nothing. It was a harrowing and most extraordinary display of power, which we had rather continue to *feel*, than stand a chance of forgetting by methodizing and explaining our feelings. Our language would be too rapturous for criticism, and so we pass on to M. Bohrer, whose violoncello grunted with remarkable fluency and skill; not so roundly and melodiously as that of our old friend Lindley, but in a polished and most agile manner, that confirmed in our minds the distinction between the English taste for tone and the French for execution. Madame Pisoni's *Ciro* was as energetic as her performances usually are, and could not have a better relief than the next succeeding extract from Der Freyschutz preceded by the overture not very well played. The pretty accents of the German Sisters made musical the gutturals of their language—and the simplicity of their action, the purity of their style, and in the elder of the two, the wonderful command and refinement of science, made this scene as attractive as any throughout the evening. The conclusion of Agata's song was given with more than the usual force of Mademoiselle Sontag, and justifies an opinion stated by us a year ago, that the operatic renown of this lady is dependent on her efforts in the dramas of her own language, and not likely to be advanced by any representation of an Italian character. Donzelli's *Inno di Morte* was truly grand. If any one chanced to be slumbering about the time of his appearance, certain are we,

that their senses were sufficiently bestirred by this magnificent burst of music. The reaction, however, was perilous. Sometime about half way through the following instrumental duet, we fell into a soft trance, from which neither Spontini nor Beethoven could awaken us. We got home by day light.

MADemoiselle SONTAG'S BENEFIT.

WE are almost sorry to take any notice of Mademoiselle Sontag's benefit on Thursday. We could have wished that that charming lady had not taken so much pains to please us. We should have been quite content with either Zaubertote or Tancredi. The British people like a great heap of articles for their money; and they have been abundantly supplied with odds and ends of Operas this season. It was bad enough to have (as we have constantly had this season), two acts of different Operas the same night: but Zaubertote was not maimed but squeezed to death. The two acts were crunched up together, and some of the best music pressed out. The 'Times', we see, speaks with great approbation of the 'Selections.' The judicious critic who instructs the musical world of Europe in its 'leading Journal', appears to be delighted with every thing at the Opera House, except Madame Malibran. He mentions Madame Castelli's impersonation of the page in 'Le Nozze,' as a specimen of musical and histrionic optimism. We wonder who writes these notices in the 'Times.' 'Aut Diabolus aut Castelli,' we are almost inclined to answer. But, surely, though that lady might be partial to her own merits, there can be no musical taste except that of the fiend that could gloat with satisfaction over the bedevilment of Cherubino and Zaubertote. The German singers were well received. Romer has a fine tenor voice, and sings with taste. Schutz is a good Buffo: his duet with Sontag was encored. Nina Sontag is apparently very young: she has a great share of her sister's beauty. Of her singing it was impossible to form any judgment from one air in which she was excessively frightened. But there appears to be a spirit and lightness in her acting, the want of which, is the only circumstance that shows that her sister is liable to human imperfections.

We trust that we shall have 'Zaubertote' at full length before the end of the season. To be sure, it would be better as 'Il flauto magico.' The cacophony of what the Germans call their *language*, is offensive to Christian ears.

We were excessively sorry to see the house so thin on such an occasion. One fourth of the boxes appeared to be untenanted. It seems hardly fair dealing in M. Laporte to fix Mademoiselle Sontag's benefit for the evening of the great day at Ascot. Even if it was her choice, he ought to have rectified her error; for he must have known, what she might not suspect, that the English nobility and gentry would desert her sweet strains for the pleasure of seeing a dozen lanky horses flogged and spurred round a field. Laporte should have taken better care of the interests of one whose various charms have been so great an attraction to his theatre.

Sontag and Malibran appeared on the stage after the fall of the curtain. Flowers and garlands were showered on Sontag, who selected a wreath and offered it to Madame Malibran.

A new Ballet was produced at this Theatre on Tuesday. There is no plot: the scenery is Tyrolese, and exceedingly beautiful. The galloppade at the close was admirably executed, and much applauded.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WE would not for the world partake the opinion which our contemporaries of very opposite characters seem to entertain of the higher and more opulent classes of society in this country. We would not insult the munificent patrons of the art who so nobly contribute, from the treasures of their galleries, to form a collection of the works of ancient masters for the inspection and improvement, in matters of taste, of the British public, by supposing their minds

to be of such narrow compass, by imputing to them such extreme sensitiveness on the score of the merit of the paintings they send, as not to tolerate the utterance of a word of comment. We do not attach that importance to our own opinions on works of art, or to those of the most proficient connoisseurs among our contemporaries, as to imagine that a painting can be very materially affected in the eye of the public by any observations that may happen to be made on them, by way of criticism in periodical publications. But of this we are sure—an honest opinion can never do essential harm. Really good pictures will stand any test, and their possessors will never fear to submit them to the most rigid criticism. As to those of doubtful merit, a picture-dealer, a mere trafficker, might indeed well deprecate animadversion, but a gentleman would court it; for the latter, however he may have been himself the victim of art, is above the desire of deceiving others. If an honourable man receive a bad coin, does he mix it up with good pieces, that he may get rid of it at the expense of his neighbour? Besides, who scruples to make the freest animadversions on works of living artists, whose very bread depends on the estimation in which their performances are held by the public; yet we are to gaze in silence at the annual display of ancient paintings lest one mere word should deprive a Cæsus of a guinea, should he ever take it into his head to change the object of his caprice. The abstaining from commenting on the collection of ancient masters at the British Gallery does indeed seem to us a most absurd affectation of delicacy.

We shall follow no such example, in full confidence that the freedom of our notices will find ample indulgence, if not on the score of their sincerity and moderation, at least from that liberal spirit from which all patronage of art must spring, and which alone can be the motive by which the owners of pictures are actuated in submitting the works they possess to public exhibition. Our second visit to the gallery was made in this spirit, and it was not long before an opportunity of exercising it was presented to us in the 'Holy Family,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the acquisition of which by the British Institution has been made the grounds of such extraordinary congratulation towards the public. We should be sorry for the reputation of Sir Joshua if it depended on this picture, which neither in its intellectual nor mechanical qualities does honour to that great master. The composition, it is true, is delightful, but the expression is meagre and affected. The 'Madonna' is a mere school-girl, entirely devoid of elevation of character, wholly unconscious of motherly sentiment, while the Joseph is an octogenarian with all the listlessness of decrepitude, of infirm senility. Surely this is not the true character of the holy family. The children are pretty. In point of execution, as respects colour, this painting is equally far from perfection. As a warning rather than a model it may indeed be of service, for in some parts of the picture the colour is quite gone.

The Murillos in the present collection are the greatest part of them tame, with one exception, the St. John with Angels, No. 24, the property of the Duke of Buccleugh, which is rich in expression and lively sentiment.

'The Both' of Mr. Hamlet we have already mentioned, but we cannot pass it a second time without noticing it. We could dwell on it for ever. It seems to us the perfection of pure natural landscape painting.

Titian's 'Loyola' we have unfortunately overlooked. We should regret having done so, but for the pleasure of having such a treat in reserve. It was gratification sufficient for one visit to have the attention called to the 'Venetian Senator,' No. 97, by that inimitable portrait painter. The 'Man's Portrait,' by Tintoretto, No. 121, on the opposite wall, is clever, expressive, and brilliant, but appears hard and stiff—its animation is the mere life of a picture, when compared with the truth, the intelligence, the animation, the regularity of feature, the strength of character, all combined with the utmost

simplicity of execution and absence of effort, which are observable in this master-piece of Titian's pencil.

'The Tribute Money,' No. 156, Rubens. Oibò. Who ever gave the name of Rubens to this performance? We ask the question boldly, in the conviction that by so doing we commit no trespass on Mr. Cholmondeley's property—that we are liable to no claim of damages—for we are confident this picture would never be exposed in a sale-room so catalogued, but that the auctioneer would be required to show title. The sketches by the same master, in the North room, the property of Mr. Baring, are splendid productions of genius.

No. 62, 'The Intercession of the Sabine Women between belligerent Husbands and Kinsfolk,' is most spirited.

ENGRAVINGS.

Pope Pius VII. Engraved by Cousins, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

OF all the royal and noble personages who figured during the wars and events immediately connected with the French revolution, and of whom the First Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty was commissioned to paint portraits, the Head of the Catholic Church was, perhaps, the very best subject for a painter. The situation of that pontiff, so long tried in the school of misfortune, his individual character, respectable equally in adverse and prosperous state, and which, without losing an atom of its originality, bore the marked impress of the circumstances of anxiety and vicissitude under which it had been matured; and still more the very marked development of that character in the physiognomy and person of the holy father, presented a theme such as a skilful artist delights to treat, and of which it was not likely that the present president of the Royal Academy should have neglected the advantages. Accordingly, the portrait of Pope Chiammonti ranks among the most happy productions of the first portrait painter of his day. It breathes the anxiety, the caution, the humility, the simplicity, the firmness, and resignation, which distinguished equally the character and countenance of that excellent old man, in a degree, perhaps, in which those qualities were never possessed by any former occupier of the chair of St. Peter. The engraving does ample justice to the painting—it is a *chef d'œuvre* in mezzotint. The sentiment of the original figure is faithfully preserved in all its shades, and, in respect to the drapery, the plate is a perfect specimen of execution.

William Kennedy, Esq. Author of 'Fitful Fancies,' Drawn on Stone by J. Franklin, from a Painting by J. Henderson, Glasgow.

We give the title of this plate in order that those who form galleries of portraits may know that there is a likeness of Mr. Kennedy in existence: at the same time, we must be allowed to express a hope that this is not a fair specimen of the state to which the arts either of painting or of drawing on stone, are carried in our fair town of Glasgow.—If it be, we recommend the gude folk to stick to their printing of cottons.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. Engraved by W. Hill, from a Drawing by A. Wivell. Sams. London, 1829.

Portraits of the heir presumptive to the throne are naturally in much request. We know not how the famous subscription medal goes on—that work may yet be in abeyance for aught we know; we may say, indeed, for aught we care, for interested as we are in works of art, the publishing the names of the officers who were willing to take a copy, was a proceeding so much like that of the celebrated publisher of the memoirs of a contemporary, to force people to buy his book in their own defence, that we have not been able to stifle a rising prejudice both against the artist and his performance. The subscription list on that occasion was long, and as the desired work is not yet forthcoming, those who are impatient to gratify their loyalty, may indulge it in the interim by procuring the print published by

Mr. Sams on a much more generous plan, and at his own risk.

The Catholics too, and the lovers of the peace and quiet of their country, no less than the sons of Neptune, have cause to be grateful to the manly and straightforward conduct of the Royal Sailor, and must be glad of the opportunity of having a memorial of their benefactor. The engraving is in the dotted manner, and is well executed.

London Characters, Designed and Etched by George Cruikshank. Robins. London, 1829.

QU'EST ce que c'est que la Physique? *What is Physics?* This amusing mistranslation struck our fancy perhaps more than the occasion warranted on opening, at a book stall, a little volume, the antique aspect of which had attracted our notice, and which we found entitled, 'A Short Treatise on Arts and Sciences, in French and English, by Question and Answer, by John Palairret,' (a name surely familiar to all who might confess to a seventh lustre,) Maitre François de L. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince Guillaume, Madame la Princesse Marie et Madame la Princesse Louise. 4th Edition, 1754.' The blunder, in days when a new edition consisted of a *bona fide* reprint, and not in a mere fresh impression after a few literal corrections of the press, might have been excused as a mere typographical error, but for the unfortunate *is*; *What is Physics*. As it was, it called to mind many amusing misinterpretations of foreign phrases and words, many of them generally known, some less notorious, and, among others, the waggery of a contemporary celebrated for the excellence of his jests and puns, who, on the strength of the word 'limon' in a report to the French Academy, astonished his readers with an account of human fossils preserved from antediluvian ages in lemon juice!!—a perversion unequalled unless it be by the error in a French translation of Sterne's celebrated *Apostrophe to Slavery*, the commencement of which is rendered 'Déguise-toi comme tu veux, tranquille esclavage.' But to return to M. Palairret, the answer 'Physick is properly the knowledge of bodies, &c.'—sufficiently explained his mistake—but curiosity led us to turn over a few pages and we again found the question, *What is Physick?* Referring to the French page, the corresponding interrogatory, *Qu'est ce que c'est que la médecine*, threw light on the object of this inquiry. In expectation of still more physick, we proceeded in our search, but received a balk on arriving at the query *What is Pharmacy?* Thrown out here, fresh game was offered us in *What is Metaphysics?*

But what have M. Palairret and his physick to do with *London Characters*?—Little, we confess, except to those to whom it may be pleasant to trace the associations by which things and thoughts the most opposite are linked. To such it will be no matter of surprise that *What is Metaphysics?* should call to mind the exquisite caricature—we envy not the austerity of that man's mind who would see it unmoved—'What is taxes, John?'

The transition was instantaneous from this humorous specimen to the *cahier*, which, under the title given at the head of our notice, has for some time lain on our table, holding us in doubt whether it would besem the dignity of a literary journal to condescend to notice caricatures. Our scruples are overcome; and if the name of George Cruikshank cannot excuse us to the most serious of our readers, we are confident that a glance at the 'Old Clothes Man,' and the 'Brewer's Drayman,' will. The old Hessians alone, trodden down and doubled between the heel of the natural man and that of the boot, and amply curling over the toes—to say nothing of the visage, oriental, sharp, and sallow—the worn silk hat of all shapes—and the old coat of dandy pea-green, low collared frock, with just two remaining buttons—are enough to acquit us.

SALE OF PICTURES BY MR. FORSTER.

We attended the private view of the collection of paintings about to be sold by auction in Pall Mall, by Mr. Edward Forster, but forbear noticing

the works particularly, because we would not act the part of picture brokers. Seeing a good copy, we should certainly praise it; and if a purchaser, concurring in our opinion, should afterwards discover that he had not acquired an original, he might take us to task for having a share in his mistake. On the other hand, as many good painters have produced bad pictures, we should be reluctant, by any ill-timed observations, to deter an amateur from availing himself of the opportunity of enriching his collection by a genuine work—pictures advertised for sale, therefore, we do consider privileged from comment, except from that sincerest of all critics, the auctioneer.

PICTURE OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

By special invitation we have paid a visit to Mr. Smith's rooms to see a painting of the Holy Family, by M. Kruseman, historical painter to the King of the Netherlands. This picture bears evident marks of the study of Raphael, from whom the artist has caught a considerable degree of grace. His composition is beautiful; but the work has an academical taint, and is not altogether the true thing. The hair of the heads is exquisitely painted—it is quite silken.

We received much higher gratification from a delicious Ruysdail, in the collection of Mr. Smith.

MELITA.

A FRAGMENT OF GREEK ROMANCE.

MELITA was a maiden of Elis, and no fairer spirit had ever haunted that peaceful land. Her beauty was known but to few; for her mother had been long since dead, and her father was the humble inhabitant of an obscure abode. She had neither brother nor sister; and had seldom been seen by any eyes but those of her aged parent. His well-ordered industry and serene affection surrounded her with a clear unchanging life; and she scarcely knew of any variation in the world but day and night, autumn and spring, the gradual whitening of her father's hairs and the growth and impulse of her own feelings. As she approached to womanhood, her thoughts began to overleap the low and grassy mound with which the narrow plat of her existence had previously been encircled, and on which, even from her infancy, many bright phantoms had appeared to her to stand in the morning sunshine. Her wishes now attempted to follow the unknown flight of those gay shadows; and she longed to resemble them in rising with the lightness of a bird over the boundary which divided her from the busy and glittering world.

When Melita had reached her fifteenth year, the time came round for the celebration of the Olympic games. She heard from her father some short and broken accounts of the splendid festivals at which he had frequently been present; and she was lost in bewildering excitement while she fancied a succession of pageants led by glorious beings of whose forms she was utterly ignorant. But above all, she was possessed by the resemblance which she had wrought in her imagination of the deity to whose honour these rites and contests had been instituted.

In the morning of the first day of the games, she almost unconsciously expressed, in her father's presence, the earnest longing which she felt to behold the bodily presence of the great Jupiter. The old man started out of the usual tranquillity of his manner, and said to her, 'Unhappy, my daughter, is the mortal to whom such a vision shows itself; he who has conversed with a god is for ever unfitted to lead the life of earthly men. To eyes which long for the sight of superior natures, their desire is sometimes granted; but that for which they yearned is always fruitful of horror and destruction. I could tell you a prediction which your mother heard from the oracle; but He said no more, for the time had approached at which the solemnities were to begin; and he hastily left the house.

This conversation did not diminish the store of uneasy mystery which filled the mind of Melita.

All day she brooded over the thoughts which had occupied her; and when her father returned in the evening, she was restless, eager, and confused. The dusk had come before his entry; and he had scarcely been able to speak to her when a slight knock was heard, followed, as it seemed to them, by a faint groan. The old man turned the door on its sleepy hinges, and found lying on the earth a young man, who was evidently broken down by some malady. He lifted up the youth, and carried him into the house. The stranger was clothed in a remarkable dress, and appeared not more than eighteen. He was revived by the care of Melita and her father, but still continued feeble and suffering. They learned from his low and interrupted words, that he had come from one of the farthest Grecian islands, with the design of contending at the games for the prize of poetry. But he seemed almost delirious, and he told no connected tale. He remained for several hours pained in body and wandering in mind. Among other hints and ravings, he spoke some scattered phrases as to the magnificence and interest of the festivity which he had on that day, for the first time seen. He then was seized by the recollection of the ode which he had intended to recite on one of the subsequent days. The stanzas, which at intervals he murmured, were full of fervour, of religious awe, and splendid images; and belonged to a lyrical description of the intercourse of Jupiter with mortal maidens; some of the fragments were so passionate and impressive, and Melita listened with an interest so full of wonder and rapt excitement, that her father commanded her to retire, and to leave the patient under his care.

She lay awake for several hours; and fell, at last, asleep, with a brain and bosom possessed by tumultuous and gorgeous visions. Early in the morning, her father announced to her that the youth had, in the night, become much calmer, and that he had left him to obtain himself some short repose. When she had arisen, the boy was no longer to be found; but he had left behind him his rich and remarkable dress, and had only taken away an old mantle, which, while he lay on the couch, had been thrown over him by his host. Her father added, that he was now about to join the crowd at the games, and that he should not return till late in the evening. She placed herself in the room in which the youth had lain, and employed herself in putting together all she could remember of his strange and imperfect phrases, and in connecting them with the wishes and fantastic images which had filled her mind before. Near to her lay the garments which he had worn; Melita fixed her eyes on them, and she felt as if some unseen enchantment prevented her from looking away, even for a moment. As the day closed in, the evening wind arose, and brought to her ears the distant applauses of the Grecian people gathered at their chief solemnity. She gazed and nuzzed, and after a struggle of fear, shame, curiosity, and vague wishfulness, she could no longer resist the temptation; she hastily put on the dress of the poet and left the house.

Her impetuous and winged feet bore her she knew not whither. In a short time, she had moved a considerable distance, when she beheld near her a procession of worshippers, headed by the priests, and accompanied by many attendants. She joined their ranks, and was surprised to see that the youths in the service of the gods were clothed exactly like herself, so as to secure that she would pass without notice. The train advanced to the sacred grove which surrounded the Olympian temple; and here she beheld, with delight and astonishment, the long files of statues which exhibited the conquerors at the games, with the emblems of the exercises in which they had respectively triumphed. The evening light flowed beautifully through the interstices of the dark foliage, and fell with a soft illumination on the still and white heroic figures. The throng moved on; and while the greater number placed themselves before the lofty and shadowy portico of the temple, a few of the priests

and of their attendant boys entered the building. Among these Melita ventured to glide, and, from the instant which gave her a glimpse of the god, she was insensible to all else.

She sank on the marble pavement in the shade of the gigantic deity, and watched his form as intently as the astrologer watches the star on which depends his entire destiny. The twilight was broken by the thin flames of a few distant censers; and it seemed to her that she distinguished the limbs and features of the statue rather by some radiance of their own than by any outward beam. The calm and mighty face was more beautiful than all she had imagined; the brow was girded with olive, and appeared a bright throne for heavenly supremacy; the deep eyes were filled with a solemn and a lovely spirit; and she felt that she would rejoice to breathe away her soul upon that mouth, so awful and yet so sweet. The gleam of dusky gold on the garments in which Jupiter was clad, gave the semblance of a faint and floating glory; but all that was in the temple of distinguishable light gathered itself on the celestial countenance, and kept it, even when night had almost closed without, a visible revelation of the greatest god.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

DELAY OF PAGANINI'S DEPARTURE FROM BERLIN.—The excellent reception and ample receipts which rewarded the performances of Paganini at Berlin, induced him to postpone his design of proceeding to England, and to prolong his sojourn in the Prussian capital. On his fifth concert his exertion appeared more wonderful than ever; and it is remarked, that the oftener he is seen, and the more his performances are reflected on, the more inconceivable do they appear. A distinguished connoisseur remarked of him, "Where our performance ends, Paganini's begins!"

At the concerts above mentioned he gave a new surprise to his auditors, in addition to the magical effects by which he had before caused such astonishment, by accompanying a song by a young lady, Mad. Von Schätzel, whose voice he imitated in a most perfect and masterly manner. The voice of the demoiselle is spoken of as one of those purely bell-like organs which alone could venture to engage in such dubious contest with the violin.

The receipts of the fifth concert were half for the benefit of the poor; the theatre was full, and the applause and enthusiasm of the public as great as if it had been the first appearance of this wonderful performance.

UNIVERSITY OF HALLE.—The number of students in the University of Halle, in the half-year between Michaelmas 1827, and Easter 1828, amounted in the whole to 1185; in the half-year from Easter to Michaelmas 1828, the numbers were in the whole, 1316. In the last half-year the number amounted to 1330, of whom 944 were students of divinity, 239 of law, 58 of medicine, and 89 of philosophy, philology, mathematics, &c. The foreigners were 355, the Wurtemburgers 975. Those who have already passed their examination and taken their degrees, although continuing to profit by the instruction given in the university, are included in this statement. A new building for the university is about to be erected on the site of the present theatre, formerly the church of the garrison and university, and the Lutheran gymnasium; 40,000 dollars were ordered by the king to be assigned for the purpose in 1827. The designs are now in a state of forwardness.

PIRKHEIMER THE PRINTER.—Wilbald Pirkheimer, who flourished at the beginning of the 16th century, contributed materially to the encouragement of the sciences and arts in Nuremberg: it was he who gave printing in that town its first and grand impulse. He was a great promoter of classical literature, by quickly importing into Germany whatever had been discovered in Italy; and from his twelve presses pro-

ceeded the works which awakened in Germany the spirit to encourage the soarings of the human mind, then newly aroused from a long and profound lethargy. He was the most trusty faithful friend of Albrecht Durer, and was altogether a great friend to art, and the fosterer of good taste.

NEW THEATRICAL WONDER AT VIENNA.—The impatience of the good citizens of Vienna, in February last, while anxiously waiting the arrival of Pasta, whose renown in London, Paris, and Milan had long preceded her, was happily beguiled in a slight degree by the appearance on the boards of their opera of a dilettante songstress, Mademoiselle Hähmel, whose name has been re-echoed through the private circles of the Austrian capital for these two years past, as one of the first musicians of the day. This young lady made her début as Rosina, in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*; and unless the German critics have allowed their partiality or their indulgence for their young country-woman to get the better of their judgment or their integrity, she approved herself an artist of no ordinary quality. Her execution astonished, even to raptures, a numerous audience, whose expectations had been raised to a very high pitch, and convinced the public that the eminent qualities which had gained for this young lady such reputation in private circles, were equally qualified to make a figure on the boards of a theatre. The public were surprised to find in this clever dilettante not only an accomplished singer of the best school, (the never-to-be-forgotten Salieri was her master, says our critic.) but an actress also of the highest school, that of genius and natural grace. Pastas and Malibrans are yet rare, and we therefore trust this account of Mademoiselle Hähmel proceeds from no dream of enthusiasm or gallantry on the part of our Austrian critic.

THE MINER'S BRIDE.

(Continued from p. 383.)

Sixty years after the sudden disappearance of Pierre, Margaret had closed the eyes of her benefactors: nearly all those who were to have rejoiced at her wedding had left the earth. The children who had frolicked in the bridal train had become adults—many of them old men. A new generation had sprung up; and the remembrance of the singular occurrence existed only as one of those traditions which, handed down from one age to another, are exaggerated by the reflections and dreamings which superstition suggests to the uninformed mind. The country people spoke of Pierre as of a supernatural being: they accused him, at least, of having leagued himself with evil spirits. In the cold season, when the wind drifted the hoarfrost on the ground, and made the severing branches of the elms and the beeches crash, or when pouring into the chimneys it resembled a long and dolorous moaning, the good old gossips fancied it was Pierre come to request their prayers and a last asylum. They recognized his voice, they said, in the clannour of the storm, when the snow had ceased to veil the smiling aspect of the meadows, and the sun was ripening the corn and the grapes upon the hill. In intense heats, when a light vapour was inflamed above the horizon, they imagined it was a star which danced about, and typified the torments of Pierre's soul. The screeching of the bird of night, the rustling of the trees, the motion of the snake in the thick grass, the distant howlings of the wolves,—every thing struck terror into the hearts of the villagers, when they had to quit their dwellings. The men, in consequence of these sinister beliefs, laid a stronger grasp on their hatchets, and brandished them in silence, with an affected smile, but casting uneasy looks round about them. Mothers drew their children closer to them, as though they thought the cold hand of Pierre might be hovering above them, and menacing the safety of their innocent charge. Pierre was the scape-goat. Prayers were offered to him, and wax tapers burnt in his honour. The terrified imaginations of the villagers made them consider as always occupied to their hurt the shade of him who, during his short career, had

only thought of doing good to his fellow-creatures! —At length, after many labours, after every shaft of the mine had been exhausted, and every previously indicated direction explored, it became necessary to open fresh caverns. The owner came to the scene of action, and his arrival was the signal of festivity. He was humane, and was adored by the miners. He assembled them to bore in the spots fixed upon by the men of science whom he had brought with him. Plans were laid, lines were traced, new routes were pointed out; and very soon the heavy sound of the pick-axe, as it resounded on the blocks of granite, the strokes of the mattock, and the wheeling of barrows announced the renewal of labour.

For four days things had flowed on in their usual channel: the company of the owner having greatly diminished. The young ladies with the young cavaliers who had come to assist at the miner's feast on the opening of the works, who had danced beneath the embowering trees, had returned to town. None remained but immediate friends and the men of science. Their calculations were without ceasing; for it was their object, while augmenting the fortune of the owner, to ensure the subsistence of the workmen.

Suddenly there was heard an unusual noise. It was a heavy murmur like the growling of a distant tempest. It increased. There were cries and sounds of lamentation. The ground trembled. The owner was speedily at the mouth of the mine. The alarm was rung with violence: every pulley was in motion. He descended in the bucket to the succour of his men, whom he thought exposed to inevitable death. All were got up: the miners escaped, pale, trembling, and the sweat running down their cheeks. 'What is it?' said the owner. 'A man!' 'Hell!' 'Death!' 'A miracle!' 'An apparition?' Such were the exclamations from their lips which terror had made cold and contracted in a frightful manner. Very soon, however, the owner succeeded in collecting from the scattered words dictated by fear something like an intelligible phrase.

While endeavouring to open a communication between the new mine and the old ones, the workmen had discovered a layer softer than any before it. Stones and earth alone composed the thick mass, and strange substances, which they met with in great abundance, seemed to prove that, in times long past, an immense falling in had suddenly occurred in this place. It was easily worked; and large masses yielded to a single stroke of the pick-axe. When they had advanced a few feet, on a sudden, a very considerable heap being deprived of its support, fell asunder: thin currents of gas rushed from the midst, and caught fire; and what was the consternation of the workmen, when, by the light of this flame, they saw a young man fall down, apparently asleep, on the newly constructed bed. His brow was serene; his cheeks fresh, nay ruddy; but his mouth and his eyes were motionless. Instead of approaching to examine his features, and afford him assistance—for perchance he had need of help—the miners fled with the greatest precipitation from this sudden apparition. Fear, in the short distance they had to run to join their fellows, already influenced their tongues. It was no man. It was an infernal spirit, which had appeared to them amid lightnings and thunder. It was the mysterious power which haunted the mines, and so frequently disturbed the works. His form was gigantic. They saw him rouse himself, rise up, and stretch forth his arm like a pillar. He must be striding along the caverns, and burning the props of the new shafts, and burying every thing in ruin.

The proprietor listened attentively to these magnified details: and his countenance became calm. He cast a look about him. All the miners had come out of the mine, every eye was fixed upon him, and all, with looks of terror, seemed to wait his decision, and expect him to give the signal for action. 'To the mine!' he exclaimed, after having spoken in a lower voice to the friends and

scientific men who surrounded him: and he led the way.

In a short time they discovered the truth, and the broad day illustrated this wonderful phenomenon. They laid upon the grass near the mouth of the pit the cold and humid body of a young man. His garments belonged to a bygone age, and had been made in a bygone fashion. The manner in which they were adorned, bespoke the festive occasion for which they had been put on. Near him was found a box, which they opened; it contained some jewels, a cross of gold, a chain, a medallion engraven with a cypher, but the date was effaced. They were trinkets intended, probably, as a love-token for an adored mistress.

The whole village was assembled; and, while the savans were investigating, and the authorities lost in conjecture, every inhabitant was seeking, in his reminiscences, for a clue to the truth; but all in vain!

'Margaret!' cried a young female, in a voice indicative of astonishment, at the sight of a very aged woman who was slowly advancing toward the large circle who were anxiously waiting for an explanation of the mystery. 'Make way for a guest,' cried several voices, and the old woman was not far from the group formed by the proprietor and the authorities. She paid no attention to the surrounding crowd, and scarcely thanked those who opened her a passage. Her visage, usually pale, was very much flushed; her eyes sparkled: and it was evident that something more than ordinary was passing within her. Suddenly, with a wild and convulsive movement, she pushed aside the proprietor who stood before her. She fell down and kneeled by the side of the corpse. Without a moment's hesitation she exclaimed, 'Pierre!' and her feeble hands shrivelled with age and disappointments, were traversing the face of death. She put aside the damp hair, and printed a kiss on the brow of that fair form which had for sixty years been buried in the earth, and which owed to its untimely sepulchre that appearance of youthfulness for which age would have substituted its grey hairs and its wrinkles. 'It is Pierre!' she repeated; it is the companion of my infancy! it is my betrothed! and tears, which seemed to spring by turns from joy and from grief, coursed down the furrows of her cheeks—'I waited for thee! Oh! I did not die without seeing thee, without once more embracing my beloved!'

They endeavoured to remove her from the horrible spectacle on which she gazed with a joy that exhausted her strength and was killing her. But in vain; she clung to the body of Pierre, she strained it in her feeble arms, and vowed that she would die upon the heart she could not reanimate and which had beat only for her.

Then was the whole mystery explained.

Poor Pierre! He had intended to surprise his bride, and had evidently concealed the presents which were for her, near the place of his accustomed labours. How dreadful his brief essay must have been! His thoughts reverting to the sports which were celebrating so near him, by the side of his uneasy friends, his father and his mother; and he should never see them more! And his last groan could not be heard, and he was stifled, in the fulness of strength and of life, beneath the weight of a whole mountain!

Well had Margaret said, 'Pierre, I will wait for thy return!' for she survived not the violent emotions it produced; she expired with his loved name upon her lips. Little did she once imagine that the coffin would be her bridal bed; or that he, with whom she had hoped to reap the full harvest of maternal endearment through a long course of years, would be snatched from her as he was, only to be restored to her after a long and lonely and expectant life—that a marriage might be consummated, of which death was the priest, and performed the rites with a grin of blasting derision at the hopes of youthful love.

THE INVENTION OF GUNPOWDER.—Professor Scheliber has pronounced the dispute between Furburg, Cologne, and Eular, as to the invention of powder and its application to the art of war, in favour of Furburg, on the strength of a manuscript of 1432, communicated to him by the learned Hug. In this document it is mentioned that one Niger Bircholdus (Berchtold Schevartz) having employed sulphur, saltpetre, lead, and oil to obtain a golden colour, the composition had more than once made the vessels containing it jump, and that, by this means, he arrived at the invention of gunpowder. Stephen Forcatulus, who died in 1574, at Touloun, refers the discovery to Fribourg, but attributes it to one Constantine Anklitz. M. Schniber thinks that the two reported inventors are one, and reconciles the apparent contradiction by supposing that Constantine may have been the *nom de religion* of Berchtold, and as one of the order of Frères-Ūrigneurs, among whom the discovery in question is known to have been made, while on the world he would still be recognized by his patronymic; and he gets rid of the addition of Schwartz, the meaning of which is *black*, by considering it as simply indicative of the colour of Berchtold's religious habit. M. Schniber allows that these are mere conjectures.

ANTE-DILUVIAN ARCHITECTURE.—A work on the ancient ruins, called the Tower of the Giants, in the Isle of Gozzo, near Malta, has been lately published at Paris. The author is a M. Mezzara, a painter, and his work consists of eleven plates, from drawings on stone, after his own designs, and contains an account of what is called the *discovery* of the ruins of that ancient temple. This same giant's tower is conjectured by M. Mezzara, who examined it in 1827, to have been built before the deluge. Of the eleven plates, the first is a view of Gozzo from Malta; the next nine following are general and particular views of the temple in question; and the 11th represents what is called the Grotto of Calypso; since it is pretended that Gozzo is the island of Calypso of Homer. According to M. Mezzara's account, the external walls are constructed of shapeless masses of rock heaped one upon another, and the internal partitions of hewn stone irregularly ranged. It appears that the ruins form two distinct monuments of rather unequal size; the axis of the less inclines towards the greater, which suggests the probability that there may have been a third. The figure of the two existing temples is that of a double cross, the immense branches of which are rounded at their extremities, forming thus, as it were, four lateral chapels. The interior contains a few sculptured ornaments, among them a serpent. From the view of the extreme into the smaller temple, it would seem that the building was reared in the midst of rocks naturally disposed in layers, and parted into parallelopipedons. These oblong blocks are raised on end like the supports of druidical dolmens. M. Mezzara has not confined his speculations to the era of these immense and interesting ruins, but has ventured on the ridiculous suggestion that, (even in the time of Pliny,) Gozzo, Malta, and Camino, were united,—an inference which he, too, humbly draws from the fact, that the *fringus Melitensis* of Pliny is the produce of a rock off the Isle of Gozzo. If M. Mezzara be no better artist than reasoner, his work is not worth much, although it treats on a very interesting subject. There is no doubt, however, that the ruins are of very high antiquity; but for claiming to M. Mezzara the merit of discovering them in 1827, there is no pretence whatever. The name of Torre de Giganti given to them by the inhabitants of their little island, is a sufficient proof of this. They have been long well known also to the residents at Malta, and we ourselves saw them in 1823, and then indulged in the reflection that we had been favoured with the sight of the ruins of a Phœnician building. We believe it to be true, indeed, that they have never before been published in such detail as they are now given in the work of Mezzara, which, if accurate, must be highly interesting. We have not seen it: and any knowledge we possess of it is derived from the Bulletin Universel.

MAHOMETAN BENEFICENCE.—On the road between Sardis, the ancient capital of Lydia, and the chain of mountains known by the name of Yousouff-Dagh, extending from Mount Olympus to Mount Ida, there are fountains at certain distances, erected by individual benefactors, whose names are to be read on the stone, generally in conjunction with a verse of the Koran. On one of these is inserted the following sentiment:—‘That man is the most perfect who is the most serviceable to his fellow-mortals’.

BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The Adventures of a King's Page, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.
Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, 1 vol. 8vo., 14s.
Carlisle's Historical Inquiry into the Place and Quality of the Gentlemen of the Privy Council, royal 8vo., 11.
Harleian Dairy Husbandry, 8vo., 21s.
Tenancy of Land in Great Britain, by Kennedy and Grainger, part 2, 8vo., 15s.
Constantinople in 1828, by M. Farlane. 4to., 21. 10s.
Rev. W. Shepherd's Poems, foolscap 8vo., 6s.
Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, vol. 15, part 1, 10s. 6d.
Smith on Medical Witnesses, foolscap 8vo., 6s.
Bass's Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament, 18mo., 2nd edition, 6s.
Buck's Classical Grammar of the English Language, 12mo., 3s.
Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America, by George Head, Esq., post 8vo., 8s. 6d.
Real Property, First Report made by the Commissioners, 8vo., 6s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

June.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	A.M. P.M.	at Noon			
Mon. 15	75 63	29.99	W.	Fair Cl.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 16	61 55	29.66	Ditto.	Mt. A.M.	Ditto.
Wed. 17	68 52	Stat.	SW to W	Rn. P.M.	Nimbus.
Thurs. 18	60 55	Stat.	N to NW	Showers	Cum. Nim.
Frid. 19	69 60	29.75	SW to S.	Fair Cl.	Cirrostratus
Sat. 20	70 63	29.68	S.	Clear.	Ditto.
Sun. 21	71 63	29.57	Ditto.	Fair Cl.	Cumulus.

Nights fair, except on Wednesday. Mornings fair, except on Sunday. Thunder on Wednesday and Thursday.

Highest temperature at noon, 76°.

Mean temperature of the week, 61°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Saturn in conjunction on Monday, at noon. The Moon in Perigæum on Sunday.

The Sun entered Cancer on Sunday, at 6 h. 8 min. P.M.—Longest day.

Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 70° 55' in Sagitt.

Saturn's ditto ditto 20° 57' in Leo.

Sun above the horizon on Sunday, 16 h. 34 m. Increased 8 h. 50 m. No real night.

Sun's horary motion on Sunday, 2' 28" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .007203.

In two vols. 8vo., Second Series, price 28s. boards.
IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS OF LITERARY MEN AND STATESMEN. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq.

For a high character of these volumes, see ‘The Athenæum’ for May 27 and June 3.

Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row.

On the 1st of June was published, price only 2s. 6d., Part VII. of

THE EXTRACTOR; or, Universal Repertorium of Literature, Science, and the Arts. The present Part contains—Travels in Arabia—Effects of Galvanism on the Animal Structure—Songs of Burns—Temple of Ypsamboul—The new Colony on the Swan River—Coast Lights on a new principle—The two Emiles—Exemption of Operative Tanners from pulmonary consumption—Rice Paper—Wilkie the Painter—Mr. R.—d's Dream—The Court of Napoleon—Description of Jerusalem—The Cause of Dry Rot Explained—Recollections of a Night Fever—Convent of St. Bernard—The Emperor of Austria—Transplantation of Grown Timber Trees in Phenology—Steam Navigation—Beet Root Sugar—Gastronomy—Ticks in Animals—Opium—Dr. Chalmers—The Baron of Arnheim—The Waverley Novels—English Paper—Rules for Connoisseurship in Painting—French Criminal Trials—Captain Owen's Plan for Bating Chronometers—Visit to the American President, Jackson—Mountain Storms and Slides in America—Origin, Nature, and Number of Sutees—Poisonous Effects of Fresh Water on some Marine Animals—The Editor in his Slippers—The First and Last Kiss—Modern Jewish Customs—Principles of Teaching—Public Records—The Proverbs of Solomon—Three Years at Cambridge—Wits and Authors—Cavalry Tactics—Dogs—Remember Me—Varieties, &c. &c.

Published at ‘The Extractor’ Office, 186, Fleet-street, and may be had of all Booksellers.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY, Gallery of the Royal Mews, Charing-Cross. Patron—The KING. The EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN daily.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogues, 1s.

T. S. TULL, Secretary.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS, by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A., consisting of VIEWS in ENGLAND and WALES, executed for a Work now in course of Publication, at the Large Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Admittance, by Tickets only, which may be obtained (gratis) of the publisher, Mr. Jennings, 2, Poultry, and 325, Oxford-street. Open from Ten till Six.

Subscriber's names received at the Gallery.

SCULPTURE.

TAM O'SHANTER and SOUTER* JOHNNY.—These Statues, illustrative of Scottish Character, Costume, and the Poetry of Burns—Scotland's Immortal Bard—executed by the self-taught Artist, Mr. THOM, are now exhibiting at 28, Old Bond-street. Since their arrival in Town, (23d April,) they have been visited by upwards of 10,000 persons, all of whom have expressed their admiration of them as works of art.—Admission, 1s.; Books with Observations, 6d.

* Cobler.

APOLLONICON, a Grand Musical Instrument, under the immediate patronage of his Majesty, invented and constructed by FLIGHT and ROBERTSON, Organ Builders, is now OPEN to EXHIBITION daily, from One to Four, performing, by its self-acting powers, Mozart's Overture to ‘Idomeneus,’ and Weber's celebrated Overture to ‘Oberon,’ which it executes with a grandeur and brilliancy of effect superior to any instrument in Europe, at the Rooms, 101, St. Martin's-lane.—Admittance, 1s.

M. R. ELLA'S CONCERT, this evening, (Wednesday,) at Mrs. Henshaw's, No. 26, Wimpole-street, will commence at nine o'clock. Mademoiselle Sontag and Madame Malibran Garcia will sing the Duo from ‘Semiramide,’ ‘Ebbes a te ferisci.’ Madame Camporese will sing in a Trio of Mozart, &c., &c. Mademoiselle Blais will sing the ‘Grand Scena’ from Rossini's Opera of ‘Moïse,’ as written originally for Mademoiselle Cinti, and esteemed one of his best productions. Several Concerted Pieces, Vocal and Instrumental, will be executed for the first time in England.

Principal Vocalists—Mademoiselle Sontag, Madame Camporese, Mademoiselle Blais, Miss Child, and Madame Malibran Garcia; Signori Curioni, Donzelli, Zucchielli, Begret, Galli, Segura, Supis, Bruni, and De Bagnis.

Messrs. De Beriot, Labarre, Nicholson, and Pami, will each play a Solo. Mr. Ella will write Accompaniments to the Vocal Music for a petite Orchestre, composed of the following eminent Performers—Messrs. Oury, Moralt, Guynemer, Lindley, Dragonetti, Nicholson, Monzani, Ella, and Fella.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Ella, 45, Warwick-street, Golden-square.

IMPROVED TERRO-METALLIC TEETH.

M. R. HOWARD, 52, Fleet-street, (removed from 33,) having brought to perfection an important improvement in TERRO-METALLIC TEETH, respectfully solicits the attention of the Nobility and Gentry to his new method, which he is confident will be found on investigation to be far superior in natural appearance and durability to any ever before produced in England. They perfectly restore the articulation and mastication, and are not to be distinguished in any respect from the original teeth.—52, Fleet-street. At home from 10 till 4.

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London: Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning, by WILLIAM LEWER, at the Office, No. 4, Wellington-street, Strand.

THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 88.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1829.

Price 8d.

AN HOUR AT A PUBLISHER'S.

MR. COLOPHON, as the public are aware, is one of the most eminent of London booksellers. He is overwhelmed with business; and gaining £10,000 a-year, he cannot afford to keep half an hour a day to himself. I was desired to call on him by my uncle, the vicar, who wished to publish a tract against popery, and as he knew that the Dukes of Cumberland and Richmond were of his opinion, thought that it might be proper to employ a fashionable bookseller. I sallied, therefore, from Lincoln's-Inn, with a part of the MS. (which I confess I had not read,) in my pocket; and made my way to the residence of Mr. Colophon. I was desired by the gentleman in the shop to wait in a small room towards the rear of the premises, where I had not remained above three-quarters of an hour before the great publisher appeared. I was rejoicing at the hope of seeing my business ended; when the door was opened, and the gentleman from the shop entered, and said, Lady Amelia Aubrey was getting out of her carriage at the door. 'Good heavens!' exclaimed the publisher, 'the Baroness Bellevue is up stairs, correcting the proof-sheets of her new work; she cannot take them home, for fear her husband should discover her. Mr.—a—a, I beg your pardon. Good heavens! Lady Amelia is at the door, and you cannot go without meeting her. She would die at being seen by any of my best-patrons, quizes, as she calls them. My dear sir, I must intreat you to let me hide you in this book-case.'

So saying, Mr. Colophon opened the green silk door of the book-case, (which did not contain shelves, much less books,) and while I stepped into my cell, he assured me, that the moment he could find an opportunity to speak to me, he would let me out. He had scarcely time to turn the key before Lady Amelia entered.

'Well, Mr. Colophon,' she said, 'I hope you have made up your mind to give me the other two hundred for the MS.'

'Really,' answered the publisher, 'your ladyship must consider how many works I have had lately of the same kind.'

'Yes, sir,' she replied, 'but you must consider how few of the novels of fashionable life have been written by any one but cast-off secretaries, chaplains, apothecaries, ladies' maids, lawyers, and so forth.'

'I am sorry,' lisped the biblioplist, 'to be obliged to remind your ladyship that this kind of article, as one of the gentlemen employed in my periodical observes, is like the goods used in traffic with savages. Excellence of workmanship is scarcely any object. The panegyrics in the newspapers, (which some people are so malignant as to pretend that I pay for,) and the taste of the readers of circulating libraries, level all differences of merit.'

'Then, Mr. Colophon,' said the lady, 'I am quite convinced that the name of any person of fashion connected with the authorship of a book very much helps the sale. The lady mayoress, and I suppose she is a fair sample of the whole herd of vulgarians, said, the other day, to the Baroness Bellevue, about her first work, that she had read it, and admired it vastly, on account of its having been written by a peeress. "For," added the absurd woman, "I read and admire every thing that is written by persons of rank and fashion. I detest plebeian literature." You can put that in one of your puffs, can you not? It will mystify the city people.'

'O! undoubtedly,' ejaculated Mr. Colophon, 'your ladyship's name will be of great service. As soon as the work is published, I will persuade my friend of the Morning Chronicle to attack the ladies of the aristocracy, for being so profligate as to write novels instead of codes of criminal law, and will make him add, in a note, as a piece of secret intelligence, that your ladyship is a flagrant delinquent.'

'O! you may say any thing you please about us in the Chronicle. If it were to attribute the book to Sontag or the Duchess of St. Albans, the report would not be contradicted, for nobody would ever see it. But to business, Mr. Colophon; I really must beg that you will add £200 to the £1000 we agreed on. I want the money; and I have spent almost as much in scent to keep me from fainting with the fatigue of authorship, and rose water to wash the ink from my fingers.'

'Your ladyship,' he replied, 'distresses me unutterably. But we really have had so many of these works and by persons of real fashion to.'

'Can you pretend, sir,' exclaimed the lady, with a burst of the loftiest indignation, 'that any one, in a good set, has told so many secrets of her friends as I have in the novel which you want to buy so cheaply.'

'There I allow,' said the publisher, 'from what my literary friends inform me, that the work has extraordinary merit. Perhaps,' he continued, 'the matter might be arranged. There is a chapter, which I am told is rather long and heavy, giving an account of a debate in the House of Commons. Now, if your ladyship would substitute for that the secret history of this elopement, with which the papers are now filled, I can say that the £200 should be £300.'

'Certainly,' she answered musing, 'that chapter is tedious; I own I intended it to be so, and therefore I took all the arguments on both sides of the question out of the MS. of a speech which Mr. Aubrey intended to deliver last session. I designed this part of the book to be rather sleepy, that the account of the intrigue between the hero and his cousin might have the more effect. That description is a little warm, and as I wished it to produce its full impression, I made the preceding pages a contrast to it. As you say, I might insert the true state of the game which the public, in their ignorance, have been betting on so absurdly. I was the lady's only confidante; and I need colour but a very little to make it a very interesting chapter. But how will it come into my story? Let me see; yes, I have it. I will make my hero elope with the one woman as a blind for his views on the other. Then he shall leave her at Calais, and return to London to complete his triumph with the heroine. An excellent thought of yours, Mr. Colophon; but could you not say £350 in addition to the £1000. You know I may be abused for divulging the confidence of my foolish friend, who has spoiled her game so completely by this stupidity. You shake your head; well, I suppose I must agree to your terms; and at all events, I have not time to stay any longer, for I have promised to take a stall at a charitable bazaar.'

Lady Amelia Aubrey had not been gone an instant before the gentleman from the shop entered the room, and announced in a low diplomatic tone that Mr. William Winchester Wandrille had called, and desired to see Mr. Colophon; and thereupon Mr. William Winchester Wandrille made his appearance. I could perceive through a slit in the

silk curtain that this gentleman was a person of great importance. He was very carefully dressed, and he carried himself with an air which seemed to assert his superiority over common authors, and all such vulgar people. He threw himself into a chair, and indicated to Mr. Colophon, by a motion of the hand, that he might be seated.

'I perceive,' said the man of fashion, 'that you have examined the volume of amatory poems I sent you; pray what price may I expect for the copy-right. There are not many of them; I shall be satisfied with £500 for the first edition.' The bookseller's jaw fell, and his eyes grew round and staring. '£500! Eh, Mr. Wandrille? £500 did you say for the first edition! Upon my word, Mr. Wandrille—I beg your pardon, sir—but upon my word I had rather intended —' 'What, sir,' interrupted Mr. Wandrille, 'you had intended to offer me less for poems that have been admired by half the finest women in London. I beg I may hear no more on the subject. I shall expect to receive the draft for the £500 before six this evening.' And so saying, Mr. Wandrille was about to depart, when Mr. Colophon, with a look and accent of despair threw himself in his way and exclaimed, 'Only listen to me, sir, I entreat you, for one minute. Poetry really finds no sale at present; no sale whatsoever; and as to love poems, most especially, I could not promise myself to dispose of a hundred copies. Then, then, sir, you must consider that in this case I should have to employ a person to correct the casual slips of the pen and errors of grammar, of which there are a good many in the manuscript; and to substitute other lines for those which have crept in from Moore and Byron. All this would cost money; so that on the whole I fear I must decline the undertaking.'

Mr. Wandrille for a moment appeared to be discomposed; and muttered something about having promised Lady Cecilia that he would publish his poems, and having given the long odds at his club that he would be in print before the day of the Derby.

Mr. Colophon again spoke, and said that he had something to suggest which might perhaps meet Mr. Wandrille's views. He offered to print the poems at Mr. Wandrille's expense, and added that a small edition would not cost above £150.

The author considered for a few moments and said, 'Do it for £100 and I agree. But see that you do not let it be known the book has cost me any thing, or I shall be quizzed to death.' Mr. Wandrille then departed, and endeavoured, as he left the room, to assume something of that bold supremacy of look which he had displayed at his entry.

Mr. Colophon accompanied his distinguished visitor to the outer door, and I hoped that I should be immediately released from my prison; but I could not account for the strange jostling and the unintelligible clamour which accompanied the return of the bookseller. These noises were soon explained by the appearance of the unfortunate Colophon between an Irishman and a Scotchman, who had been waiting to pounce on him. They both spoke together, and for some time I could not distinguish any thing they said. At last the publisher exclaimed aloud, 'Gentlemen, if both of you speak at once, it must be impossible for me to listen to either.' This added new fuel to the blaze of their eloquence, and each roared louder than before, in hopes of being first attended to. The Scotchman, however, who

was the elder of the two, soon gave up the contest, and the Irishman began to state his business, pre-facing it with an assertion that the other was very ungentlemanly for interrupting him, to which the Scotchman replied by muttering that it would be unworthy of a philosopher to mind hard words.

The Irishman was a youth upwards of six feet high, with a broad indistinctness of feature, which was scarcely marked by any characteristics but an enormous mouth and squinting eyes. 'My name is O'Rourke, and I have come from Ireland,' said the stripling, 'with a tragedy in my pocket; and I have been living here for three months, in hopes of having my play acted. But the managers of the theatres are very ungentlemanly; and so at last I have brought my work to you Mr. Colophon,' (therewith he produced from his pocket a club-like roll of paper), 'to request that you will publish it, and give me 200*l.* for it. It is very little to ask (for I am told that there have been above fifty editions of Shakspeare), but I want the money immediately, for I found the living in London and frequenting the theatres very expensive, and I owe about 150*l.* Therefore, if you will just settle my business and let me go, I will lave you and this jantleman to arrange your affairs together. I have no objection to take the money either in notes or sovereigns, just as may be most convanient: I am not particular.'

'Really, sir,' said the bookseller, 'this is a most extraordinary application. My time is of importance; and, therefore, I may as well state to you at once, that I would not publish your tragedy if you were to give it to me for nothing.'

'Mr. Colophon,' answered the youth, 'do not insult my janias. I know that it has always been the custom for you pettifoggers to insult great men. But, sir, though Shakspeare, and Milton, and Otway may have been thrated in this ungentlemanly way by their publishers, I tell you that my name is Theophilus O'Rourke, and I will not. You had better give me the 200*l.* or I will shake your dirty soul out of your ugly carkish.'

'Mr. Simpson, Mr. Drake, Mr. Peebles!' exclaimed Colophon, to the gentlemen in the shop, and they immediately entered the room. The bookseller desired one of them to go for a constable, and the other two to hold Mr. O'Rourke.

'Is it for a constable you'd be sending?' cried the Irishman, 'and is that the way you thrate a jantleman for letting you publish this thragedy? now, by the L—d, I tell you I would not give you a farthing to publish it—I would not let your unclain pathronymic go down to posterity on the title page of "Aspasia," (for that's the name of the tragedy I won't let you have the printing of), not if it did not cost me more than a sixpence.' And so saying, Mr. Theophilus O'Rourke, who seemed to have had great difficulty in keeping his hands from the person of Colophon, broke from the house.

The attendants left the room, and the Scotchman and the publisher stood face to face. The former was a stout red-haired man, apparently under thirty; and he now said, very deliberately, 'Mr. Colophon, my name is Ninian Saunders, and I have been all my life a student. As you vary judiciously observed to that callant, wha, in my private opinion, is either wud or waur, a tragedy is an ower trifling and insignificant wark to have much success in sae intellectual an age as ours. Na, na, sir, this is an age of pheelosophy, and I think ye wunna be displeased to hear that I hae brought you a part o' a treatise of intellectual pheelosophy; whilk has naething whatever to do with the outward world, nor with any thing that is commonly talkit of, or understood, or felt by mankind in general. It is a leetle in the style of our Davy Hume, only with mair contempt for the prajudices o' society; and mair parfic in the neeceties o' English composition. And as to the terms, I am not extravagant in my desires. Only as there is a muckle difference between warks o' a temporary and warks o' a permanent entarest, and as this one o' mine is more abstract, and therefore less likely to be affected by circumstances than

ony ether exeesting, I do not ask more than feev^e thousand pounds for the four volumes, whilk I have nae doubt you will see to be a vary moderate request.'

'I am sorry,' replied Mr. Colophon, 'that philosophical warks are not in my line; and that I must, therefore, decline to enter into any negociation on the subject.'

'O! vary weel,' replied the Scotchman, 'if your business is with more freevolous productions, you are doubtless vary right not to attempt a more lofty and ambeetious walk. I like humility in every mon. But I confess I did na think to have found any one in our age of intelluc wha wad clean throw away, as it were, his ain gude fortune. I wish you a vary gude morning.'

I was now set free from my confinement, and as my uncle, the vicar, was willing to pay the expense of printing his pamphlet, I settled my business with Mr. Colophon at less cost of trouble and wrangling than his other visitors.

TRAVELS IN TURKEY.

Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827. By R. R. Madden, Esq. M. R. C. S. 8vo. in two vols. London, Colburn, 1829.

THE medical profession has contributed to our acquaintance with outlandish climes and customs, in an equal or superior proportion to any other order of travellers. The same necessities which call them to participate the secrets of domestic life at home, are equally in all lands a passport which secures them initiation into the closest social mysteries: the same qualities which are naturally acquired by their professional habits of intercourse with all ranks, adapt them to the task of seizing rightly the resemblances and differences of character and manners; and the same talents, which had been requisite in aiming at professional success, conduce to quick and accurate conception and delineation, when turned on extra-professional objects. An additional recommendation to the favour of his readers is the lively form of epistles addressed to well-known names in England, into which our author has moulded (not without, we suspect, a little harmless artifice in some cases,) the results of his extended and instructive peregrinations. Nor are there wanting personal merits in himself to fulfil the favouring auspices afforded by his membership of the Royal College of Surgeons, and his attractive correspondence with Lord Blessington. These, as Dogberry might have said, are but 'the gifts of fortune': but to read and write comes doubtless to our author 'by nature.' Both of which accomplishments he displays to excellent purpose: his remarks on his precursors show the same acute perception as his original observations on the objects around him: and the substance of his work is rendered palatable 'to the general' through the medium of an uncommonly smart and neatly-finished style, contrasting strongly with the slovenliness and slip-slop which too commonly disgrace the gorgeous quartos of even our superior class of travellers. It might be harsh and premature in the first paragraph of our criticism to inquire whether aught of sharp expression or bright colouring have been purchased by the sacrifice of merits more intrinsic; whether our author may not now and then indulge his caustic mood until it brings him to the verge of contradiction or injustice; whether sometimes, in the course of his speculations, philosophy may not be sacrificed to point; and whether, occasionally, he may not, for the sake of effect, be content to swerve slightly from the functions which a traveller is considered to impose on himself when he sits down to record the unvarnished tale of his own observations and adventures.

The following sketch of Turkish beauty and fashion will show that our author has by no means thrown away his opportunities of access to the harems of Constantinople; and that those opportunities could hardly have been accorded to a more acute, intelligent spectator:—

'A Turkish lady of fashion is wooed by an invisible lover: in the progress of the courtship a hyacinth is occasionally dropt in her path, by an unknown hand, and the female attendant at the bath does the office of a Mercury, and talks of a certain Effendi demanding a lady's love, as a nightingale aspiring to the affections of a rose!

'A clove, wrapped up in an embroidered handkerchief, is the least token of condescension the nightingale can expect; but a written billetdoux is an implement of love which the gentle rose is unable to manufacture. The father of the lady at length is solicited for her hand, and he orders her to give it, and to love, honour, and obey her husband: in short, they are married by proxy, before the *Cadi*, and the light of her lord's countenance first beams on her in the nuptial chamber. This change in her condition is one which every spinster envies: if she be the only wife, she reigns in the harem over a host of slaves; if there be two or three more, she shares with them the delights of domestic sway. Every week, at least, she is blessed with a periodical return of her husband's love; he enters the harem at noonday, and at sunset, after the fatigue of sauntering from one *bazaar* to another, and from the public divan to the private chambers,—he performs his evening ablutions,—one obsequious lady fetches a vial of rose-water to perfume his beard, another bears a looking-glass, with a mother of pearl handle, another carries an embroidered napkin; and supper is brought in by a host of slaves and servants; for in most harems the ordinary attendants have access to the women's apartments. The women stand before him while he eats, and when he finishes, a number of additional dishes are brought in for the ladies, whose breeding consists in eating with the finger and thumb only, and in not devouring indecorously the sweetmeats, of which they are exceedingly fond.

'When supper is removed, and the servants disappear, there are few harems where small bottles of roseoglio are not produced; and of this liqueur, I have seen the ladies take so many as three or four little glasses in the course of ten minutes. One of the female slaves generally presents the pipe on one knee; and sometimes one of the wives brings the coffee, and kisses the hand of her lord at the same time; this ceremony every wife goes through in the morning, none daring to sit down in his presence but such as have the honour of being mothers: but, in the evening, there is very little etiquette, and very little truth in the assertion of Pauqueville, that "the Turks retire to their harems without relaxing the least particle of their gravity." The reverse of this statement is near the truth; the orgies of the evening, in most harems, are conducted with all the levity of licentiousness, and the gravity of the Moslems totally disappears: their roars of laughter are to be heard in the adjoining houses; and, in my opinion, the gravity of the Turk during the day is only the exhaustion of his spirits from previous excitement. I have seen him reclining on the divans, smoking his long *chibouque*, one of his wives, and generally the favourite, shampooing his feet with her soft fingers, and performing this operation for hours together.

'This is accounted one of the greatest luxuries of the harem; and an opium-eater assured me, the most delightful of his reveries was imagining himself shampooed by the dark-eyed *houris* of Paradise.

'The women vie with each other in eliciting the smiles of their common lord; one shows the rich silk she has been embroidering for his vest, another plays an instrument resembling a spinet, and another displays her elegant form in the voluptuous mazes of the dance. No handkerchief is thrown, but a smile is sufficient to "speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul;" and from that moment to the period when another favourite supplants the former, she is *salaamed* with additional respect by the slaves, and treated with greater honour by all the *harem*. When she goes to the bath she is to be distinguished by the importance of her air; the waddling of her gait attests her quality; she disposes her white robe over her fair arms so as to present the largest possible surface of face, and God help the unlucky Christian who crosses her path. I have had the honour of being insulted by ladies of rank far more frequently than by any other women. The fanaticism of females is in a ratio with their quality, and hence it is from them, chiefly, a Frank passenger has to expect such gentle maledictions as, "May the

plague fall on your house!" "May the foul birds defile your beardless chin!" "May she who would marry you be childless!"

In fact, education in Turkey has no other object but to foster fanaticism, and to inculcate intolerance. When the lady visits her female friends, notice is previously sent of her intention, that the men may have time to get out of the way; the moment she enters the harem she takes off her veil, receiving a thousand *salaams*, smokes a pipe or two, and is regaled with fruit, sweetmeats, and lump sugar. The conversation commonly turns on dress; she discusses various topics connected with silks and scandal, narrates how a fair neighbour of hers was suspected of embroidering a silk purse for a stranger, of lifting her veil in the street, and conversing with a man; every gentle listener expresses her horror at such depravity, voids her rheum on the floor when she hears her name, and appears quite delighted when she is told that the husband happily intempered, and consigned the naughty woman to a watery grave. I was once present at such a conversation, and was astonished to hear the women applaud the spirit of the man, instead of compassionating the fate of the unfortunate victim of jealousy or justice. Such a fashionable lady as I have been describing has little cause to complain of the seclusion of the harem. She rides in her gilded coach, drawn by a team of oxen. She sails in her gay *caïque* along the lovely shores of the Bosphorus; slave as she is called to the caprices of a tyrant, she reigns in the harem, her empire over the household is unlimited, her influence over her husband is unbounded, and to her Metastasio might well have said, "Siete schiava, ma regnate nella vostra servitu."

A Constantinople man of quality is a slow-paced biped, of a grave aspect, and a haughty carriage; he assumes an indolent air and shuffling gait, the former is *nonchalance*, the latter *bon tan*. He wears his turban over his right eye, sports a nosegay in his bosom, and is generally to be distinguished from the million by the magnitude of his pantaloons. He sits for hours smoking his *chibouque*, wrapped up in a reverie, the delight of which avowedly consists in the absence of thought. He has been educated in the imperial seraglio, he has risen to honours from the depths of infancy, and after serving his youth in slavery, he is preferred to some office in the state, or is advanced to the government of some distant province; in middle age he can perhaps read and write, and repeat every favourite chapter of the Koran from beginning to end; but this is all his knowledge, and he turns it to the account of plunder. From sentiment and custom he hates a Christian, but then the Christian abhors a Jew, the Jew abominates a Greek, the Greek contemns a Copt, the Copt abjures an Armenian, the Missionary pities each, and Heaven bears with all! He believes no less firmly than the Christian *Rayah* in the truth of his creed, and that no other leads to Paradise. His fanaticism is fundamentally the same as the superstition of the Greek, and the bigotry of the Armenian, and is only modified in its external forms by the diversity of religious rites. In his domestic relations, he differs little from the Christian; his bosom is agitated by the same passions, his actions are swayed by the same motives, his understanding is warped by the same prejudices, he has the same kindly feelings in his family, he loves his little children with the same affection, regards his wife with no less deference, treats his domestics with at least as much humanity, shows his aged parents the same respect, and follows at their bier with the same bitterness of heart. It is not because his turban differs from a hat, or his *caftan* from a surtout, that he is either vile or virtuous; it is not because *Ramazan* is different from Lent, that his manners or his morals are either corrupt or pure. His inherent hostility to Christianity is the first principle of his law; and the perfidy it is supposed to enjoin is the most prominent feature in his character: I say supposed to enjoin, for though the Koran inculcates *passion*, the extermination of Christians in open warfare, it no where approves of the treachery and inhumanity of which the priesthood make a merit. But persecution is one of the amiable weaknesses of all theologians, and it would be a folly to stigmatize the church of Christ with the charge of intolerance, because Calvin, moderate as he was, pursued a theological opponent even unto death. The most striking qualities of the Moslem are his profound ignorance, his insuperable arrogance, his

habitual indolence, and the perfidy which directs his policy in the divan, and regulates his ferocity in the field. The defects in his character are those of the nation: they are the growth of sudden greatness—the intoxication of prosperity enjoyed without reason or restraint. Before conquest and plunder had exalted the nation on the ruin of other realms, the Turk was brave in the field, faithful to his friend, and generous to his foe. It was then unusual to commend the cup of poison with a smile, and to beckon to the murderer, with the oath of friendship on the lips: but treachery is now an accomplishment in Turkey; and I have seen so much of it for some time past, that if my soul were not in some sort attuned to horrors, I should wish myself in Christendom, with no other excitement than the simple murders of a Sunday newspaper.

The grandee, however, relaxes from the fatigues of dignity pretty often; he perambulates with an amber nosey dangle from his wrist; he looks neither to the right nor to the left; the corpse of a *Rayah* attracts not his attention; the head of a slaughtered Greek he passes by unnoticed; he causes the trembling Jew to retire at his approach; he only shuffles the unwary *Frank* who goes along, it is too troublesome to kick him! he reaches the coffee-house before noon, an abject Christian *salaams* him to the earth, spreads the newest mat for the *Effendi*, presents the richest cup, and cringes by his side to kiss the hem of his garment, or, at least, his hand. The coffee peradventure is not good: the *Effendi* storms—the poor Armenian trembles; he swears by his father's beard he made the very best; in all probability he gets the cup at his head, and a score of maledictions, not on himself, but on his mother. A friend of the *Effendi* enters, and after ten minutes repose they salute, and exchange *salaams*. A most interesting conversation is carried on by monosyllables at half hour intervals. The grandee exhibits an English penknife; his friend examines it, back and blade, smokes another pipe, and exclaims, "God is great."

Pistols are next produced, their value is an eternal theme, and no other discussion takes place till a grave old priest begins to expatiate on the temper of his sword. A learned *Ulema*, a theologian and a lawyer (for here chicanery and religion go hand in hand), at length talks of astronomy and politics, how the sun shines in the east and in the west, and every where he shines, how he beams on a land of Mussulmans; how all the *Padis* shaws of Europe pay tribute to the Sultan; and how the *glaours* of England are greater people than the infidels of France, because they make better penknives and finer pistols; how the Dey of Algiers made a prisoner of the English admiral, in the late engagement; and, after destroying his fleet, consented to release him, on condition of paying an annual tribute; and how the Christian ambassadors came, like dogs, to the footstool of the Sultan, to feed on his imperial bounty. After this edifying piece of history, the *Effendi* takes his leave, with the pious ejaculation of "*Mashallah*," how wonderful is God; the waiter bows him out, overpowered with gratitude for the third part of an English farthing, and the proud *Effendi* returns to his harem: he walks with becoming dignity along; perhaps a merry-andrew, playing off his buffooneries, catches his eye,—he looks, but his spirit smiles not, neither do his lips, his gravity is invincible, and he waddles onward, like a porpoise cast on shore: it is evident that nature intended him not for a pedestrian animal, and that he looks with contempt on his locomotive organs. This, my lord, though apparently a ridiculous portrait, is not surcharged, and is, indeed, rather a general picture than an individual likeness.—Vol. I., pp. 9–22.

We extract some odd professional encounters of our author, as illustrative of his own remark, that 'the state of medicine may be considered as the criterion, or barometer, of the state of science in a nation.'

In a few days after this my first visit in Constantinople, I was sent for to the house of a grandee, where a consultation was to be held on a Pacha's case, and one of great importance. I found the patient lying in the middle of a large room, on a mattress spread on the carpet; for "the four-posted beds" of Don Juan and Dudu have no existence in Turkey, and both gentlemen and ladies repose on their mattresses thrown on the carpet of the

divan, in their daily habiliments, none of which they doff at night.

A host of doctors, Jews, Greeks, Italians, and even Moslems thronged round the sick man; and amongst them were jumbled the friends, slaves, and followers of the patient; the latter gave their opinion as well as the doctors; and, in short, took an active share in the consultation. But he who took upon himself to breach the case to the faculty, was a Turkish priest, who administered to the diseases both of soul and body. He prefaced his discourse with the usual origin of all things: he said, "In the beginning God made the world, and gave the light of *Islam* to all the nations of the earth. Mahomet (to whose name be eternal honour) was ordained to receive the peripatetic volume of the Koran from the hands of the angel Gabriel; which book was written by the finger of God, before the foundation of the world; and in its glorious page was to be found all the wisdom of every science, whether of theology or physic; therefore all learning, except that of the Koran, was vain and impious; therefore he had consulted it in the present case, and the repetition of the word honey, he discovered tallied with the number of days his highness suffered (to whom God give health); therefore honey was a sovereign remedy, and one of its component parts was wax, a true specific for the disease before them. Did not the bee suck the juice of every herb? was there not wax in honey? did not wax contain oil? therefore, why not try the oil of wax? Oh, illustrious doctors," he continued, "let us put our trust in God, and administer the dose: our patient has been thirty-six days sick, therefore let him have six and thirty drops every six and thirty hours. And as there is but one God, and Mahomet is, therefore, his prophet, let the oil of wax be given!"

The moment this signorole ended, all the servants, and even many of the doctors, applauded the discourse.

There was no time allowed for discussion; the same archpriest took care to see the doctors fed forthwith; each of us got four Spanish dollars, and left the unfortunate sick man to his fate; but going out, when I expressed my astonishment to one of the faculty (an old Armenian), about the exhibition of this new remedy, he looked around him cautiously, and whispered in my ear the word "poison!" On further inquiry, I found the bulk of the patient's property was invested in a mosque. In spite of the remonstrance of my drogouman, I returned to the door I had just quitted, and gave an attendant to understand, his master would die if he took the medicine. The poor man died however: I heard of the event about a month afterwards.

I was shortly after called to a man who was said to have a fever; when I visited him, I asked what was the matter with him, and where he felt pain? but his friends made the customary reply, "That is what we want to know from you; feel his pulse and tell us!" I accordingly did so, found it rapid, his breathing laborious, and his skin hot; but not one of the symptoms could I get from the patient or attendants. The Turks have the ridiculous idea, that a doctor ought to know every disease by applying the fingers to the wrist. I thought, from what I observed, I was warranted in taking blood in this case. I did so; but no sooner had I bound up the arm, than I was requested, for the first time, to examine the other hand: which I did; and, to my utter astonishment, found two of the fingers carried away, the bones protruding; and then only was I informed, that the patient was in the artillery, and had lost his fingers a week before by the explosion of a gun.

I suspected at once the occurrence of locked jaw; I felt his neck, it was like a bar of iron; the man had been labouring under tetanus for three days, and died the following morning. You may well conceive my indignation at such incredible stupidity as the attendants exhibited here, and my choler at being told the result "had been written in the great book of life," and could not be avoided or deferred. Be that as it may, I certainly would not have bled him, had I any reason to suspect the affection of which he died. You may imagine how difficult it is for a medical man to treat such people; and, consequently, how rarely they are benefited by him. There are few Mahometans who do not put faith in amulets; I have found them on broken bones; on aching heads, and sometimes over love-sick hearts. The latter are worn by young ladies, and consist of a leaf or two of

the hyacinth, which the Turks call mus-charumi; this is sent by the lover, and is intended to suggest the most obvious rhyme, which is ydakerumi, and implies the attainment of their soft desires.

"Sometimes these amulets are composed of unmeaning words, like the *abracadabra* of the ancient Greeks for curing fevers, and the *abracalans* of the Jews for other disorders. At other times they consist simply of a scroll, with the words "Bismillah," "In the name of the most merciful God," with some cabalistical signs of the Turkish astrologer Geffer; but most commonly they contain a verse of the Koran.

"I think the most esteemed, in dangerous diseases, are shreds of the clothing of the pilgrim camel which conveys the Sultan's annual present to the sacred city; these are often more sought after than the physician, and frequently do more good, because greater faith is put in them.

"The most common of all these charms is the amber bead, with a triangular scroll, worn over the forehead, which the *Marabouts* and the Arab sheiks manufacture, and is probably an imitation of the phylacterics which the Jews were commanded "to bind them, for a sign, upon their hands, and to be as frontlets between their eyes." It would be well if no more preposterous and disgusting remedies were employed; but I have taken off from a gun-shot wound a roasted mouse, which, I was gravely informed, was intended to extract the ball."—Vol. I.—pp. 59—64.

We take leave, for the present, of this keen and versatile letter-writer, with a hearty acknowledgment of the pleasure which his volumes have afforded us. None who resort to the work for mere amusement, will, we venture to say, leave it with ennui; and those who may consult it with intent more serious, will find instruction both on general and professional subjects.

(To be continued.)

THE FIVE NIGHTS OF ST. ALBANS.

The Five Nights of St. Albans. 3 vols. Blackwood, 1829.

THIS book is strangely born out of due season. The age of extravagant, supernatural romance is gone. That kind of thought and imagery can never now be used but in subordination to a strong human interest; and all that the book contains of this, is wretchedly marred and baffled by the result. In the days of Mrs. Ratcliffe it would have had more success than its author can now hope for; but we have seen so many recent works in which supernatural machinery has been successfully employed, that 'The Five Nights of St. Albans,' must, we fear, speedily sink into that one long night of oblivion, which is equally exempt from the horrors and splendours of romance. So supernatural a work as this can never be very interesting, except when it embodies, in these wild fictions, some one strong idea, so real and powerful as to communicate a portion of its own truth to the pageantry through which it is displayed—which is not the case with the work before us; or where the machinery and circumstances themselves are filled with poetry, and so render us comparatively indifferent to the nominal purport of the tale—and neither can this be said of 'The Five Nights of St. Albans.' It contains, however, some eloquent passages, some picturesque, some surprising. There is also a good deal of talent in the discrimination of many of the characters. The opening wonder must, we imagine, startle into laughter almost every reader who is not a sworn foe to that pleasant kind of convulsion. We have, therefore, extracted the greater portion of the first chapter; and so leave the book, assuring our readers, that the marvels with which we present them are in these volumes but a foretaste of the greater wonders that follow.

"It was towards the latter end of September, in the year 1570, that Hugh Clayton, and Marmaduke Peverell, two substantial yeomen of the ancient town of St. Albans, were returning home from Dunstable, when, just upon the hour of midnight, they came within sight of the venerable towers of the Abbey. They were proceeding leisurely along, their horses somewhat the worse

of a long day's journey, as the Abbey bell tolled the first hour of twelve. Suddenly, the whole building presented the appearance of one solid mass of a deep-red fire, but without casting forth flame or smoke, or shedding one ray of light upon surrounding objects. It resembled a huge furnace, glowing with intense heat; and from the magnitude of the building, the effect was at once terrific and sublime.

"Peverell was the first who observed the strange spectacle. "By my soul," said he, stopping his horse, "the abbey is on fire—look how it is burning!"

"Burning," quoth Clayton, "truly I think the burning is all over, and what we see are only the ruins! for, do you mark, there is neither smoke nor flame."

"You are right," rejoined Peverell, "and, what is strange, there seems no bustle in the town. Listen! all is still, and, save yon burning mass, all is dark. Let us push on, and learn what has happened." So saying, they clapped spurs to their jaded steeds, and in a few minutes entered the town.

"To their great surprise, they found no person stirring. Every house was closed; and the inhabitants were all asleep in their beds. But still greater was their surprise, when, directing their looks towards the Abbey, they could no longer perceive the burning ruins which had first attracted their notice.

"What can all this mean?" said Peverell, in a half-whisper, to his companion, "We saw it, and now—"

"Hush!" interrupted Clayton, while he crossed himself devoutly; "let us watch for a few minutes."

"They did so; but to no purpose. Where they had seen the fiery edifice, was now a mere black void; for the night was too dark to permit of their distinguishing the towers or walls of the abbey.

"Are we awake?" continued Clayton, after a pause, "or have we been dreaming all this time?"

"It was no dream," answered Peverell, "and for my own part, I am determined to find out whatever it is. I'll ride up to the abbey door, and if the arch-fiend himself be sitting there, I'll ask him what he has been about."

"Don't be fool-hardy," exclaimed Clayton, catching hold of the bridle of Peverell's horse; "you know there are strange stories told about this abbey,—since the grievous sin committed by our eighth Henry. They do say—"

"Yes," rejoined Peverell, laughing, "they do say that the devil, once a-month, feasts and revels here, with a few choice souls of monks and friars, whom he brings with him to revive the recollection of old times, when the oily rogues themselves wallowed in lusts of the flesh, as pious churchmen of those days were wont to do."

"In a few minutes they were under the walls of the abbey—and to their mutual surprise, there stood the walls, massive, gloomy, and frowning, just as they had seen them in the morning when they set out for Dunstable."

"It has been already observed, that ere noon, one moiety of the townsfolk of St. Albans, were engaged in discussing this marvellous adventure; and before sunset, it may be doubted whether there was a tongue in the whole place, from lisping infancy to mumbling age, of which it had not been the burthen. So thoroughly had it taken possession of the minds of all, that as midnight approached, the town, instead of sinking into quiet repose, presented a scene of singular bustle and excitement. No one thought of going to bed. They who lived in houses which commanded a view of the abbey, were seated at their windows, with their eyes fixed on its grey towers and dusky walls; while hundreds of others, men, and women and children, the old and the young, the infirm and the crippled, gradually gathered themselves into groups, at every spot whence the edifice was visible."

"The night was dark, but in the deep blue vault above, myriads of stars were gleaming with that calm lustre, which seemed to shed no light beyond their own spheres. And now a scene presented itself which struck terror into the stoutest heart. The abbey clock began to strike—when suddenly a sound like the rushing of mighty waters, or of a blast of wind roaring through a grove of forest trees, was heard, and the next moment, devouring flames appeared to wrap the walls in one vast sheet of fire. A cry of horror burst from the multi-

tude—the shrieks of women, and the screaming of children, were mingled with the hoarser exclamations of fear uttered by the men; some fled in dismay, others threw themselves on the ground; wives clung round the necks of their husbands for safety, and hundreds fell upon their knees in a wild agony of prayer. Meanwhile, the rushing noise continued with increasing loudness—the flames tossed and heaved about, like the waves of a troubled ocean, now seeming to dart from the windows in masses resembling pillars of fire; then curling up the walls as if instinct with life, or flickering in fantastic shapes round the buttresses and towers. But most strange it was, that neither light nor heat was emitted from this awful mockery of a conflagration. From the bottom to the top, it was one burning surface; yet the grass and weeds that fringed the former, were no more revealed to the eye by it, than they were before the mysterious volcano blazed forth.

"While the affrighted inhabitants were still under the first influence of this appalling scene, the abbey clock struck the last hour of twelve, and the whole vanished."

"The consternation was, if possible, increased by this new wonder; but it was the consternation of dumb amazement. In a moment every voice was hushed, and the expectation of some fresh horror held them in breathless silence and motionless suspense. They who were fleeing in dismay, suddenly stopped, they hardly knew why. If the wand of a magician had been waved over their heads, with power to fix them to the earth, like so many statues of lifeless stone, the effect could not have been more instantaneous and complete. In a few minutes, the spell began gradually to dissolve; and group after group slowly retired, discoursing, in voices not raised above a whisper, of what they had beheld; or fearfully conjecturing what it might all portend."

"One melancholy circumstance accompanied this night of mystery and panic. A poor idiot girl, about sixteen years of age, had been left in bed by her mother (who was of humble occupation), while she stole out to join the throng of anxious spectators. It was never known under what impulse, or in what way, this witless creature, with merely her night-clothes on, had wandered forth; but so it was; for on her return, the distracted mother found her gone; and the next morning she was found a corpse, beneath the walls of the abbey. Whether she had strayed unobserved to the spot, beheld the strange scene of the night before, and fell a victim to terrors which she could only feel, but not express; or whether, having roamed beyond the knowledge of return, she, after awhile, laid her down to sleep, close by what she deemed a warming fire, and so perished from cold, thinly clad as she was, could be nothing more than surmise. It was too true that the poor idiot died, and that her wretched self-accusing mother, felt more than a mother's anguish for her death. She was her only child, and the very calamity which shut her out from all the rest of the world, made her tenfold more dear to her. "She could have borne her loss," she said, "had it pleased God to take her in the usual way; but she knew her poor Marian had gone in search of her, who has never left her thus before, and so she met her death; and that thought she could not bear."

PHENOMENA OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind, by James Mill, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Baldwin. 1829. (Concluded from p. 373).

THE mistakes which may be admitted with regard to the nature and method of physical inquiry, when shifted from the outward to the inward world, acquire a different complexion and consequence. In analysing the phenomena of external nature, not only must obscurity be suffered to remain about the earliest antecedence in the order of causation—the highest generality of motion—the primary law of nature—but an obscurity indeed which many inquirers into mind may consider to be in their own department equally impenetrable: but a certain degree of ignorance of the general ends of science may not exclude success in some of its branches. Observations, however imperfect, may be sufficient

• Bacon.

for the furtherance of human action; analysis, however incomplete, may be rewarded by the discovery of elements of separate use and value; experiment is constantly at hand to submit the visions of the mind to the correction of the senses. Experiment, moreover, may be made *in corpore vili*, and the worst effects of error may extend no farther than the failure of an engine or a manufacture. Chemical art will not now undertake to rival nature in the production of her recondite substances; and no mechanical masterpiece, except in a novel, will be framed to ape the phenomena of life and organisation.

But the comparative impunity of unphilosophical observers of the outward world should induce us to be cautious in accepting their account of the analogies between physical and moral investigation: for, in a system of mind, none of its phenomena must be left out of account for an instant, no element can be separated and viewed by itself to any furtherance of truth or utility; no experiment addressed to the senses can rectify the deceptions which the mind may put on itself with regard to its own quality and nature. Hence, the first condition requisite to success in this department, is a full and conscientious process of self-examination in all the fleeting modes of inward experience, and an invariable habit, unseduced by sloth or vanity, of contemplating every form of thought or feeling in its native light; and determinately keeping it in that distinct position to which our healthiest state of consciousness decides it to belong. Hence, too, the high requirements and immense responsibility imposed on him who pretends to give an account of all the faculties and manifold emotions of the human mind. All science is concerned in the safe conduct of his enterprise: for all science, in so far as it is viewed but in the 'insincere mirror' of our intelligence,* must, in no insignificant measure, be affected by our estimate of the nature and extent of our own powers, and by the direction which we are consequently prompted to give them. One inquirer starts from notices derived through the senses; and from these, and the ideas they impart, proceeds to deduce the whole moral constitution of our nature. Another swells our catalogue of primary endowments with sympathies, instincts, and affections, unsusceptible of analysis into simpler sensations. A third detects a purely moral element in our nature, affirms its universality as a spiritual essence, and proclaims it the sole guiding light to science and truth. It is evident at once, how widely different must be the path of each psychologist from the outset.

No reader of Mr. Mill can long be left in doubt with regard to the line and method of inquiry which he has judged the most appropriate to his subject and principles; and no opponent of these will hesitate long in setting him down among the votaries of *sensation-philosophy*. The naked and concise style in which he has exhibited the outline and dimensions of his system point out its obnoxious members to polemical dissection, and render critical castigation a much simpler sport in appearance than it probably will be found on experiment. Were we Edinburgh reviewers, we might not find it difficult to handle in what sense we pleased, our author's disquisitions; but, unaccustomed as we are to wield that marvellous critical mallet which could crush the fame of Montesquieu in one short paragraph, we dare not exercise summary jurisdiction over an author who, whether his conclusions coincide or not with our own, is, at all events, entitled to the treatment due to a close consistent arguer in behalf of a deliberately adopted and explicitly stated system. We have devoted our most careful and dispassionate attention to the volumes before us; and we do not believe that any one who reads them conscientiously will impeach the general accuracy with which the

leading facts which form the ground work of the system are stated, or the strict interdependence and connexion of its details with the whole design. As a whole it must be scrutinized, maintained, or condemned. Nothing is more likely than that any one whose thoughts are not exactly cast in the same mould as our author's, will find some seeming superficialness or contradiction in any two or three sections of the work which he may glance at; but the noisy reprobation of a reader of this stamp would be no rule of judgment for a calmer student. For example, the chapter of 'Consciousness,' in which the having a sensation or idea, and the being conscious of it, are affirmed to be not two things, but one and the same, may seem, at first sight, to contradict a previous section,—on 'Sensations in the Alimentary Canal,' in which it is stated doubtfully, 'that there is reason to believe that a perpetual train of sensation is going on in every part of it.' A little attention, however, to the terms of the positions which are maintained by each section, will remove the seeming discrepancy; and a reference to the chapters on 'Memory,' 'Reflection,' &c., will exhibit their connexion with the rest of the system.

There is no especial matter for remark in Mr. Mill's two first chapters on the several phenomena which he classes as composing the two primary states of 'Consciousness'—those feelings, namely, known to be derived from the senses; those which accompany the action of the muscles, or which have place in the alimentary canal; and the ideas 'which exist after the object of sense has ceased to be present.'

This portion of the work is chiefly characterised by the clear enunciation of admitted facts. The difficulty of making a satisfactory selection must also prevent us from citing any of the judicious remarks by which the nature and use of language, as presenting mental phenomena of such primary importance, are illustrated. We must also refer our readers to the work itself for much curious and instructive disquisition on the 'Association of Ideas,' and the 'Faculty of Imagination.' The concluding part of the chapter on 'Classification,' affords matter for an extract; the whole of the chapter is important.—Vol. i., p. 211.

It may still be useful to advert to the three principal cases into which Classification may be resolved; 1, that of objects considered as *synchronical*; 2, that of objects considered as *successive*; 3, that of feelings. The first is exemplified in the common classes of sensible objects, as men, horses, trees, and so on; and requires no further explanation. The second is exemplified in the class of events, denoted by such words, as Birth, Death, Snowing, Thundering, Freezing, Flying, Creeping. By these words there is always denoted one antecedent and one consequent, generally more, sometimes a long train of them. And it is obvious that each of them is, at once, the name of each instance individually, and of all taken generally together. Thus, Freezing is not the name of an individual instance of freezing only, but of that and of all other instances of freezing. The same is the case with other words of a still more general, and thence more obscure signification, as Gravitation, Attraction, Motion, Force, &c.; which words have this additional source of confusion, that they are ambiguous, being both abstract and concrete. When we say that there is a third case of classification, relating to Feelings, it does not mean that the two former do not relate to feelings: for when we say, that we classify objects, as men, horses, &c.;—or events, as the sequences named births, deaths, and so on;—it is obvious that our operation is about our own feelings, and nothing else; as the objects, and their successions, are, to us, the feelings merely which we thus designate. But as there are feelings which we do thus designate; and feelings which we do not; it is convenient, for the purpose of teaching, to treat of them apart. The Feelings, of this latter kind, which we classify, are either single feelings, or trains. Thus, Pain is the name of a single feeling, and the name both of an individual instance, but of indefinite instances, forming a most extensive class. Memory is the name not of a single feeling or idea, but of a train; and it is the name not of a single instance, but of all instances of such

a train, that is, of a class. The same is the case with Belief. It is the name of a train consisting of a certain number of links; and it is the name not only of an individual instance of such trains, but of all instances, forming an extensive class. Imagination is another instance of the same sort of classification. So also is Judgment, Reasoning, and Doubting, and we might name many more.

It is easy to see, among the principles of Association, what particular principle it is, which is mainly concerned in classification, and by which we are rendered capable of that mighty operation; on which, as its basis, the whole of our intellectual structure is reared. That principle is resemblance. It seems to be similarity or resemblance which, when we have applied a name to one individual, leads us to apply it to another, and another, till the whole forms an aggregate, connected together by the common relation of every part of the aggregate to one and the same name. Similarity, or Resemblance, we must regard as an Idea familiar and sufficiently understood for the illustration at present required. It will itself be strictly analysed, at a subsequent part of this inquiry.

So deeply was the sagacious mind of Plato, far more philosophical than that of any who succeeded him during many ages, struck with the importance of Classification, that he seems to have regarded it as the sum of all philosophy; which he described, as being the faculty of seeing "the ONE in MANY, and the MANY in ONE;" a phrase which, when stripped from the subtleties of the sophists whom he exposed, and from the mystical visions of his successors, of which he never dreamed, is really a striking expression of what in classification is the matter of fact. His error lay, in misconceiving the ONE; which he took, not for the aggregate, but something pervading the aggregate.*

We insert the following passage from the chapter on 'Time,' a mere fragment from an interesting discussion, affording, however, a fair specimen of our author's polemical style.—Vol. ii., p. 109.

"Time and space" says Mr. Harris, "have this in common, that they are both of them by nature continuous. But in this they differ, that all the parts of space exist at once and together, while those of time only exist in transition or succession." This is only transcribing the common language. What remained was, to shew what are the real facts couched under this language.

"In every given time we may assume any where a now or instant, and therefore, in every given time, there may be assumed infinite nows or instants.

"A now or instant is the bound of every finite time. But although a bound, it is not a part of time. If this appear strange, we may remember, that if a now or instant, were a part of time, it being essential to the character of parts, that they should measure the whole, it would contain within itself infinite other nows; and this, it is evident, would be absurd and impossible.

"The same now or instant, may be the end of one time, and the beginning of another; the first, necessarily past time, as being previous to the now or instant, which both times include; the other necessarily future, as being subsequent. As, therefore, every now or instant always exists in time, and without being time, is time's bound; the bound of completion to the past, and the bound of commencement to the future: from hence we may conceive its nature or end, which is to be the medium of continuity between the past and the future, so as to render time, through all its parts, one intire and perfect whole."

It must be obvious to every one, who has correctly followed me through the preceding deductions, that this mysterious language, if applied to actual successions, has a distinct meaning; if not so applied, it is jargon merely, without one idea annexed. This now, which is not time, and, not being time, is of course nothing else; this nothing, then, which, though nothing, is the medium of continuity between somethings, namely, time past, and time future, seems to be only a mysterious name for that link which is supposed to be between every antecedent and its consequent; which supposition of a link, or medium of continuity, we have already shewn to be a mere case of association, involving a prejudice; the antecedent and consequent, and nothing else, being really included

* 'Omnes perceptiones,' says Lord Bacon, (and the sentence shews the sagacious self-distrust of his whole philosophy), 'tam sensus quam mentis, sunt ex analogia hominis, non ex analogia universi; estque intellectus humanus instar speculi inaequalis ad radios rerum, qui suam naturam naturae rerum immiscet, eamque distorquet et inficit.'

in a case of succession. Thus understood, however, it is a medium of continuity, forming the "bound of completion," to the previous train of successions, the "bound of commencement" to the following.

Mr. Harris proceeds to shew some of the conclusions, resulting from the account which he had thus rendered of time. "In the first place," he says, "there cannot (strictly speaking) be any such thing as time present." We will draw from this a conclusion, which Mr. Harris appears not to have seen, or does not choose to acknowledge; That, if there be no such thing as time present, neither can there be any such thing as time past. For what is the past, but that which has been present? But if there be no such thing as time present, or time past, there can be no such thing as time future. Time, therefore, is an impossibility.

Mr. Harris himself, indeed, goes a certain way towards this conclusion. "If no portion of time," he says, "be the object of any sensation; further, if the present never exist; if the past be no more; if the future be not a yet; and if these are all the parts, out of which time is compounded: how strange and shadowy a being do we find it? How nearly approaching to a perfect non-entity."

Mr. Harris then says, "Let us try, however, since the senses fail us, if we have not faculties of higher power, to seize this fleeting being." What then is it he does in search of those "faculties of higher power?" It will be seen, from the following quotation, that he merely describes a few cases of actual succession; and says, that from them, by the help of memory and imagination, we come by the idea of time. But the memory and imagination of successions present to us nothing but the successions themselves. If then the memory and imagination of successions, give us the idea of time, the idea of time can only be some part or the whole of the idea of the successions.

"The world has been likened to a variety of things, but it appears to resemble no one more than some moving spectacle (such as a procession or a triumph) that abounds in every part with splendid objects, some of which are still departing, as fast as others make their appearance. The senses look on, while the sight passes, perceiving as much as is immediately present, which they report with tolerable accuracy to the soul's superior powers. Having done this, they have done their duty, being concerned with nothing, save what is present and instantaneous. But to the memory, to the imagination, and above all, to the intellect, the several nows or instants, are not lost, as to the senses, but are presented and made objects of steady comprehension, however, in their own nature, they may be transitory and passing.

"Now it is from contemplating two or more of these instants under one view, together with that interval of continuity which subsists between them, that we acquire insensibly the idea of time. For example: the sun rises; this I remember: it rises again; this too, I remember. These events are not together; there is an extension between them—not however of space, for we may suppose the place of rising the same, or at least, to exhibit no sensible difference. Yet still we recognise some extension between them. Now what is this extension, but a natural day? And what is that, but pure time? It is after the same manner, by recognising two new moons, and the extension between these; two several equinoxes, and the extension between these; that we gain ideas of other times, such as months and years, which are all so many intervals, described as above; that is to say, passing intervals of continuity between two instants viewed together.

"And thus it is the mind acquires the idea of time. But this time it must be remembered is past time only, which is always the first species, that occurs to the human intellect. How then do we acquire the idea of time future? The answer is, we acquire it by anticipation. Should it be demanded still further, And what is anticipation? We answer, that in this case, it is a kind of reasoning by analogy from similar to similar; from successions of events, that are past already, so similar successions, that are presumed hereafter. For example: I observe, as far back as my memory can carry me, how every day has been succeeded by a night; that night, by another day; that day, by another night; and so downwards in order to the day that is now. Hence, then, I

anticipate a similar succession from the present day, and thus gain the idea of days and nights in futurity. After the same manner, by attending to the periodical returns of new and full moons; of springs, summers, autumns, and winters, all of which, in time past, I find never to have failed, I anticipate a like orderly and diversified succession, which makes months, and seasons, and years, in time future."

It is to be observed, that, in the above passage, Harris, beside memory and imagination, introduces the name of intellect, as concerned in generating the idea of time. But it will be seen that he makes no use of it, whatsoever, in giving his explanation, nor mentions any other operations than those of, memory for the past, and anticipation for the future. Indeed it appears, from a passage of his work, immediately following, that when Mr. Harris, in this inquiry, uses the word intellect, he means nothing but anticipation and memory. "There is nothing," he says, "appears so clearly an object of the mind or intellect only, as the future does, since we can find no place for its existence any where else. Not but the same, if we consider, is equally true of the past." Here we see, that both the future, and the past, are said to be objects of the intellect only. But the future is the object of anticipation, the past of memory; and both memory, and anticipation, as we have seen, are cases of association.

In the cases of succession which he adduces, as examples, to shew in what manner we acquire, he says, "insensibly," the idea of time, he tells us, there is sensation of the consequent, memory of the antecedent, and beside these, "contemplation of two or more instants under one view, together with that interval of continuity, which subsists between them." But the contemplation of two instants, one prior, another posterior, in one view, with the interval between them, is a circumlocution for memory. It denotes, obscurely and imperfectly, that union, in one idea, of all the parts of a train, to which the name memory is affixed. From this contemplation, he says it is, "that we acquire the idea of time." The real meaning is thus shewn to be, that we acquire it from memory. Mr. Harris, therefore, at the bottom, agrees with Dr. Reid; and the same observations by which we shewed the imperfection of Dr. Reid's account, are equally applicable to that of Mr. Harris. The case, in truth, is, that neither of them does any thing more than merely state the fact, without an attempt to explain it. That we cannot have the idea of time, without the observation of successions; and that memory is joined with sense in the observation of successions,—is the matter of fact. What time is, distinct from the memory and the sensations, they ought to have told us, but have not. They would not have found it difficult, had they been familiar with the distinction (of such infinite importance, in all accurate inquiries into the human mind) between the mode of signification of concrete words, and the mode of signification of abstract ones; the latter, in its more complicated cases, of not very easy comprehension. Unfortunately, we have no concrete term, corresponding with time. Hence a great part of the difficulty of conceiving distinctly the meaning of the abstract. Time, also, is not the abstract name of any one train, but of all trains; as redness is not the name of one red, but of all reds. And there is this further complication, that the word "time" is never applied to any train, in particular; as time of a race, time of a battle, and so on; without the predominating association of that particular train, whatever it be, minutes, hours, or days, which we are accustomed to employ, as the measure of other successions. Without much and accurate practice, therefore, in conceiving the meaning of abstract terms, especially in the more complex and intricate cases, it is extremely difficult steadily to contemplate either time, as the abstract name of all successive, or space, as the abstract name of all simultaneous order.

THE ADVENTURES OF A KING'S PAGE.

The Adventures of a King's Page. By the Author of 'Almack's Revisited.' 3 vols. Colburn, 1829.

THE only kind of novel which has of late much departed from the standard of the common, historical, and foreign romance, is that to which 'The King's Page' belongs. It is a light and sketchy exhibition

of fashionable society, framed in a story of sufficient interest, and accompanied by some glimpses of the war in the Peninsula. It is very easily and pleasantly written, and some of the dialogues are extremely clever, much more so, we apprehend, than the conversations of which they profess to be copies.

We have, however, some causes of quarrel against the author. In the first place, the name has evidently been forced on him by his bookseller. If twenty pages were cut out of the three volumes, there would not be a trace remaining (except in the running titles) of the hero's courtly dignity. We can conceive nothing more disgraceful for a literary man (if indeed, the author at all aspires to that character) than this kind of submission to his tradesman. It is to proclaim at once, that the book has no purpose or meaning of its own beyond that of obtaining a certain sum of money.

We also very decidedly object to the portraits and caricatures of living and well-known individuals, several of which are introduced in 'The King's Page.' It really would seem that there can be very few general vices and follies among our aristocracy, when half a dozen novelists find themselves reduced to enliven their works by personal attacks on the Duchess of St. Alban's, which, by the way, are bad compliments to her hundreds of noble and fashionable guests. This to be sure is, perhaps, the only circumstance that gives point and interest to such easy satires. There may, perhaps be inexhaustible enjoyment in ridiculing and abusing a person at whose table we yesterday feasted; but it might be as well if authors would remember that, to the greatest number of their readers, this source of literary pleasure is wanting. If a foreigner were to judge of England by Mr. Colburn's novels and the weekly newspapers, he would suppose that no earthly (or indeed heavenly) object is so important to the country as the hunting down by ridicule, and very often by calumny, one rich and ostentatious woman.

It might, moreover, be as well if the 'author of Almack's Revisited' would remember that he can produce little impression on the mind of any one by his ever-recurring panegyrics on all and each of the royal family. The characters of many of the exalted personages who are eulogised severally and in the lump, on about one hundred and fifty different and unsuitable occasions in the course of these volumes, have become matter for history; and the consequence of covering alike the living and the dead with indiscriminate and extravagant praise, must necessarily be to suggest to every reader the counterbalancing defects and vices which are even more, perhaps, in some cases, than would suffice to prove our princes and princesses not quite the faultless divinities prated of in these pages. If the royal family were considerably worse than, on the whole, they have ever been charged with being, there still would not exist much reason to fear the spread of disloyalty among us; and we really can see no use in larding our literature with panegyrics which every one knows to be exaggerated and foolish. We are satisfied that the Guelphs are morally very superior to the Bourbons or the Tsars; and our institutions and national spirit happily do not make it necessary to our welfare that they should be hereditary arch-angels.

The last point on which we intend to complain of the author before us, is the excessive vanity which he seems to feel at the circumstance of his being admitted to society where 'which' is not used for 'who,' nor 'two negatives employed instead of one.' This English madness of believing that there are no educated or agreeable people in the country beyond a circle of some one thousand families, at the very utmost, has now lasted so long that we may hope it will soon become unfashionable. Of this we are very sure, that, in the highest and most cultivated society, the persons whom every one would allow to be models for manner and accomplishment, are the least likely to treat with arrogance and contempt people of as good education and habits as themselves, though less distinguished for rank, wealth, and luxurious elegance.

There still remains the general accusation against this and a score of similar works, that they display no power of conceiving any thing which their authors have not seen; that they do not at all exercise the imagination or the intellect of their readers; and that the amusement which they afford is, therefore, of the most passive and meagre kind, leaving the weakest relish on the palate, and furnishing the most watery nutriment to the life-blood. Into this wide field of discussion we do not now design to enter, but prefer to conclude with an extract, which cannot fail, we think, to amuse our readers:

At the moment of Lady Roxmere's visit to Birkenholt, the family of Sir Stephen was assembled in the eating-room, busily occupied in the discussion of one of those substantial luncheons which so fortunately intervene in the country to break through the tediums of the day, when rainy weather, or the cessation of field sports, confine your real young country gentleman to the house, and leave him entirely at the mercy of his own intellect and resources: which latter may be classed under the following heads.

Sitting for an hour or two on a cornbin, listening to the harmonious sounds with which the grooms accompany their manual operations on the heels of the horses. Smoking segars in the harness-room, or keeping his hands in practice for driving, by tickling up the pigs as they lie buried in the straw of the farm-yard with a four-horse whip. Teaching Tom, the tail-less stable-cat, to jump through his arms, and then rewarding the poor animal's docility by worrying it with half a dozen terriers. Establishing a fight between his mother's pet-pug, Bijou, and the housekeeper's favourite tabby, Bess. Whistling to the turkey-cocks until they gabble and swell themselves into a state of apoplexy. Dogs-eating books of prints and etchings; humming out of tune "Cherry ripe!" and the not less eternal Jager Chorus; curing his younger brothers' chilblains by rapping their knuckles with back-swords; and spoiling his sister's superfine scissors and work-boxes, by scratching mail-coaches on the lids of the one with the points of the other.

Several of these interesting amusements had been tried in their turn by young Squire Stephen Cornwall, who, having satiated himself with cold pie and ale, was busily employed in tracing the circumference of a coach-wheel with a three-pronged fork on the table-cloth: upon lifting up his eye towards the park, he exclaimed, "I shall bolt; here come some of your big-wig visitors: I saw the flunkies bobbing up and down before the drag, like apples in a mill-stream." The attention of the rest of the party was attracted towards the park by this very ingenious observation; and there was a general exclamation of, "I declare! a carriage passing through the park-gates!"—"So early, my dears," said the mamma; "it surely can be none of our expected party!"

"Some horrid boring neighbours who have heard of it, perhaps, coming to give you a hint to ask them," observed Miss Dora Cornwall.

"Do, my dears, reconnoitre," answered the lady of the mansion. Two or three of the young ladies immediately flew to a table, on which stood a large telescope, placed there for the special purpose of examining visitors, long ere they reached the house; by which clever precaution, the inmates obtained sufficient time either to issue the repulsive "not at home," or to prepare for the reception of the approaching individuals with all the ceremony of indifference due to their respective ranks. After a few moments' observation, one of the damsels exclaimed, "Six horses, and three outriders: it must be somebody of importance. Shall I ring, Mamma?"

"Who can it be? Who is it?" ejaculated the whole group.

"Probably the Lord Lieutenant coming to consult me on the disturbed state of the manufacturing classes," said Sir Stephen. "It is really very hard, that the public authorities cannot act on any occasion without troubling me for my advice."

"It's the Yarmouth heavy, more likely," said the young Squire; "to judge by the pace it comes: just look how the dragsman handles the ribands!"

"Ribands, brother!" exclaimed all the Misses Cornwall in chorus: "what! favours? Who can it be?—a wedding visit?"

"Highly improbable, my dears," said the mamma. "I should scarcely suppose that any person in the county, with six horses and three outriders, would think of marrying without previously communicating the event to us."

"Ribands!" also exclaimed the Baronet; "they must be election colours. Mr. Toadywell, in consequence of his recent appointment, has vacated his seat; there is an opening for Rottenhill—it must be the new candidate."

Delighted at having accidentally mystified his relatives, Mr. Stephen continued: "Marry! ay, marry, come up: titch! titch!" and he accompanied his words with that kind of hissing sound with which coachmen excite their horses; whilst he twisted his fingers right and left, as if he had a whip in his hand—"Ay! and as nice a pair as ever I saw!"

"Dear me," exclaimed the united band, "who can they be? How very uncivil, not even to have sent us some cake!"

"It's incredible, my loves!" rejoined the mamma.

"Why then, look yourself, mother," answered the Squire, grinning at his own wit; "and if they a'ent as nice a pair of leaders as ever you saw, then I don't know what's what."

"I must request, Stephen," said the Baronet, much annoyed, "that you will refrain, in my presence, from a style of conversation totally unbecoming your station and prospect in life: your language would even disgrace the low class of men whom it appears to be your sole aim to imitate and surpass. Can you not inform us in simple English who they are?"

"Well, that would be like driving three blind ones and a bolter," replied the incorrigible youth. "How am I to tell who's booked inside, if I haven't seen the way-bill?"

"Blue and silver! I see it plainly," said Miss Cornwall, who had taken her place at the glass. "Then it must be the Roxmerea," added another of the girls; "no one else with that livery drives six horses."

"Then ring directly for the butler, my dears. What can that horrid boring old woman want? We have not seen her so long, I was in hopes she was bed-ridden," exclaimed the godly lady.

"It is much more probable," said Sir Stephen, "that my noble friend, the Earl, is coming to take my opinion on the bill he intends bringing in next session. I have been in dread of this visit for the last six weeks. I must really announce to my acquaintance, that my health is unequal to the labours which are imposed upon me;" and then adding, "When his Lordship arrives, let him be shown into my cabinet," he retired.

"Much more likely," said Lady Cornwall, when the door closed, "that it is Lady Roxmere with one of her begging petitions; but if it is, I shall refuse. I do not think she has any claim upon my charity, since she refused to patronize my philanthropic branch of the North-east Grand Junction Auxiliary Bible Society;" and then, as the butler entered, she added,—"Potts, direct all the servants to be ready in the hall, and let them put on their best liveries."

"Their best with tags, my Lady?"

"Of course, Potts!—it is the Countess of Roxmere and six horses;—and Potts, let a hot poker be put in the state drawing-room fire."

"Are the covers to be taken off the damask chairs, my Lady?" demanded the butler.

"Certainly! if there is time. Always let that be done when it is a countess, or a person of higher degree; and let luncheon be got ready in the grand eating-room."

"Plate or china, my Lady?" asked the man.

"Plate, of course, you stupid fellow! Always plate when there are outriders: and let covers be laid for a dozen, as if we always expected many visitors."

"Very well, my Lady," replied the butler; and then turning, ere he left the room, he said, "Cape or Madeira, my Lady? there's nothing but Cape up."

"Oh! Madeira, of course; but not the old East-India, Potts.—And Potts, I forgot to say, send all the people to the inn: no guzzling, if you please, in the servants' hall."

"Yes, my Lady," answered the man; "but they always take us in at the Castle, my Lady."

"That is their affair; do as I order. And remem-

ber, no sneaking round the shrubbery with ale, Mr. Potts."

"No, my Lady," was the butler's answer; as, hastening out of the room, he muttered, "If one's obliged to treat other folks' servants in this kind of nigglerly way, we shall have other folks' servants slamming the doors in one's faces, and no getting nothing comfortable: if this is to be the go, I shall give warning, and better myself;" and he forthwith retired to the pantry, and emptied the remainder of a bottle of Cape wine, by way of consolation.

"Now my dears," said Lady Cornwall, "let us prepare for the enemy.—Dora, my love, put out some of the embroidery your governess worked for you, and employ yourself in picking out some threads.—Martha, my dear, open your drawing things, and show the sketch from nature you copied from Mr. Essel.—Bella, put the chess-men in confusion; I dare say the stupid house-maid has set them all in order.—Flora, place the book Lady Roxmere sent me to read two months ago, on my stand; and then sit down to your harp."

"The leaves are not cut of your book, and there are not ten strings left to the harp," replied Miss Flora.

"Then fetch me a volume of Sermons, or the Last Transactions of the Society for the Conversion of the Esquimaux; and crack another string just as they come in, that will answer all the purpose."

Lieutenant Cornwall, an officer in the navy, who was an old playfellow and friend of Arthur Beverley's, and who had witnessed all that had passed, now ventured to say, "Why, what, in the name of Heaven—!"

"Do not take the name of Heaven in vain, George. I am shocked at your profaneness," said Lady Cornwall, interrupting him. "I am sure, if Lord Gambier was to hear you, you would never be promoted," added her Ladyship, as she left the room.

"You are all bewitched, I believe," said the sailor, "since poor Julia has left you. Why all this nonsensical preparation for that good old lady?"

"Oh!" said Miss Bella, "you know, the horrid old woman is so dreadfully blue, so shockingly prosy, that we should be lost for ever if we were not caught doing something literary or domestic."

"Why, you will all be as bad as old Pampyford," exclaimed the Squire.

"And who is she, Stephen?" demanded the sailor.

"Why the old girl that lives at Pine Apple Grove, with six cats and seven pet spaniels, and they all sleep in four-post beds, and have their hands and faces washed with rose-water. I made a bag of her best tortoise-shell Tom; and she went into mourning because my bull-dog ate him."

The carriage now approached the door, and in a few seconds Lady Roxmere and Lucy were ushered into the drawing-room, amidst the screams and well-feigned exclamation of the whole group. "What?" can it be possible!" exclaimed the hostess,—"Lady Roxmere? dear Lady Roxmere! how delighted I am to see you!—We were just talking of you.—What an age since we have met!—How kind thus to take us by surprise!—How is the dear Earl!—Girls, Bella, Martha, take dear Lady Roxmere's cloak."

"Permit me to present my particular friend, Miss Delmore, who is in future to reside with me," replied the Countess, after the usual salutations.

The young ladies all bowed formally, and whispered among themselves—"Some charity girl, I suppose,—some humble companion: rather cool bringing her here."

"What?" said Lady Cornwall,—"a daughter of that worthy man, Mr. Delmore, of Beverley, of whom we have heard so much?"

"The same," replied the Countess; "he has had the kindness to intrust his treasure to my care."

"So kind of you to take notice of her, my dear Lady Roxmere," whined out the hostess; "so completely in that spirit of Christian benevolence which guides all your actions,—always charitable."

"Always grateful for the obligations I receive," answered Lady Roxmere: "and it is impossible Mr. Delmore could have conferred a greater favour, or given me a more decided proof of his esteem and confidence, than by permitting this dear child to supply the void which is caused by the absence of my poor Arthur.—But I hope," continued the Countess, pressing Lucy's hand, "that she will not find Beverley Castle, or St. James's Square,

quite so dull as they have been of late years. I must now endeavour to rally: I have a daughter to present, for in that light Lord Roxmere and I consider Miss Delmore."

"In a moment Lady Cornwall saw that she was, what her son called, on a wrong cast; and she therefore exclaimed, "How enchanted I am to make her acquaintance! I hope we shall see a great deal of her.—How strikingly handsome!" added she in a half whisper to Lady Roxmere; and then aloud, "Miss Delmore, I must introduce you, individually, to all my daughters. Lucy! what a pretty name! I like it so much, so unaffected.—Here Dora! Bella! Martia! Flora! Miss Delmore;—Miss Delmore, my daughters."

THE HEBREW LANGUAGE.

The Elements of the Hebrew Language. By H. Hurwitz, Author of 'Vindicia Hebraica,' &c. Taylor. London, 1829.

THIS is just such a book as we had a right to expect from the author of 'Vindicia Hebraica.' Without professing much, it completely exhausts the subject to which it is devoted, and supplies the student with an elementary work indeed, but one which will enable him to proceed beyond the elements only, with very diminished labour. It is confined to the removing of those difficulties which especially press upon the unassisted tyro, and which arise from the peculiar construction of the Hebrew words, the changes of vowels, &c; and, by its extreme clearness, it contrasts very strongly with those tedious and involved works which we have hitherto been compelled to wade through at this period of our study. There is surely no time which more imperatively calls for perspicuity, and a lucid method of treatment, than the very beginning of our acquaintance with a language; and, were no other advantages to be derived from the publication of Mr. Hurwitz's 'Elements,' we should feel that all future Hebraists were not slightly indebted to him for smoothing the road so effectually before them at the very outset. That this, and no more than this, has been the author's intention, we are fully assured in his preface. We will, therefore, proceed to show how this has been accomplished. The first chapter is devoted to the manner of writing and reading the Hebrew text, and to the settling the exact value of the consonant and vowel sounds, and describes shortly the origin of the points, and their local value: it also gives some account of 'Sheva,' and 'Dagesh,' which are usually found to be no inconsiderable stumbling-blocks to beginners. We have here also a few remarks on the accentuation of words. These are followed by a Praxis, intended to habituate the learner to the formation of Hebrew letters, and to give him a knowledge of their value.

The second chapter gives rules for ascertaining the power of syllables; gives the force of the *quiescents*, and gives some account of *Mak-keph*, *Metheg*, and *Mappik*. All these are accompanied with plates of numerous examples. Hence he proceeds to the substitutes for *Sh'va* initial, or the semi-vowels, with examples of their use, and that of *Sh'va* and *Dagesh*. After some general remarks on *Kamets* and *Hirik*, on *Holem*, when preceded by *Sin*, or followed by *Shin*, and a table of words, whose only distinction is their vowels, (viz., *LaMoD* לָמוֹד To learn, and *LaMaD* לָמַד He learned. *aL* אֵל God, *eL* אֵל To, and *aL* אֵל not.) He proceeds to the Reading Lessons, selected from 'The Old Testament.' In these the text, as found in the printed copies, is placed at the head of the page, and below, in two columns, its pronunciation in English characters, and its syllabic division in Hebrew, are subjoined. The whole is followed by an analysis of each word. We select one of these as a specimen:

הַשָּׁמַיִם the Heaven. (-) under ה is the

vowel point *Pathak*, (p. 14.) The dot in the ו is *Dagesh hazak*, (p. 33,) which, as it doubles the letter

in which it occurs, makes ו equivalent to וו; the first of which is pronounced with the syllable that precedes it, וַ hash, and the second is pronounced with its own vowel, וּ shū. מָ, is a simple syllable, having the accent. י is pronounced like y in yes; the dot beneath it is short *Hirik*, (p. 14), forming a compound syllable with the ו, thus וַיִּי yim. The accent is on the penultimate, and the whole word is pronounced *Hash-sha-mā-yim*. ׀ is the sign of the article *the*."

By an ingenious device, the words in the subsequent lessons are so printed as to mark distinctly the *prefixes* and *affixes* in each, the word itself being in *dark*, the *affix* in *light*, Hebrew characters; thus, 'And he said וַיֹּאמֶר Vayomer.'

The third chapter is confined to the explanation of accents, of which we may say, in the author's own words, 'Grammarians do not agree concerning either their exact number, names, or powers:' and of which, therefore, he has only given tables which may serve as a sort of assistance to the student on his first meeting with them. This little book concludes with a table of familiar phrases, in which the use of the *pronouns*, and the verb *to be*, is exemplified, as in the case of the *prefixes* and *affixes* by blank letters.

From what we have said, our readers will perceive the exact intention of this work. It is not to supersede a laborious inquiry into the roots of words, or to mechanize the language which, of all others, is least capable of being mechanized, by supplying us with a 'Genesis on the Hamiltonian plan;' it is only meant to facilitate the student's progress over the first steps of his road, by giving him a knowledge of the powers of those signs which he will meet with, and by laying before him the manner in which the government of words affects their appearance. For any thing beyond this, we must look to his 'Etymology and Syntax,' which are to form the second part of the work. Before we quit him, we will mention his own opinion concerning translations from the Hebrew, as a means of acquiring a knowledge of that language.

This little work further contains progressive reading lessons, selected from Scripture, accompanied by a literal translation; not, indeed, as if I wished it to be understood that a critical knowledge of any language, and especially of such a one as the Hebrew, can be obtained by mere literal translations, unaided by grammatical learning, but because I am persuaded that they are, when analytically conducted, the surest means of giving the student a real insight into the use and application of words, and the peculiar idiom of a language.

We would recommend this opinion to the compiler of another work, published by Messrs. Taylor, viz., 'The Book of Genesis, with a literal translation, &c.:' in which we are gravely told to learn by heart the juxta-posed Hebrew and English, till one word does not fail to suggest the other. Now we have always believed, that, in order to obtain the slightest knowledge of Hebrew, it was necessary to track the root through all its derivative words; and we are quite certain, that, in order to derive any mental improvement from any language at all, we must eschew as much as possible the being, what such authors would make us, *word-machines*.

Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America, by George Head, Esq. London, 1829.

THIS is an amusing little narrative of a rather perilous journey, in the depth of winter, from Halifax, across New Brunswick, to Quebec, and from thence to the banks of the Lake Huron, with an account of a residence in that wild spot. The style is plain and unpretending, and there are simple but

* In the first ו a dot is wanting between the two first strokes.

affecting descriptions of the author's cold and weary journey—of the hazardous passage of the half-frozen St. Lawrence—of the great and distant lake—of his rambles in the silent untrodden forest—of the rude yet strongly-marked features of the savage men who wander through that wild domain—and of the grand constructions of its only civilized inhabitant, the beaver.

A New and Complete History of the Counties of Sussex and Surrey. By Thomas Allen, Author of the *History of the Palace and Parish of Lambeth*, &c. Illustrated with Views from Drawings by Nathaniel Whittock. No. 1, 2, & 3. Hinton. London, 1829.

THIS is the commencement of an elaborate topographical work on the two neighbouring counties of Surrey and Sussex, the ancient Saxon kingdom of South Seax. From productions of the kind it would be unreasonable to expect literary matter of great merit, and it will be a sufficient recommendation that the information furnished is ample and correct, and that the illustrations are properly selected and well executed. The first quality, viz. fulness of details, the numbers hitherto published possess in an eminent degree; of the accuracy of those details, it requires more local knowledge than is generally possessed by an individual to judge: but we see no reason to entertain doubts on that head. The illustrations are all from drawings by the same hand of which the masterly View of St. Saviour's in the Borough, by way of Vignette in the Title Page to the first number, cleverly engraved by Rogers, proves the competency to the task committed to it. We are glad to trace the hand of Mr. Rogers in the greater part of the subsequent plates.

Synopsis of Midwifery, shewing the Management of natural and difficult Labours—their Consequences, and Treatment. By Henry Hurry Goodve and Thomas Evans, late house-pupils to Dr. G. Hopkins, Physician, Accoucher to the Wives of Soldiers of the Three Regiments of Foot Guards, to the Westminster and Southwark Lying-in Institutions, Lecturer on Midwifery, &c. Second edition. Highley. 1829.

WE some time back noticed the first edition of this little work, when it appeared in the form of a chart, and have since been happy to find the praise we then bestowed upon it re-echoed by all the Medical journals. It has just been published in the shape of a pocket-book; and 'is made,' say its authors, 'to assume its present form in compliance with the recommendations of the medical journals, and in furtherance of the object which led to its first publication. This object was to give, on a plan of easy reference, advice in cases of emergency; but considering that advice is most needed in the sick room, where a chart would be too ostentatious, and larger books inconvenient, we have determined to give to the young practitioner, in the fewest possible words, the means of directing his ignorance, or of aiding his memory, and in such guise, that whilst he is instructed, his patient shall not be alarmed, nor shall the attendants suspect his occupation.'

The fact, that a second edition has been called for, is a sufficient proof of the estimation in which this little manual is held by the profession; and we should imagine its value would be much increased from the metamorphose it has undergone, from a library chart to a 'Pocket Companion.'

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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DIALOGUE BETWEEN VARIOUS MEN AND WOMEN UPON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Concerning Tintern Abbey.

If two Englishmen wish to know each other in any worthy sense, that is to say, to become acquainted with each other's whole man, as compounded of vices, virtues, wisdom, folly, agreeables, and disagreeables, there is no way but the old-fashioned one of living for some months or years in the same house, or at any rate, in the same square, street, or village. But there are one or two royal roads to an acquaintance with certain parts of each other's minds and characters. Thus it is too obvious to need remarking, that for the purpose of finding out whatever is perverse, pugnacious, offensive, and outrageous in a friend, nothing is more effectual than a six weeks' tour with him to the Alps, or the Rhine, or the South of France; and I take it to be as unquestionable that the next most advantageous opportunity for studying what may be called a man's outward nature, including his opinions, modes of thinking, artificial peculiarities, and so forth, is afforded by a home tour of half a dozen days;—as there are no custom-houses, no suspected impositions, no uncomfortable inns, no fatigue from wandering three times over half a town, because in asking the name of a street, you may have laid the emphasis on the wrong letters of a word; none, lastly, of the terrible inconvenience which results from being almost entirely dependent upon each others powers of amusement;—there is nothing which can induce two persons to put on an attitude of self-defence, or to restrain them from exposing as much of their characters (except perhaps some little spot which they have a fancy for concealing) as can be exposed in so short a time.

Major Newcombe and Henry Mordaunt, during their short excursion, were able to take many observations of each others altitude and proportions. It would be difficult to say which of them had the advantage in this respect. Mordaunt certainly laboured harder than his companion to disguise his opinions, by assuming a veil of banter, and by various other artifices, to sink his monkish peculiarities. But a young man's attempts of this kind are seldom very successful. His badinage is a thin gauze which can hide nothing from the eye of either man or woman, and his affectations are rather more stiff than that which they were meant to keep out of sight. He might possibly, on this very account, have been less friendly to Major Newcombe than the latter, in spite of his indifference to concealment, was to Mordaunt. But, on the other hand, Mordaunt probably took much more pains to comprehend his friend, than his friend thought it worth while to bestow upon him; for, besides the instinct of reverence we all have towards any one who is more a man of the world than ourselves, he was just at that period of life when the habit of observing and generalizing is strongest.

Mordaunt had seen many old men, and them he fancied that he understood. He thought, (it was a mistake by the way,) but he thought that he could fathom the meaning of all their grave common-places; that he knew what they meant when they laughed at him as a young philosopher, and that it was very natural they should do so. He had no difficulty in explaining why he felt no sympathy with the roaring rabble of a university, called gay men, nor why he was equally at issue with that other class whom he had seen there, who profess an imperturbable quiet, gentleman-like deportment, and are afraid of risking their propriety by the least indulgence in thought, feeling, or humour,—but Major Newcombe was none of these; he was not an old man, and did not talk common-places; he was at the furthest imaginable remove from a roysterer; and he was no mere abstract melancholy gentleman. He talked as freely as Mordaunt, and was not the least afraid to commit himself in a laugh, nay, expressed himself on many topics with enthusiasm and earnestness. He was reflectly unaffected in his manner, and he had no

one quality at all obtrusive or striking,—and though they talked, as I have observed, very volubly, they never argued by any chance, so that if there was any difference of opinion between them it never made its appearance. Why then was Mordaunt so extremely puzzled by his companion, and why was it that, being on such perfectly good terms, he should have made up his mind, after two day's journey together, that they did not feel in accordance upon any one subject? I cannot tell, but so it was.

In this conclusion, however, he was wrong. There were many feelings in common between them; there were points upon which they could have talked and have understood each other perfectly.—They both loved external nature with deep fervent love. And is not this a sufficient attraction—a strong enough point of sympathy between any two characters? If this great door be open, what can prevent the two most dissimilar men in the universe from having free entrance into each other's souls? Alas! it is on this very point that our English lips are most hermetically sealed. It is just on this very subject of natural beauty—the subject on which all our national feelings are most alive, that our national reserve presses most heavily, most cruelly upon us. Nature has spoken to each of us so secretly and solemnly—has so mingled in our most sacred and incommunicable experiences, that we cannot conceive how that which is transfigured, as it were, into our individual being, can be likewise an electrical chain to connect us with the species. No nation ever loved the sea as we love it, except the Greeks, and their sentiment towards it was rather one of happiness and joy—a child-like delight in listening to its manifold roar, and watching the *απείριστον γύλασμα*, than that deep melancholy feeling which possesses our whole soul when we gaze upon it. Delightful it would be if we could share this oppressive pleasure with one another; and yet how often does it happen that two Englishmen approach the sea, and that each is feeding his mind with anticipations of the joy which he shall experience in walking out under a moonless sky when nothing is to be seen but a few scattered lonely stars, nothing heard but the roar of the ocean, and nothing felt but night; and yet that each thinks his neighbour quite unable and unworthy to enter into this sublime passion, or even to understand what it means.

In this respect Mordaunt and his companion were like their countrymen, for neither of them spoke of the effects of scenery upon himself. But though they did not discourse upon scenery like men, they talked of it like artists, and as the language of art in the mouths of all who are not pedants and connoisseurs, is the next best thing to the direct language of feeling, and contains many words and phrases in common with it, these conversations certainly brought them into stricter acquaintance than any other in which they engaged during their tour.

They had sailed down the Wye to Ross, and had fallen into much learned discussion respecting the class of beauty for which this exquisite river is conspicuous, its peculiarly English character, and railed at the monstrous stupidity of the tourists who have pronounced it monotonous, merely because it preserves the same style for many miles, and that a style in which, being rather one of general than of sudden effect, this continuousness, which they call sameness, is eminently requisite. They had talked, I say, in this way, and were now nearly at the extreme point of their tour, as they had reached Tintern.

They were not disappointed with the abbey, as few persons are who have not previously determined to be so. They were prepared to be disgusted with the trick of suddenly throwing open the great door, and the disgust was not quite turned into amusement when two exceedingly fat young women, who, with their grandmother, reached the abbey just at the same time with themselves, took the opportunity of falling into their respective arms in an ineffectual attempt to faint, about a quarter of a

minute before the scene, for which they had prepared their scene, actually made its appearance. But neither this nor any other absurdity of which man or womankind might be guilty, had any effect upon the feelings with which they viewed this magnificent building.

I have heard it said that this abbey does not fulfil our idea of a Gothic temple; that it is altogether too rich and gorgeous; that it is a building which might have been raised by a Greek, by merely adapting the laws of his own art to our climate and circumstances; or at any rate, that it looks rather as if it were raised to the God of nature than to the God of Christianity.

Mordaunt was half inclined to this opinion, and though Major Newcombe dissented from it, he could not help acknowledging that the confessional did not seem to be so absolutely necessary a part of this abbey as of most others which he had visited. But they were both agreed that if the building was an anomaly, it was a most wonderful and glorious anomaly, and one which, at least, compensated for its defection from all outward laws by its perfect internal coherency. How that bright mass of foliage that rises so magnificently behind the eastern window, and flings over the whole chapel a shadow, not dim or gloomy, but rich with the myriad hues that it has received as love tokens from the sunbeams—how this foliage seems to belong to the splendid arch through which you view it! How impossible to conceive their not existing together by some necessary law, some compact sealed between them at the creation! And this character is impressed upon the whole edifice. One would say that it had grown up with the scenery around it, gradually moulding that scene into a new character, and giving an individual meaning to what would have been only a part of the immensity of the universe; and in this view we feel even more in this than in other abbeys, that the Goths, who reduced it to a ruin, were not deviating so far as they supposed, from the spirit of the Goths who built it; for it seems to be fitting, that where a building has so worn itself into a conformity with nature, it should become exposed to all the influences of nature, that the breeze should whistle through its bare window, and the sky look down upon its green pavements.—

The composition of the strange party into which our friends were thrown, we will describe in our next chapter.

THE TEMPTATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

BEFORE the ivied portal of his hall
The aged knight, Sir Hildebrand, was sitting,
Called the Wise Master by the men of Bern.
His heart was glad as he beheld the evening
Sink down so gently on the weary fields,
Amid the solemn sounds from church and convent,
Amid the evening cries of lambs and shepherds,
While streams of smoke rose from the cheerful hamlets.
When suddenly across the peaceful vale
A rapid horsehoof's stroke grows louder, nearing
All up the castle-hill, till dark with foam
A kingly courser halts before the gate;
And a slim youth down-springing from its back
Kneels to the aged warrior, sighing deeply,
In whom Sir Hildebrand soon recognising
His favourite, young Horst, thus speaks to him:
'Wherefore, my boy, thus sad, and thus impetuous?
Hereon these tidings met his anxious ear:
'Father, an evil spirit dwells within me,
And fiercely burning feeds upon my soul.
'Twere well for me, were our dear Saviour yet
Walking on earth, to banish from my heart
The unclean spirit with his hallowing hands.'

HILDEBRAND.

That by his holy spirit doth he still.

HORST.

I then of such high helper am unworthy;
For in a time of fearful need he leaves me.

Two moons have grown and dwindled, since my friend,
Rich Cuno, bade me to his marriage feast.
O my dear good old Master Hildebrand,
Did you e'er see his bride?

HILDEBRAND.

What though I had, my eyesight has grown old.

HORST.

To look on her would make it young again.
And yet at first all went so well with me;
I joyed in her, as in a lovely picture,
The loveliest my eyes e'er gazed upon:
But when Sir Cuno—wherefore did he so?
Led her to be my partner in the dance,
When the warm thrilling pressure of her hand
So fair and soft within my righthand lay,
When my bold arm enclasped her slender waist,
And the eyes of each into the other's lightened,—
Since then I have been lost.

HILDEBRAND.

Hast thou then wronged thy friend?

HORST.

Neither to deed nor word have I given birth.
But what avails it? In my heart the flame
Of my delight and of my woe still burns:
And in my ears a wicked spirit buzzes,
That when I sleep or wake is ever muttering:
Thou huntest oft with Cuno and his wife;
Sharp is thy arrow, thy young courser fleet,
The ramparts of thy castle high and strong—
Oh God, how shall I ever save my soul!

HILDEBRAND.

Strive with the tempter, weary him by prayer.

HORST.

Father, I fear I am become an outcast
From God's dear love and from his saving power.
He, whom such spirits as my tempter visit,
Must surely be a child of hell already,
Forsoaken by the golden choir of angels.

HILDEBRAND.

Not so. But spread thy chest, apraise thy head.
The path whereby our ancient enemy
Rushes against us, lies within his choice;
Our part is on all sides to beat him off.
It is not the temptation which assails us,
But that to which we yield, that makes the sin.
Distrust not then thyself, my boy; far less
Distrust the love of thy almighty Father.
Fight knightfully; o'erthrow thy enemy
However foul he be, it will not soil thee,
If thou but tramplest stoutly on his neck.

The good old Master kissed his darling youth,
And through the vale the knight rode thoughtfully.

Beneath the sunny noontide's deepblue sky
The old Sir Hildebrand upon the morrow
Was walking through the shady alder-grove;
And found there,—with his steed beside him grazing,—
His darling lumbering to a streamlet's song.
The pious Master blessed Almighty God,
Who such rich healing grace was pouring forth
Upon his sleep and dreams.
For free from care the young knight's face was glowing
Amid its golden locks, as bright and fresh
To look upon as any sun in spring.
With gentle tread the master onward passed,
Unwilling to disturb his youthful friend,
And thinking to himself:
In truth thou needest, sorely dost thou need,
For the fierce battles that beset thy life,
Refreshment such as now flows soothing o'er thee.
But scarcely has the thought escaped his mind,
When his long eye-lashes the sleeper raised,
And such a joyous eye beneath them flashed,
As though he were but newly born
And lying in a lovely mother's arm.
Hereat the good old master greatly wondered,
And asked his favorite, whence such gladness came.
Who instantly replied:
'Marvels the gardener at that floweret's smile,
Which he with every loving care has nurtured?'

HILDEBRAND.

Yes, truly 'twas a flower I wished to nurture.
But not like this, not of such dazzling radiance,
As that which unawares before me glitters.

HORST.

Our faithful care is often blest with more,
Than it could ever dare at first to hope for.

HILDEBRAND.

But sprout not too, too quickly, my fair flower.
Tell me, my boy, how feelest thou at heart?

HORST.

Free, glad, and happy, from all fear released:
Thy word has wrought a miracle within me.

HILDEBRAND.

That should it not do. From a man it came,
A poor, frail, sinful man; and if it wrought
A miracle, I cannot but distrust it.

HORST.

What means this fearfulness in such a breast,
So brave, so holy in the sight of God?

HILDEBRAND.

What means the devil in man's breast?
While he dwells there, all fearfulness becometh us.

HORST.

A firm strong will can drive him thence at once:
I willed it, and he fled. Avaunt thou fiend!
God's blessed world now smiles on me all brightness;
I know now that I can do nought but good.
I ate by Cuno's beauteous wife,
Drank from the cup which she before had sipped,
And saw the will of God, and bowed to it.
Now of the battle there's no further question;
The question is, to chaunt the victory.

HILDEBRAND.

When fields are fought, one party needs must vanquish;
But who the vanquisher? must still be asked.
In such things one too readily mistakes:
So to ensure the prize beyond all doubt,
Renew the contest, fight the field again.

HORST.

There is no need of that. Now for the chase.
Cuno awaits me, and his lovely wife.

The good old master for his darling wept,
And through the vale the knight rode joyfully.

But night had not yet fallen upon that vale
When by the stream lay Cuno's bleeding corpse;
And bearing in his arms the ravished bride,
A Cain, unto his castle, galloped Horst.

ON THE EVILS OF THE PRESENT DINNER HOUR OF GENTEEL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of 'The Athenæum.'

SIR,—I am no member of the fashionable world, and consequently know little of its customs. I am not a writer of fashionable novels, or a contributor to 'The Court Journal,' and, therefore, do not pretend to understand the habits of a society in which I do not mix. With persons in a genteel station of life I do, however, occasionally associate; and, as I am, therefore, in some measure incommoded by their bad habits, I have a positive interest in calling their attention to an evil which affects their friends as well as themselves. As the hour of dinner occurs once in the course of every twenty-four hours, the period of the day at which it is generally fixed must be daily interesting to every human bosom. Dinner is the most urgent, the most constant, the most interesting of human employments. Of all points in time the dinner-hour must, therefore, be the most important. And you will not think that I am employing your time with a frivolous discussion, if I proceed to point out the evils which, in my opinion, result from the bad selection of the hour which has been made by genteel society in this country.

I do not write merely for the dyspeptic; I shall, therefore, lay no stress on the supposed unwholesomeness of the present dinner-hour. I propose an alteration, which is demanded, not by the interests of any particular class of the dining world, but by the whole. I am a plain, practical man, who wishes to state some evils which he has experienced, but not a dogmatical theorist, who wants to force every one else to adopt his speculative opinions.

The London season occupies April, May, June, and July, months containing altogether a number of

very hot days. Now, according to the present system, we ride and walk in the most sultry part of the day, and come into our hot dining-rooms just when the external heat begins to be least oppressive. We go toiling and stewing through the streets at a time when the human animal is capable of no greater fatigue than that of eating; we sit down to a meal of eternal duration just when the coolness of the evening invites us to walk abroad: so that we manage to subject ourselves to all the inconveniences, and lose entirely all the most delightful part of a summer day. If we began dinner at four, it would be possible to get out again in the evening; we might, perhaps, be content with two hours of dinner, and adjourn to the Park or Kensington Gardens. Such an evening would be indeed a second day.

It would be no slight addition to the advantages of a change in the hour, that in all probability the prospect of the evening's amusement would make people eat their dinner a little faster. When they begin that meal at seven or eight, (indeed it is more proper to say eight,) the day is over for all purposes. The blessed light of the sun is excluded: the hot glare of candles or lamps is substituted for the sweet beams of sunset; and down sit the Britons, like boar-constrictors, to eat and drink their fill. Hence, I believe, the heaviness of their cookery; hence the tremendous time which they devote to eating; and hence the much greater waste of time spent in drink than in their detestable port, over which they drone out their equally detestable politics. Let it only be the custom to go out after dinner, which of course it would be if you dined at four, and people would not be able, or would be ashamed, to make the beef and bottle an excuse for a deviation from a fashionable amusement.

Of course if you dined at four, you must eat again before bed-time. This would bring back the supper, which from all accounts was a very pleasant meal. Supper and dinner combined would be much less unwholesome than the dinner which is eaten at the present time.

Putting aside, however, my semi-rural ideas of a walk or drive after dinner, how much the evening amusements of every kind would be improved by dining at an earlier hour! It would then be the custom to dine out, and after dinner go to the opera or the play. Now you might as well attempt to dine at two different places at once, as go to a dinner-party and the play the same evening. When an English lady determines to go to the play, she fixes a day, which may happen to be vacant about a fortnight before, for which she takes her box, and on which she must go, though she may be gratified with the anticipation of seeing and hearing whatever she may least wish to see and hear. A party is made: the dinner ordered at five, and the whole establishment *desorienté* to prepare for so unusual a precession of domestic hours. Let the usual dinner-hour be four, and the dinner engagements would no longer interfere with the theatre. You might go whenever you fancied that the entertainments would be good, without the least regard to dinner-engagements, because you might keep them before. You would not change your hour, but merely add one to the other amusements of the day. This, it seems to me would, in all likelihood, produce a great improvement in our stage. The theatre would again become an amusement to the higher orders: and the drama would be adapted to their taste; which, after all, is better than that of the prostitutes, apprentices, and lawyers, for whose taste our theatrical amusements are now chiefly designed.

Though the opera is an amusement much more patronized by the higher classes, their hour of dinner interferes terribly with their enjoyment of it. How, for instance, can people who have a dinner engagement, be present at the overture, which is the finest part of many operas? At the moment that the overture begins, they are beginning their dinner; and it is as much as they can do to get in time for the commencement of the second act. Those who wish to hear an opera through must disorganize their do-

mestic arrangements, and refuse invitations to dinner, almost as much as those who wish to see a play.

Last of all, in the career of an evening's amusement, come routs and balls. Even these feel the fatal influence of the protracted dinner hour. When people rarely get up from the dinner-table before half-past ten, it is utterly impossible to be at an evening party before eleven: and I think I do not at all exaggerate when I say that eleven is the very earliest hour at which people can go to any of these assemblies. Now, this is just the time that they ought to be going away. Instead of this, they stay up dancing, or squeezing in hot rooms, till two or three in the morning, (I take the earliest hours,) to the great damage of the health and beauty of young ladies, and the equal destruction of the corporeal and intellectual vigour of the men. Hot rooms and late hours are the main causes of the sad mortality and ugliness prevalent among young women of fashion: and both these evils are clearly remediable by the adoption of an earlier dinner hour.

I know that it is objected, that we are a nation so occupied in matters of important business, that we cannot regulate our hours without reference to the hours of business. Merchants, lawyers, and men in office, cannot leave their work before four or five o'clock: how then can they get home to dinner as early as I propose?

The simple answer is, that if the alteration of the dinner hour were general, the hours of business would undergo an adequate change. People would go to work at nine instead of ten, and come away an hour earlier. Besides, our present hours exclude a great number of people from dining out at all. Peers, for instance, and members of parliament, are often rather important elements of a dinner party. But dinner begins just at the time that all the most important debates begin; and a member is consequently obliged to give up one or other of these two interesting gratifications of the jaw. I appeal to the civilized world, whether it is not a matter of the greatest difficulty to ensure a member's attendance at the dinner table on any days but Wednesday and Saturday. I fearlessly appeal to all impartial and observant persons, whether they have not constantly observed two or three chairs at the same dinner left as empty as their own heads by members who have been suddenly obliged to yield to the more pressing invitations of Mr. Planta or Mr. Holmes; and thus occasioning a greater vacancy than would have been exhibited even in the countenances of the senatorial absentees.

I speak these things with all the gravity and regret due to the subject. If any importance is to be attached to the ancient institutions of a nation, surely the hour at which we observe the most useful, and the most universal of rites, is worthy of our deepest consideration. Dinner, an enjoyment common to all nations of men, is the great universal act in which the mystery of a common faith is dimly shadowed forth;* and the desire of dinner is the great common sympathy which binds together the various descendants of Adam from the rude native of Australia to the great models of civilization, where a wiser people bath sent forth to communicate to that poor savage, the arts of polished life. If then there is one national institution, the spirit of which is to be carefully cherished, surely this is that one. Let us in this, as in other matters of the same kind, look carefully to the hidden meaning of the establishments of our ancestors. In the better days of England, our forefathers were wont to dine early. As we have deteriorated as a nation, we have procrastinated our dinner. The victors of Cressy and Agincourt dined at noon. No later hour witnessed the meal of the conquerors of Troy. The progress of luxury and its concomitant vices has kept pace with the progress of the dinner-hour: and the total subversion of the natural arrangements of our time, has, in

my opinion, been no trifling cause of the present utter subversion of our morals, our natural feeling, and our constitution. Your's,

'A DINER-OUT.'

MELITA.

A FRAGMENT OF GREEK ROMANCE.
(Concluded from p. 398.)

The girl was startled amid her adoration by a voice appearing to come from beyond the portico, and singing the words of the hymn, snatches of which had been uttered by the poet in her father's house the day before. She thought, but could not be sure, that she recognized the same tones pronouncing the enthusiastic poetry of the ode which she had heard under such different circumstances; and they blended themselves strangely with her own fearful ecstasy at the presence of the king of heaven. When this ode had been sung by one low but earnest voice, a single strophe of a different style and manner was vociferated in thundering music by the whole company of priests and uovices. Scared by this overpowering sound, Melita shrunk among the officiating train, and looked at the crowd of worshippers collected before the temple. She thought she recognized her father; and trembling and uncertain, she glided away, and, when she had gained the solitary wood, ran with all her speed through thickets of trees and groups of glimmering statues, which she feared were living pursuers; till wearied and agitated, she reached her humble home. Her father speedily returned, but she had already changed her dress; and as soon as she had saluted him she retired to her chamber.

When she had thrown herself on her couch she began to meditate on the occurrences of the last few hours. The heat of the oracular prediction; the poet, with earnest tones, faint indeed and broken, but of exquisite sweetness; the distant sounds of the multitude congregated around the stadium; the long procession of priests and worshippers, with the garlands and the incense; the green twilight of the consecrated grove, and the white gleam of those unmoving marble champions; all these were present to her mind; but chiefly the murmuring stillness of the vast temple, with the wavering flashes from the tripods, cutting the evening gloom, and over all the form of which the ivory limbs were wrapt in a golden shadow, the noblest exhibition of deified humanity, the king, the god, the beautiful, the one master of her soul, Jupiter, the wonder of Greece and glory of the earth, filled, overawed, agitated, and attracted her.

The deep dark night was around her, and she had remained for an hour absorbed in these contemplations, when suddenly a bright blaze stared at once from the walls, the floor, and ceiling of the chamber, and covered them as if with a fiery drape. It gave out no heat, but flamed with a steady and topaz-like lustre. Melita gazed in astonishment at the wondrous light, which did not however scare her with any resemblance of an earthly conflagration. It burned for a few seconds, and when she had, in some degree, overcome her first alarm by perceiving the innocence of the lights, innumerable snakes of the most different colours appeared to move and float along the walls, and to play in the lucid blaze. Green and white, black and crimson, blue, purple, and orange, starred with jewels, and streaked like the tulip, they wove together in that liquid illumination a thousand knots and momentary devices. Arching themselves like the rainbow, or in ranks like some gorgeous oriental cavalry, they moved from the sides of the chamber to the ceiling, or twined themselves around the simple furniture.

The serpents appeared to melt and mingle into each other, and were swallowed by the general splendour; and the burning boundaries of the room widened and receded till they resembled the atmosphere of an evening sky, filled with the richest and

most sparkling clouds; and amid these, as if disclosed from the burning disk of the sun, a large bird, of as brilliant plumage as the fabled Phoenix, flew forward, and passed before her. But soon it appeared to change its shape and lose its glory, and became a gigantic owl with round bright eyes. The evening prospect darkened into night: the white crescent of the moon stood over the shaded hills; and the grey bird perched on a rock which overhung the sea. The new moon in that world of witchery appeared to rise at nightfall, and for a moment she watched its silent ascension. A faint musical sound caused her to look away, and on the rock where she had seen the owl alight, the young poet was now leaning; the sea glimmered at his feet, one arm rested on a projection of the crag, and his eyes were turned as her's had been to the diamond curve that adorned the darkness of the sky. She fancied that in his countenance she discovered a resemblance to the pale and majestic loveliness of that statue of Jupiter, which to her was far more than a statue. Clouds came over the heavens, and obscured the view. The youth was no longer visible, but a dull twilight covered the foreground, and through this two small red stars were burning. She looked at them intently, and shuddered at discerning the form of a gigantic lion crouched, as it seemed, at a little distance from her, and watching her with the glowing eyes which had first drawn her attention to the object. He seemed to grow nearer and nearer to her; and the whole picture had soon disappeared, leaving nothing but the shaggy monster and the dim and narrow room. The lion rose, and with a light bound, laid himself on the bed before her feet. The enormous shape became less terrible when she was within its reach; and while her foot appeared to touch its flank, and its mane lay spread on part of the mantle which, in her terror, she had let fall from around her, she thought that it was no more than an enormous and threatening shadow.

When the chaotic dimness of the chamber was dispersing into the clear transparency of a summer night, Melita remembered the tales she had heard of Proteus and his wonders; and the bewilderment of her mind had little of terror or suffering. The desert-shape which shared her couch, rolled away amid the mist which now vanished from the room. Its fiery eye-balls seemed gradually to recede till they were lost among the throng of stars that twinkled in the cloudless firmament. Wild troops of birds and insects fluttered around her; and trains of children, whose whispers were like distant tinklings, moved hither and thither, bearing baskets of flowers. A pink light gradually spread through the air; and one of the children detached itself from the playful ring of its companions and approached her. In that carnation splendour, every thing was hidden but the gentle, smiling boy, who seemed to walk on the charmed wind. His delighted eyes were fixed laughingly on her; and in another instant she had stretched her hands, and he was pressed to her uncovered bosom. She laid her head on the pillow, and he nestled in her arms, while she gazed with eager pleasure on the sunny locks that clustered round the brow of the infant, and trained to her side his round and rosy limbs.

Both countenance assumed a deeper meaning, and she trembled with emotion when it seemed to her that the lines of that baby loveliness became stronger and more expressive, that the eye darkened and spoke earnestly to her's, and that the lips were pressed with more than childish passion on her quivering youth; when she thought that in this young visitor she could recognise at every moment a nearer likeness to the island poet. But soon this resemblance too escaped from her; the forehead became more purely, the features nobler and more radiant; the gleam of a golden cloak thrown off, was spread out; his finely proportioned limbs; and now for the first time she perceived, among the dark brown hair, the slender olive wreath, and in all the form and look the well-remembered presence of the olymp god.

* 'The mystery of faith set forth in the act of eating'—Irving's Sermons.

On the next morning, when the father of Melita was leaving his house, he informed his daughter that the young stranger whom they had aided, was in that day to be crowned as the successful poet. Scarcely had he departed, when, seized with an impetuous frenzy, she rushed away to the place at which the festival was held. The poet had not appeared, and the prize was given to the second of the competitors. But it was a deadly crime in any woman to approach the spot; and Melita, before the eyes of all the people, and of her white-haired father, was precipitated from a rock into the river Alpheus, such being the punishment appointed from of old, for her offence. 'Heavily, O, my daughter!' said the aged man; 'have the maxims of the wise and the prediction of the oracle, been fulfilled in thee?'

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

THE Tenth Conversazione of the College was held on Thursday last, being the concluding meeting of the season. Sir Henry Hallford, the president, on taking the chair, said he had received, from the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, certain reports on the subject of the recent epidemic fever at Gibraltar. A *précis* of these reports was then read by Dr. M'Michael, the registrar; by which it appeared, that in the autumn of last year it was thought advisable to appoint a committee of medical practitioners and others at Gibraltar, to inquire into the nature and probable causes of the epidemic which had then recently visited that town. The result of their investigations was; 1st.—That the disorder was of the kind usually called 'yellow fever,' and not the bilious remittent fever, common to certain situations in warm climates, during the autumn, nor any other disorder arising from the stagnation of stagnant waters; imperfect drainage of streets, or suspended ventilation; for during the whole time that Gibraltar suffered by this calamity, there occurred scarcely any cases of the autumnal malaria fever, even at the season when such affections might have been expected. 2dly.—That the disorder did not originate in Gibraltar, but was brought there by a ship from the Havannah, on board which several of the crew had died of the yellow fever, before leaving the Havannah, and others on the passage. The towns on the African coast, in the vicinity of the Straits, were not afflicted by any sickness, and a cordon was established by the Spanish authorities, which effectually prevented the fever from spreading in Andalusia. A committee was subsequently appointed to inquire whether persons who have once been attacked by the yellow fever are again liable to that disorder, and their report stated that, though some very few cases of a second attack were recorded, yet it was their opinion that persons who have once had the yellow fever will not take it again, a case to the contrary being quite as rare an occurrence as a second attack of small-pox after inoculation.

The gentlemen to whom the latter investigation was intrusted, had seen or attended between 20,000 and 30,000 cases of yellow fever in the course of their practice and residence in several countries; and the opinion thus pronounced by men of such great experience will, it is hoped, produce a beneficial effect, and procure to the individuals labouring under that dreadful malady, the humane attentions of those who have hitherto been too often tempted to desert, through the fear of infection, the unhappy sufferer.

On the table of the library was a beautiful and interesting collection of nearly all the plants in the *Materia Medica*, many of them in bloom, presented by Mr. Iliff, to whom the thanks of the College were expressed by the President. There were also some curious skeletons of serpents, and one of an ostrich, with a variety of anatomical and chemical preparations. These, and many valuable books from the library, formed a brilliant ensemble, well

calculated to elicit conversation on scientific subjects, and thus promote the chief object of such meetings.

THE HORTICULTURAL FETE.

WE never saw an assemblage of English people, (that is, a well-dressed one,) in such good spirits, and so determined to be cheerful, as that collected at the Horticultural Gardens on Saturday. We are a proud nation, all the world knows, and, among other peculiarities which this gives rise to, always show a particular horror of appearing to be controlled by circumstances, seldom willing to be merry when there is a good occasion; nevertheless, on the slightest appearance of circumstances decidedly opposed to that consummation, we set about enjoying ourselves with a vehemence beyond conception. It was singularly fortunate, therefore, that on Saturday the weather was as bad as it could possibly be, the rain falling without interruption from morning till night; not a single gleam of sunshine to cast a cloud over the festivities of the day. The strict solemnity of feature so observable in the crowds who promenade in Hyde Park, or at Kensington, on a fine Sunday, seemed, on this occasion, to be put completely out of countenance by the superior gloominess of the sky; and, though our hearts bled profusely to see the sad pickle some of our fair friends were in, we felt hugely comforted to find their spirits in a better state of preservation than their stockings—not dashed, in fact, at all. No doubt, the good-humoured attention and affectionate gallantry, to which the weather gave opportunity, on the part of the gentlemen, amply compensated to both sexes the disturbance of apparel which none escaped, and the loss of a ceremonious quadrille upon the greensward. In every direction, gentlemen, heedless of the reputation of their boots, were seen hurrying on some benevolent excursion, to cheer the ladies in the tents with the anticipation of a pie, or to rejoice the fair bacchanals with a bunch of grapes and a bottle of champagne. These expeditions, however, though extremely pleasant in the collection, were almost too perilous at the time, and sometimes even awful in their consequences, by reason of the muddiness of the walks, and the distance of the marquees from each other. Many a one, whom we saw go forth, 'like a spirit,' as the poet says, 'rejoicing in his task of glory and of good,' came back immediately, like Noah's dove, despairing from the world of waters. We remarked, in particular, the fate of one gentleman, whose white trousers, shining with the unsullied purity of Sabbath table-linen, seemed to have recommended him to a group of good-natured smiling creatures as a suitable victim of self-devotion,—the greatest virtue doubtless of which our sex is capable. They accordingly demanded tea at his hands. With a mournful and almost desponding smile of alacrity in his countenance, he left the tent; we saw him ankle-deep in an instant; he struggled forward to a considerable distance; but, we shudder in saying, that he never returned. The greatest evil, however, which the weather occasioned, was the want of movement in the company; there was no passing in review, no parading, and every one was thrown on his own circle and his own resources for entertainment, except when some fair one passed, dripping and lovely, like Venus from the ocean; or some very wise man indeed, muffled in a great coat, walked contemptuously by, smiling on the folly of his fellow-creatures. The immense circulation of those excellent papers, 'The Morning Post,' 'The Observer,' and 'The Times,' make it quite unnecessary for us to praise the style of Gunter's preparations, or the excellence of Weippert's band. The feathered tribes of nature were mute; their hilarity, poor creatures! seems to depend too much upon the weather; but they were admirably represented by those outlandish birds, 'Les Trois Troubadours,' who sang to us like angels, and smiled for all the world like brass knockers. About nine o'clock we left, as we came, in excellent spirits and a shower of rain.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

MR. LAPORTE is one of those sagacious individuals who, on setting foot in a foreign country, have the wisdom to conform to the habits and manners of the people whom they visit. All eyes and ears, like Zucchero's portrait of glorious Queen Bess, the Intrapresario of the London Opera has not failed to learn that Monsieur Jean Bull, with his opulence and his liberality to boot, is a stickler for justice, and will have his due. Spending freely what he acquires, the said Monsieur Jean, does not regard prices (and what other country in the world could have furnished such constant throngs of payers of fifteen shillings and half-guineas as have filled the King's Theatre to overflowing, during the whole season!), but he looks for a *quid pro quo*, and expects, moreover, that his money's worth shall have a palpable as well as an essential equivalent: quantity, in short, is fully as necessary to his satisfaction as quality. Several recent bills of fare prove that our French physicians have felt the pulse of their English patients, and certainly the most straightened amateur of music, however he may regret that the choice is not left him of having less and paying less, could find no cause to complain of the price of the entertainment of Saturday last. A little half-crown for each act of the 'Cenerentola' executed by Sontag, Donzelli, and Zuchelli, he surely would not begrudge; to see and hear Malibran in the last act of 'Romeo et Julietta,' he would allow to be a treat, at any time, well worth the sixth part of an old guinea; and surely those who disburse without murmuring, their one shilling and sixpence to behold, for a few minutes, two rude and grotesque stone figures of half-seas-over boors, could not with reason object that the elegant little ballet, the 'Déguisemens Imprévus,' with its beautiful scenery, and with the variety of exquisite grouping of such models as Leroux, Rinaldi, Péan, and Coulou, was too highly estimated at a pair of twelve-penny pieces. Let there be included in the account, moreover, the value of the opportunity of combining profit with pleasure—of taking lessons in various arts and accomplishments, and that in a way far more likely to make an impression on susceptible natures, than all the private teaching in the world; and it must be granted, we think, that the performance at the opera, regarded, in a commercial point of view, is not a dear article.

We throw out these suggestions for the benefit of the deserving, and unfortunate few, in whom a taste for elegance is subjected to the mortification of ill-furnished coffers, as hints how much may be done in the way of affording themselves the recreations most congenial to their spirit, by husbanding their means. Let them leave all gaping wonders to the affluent and the merely curious, and reserve their half-crowns and shillings for a treat to the King's Theatre. We could wish, indeed, that art in all its branches were unsubjected to these paltry considerations: but, alas! the day when that consummation shall arrive, will never, we fear, be beheld by mortal eyes—not even in New Harmony! Let us seek consolation then in reflections on the operatic performances of Saturday.

Sontag and Donzelli, in the 'Cenerentola,' acquitted themselves with the accustomed effect and brilliancy. The former has scarcely, on any occasion, afforded higher gratification than by the admirable style in which she executed her part in the sextett 'Questo è un nodo,' and the air, 'Nacqui all' affanno.' Accordingly, the rapture of the applause which rewarded her efforts, has seldom been exceeded.

The true *con amore* feeling and energy with which the rich and powerful tones of Donzelli were poured forth, and by which he appealed to the spiritual faculties of his audience, by awakening in them a fervour corresponding with his own—while he charmed their senses by the deliciousness of his voice, had its full effect in exciting the liveliest emotions. Zuchelli also executed the many diffi-

cult parts which fell to his share in this opera, with his accustomed skill.

The novelty of the evening was the substitution of Galli for Pellegrini, in the character of Dandini. The change cannot be pronounced a happy one. The voice of Galli may be more fresh and vigorous than that of Pellegrini, but it wants the flexibility required by the singer who undertakes this part. The performance, moreover, was merely organic, wholly devoid of humour and character, either in the execution of the music or in the manner of the acting.

'The Cenerentola,' as has been already intimated, was succeeded by a repetition of the last act of 'Romeo e Giulietta.' This really test scene afforded an opportunity to Madame Malibran to display her excellence in both arts, and she approved herself indeed a most accomplished person. Less sublime and majestic in character, it must be allowed, than Pasta, and less capable of elevating the mind to lofty sentiment, yet she showed herself endowed with powers of a more various nature; and in her scenes of tenderness she combines intensity of feeling with correctness of expression in a degree in which she is not surpassed by any living actor or actress. In her singing she has not the astonishing manner of Sontag, but her excellence takes a more varied and extensive range. The execution of the former is as the painting of the Flemish masters, which captivates the sense through which the mind is addressed, by the brilliant *bouquet* effect of the colouring; that of the latter may be compared to the paintings of the Roman school, which affect their beholder more by the sentiment they express, and the mind and skill to be traced in the combinations by means of which that expression is produced, than by the brightness of the hues, through the medium of which the conceptions of the artist are sought to be imparted. Sontag's performances are, as verse, full of melody; Malibran's, as compositions, rich in mind and imagery. This contrast in the styles of these highly-gifted singers was strongly thrust on the attention by the performances of Saturday night. Sontag's Cenerentola has been already noticed: the Romeo of Malibran on this, as on the former occasion, to which we barely alluded last week, was a noble display of taste, feeling, and execution, both in music and acting; the part afforded a fine opportunity for the development of the peculiar excellence and beauty of her lower notes, and the advantageous occasion was not neglected.

We cannot exactly comprehend what our cotemporary the 'Times' means by praising Sontag's performance of Giulietta, this evening. We perfectly agree with him in the truth of the general proposition that, 'the part of Giulietta is particularly suited to the style of Mademoiselle Sontag;' but we cannot agree with him so entirely as to the fact with which it is coupled, that Sontag appeared in that part on Saturday evening. That our cotemporary should be guilty of abusing Madame Malibran, for a performance which he did not witness, appears incredible to persons who know his high character for integrity; but it is strange that he should have taken Castelli for the divine Sontag. The latter beautiful songstress will, no doubt, feel highly flattered at finding that her vocal and personal charms bear so great a resemblance to those of our cotemporary's favourite singer. We fear that the public may possibly think that the ears and eyes which cannot distinguish Sontag from Castelli, are not the best evidence on which to convict Madame Malibran of bad singing and worse acting.

The elegant little ballet, 'Les Déguisemens Imprévus,' was repeated. Two all-accomplished young ladies, Mathilde, (Mademoiselle P. Leroux), and Madame Walter, (Mademoiselle Péan), left in a château, disguise themselves as peasants, in order to share the pleasures of a neighbouring fête. Scarcely are they departed when papa (Baron d'Herman) returns with his young friend Rosemberg, (Coulon), the destined spouse of Mathilde. Informed of the occasion of the absence, and of the travestie, the lover, who has not yet been introduced to his mistress, also

assumes the costume of a countryman, and repairs to the festival. He, of course, meets with Mathilde, and woos her in peasant style, by dancing, kiss-stealing, and other modes peculiar to the happy races of swains and ballet-dancers. In the course of these proceedings there is some exquisite dancing and grouping, such as a first-rate artist might delight in studying, by P. Leroux, Péan, and Coulon. A party of gypsies is introduced, and this affords the opportunity for a wonderful display of Terpsichorean acquirements, by Madame Rinaldi, as Lazarilla, 'la première Bohémienne.' Some niceties in her performance excited more than usual admiration, and bore away the palm for the evening. The costumes are picturesque, and, in general, true; but, to be complete, the blue stockings of the peasantry should have the enlivening broad white clocks so common among the Tyrolese.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Concluded from p. 363.)

THE ANTE ROOM.

Who has climbed the abrupt steps of the Exhibition staircase on his first visit after each periodical opening, without feeling persuaded that the Seers of the Royal Academy, with all their decorum and sedate demeanour when they appear before the world in body politic and corporate, have yet some lurking humour in their souls? Who—like the Alpine traveller toiling up the steep ascent and pausing breathless ere the wished-for summit be yet attained, to cast his regards around him, and anticipate in his eagerness the prospect that awaits him,—does not admire and smile when, on looking upwards, curious to get an early glance at the treasures of art that adorn the well-covered walls, he finds his view encountered by the well-selected master-piece which the judicious Ketch of the exhibition, with tact and taste, unvarying from year to year, and with the approbation, of course, of the higher powers, never fails to suspend over the entrance of the great sanctuary? Who would think of turning in despair and running headlong downwards, when invited to proceed by the sight of such a performance as No. 374, 'The Portraits of the Family of Nathan Knight, Esq. Pendleton House, Lancashire.' J. Green? How graceful the eldest Miss Knight! What ease of attitude! How original the grouping of the more infant darlings! Do they not look like very zephyrs in petticoats, bearing a cherub Cupid? What pity, that when once we are well advanced into the Ante Room, the vertebrae are too inflexible for the tortuous effort, and 'The Pendleton Family' are seen no more. Alas, for Mr. Green, that it should be more convenient to contemplate less elevated objects, and that such pictures as 380, 'View near Chalons sur Saône,' C. Stanfield, should fix the partial attention of every visitor;—not that this picture is undeserving of the notice it receives; it is a delightful composition, full of picturesque effect, and of a most agreeable tone of colour.

It has a neighbour worthy of its vicinity, in 397, 'Distant View of Winchester; a Shower passing off,' Copley Fielding.

'The Guerrillas Departure,' No. 403, D. Wilkie, is not inferior to the other productions of this artist, which we found so much cause to applaud in our earlier notices of the Exhibition. The composition is delightful and simple; the picture is illustrative of what, among a haughty people like ourselves, would be deemed a striking peculiarity in Spanish manners; it is certainly highly characteristic. The figure of the beggar-boy calls Murrillo to mind; it is well introduced, and by its nudity gives great effect to the abundant drapery which clothes the man devoted to religion and charity. The contrast, indeed, is a speaking satire on the world in general, and on the clerical predominance in Spain more especially. The head of the monk is fine, full of life and intellectual expression.

'An Italian Scene,' J. Severn, No. 404, is another delightful picture, the result of the aptitude with which the English artists catch the spirit and senti-

ment of foreign scenes. The feeling and taste displayed in this production are truly charming; they are eminently classical, and remind us of the times when chivalry, poetry, and love, were the soul of fruitful Italy; when the lady of the castle beguiled the long absence of her lord by superintending the labours of her female peasantry, less her vassals than her companions; the confidantes of her love and truth; the witnesses of her vows for the glory and safety of their chief; the delighted listeners to the oft-repeated but never wearying strains, the favourite air of the far-distant cavalier.

'The Chevalier Bayard and his noble Hostesses of Brescia,' No. 421, J. W. Wright. An interesting incident in the life of this model of generosity and magnanimity for soldiers and gentlemen, the Scipio of the sixteenth century, is here represented in a very pleasing and elegant picture. The grouping of the ladies is charming and full of grace; the artist seems to have been singularly happy in his models, in the choice of which he has displayed rare tact, and taste only equalled by his skill in arranging them for his composition.

'View on the Wye, Welch Bicknor Church in the distance,' F. W. Watts, No. 433, is a lovely landscape, painted with great effect, picturesque in composition, and delightful in tone and sentiment. Sir Thomas Lawrence's 'Portrait of Mr. Locke, Sen.' No. 455, is a masterpiece of its kind. 'The Portrait of Dr. Bowring,' by Mr. Pickersgill, and that of Mr. Farraday, in 'The School of Painting,' which we have hitherto omitted to mention, are capital likenesses. 'The Table Bay, the Cape of Good Hope,' R. Pickersgill, No. 478, is a very richly painted seapiece, and an interesting scene.

THE ANTIQUE ACADEMY is a subject for despair. We confess we have never yet accomplished the wading through the catalogue of the gems, gems no doubt they are, with which the corners of this room are set. There is 'M^r. Robert Montgomery,' as large and poetical as life, with his hair most tastefully parted, to display the beautiful polish of his forehead. We looked around for Mr. Dewille, but he was not there. Doing so, a drawing of Chalon's caught our eye, so, from that moment to this, when we retrace the Catalogue, we have thought no more of the author of 'Omnipresence' or his portrait. Of all Mr. Chalon's clever elegant drawings, that which charmed us most, was 'The Portrait of Mrs. Dumaresq'; there is a sweet and pensive melancholy in the expression of this countenance that is most touching. Who can look at the drawing without hoping that the sentiment is the result of over anxiety and an excess of sensibility, rather than of any actual cause for sorrow. 'The Venetian Gondolier,' No. 532, J. F. Lewis, is an admirable sketch. Of 'The Portrait of Mr. Scoles,' 496, Mr. Hollins, a clever drawing, in Eastern attire, may we not say, 'How like a Turk!' As for 'Major Von Der Rogerie zu Pfefferkorn,' we recommend Mr. Warren to be cautious in future how he makes so grave a work as the 'Catalogue of the Royal Academy Exhibition' the vehicle of his jests.

THE LIBRARY, as usual, abounds in splendid designs of impracticable architecture. The drawings of Mr. Soane, notwithstanding the humility of their dedications, must be ranked in this class. Could any thing be more absurd than 'The design to complete the north front of Westminster Hall, by making the exterior of the new Law Courts and a corresponding wing in the same style of architecture as the northern entrance into that venerable structure, part of the ancient Royal Palace?' We may, however, select a few designs, which deserve to be excepted from the general censure. 'The west View of Costessy Hall, Norfolk, the Seat of Lord Stafford,' J. C. Buckler, —We rejoice to find that this beautiful picturesque composition is in the progress of execution. It is a very clever design, full of movement and variety, and in good style. It is also very finely drawn.

'Design for a Nobleman's Mansion,' H. Parke, No. 1021, is a magnificent, without being an extravagant idea for a palace, in the neighbourhood of a mountainous country. The character of the architecture is noble, grand, and princely; the outline has

a rich and pleasing variety. The drawing is in that excellent and effective style in which the designs of Mr. Parke ever come recommended to public attention.

'The View of the College of St. David's at Llanpeter,' No. 1031, C. R. Cockerell, is charming both as an architectural design and as a clever drawing, and displays a profound study of English architecture. In the sections of the National Monument of Scotland, of the model and of the dimensions of the Parthenon, Mr. Cockerell shows himself as well versed in Greek architecture as in the former design he appears learned in that of his native country. These are charming drawings: the wreaths in the frieze, however, must be objected to as common-place ornaments. The mode in which light is admitted, without injury to the exterior effect of the Temple, is highly ingenious. The preservation of the full depth of the steps is also a feature much to be commended in this design.

The 'Design for an addition to the Portico of the late Carlton House, so as to form it into a temple, in the manner of the ancients,' No. 997, P. F. Robinson, reminds us of that beautiful monument of antiquity, the Maison Carrée, at Nîmes; and excites a regret that an application so simple and so accordant with the character of the elegant columns which composed the late portico has not been adopted.

There are many other designs which are well deserving of more particular notice, did our space allow us to enlarge on their merits. We regret to be obliged to content ourselves with merely referring to the several splendid and beautifully drawn designs of Sir J. Wyattville; 'The Cambridge Town Gaol,' of Mr. Brookes, No. 1098, a good adaptation of the Tudor style; and a clever 'Design for the Interior of a West End of a College at Oxford, No. 1118, W. Bardwell.

The Model Academy is more rich than usual, in figures of merit. Mr. Chantrey's 'Statue of Sir Edward Hyde East,' to be erected in the Court House, Calcutta, No. 1198, is altogether a grand performance; the head is admirably executed. Mr. Westmacott's two statues, the one sitting, the other standing, a Brahmin and a Mussulman Moulah, for the Monument to Warren Hastings, are also noble figures, well conducted in respect to design, full of character and general sentiment, and finely executed.

'The Cupid' statue, in marble, by Gibson, 1199, comes nearer to the true thing, and to what sculpture ought to be, than any other production in this room. The idea is elevated and full of poetry; the form is exquisite, pure, and in antique style, while the flesh has a roundness and an apparent softness very rare in works of modern execution.

'The Girl with a Fawn,' No. 1200, R. Westmacott, Jun. is a very pleasing group; but for the sentiment we prefer the pretty little figure of the 'Reaper,' by the same artist, No. 1139.

To Mr. Rossi's Musidora and Mr. Chantrey's bas-reliefs, we must hold up the finger and cry 'Fi! Fi!' The exhibition of the latter more especially is surprising. That Mr. Chantrey should have attempted to execute a classical subject in bas-relief is quite natural; and that he should fail in the effort is quite natural also; but that an artist of his eminence and experience should be so blinded by love for his own offspring, as not to perceive that these are mere common-place productions, quite unworthy of a man of his reputation, is strange indeed, and makes us feel for the infirmities of human greatness. If he be pardoned at all, it must be in grace to his 'Bust of the Marquis of Stafford,' which is admirable.

'The Boy and Tortoise,' in marble, R. W. Sievier, 1219, is exceedingly facetious. But we owe Mr. Sievier a grudge for obliging us to quit a sculpture-room with a feeling of the ridiculous.

In taking leave of the Exhibition, we cannot refrain from expressing our apprehension that it may be many years ere we visit another so creditable to the country.

ENGRAVINGS.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, from Drawings by Captain Batty. Part XI. Jennings. London. 1829.

Of the five views which compose this number, the two last, which are those of 'The Exchange, Copenhagen,' and a second view of the 'Palace, Fredericksborg,' are the most interesting. The other three, which are agreeable landscapes, (Ilseberg, Karlshafen, and Hoxter on the Weser,) are sufficiently picturesque to make pleasing plates, but have no peculiar features so strikingly remarkable as to deserve notice in detail. The view of 'The Copenhagen Exchange' on the contrary, with its numerous gables and lofty twisted spire, is a very curious specimen of characteristic architecture, and, with the quay and boats in the foreground, forms an effective picture. It is very well engraved by Kernott. The entrance view of the palace, Fredericksborg, of the architecture of Sir W. Jones, is a curious medley of styles, producing altogether a grand and very picturesque combination. Here we find anticipated the idea of Mr. Nash of the cupolas with pointed terminations with which he has adorned Sussex Place. The drawings and engravings, the latter by Freebairn, are executed with great precision and accuracy.

FRENCH READINGS.

SINCE the publication of our last week's Number, we have had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. P. Victor read the two first acts of his own tragedy, 'Les Scandinaves'—the two first acts only, we are obliged to confess: for, however much regret it caused us to appear rude, or to seem to undervalue the labours of Mr. Victor, the going through the reading of a whole tragedy at one sitting, at an hour of the day when all the world is on the *pavé*, was requiring too much from people of business. To the unsuitableness of the hour, therefore, less than to any inherent want of interest in Mr. Victor's 'Lectures Dramatiques,' we are inclined to attribute the scanty audience, by which the declamations of the poet-actor were frequented. Mr. P. Victor has the air of a sensible man, and he read with great correctness, and a very considerable degree of feeling, well deserving of more encouragement than he seems to have received.

We have heard much commendation bestowed on the manner of reading, and teaching pronunciation, by Mr. Roy, whose ambition has an aim somewhat less lofty than that of Mr. Victor. He is content to seek his hearers and pupils on the very verge of the eastern and western boundary; and proposes to give a course of French Readings, to commence on the 2nd July, at the London Mechanic's Institution, and to be delivered at eight o'clock in the evening. The better to enable his readers to profit by his instructions, Mr. Roy publishes, as a preparation to his lectures, editions, in French and English, of the subject matter of his readings. Proposing to commence with the *Avare* of Molière, he has put forth that play in French and English in a small pocket volume; in which, to facilitate the acquisition of correct pronunciation, the *e* is marked with a peculiar orthoëpic sign in those instances, in which it is feebly, or almost imperceptibly, pronounced, without being absolutely mute, like the *e* final.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD PRIZE SUBJECTS.

THE subjects proposed for the Chancellor's prizes for the ensuing year are the following:—

For Latin verse.—*Tyrrus*—for such members of the University, who, on the day appointed for sending the exercises to the registrar of the University, shall not have exceeded four years from the time of their matriculation.

* Pickering, Chancery-lane.

For an English Essay.—*The Character of Socrates* as described by his disciples, Xenophon and Plato, under the different points of view in which it is contemplated by each of them.

For a Latin Essay.—*An apud Græcos, aut apud Romanos magis exulta fuerit civilis Scientia.*—These two subjects are for those who from the time of their matriculation have exceeded four, but not completed seven years.

The subject proposed for Sir Roger Newdegate's Prize for English Verse, is—*The African Desert*—for any under-graduate who at the day appointed for sending in the exercises, shall not have exceeded four years.

No person who has already obtained a prize will be deemed entitled to a second prize of the same description.

The exercises are all to be sent in under a sealed cover, to the registrar of the University, on or before the first of May next. The author is required to conceal his name, and to distinguish his composition by a motto; sending, at the same time, his name and the date of his matriculation sealed up under another cover, with the motto inscribed upon it.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRIZES.

Sir William Browne's three Medals for the present year have been awarded as follows:

Greek Ode.—*Νῆσος Ἀστυλὴ ὅρας ἰὺ ἀλὶ νῆστα-
ουσι.*—Charles Rann Kennedy, Trinity College.

Latin Ode.—*Cæsar, consecutus cohortes ad Rubi-
conem flumen, qui provincia ejus finis erat, paulum
constitit.*—Charles Merivale, St. John's College.

Greek Epigram.—*οὐδὸς διδοῦς.*—Charles Merivale.

Latin Epigram.—*Splendide mendas.*—Charles Merivale.

Members' Prizes—fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition:—*An putandum sit posthac fore ut gentes Meridionales sub Septentrionalium viribus iterum succumbant?*—George Langshaw, St. John's College.

Under-Graduates.—No prize adjudged.

KING OF BAVARIA AND ENGLISH ARTISTS AT ROME.—That magnificent and amiable patron of arts, the King of Bavaria, paid marked attention to our countrymen who are cultivating the Fine Arts at Rome, during his last visit to the scene of those intellectual pleasures from which no royal personage ever derived more great and unfeigned delight than this prince. He invited several of them to dinner, and on that occasion Gibson had the honour of sitting on the right hand of his Majesty and Severn on the left.

INFLATION OF THE LUNGS OF NEWLY-BORN INFANTS.—At a late sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Julia Fontenelle stated a curious fact in confirmation of the usefulness of the practice of inflating the lungs of newly-born children, apparently lifeless. An infant, born in a state of asphyxia, was brought, said the speaker, for dissection, to M. Portal: it had already lain some time in the room, and the surgeon was about to commence the anatomy; but before proceeding to operate, the thought occurred to him to blow into its mouth. This he accordingly did, and at the end of two or three minutes, warmth returned, the circulation was excited, the heart beat, and the body was sent back to the parents—a living child.

ENGLISH PERIODICAL AT DRESDEN.—The publication of a new English periodical at Dresden was commenced in April last. It bears the title of *The Garland*, and is composed of articles from the reviews, magazines, literary journals, annuals, and new works, in English, with miscellaneous information in all branches of modern literature, inventions, discoveries, biographical memoirs of eminent persons, short tales, and poetry. The price of subscription is four dollars a year—12s. 6d.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE ATHENÆUM.'

SIR,—The writer of the article in 'The Athenæum,' headed 'Mr. Brougham's Education Bill,' deserves praise for his wish to facilitate the general education of the lower classes of society. But the means are to be carefully examined by which he would accomplish that desirable object. It was because Mr. Brougham had not duly estimated them, that his bill was not carried into effect. It is admitted, that the circumstances of this country are materially changed since the plan was first introduced. The inquiry remains—are they so changed as to authorize its renewal? The writer of the article supposes an opposition would be made by Dissenters. This would probably be the case. But it would not be from Dissenters alone. The friends of civil and religious liberty in general would be hostile to the measure, if the plan be the same as was before brought forward. Nay, as the principles of liberality are better understood and more extended, the objectors to the bill would be increased. The clergy have already enough of power in their respective parishes. To add to this, the choice of a schoolmaster, who must be a churchman, and appointed only by the clergyman, aided by a select vestry, or a fox-hunting esquire, is not a scheme calculated to secure harmony in a parish, if disputes existed, or where they are liable to occur, or a diversity of political sentiments may prevail. The persons who would feel the oppression the greatest are those who are now most engaged in promoting education; such as the teachers in Sunday schools, and the advocates for schools for all. The article contains a proposition which is inadmissible:—that because the State pretends to supply the spiritual wants of the people, therefore it ought to provide for their mental wants. What has been the effect of that pretension? Does the provision, however ample, that is made for the clergy, supply the wants of the nation? The Church and State are not one. North America has shown that an ecclesiastical establishment is not necessary for the promotion of general knowledge, the increase of morality, and the spread of religion. Individual conviction of the duty has been found adequate to attain these most desirable ends. Nor has a diversity of opinion promoted discord, or subjected one sect to maintain another which might be more highly favoured. The State is not a competent judge of the best mode of supplying the spiritual wants of any nation. All history confirms this fact. Ecclesiastical history is full of the evils which have resulted from governments presuming to dictate what faith their subjects should espouse. It was the dread of such consequences that occasioned the alarm when Mr. Brougham's bill was announced. Many of the clergy also objected to it because of the greater labour that would be imposed upon themselves.

Had Mr. Brougham proposed that government should erect rooms in every parish, and that the parishioners should have the choice of their own master; had the same freedom been allowed in communicating religious instruction which is granted in the British and foreign schools; had visitors been appointed, with salaries, to report the progress of the scholars, and to call those masters to account who had neglected their duty; had this been the principle on which Mr. Brougham's bill was framed, he would justly have been entitled to the support and gratitude of his countrymen. On former occasions, his watchful eye could easily discern the danger of giving power which might be employed in lording it over God's heritage; in his writings he had often exhibited the mischiefs of parochial contests; and hence the sorrow of his friends when they considered him deserting his principles, and the triumph of his enemies, who accused him of courting the clergy and strengthening aristocratical influence. Unless, therefore, the enactments of Mr. Brougham's Education Bill be radically changed; unless the masters be chosen, not from one favoured sect, not because of any creed they may adopt, but because of their moral and intellectual fitness for the office they are to fill; unless a general interest be excited to carry into effect the measure he proposes, an increase of opposition to its adoption will be called forth. No one is more able to serve the cause of liberality, none more capable of diffusing useful knowledge; upon himself, therefore, it will depend whether he will be the benefactor to the ignorant, and join the hands and hearts of the friends who wish

general instruction to be imparted to the lower classes of society, or whether he would wish his bill to remain in its present state—a *caput mortuum*.

BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Dagley's Birth Day, and other Poems, 4s.
Legends of Einsidlin, by the Rev. W. Liddiard, post 8vo., 8s. 6d.
Italian Tales, and other Poems, by P. Browne, Esq., post 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Moraton, a Novel, by Miss Cullen, authoress of 'Home,' 3d edition, 8 vols. 12mo., 18s.
The Blandford, by Mrs. Mosse, 4 vols. 12mo., 24s.
The Indian Chief, 3 vols., 18s. 6d.
The Life of John Locke, with Extracts from the Correspondence, by Lord King, 1 vol. 4to., 2l. 2s.
The Chelsea Pensioner, by the Author of 'The Subaltern,' 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Stuart on the Hebrews, 2 vols. 8vo., 10s.
The Last of the Plantagenets, 2nd edition, 8vo., 12s.
Howe's Living Temple, with Essay, by Dr. Chalmers, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
The Christian's Defence against Infidelity, with Essay, by Dr. Chalmers, 24mo., 3s. 6d.
Robertson's History of Ancient Greece, 9th edition, 12mo., 7s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 6 A.M. and 6 P.M.	June.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 22	62	65	29.57	S.	Rain.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 23	73	66	29.63	Ditto.	Fair Cl.	Cumulus.
Wed. 24	78	69	29.76	S. to SW	Ditto.	Ditto.
Thur. 25	72	70	29.83	E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Frid. 26	73	67	29.77	S.W.	Rn. P.M.	Ditto.
Sat. 27	69	61	29.40	S. to E.	Rain.	Cirrostratus
Sun. 28	67	61	29.13	E.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.

Mornings for the greatest part rainy or moist. Nights rainy towards the end of the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 64°.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.72.

Highest temperature at noon, 77°.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury stationary on Monday.
Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 7° 4' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 3° 53' in Leo.
Sun's ditto ditto 7° 23' in Cancer.
Sun above the horizon on Sunday, 16h. 39m. Day decreased 2m. No real night.
Sun's horary motion on Sunday, 2' 23" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .007221.

This day is published, in one thick volume, 8vo. price 18s. in boards.

THE FRENCH LIBRARIAN; or, LITERARY GUIDE. Pointing out the best works of the principal Writers of France, in every branch of Literature, with Personal Anecdotes and Biographical Notices, preceded by a Sketch of the Progress of FRENCH LITERATURE. By L. T. VENTOUILLAC.

To make French Literature more generally known, to obtain for it a higher degree of estimation in England than it has hitherto enjoyed, by making both the extent and the value of its stores more familiar to the English public, is the object of the present work, the result of some years' research, and application. The more fully to obtain this end, a list in each branch of literature is given of every work (within the author's knowledge), which may be considered deserving of attention. Where various editions of the work are known, the best is pointed out, and the merit of the work itself is established, not upon the author's own opinion, but upon that of the most eminent writers of France and of England; and that a still greater degree of confidence might be obtained for the critical dictum thus introduced to the English reader, although the French criticisms have been translated into English, a reference is always given to the volume and page of every work whence remarks have been taken, so that the reader may not only ascertain their correctness, but, where it may seem desirable to him, say, by turning to the original work, find a full criticism of the work in question. In addition to these critical marks, personal and literary anecdotes have been introduced, partly to do away with the appearance of a mere catalogue, and partly because these anecdotes, by making the character of the authors more fully known, tend to throw additional light on the nature and merit of their works. This book, it is hoped, will be found a full compendium of French Literature, and Indexes, on an enlarged and improved plan, are added to give every possible facility for reference, and thus render the work more generally useful.

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Part VIII., for July, Price 2s. is published this day. The Second Volume of The Extractor, Price 9s. 6d.

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No. 22 will be published on the 30th September, and will contain articles on the East India Free Trade, the West India Question, Legislation for Gaming Houses, Newspapers, &c.

The CATECHISM OF THE CORN LAWS (6th Edition), quoted with high praise in both Houses of Parliament, may be had at the Office, and from all the Agents of the Westminster Review. Price 6d. Office of the Westminster Review, No. 2, Wellington-street, Strand.

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'Feel its uniform grateful and strengthening effects on the stomach, I consider the round leaf Cornel the natural tonic of man, and the stomachic comforter of old age.'—Professor Ives, in the *American Medical Journal*, June, 1820.

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THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 89.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1829.

Price 8d.

THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

A DIALOGUE.

A.—WHAT was the subject of conversation between you and Wharton, when I interrupted you the other day?

B.—Do not laugh if I tell you—the Character of Napoleon?

A.—I should be the last person to laugh at a confession of such singular honesty. And so Wharton, who spends half his time in studying the teeth of questions, to discover whether they are not too old for service, actually discussed one which is marked stale, in the *index expurgatorius* of every country coterie?

B.—He waives his scruples about the antiquity of a question, which will serve as a peg for some spick and span paradox.

A.—What is the latest which he has suspended upon it?

B.—He asserts that Napoleon ought not to be called a Conqueror, so long as that title is also given to Alexander and Cæsar.

A.—His exquisite reason?

B.—He says that 'Conquest,' in the modern feudal sense, is synonymous with 'Acquisition,' and that, in the heroic and classical times, no two meanings could be at a wider distance from each other than those which are denoted by these two words.

A.—Well?

B.—That Alexander was a classical Conqueror; Napoleon a feudal one; and that we are constantly losing our sense of this difference.

A.—What name does he propose to substitute?

B.—He would call Alexander the *Vanquisher*, or else Napoleon the *Acquisitor*.—The first would be the most correct, because the word Conquest, of right belongs to modern times, but the latter would be most useful in curing the confusion in our notions, because it gives the meaning to one name which we have hitherto tacitly given to both.

A.—A mere refinement, I think?

B.—Nevertheless, Acquisitiveness, as the phrenologists speak, was actually a much more remarkable characteristic of Napoleon than of Alexander or Cæsar. How strikingly we discover it in his sayings.

A.—In his sayings? I do not understand you.

B.—Have you never remarked the very great poverty and feebleness of all the best-known thoughts and phrases which are attributed to Napoleon—setting them in such strong contrast with the life and originality of Cæsar's, for instance.

A.—And to what do you attribute it?

B.—To the circumstance that the thoughts of the one have grown from slips, the other from roots. Whence it happens that Napoleon's look withered and sickly the moment they are taken out of their native soil, and that Cæsar's, into whatever country they may have been transplanted, are as healthy and vigorous now as they were eighteen hundred years ago.

A.—Illustrate your meaning by an instance.

B.—Suppose we take the hackneyed one. 'From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step.'

A.—Are you sure that is Napoleon's?

B.—The question every one naturally asks; but there is no reason to dispute his property in it, any more than to deny that he was once possessor of

Holland, Italy, and Spain. The thought is his, so far as mere Acquisition, as our friend would say, can make any thing any man's.

A.—I am again at a loss. If the title be one which will stand against an adverse claim, what signifies it whether it be of descent, purchase, or occupancy?

B.—In spiritual properties the difference is considerable. In every country you will find some honey-suckles and dog-roses, hemlock and nightshade, in the hedge-rows, which every one has a right to appropriate who pleases, but which only children care to appropriate, because almost all, save children, value the beauty of the landscape above the pleasure of possession. Now in this description of flowers or weeds, must be reckoned the saying of which we are speaking. Napoleon did not sow it, nor till the ground which was to bear it; he merely plucked it. There it was in the fields amidst a thousand others, which shoot up by thousands, every year, from the light sandy soil of France, adding something to the general appearance of the country, and sometimes noticed individually in the books of our herbalists, but never gathered till some child, or some one who has carried the childish lust of 'Acquisition' into manhood, chances to pass by. Napoleon kept it in water, and displayed it, many years after, at St. Helena, to the admiring eyes of Mr. Barry O'Meara.

A.—By what criterion do you determine that the sentiment is French?

B.—The thickness of the outer leaves, and a total deficiency of heart are infallible proofs.

A.—I wish you would not resort to those metaphorical expressions. What do you mean by 'outer leaves,' and 'heart'?

B.—If you have leisure we will examine the sentiment, by which means you will perhaps understand me better. Does it not strike you that there are a great many instances which seem at once to establish its truth?

A.—A great many; and it is the recollection of them which makes me wonder that you should express so contemptuous an opinion of it. For instance, nearly all the fine speeches, apostrophes, appeals to Jupiter, Mars, the shade of Henri Quatre; and, above all, the death scenes of the heroes of the French Revolution, strike me as dwelling on the border land.

B.—Very well; do you remember any others?

A.—The others which occur to me are different, and serve to furnish another sort of evidence in its support. They are such as the conversation between the Fool and Lear; parts of the trial scene of Fergus M'Ilvor; the grave digger's scene; and innumerable others, in which the ludicrous is made subservient to the sublime, and increases its effect.

B.—Your double set of instances are weighty; and thus you may comprehend the first part of my sentence respecting this saying, of Napoleon's; so far as it can derive strength from outward observations: which are to a sentiment what the sun and rain are to a plant; so far it is strong—and hence I was induced to say that it was thick in its outer leaves. Now let us look at the sentiment in itself; let us see whether it has any inward coherency, or whether, as I affirmed just now, from having no original seed, it is utterly coreless and heartless.

A.—You will have some difficulty in proving that, I think, after having first shewn that there is so much evidence in its favour.

B.—We shall see. Does 'Sublime' mean High?

A.—I apprehend so.

B.—And what does 'Ridiculous' mean, Low?

A.—Scarcely.

B.—So I should think, for to say that there is but one step from the 'High' to the 'Low,' is nonsense. There may be but one step; but there is only three-quarters of a step to that which is one quarter less low; and only half-a-step to that which is half as low. When the question is one of measure, it cannot signify where you fix unity; but if it does not mean 'Low,' what can it mean?

A.—Vulgar, mean, absurd.

B.—All which are only the antipodes of sublime when it is used figuratively, as low is its antipode when it is used literally; and therefore the same objection applies to them.

A.—May not ridiculous be used in its honest sense as the synonyme of 'Ludicrous'?

B.—Be it so. But before we apply this meaning to the phrase, let us be careful that we distinguish it from the one we have rejected. Ludicrous, in the acceptation which we are about to give it, means nothing vulgar, mean, or absurd.

A.—I do not see how that follows, from what we have just said. It need not be any of these, but it may be all of them.

B.—What difference did you understand, then, between the 'Ridiculous' and the 'Ludicrous,' a difference of kind, or merely the difference of degree?

A.—Supposing I said, 'merely of degree,' what would you answer?

B.—That as ridiculousness includes all degrees of itself, the distinction was inadmissible.

A.—Well then, I say, the difference is this: the ridiculous is that which is such by nature; the ludicrous, that which is perceived to be such, or made such by art.

B.—That will suit my purpose sufficiently well, though I think we shall soon arrive at a much more rational classification than that which you suggest. When you say, that the sublime is akin to the 'Ludicrous,' in this sense, what do you mean?

A.—I mean that it is akin to the ridiculous in art and not the ridiculous in nature.

B.—But hold? The ridiculous of art, which you rightly define to be the 'Ridiculous perceived or created,' becomes,—when it is created or perceived—the same in kind and quality with the ridiculous which exists in nature.

A.—I do not exactly see your meaning?

B.—Is not Sir Andrew Aguecheek precisely as ridiculous, and ridiculous precisely in the same sense, as any existing fool in Illyria or England?

A.—Certainly.

B.—Then I suppose the distinction which you wish to draw, is not between the ludicrous and ridiculous—between the ridiculous of art and of nature, but between the power of perceiving and the thing perceived. In other words, you mean to say, that Napoleon meant to signify, not that the sublime is but one step from the ridiculous but that the perception of the ridiculous is but one step from—what?

A.—The perception of the sublime, I suppose. Do you not think this may have been his meaning?

B.—But the misfortune is, that it totally destroys

his meaning, for the more sense of the ridiculous, and the more sense of the sublime a man has, the less he is likely to make the sublime ridiculous.

A.—But will this explanation account for the phenomena from which you admitted that this sentiment derived some plausibility. As, for instance, my first class—the speeches of the heroes and martyrs in the French Revolution?

B.—If you study the French literature of the 18th century, you will be convinced that one calamity had already befallen that nation, which was the loss of all sense of the sublime; and that another was likely soon to befall it, which was, a loss of all sense of the ridiculous. And what singularly illustrates the truth we have just been elucidating, one of these effects took place through the other. Voltaire, in teaching his countrymen that the business of ridicule was to parody and counterfeit sublimity, set the two principles at war—took away from wit its natural province, and made such utter confusion between them, that in a very short time it was impossible for a Frenchman to know any thing about either. The effect was not perceived at first, and the other nations of Europe went on imagining that the French nation had a keener perception of the ridiculous than any existing, till the revolution came and proved that there never had been or could be, a nation which ran so headlong into absurdities from the want of it. And thus the union of sublimity and ridiculousness, instead of proceeding from any law of the human mind which connected them, proceeded from the violation of a law which provided for their constant separation.

A.—And the other class of phenomena, the union of sublimity and ludicrousness, and the subserviency of the latter to the former, how do you explain that?

B.—From the opposite cause to that just noted, producing the opposite effect. That true law of connection between the perception of the sublime and the perception of the ridiculous, which had worn out in the French nation, has its highest vigour in the mind of a man of genius. Consequently in never trembling, lest his sublimity should become ridiculous, he is always to exert both the faculties, and to exhibit in the same wonderful work the miracles which are wrought by their united agency. And hence the friendly connection between the scenes of wit and pathos in Shakspeare—hence the easy transition in our minds from the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, to the heath which trembled under the sense of fear. And so let it ever be in literature and art. Let each of their provinces be cultivated to the highest limits of its capacity, and let there be the freest, the most unrestricted commerce between them. Let no port-dues, no prohibiting duties, ever prevent the goods of one from finding their way, by the shortest and easiest route, into the other. Let there be a thorough sympathy between the natures of each—a well-grounded understanding of the other's provincial government and municipal regulations, and let there be one law over them all, deriving its origin and its sanction from that central principle which imparts life to the system, and directs the energies of each part of it, so that it shall best minister to the good of the whole.

A.—And now may it please you to enlighten my dark understanding as to the special object of the conversation into which you have unawares betrayed me.

B.—My object was not very definite when we began to talk, and, as far as I know, I was chiefly occupied with replying to your questions. But if you will have a moral out of every thing, I think we may probably extract one, even from our loose and vagrant dialogue. Do you not think it would be possible to apply the method we have pursued in discussing Napoleon's dictum, to other much more original and important sayings of great men; might it not be a useful exercise to bring to this test many sayings of Dr. Johnson and others who have given bogmas to the world, which exercise a silent and strong influence over its opinions and modes of thinking; first examining them outwardly, to see that facts may have suggested them, and what then

life there is within, which they have derived from the mind of their authors. Omitting the first mode of judging, great men are often intolerant to one another, attributing to original perversity, opinions to which, but for accidental circumstances, they would never have given birth. Omitting the second, ordinary men are constantly paying respect to some dicta which their own narrow experience has made plausible, and rejecting others more important, because the evidence of them is beyond their ken. Uniting both, I think we may be able to excuse the very errors which we are correcting, to account for the very phenomena from which we refuse to draw our inferences.

A.—I shall be happy to join you in making the experiment.

THE LIFE OF LOCKE.

The Life of John Locke, with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common-Place Books. By Lord King. 1 vol. 4to: pp. 404. Colburn. London, 1829.

MR. STEWART has observed, with great truth, that Locke is very little read in England. His reputation is almost entirely collegiate or foreign. Educated men generally judge of him either from what is known of his works in universities, where they are used as text-books, and of course dessicated and impoverished into mere heaps of dry bones, or from the renown given him by the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, by Condillac and Voltaire, who understood but little of the books, and nothing at all of the man. Nor is it very wonderful that he failed in making himself easily intelligible to his successors, for he certainly did not very clearly comprehend himself. Honest and modest as he was, he seems to have thought that he was in some degree fitted to write a scientific treatise on the human mind; though he certainly did not fancy that he had produced the complete and circular work which the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' has been called by many of his admirers. On this point we believe that he was mistaken; and we are sure that the million are so still. The service which, in our opinion, Lord King has rendered is the publication of a book that will go far towards convincing every one in how small a degree Locke was a scientific thinker, and how admirable were his practical sense and judgment, and his social virtues and accomplishments.

It is worth while to consider, for a moment, what was really done by Locke in philosophy, and how it came to be supposed that he had done so much which he in fact never did think of, and so much more which so wise a man could never by any possibility have thought of.

The age in which Locke lived was undoubtedly the least poetical of modern history. The human imagination had scarcely ever been so feeble as it then was. From this resulted an almost entire separation between philosophy and real life. The great truths of metaphysics, which for those who first brought them out into distinct consciousness, were living powers, became bare and meagre abstractions. The imagination, wherever it had been vigorous and creative, had always served to connect, in the mind of the speculative thinker, the ideal with the actual world; to impersonate the principles of being as individual conceivable forms; and to clothe and exalt the work-day persons and affairs of society with the light of a higher sphere. This was the genuine and healthy state of the human mind. The two worlds, the world of thought and the world of action, remained perfectly distinct, and each in itself complete; while the imagination moved and ministered between them on its ethereal ladder, attended by all its troop of angelic spirits. In the age of Locke such was no longer the state of things. The loftier and purer region contained no longer those forms born of imagination, without which that region is an object for the intellect only, and cannot be beneficially brought into connection with actual society. It had, therefore, become a pale abstraction hanging above the heads of men, but incapable of engaging

their sympathy or reverence. Nor was Locke a man to separate himself (like Milton) from his fellows, and build up, and people in solitude a spiritual kingdom of his own, not governed by the laws of time or custom, nor liable to the changes of vulgar opinion. He had not himself imagination to re-establish the intercourse between the sphere of ideas and the sphere of practice. And feeling most strongly (as, not being endowed with a creative and spiritual imagination, he was right to feel,) the insufficiency of that which seemed to him, and to all around him, a remote and lifeless system, he began to labour in raising up, out of this sensible frame of things, a compacted and lofty tower, such as might in some degree content mankind by a faint resemblance to the height and order of the heavens which they had no longer wings to scale, and which, in their eyes, was divested of the chiefest portion of its glory.

This is, in few and inadequate sentences, our conception of Locke's design. He wished to re-establish in the minds of thinking men the importance of the actual world. This lay trodden under the feet of his contemporary theorists, while the spiritual region had gone afar off, and was beyond his reach as well as theirs. He, therefore, attempted to raise the sensations and the practical understandings of mankind into the place of honour and power, which it was so important that something else than mere impulse and guess-work should occupy.

Locke was a virtuous and an humble-minded, as well as an able and accomplished man, and where his skill and strength were not adequate to conduct his fellows in safety, he willingly paused, and declared his own insufficiency. He found that his own method of leading men back to practice and common sense would take him only a little way in philosophy; but he seldom attempted to push forward desperately, and he confessed the existence of the difficulties which he could not overcome. Even thus he fell into many hazards, and many contradictions; and remained as far as possible from giving the world an entire and methodical exposition.

On the other hand, let us look into his works for what they really contain of excellent, and we find them the productions of one of the clearest and most cautious understandings that ever gave rules for human conduct. They are covered all over with a rich fruitage of good sense and of the soundest feelings. And there are scarcely any books in which you can find fewer propositions fit to become parts of a scientific treatise, or a greater number of useful, serviceable observations.

But see how his writings have been treated by the French. He tried the experiment of making a system out of our sensations, and failed. He was met on all sides by difficulties which sensations could not account for, and of which he was far too wise, too good, too careful for human welfare, and for morality and religion, to deny the existence. But some of the French philosophers, and more especially Condillac, fearing not at all to expose mankind to dangers which the stronger and better-cultivated mind of Locke had wished to withdraw them from encountering, bravely pushes on to the end with that guidance which the Englishman felt to be insufficient,—tell us that the moral perils which Locke was so honourably afraid of are mere phantoms and delusions, and builds on his foundation a system altogether circular, and towering to the skies, where he had felt that no such thing was possible without shutting out a world of truths to which his quack disciple was utterly indifferent.

'The Life of Locke, by Lord King,' is, as far as his lordship's part in the volume goes, most especially worthless. Two or three rants about toleration, and two or three very needless hits at the church, are almost all that he adds to Locke's papers, and to those facts which might have been found in any biographical dictionary. He attempts nothing like an estimate of the character and writings of the eminent man whose manuscripts he publishes, and does not write one discriminating word as to his influence on society, and on subsequent thinkers. He has throughout modernised the spelling of the papers

he gives us; and yet in nearly every page there is some word, English, French, or Latin, so strangely written that we involuntarily look for a note, and not finding one, are left in doubt whether to attribute the error to Locke's careless writing, or to his lordship's correction of the press. There is, moreover, one omission which we would entreat Lord King to remedy in any reprint of the book. It appears that the papers, some of which he has now published, while others have not yet seen the light, contain a great many references to books, almost all of which have been omitted by the editor. Yet a list of all the works quoted or alluded to by Mr. Locke would have been one of the most curious and valuable documents that Lord King could possibly have published. His lordship does not seem to be at all aware how much controversy has existed as to the extent and nature of this celebrated author's reading, nor to perceive how interesting a subject of inquiry it must necessarily be for every speculative Englishman.

It must not, however, be supposed that we do not think this volume of great value. It does more than all that before existed in print to show us Locke the individual, and thereby to set the genuine man apart from the Locke of the French theorists. In these pages he appears as a perfect gentleman, a kind friend, a keen and general observer, a most accurate and delightful writer, and a man of the strongest and most grounded sense, in all questions of manners, politics, literature, science, and morals. And it is most consolatory to perceive how much more of his mind was devoted to kindness, good humour, universal inquiry, social enjoyment, and sound and active principles, than to that abstract system which, in general estimation, is almost solely connected with his name, and of which only a portion was ever really adopted by him.

What, we would ask, can be more pleasant and gentlemanly than the following letter, written when Locke was thirty-three?

To Mr. John Strachy, Sutton Court, Bristol.

DEAR SIR,

Cleve, 1666.

'Are you at leisure for half an hour's trouble? will you be content I should keep up the custom of writing long letters with little in them? 'Tis a barren place, and the dull frozen part of the year, and therefore you must not expect great matters. 'Tis enough, that at Christmas you have empty Christmas tales fit for the chimney-corner. To begin, therefore, December 16th, (here 26th), Christmas-day, about one in the morning, I went a gossiping to our Lady; think me not profane, for the name is a great deal modester than the service I was at. I shall not describe all the particulars I observed in that church, being the principal of the Catholics in Cleves; but only those that were particular to the occasion. Near the high altar was a little altar for this day's solemnity; the scene was a stable, wherein was an ox, an ass, a cradle, the Virgin, the babe, Joseph, shepherds, and angels, *dramatic personæ*: had they but given their motion, it had been a perfect puppet play, and might have deserved pence a-piece; for they were of the same size and make that our English puppets are; and I am confident, these shepherds and this Joseph are kin to that Judith and Holophernes which I have seen at Bartholomew fair. A little without the stable was a flock of sheep, cut off of cards; and these, as they then stood without their shepherds, appeared to me the best emblem I had seen a long time, and methought represented these poor innocent people, who, whilst their shepherds pretend so much to follow Christ, and pay their devotion to him, are left unregarded in the barren wilderness. This was the show: the music to it was all vocal in the quire adjoining, but such as I never heard. They had strong voices, but so ill-tuned, so ill-managed, that it was their misfortune, as well as ours, that they could be heard. He that could not, though he had a cold, make better music with a cheery chace over a pot of smooth ale, deserved well to pay the reckoning, and go away athirst. However, I think they were the honestest singing men I have ever seen, for they endeavoured to deserve their money, and earned it certainly with pains enough; for what they wanted in skill, they made up in loudness and vanity: every one had his own tune, and the result of

all was like the noise of choosing Parliament men, where every one endeavours to cry loudest. Besides the men, there were a company of little choristers, I thought when I saw them at first, they had danced to the other's music, and that it had been your Gray's Inn revels; for they were jumping up and down, about a good charcoal fire that was in the middle of the quire (this their devotion and their singing was enough, I think, to keep them warm, though it were a very cold night); but it was not dancing, but singing they served for; when it came to their turns, away they ran to their places, and there they made as good harmony as a concert of little ligs would, and they were much about as cleanly. Their part being done, out they sallied again to the fire, where they played till their cue called them, and then back to their places they huddled. So negligent and alight are they in their service in a place where the nearness of adversaries might teach them to be more careful; but I suppose the natural tendency of these outside performances, and these mummeries in religion, would bring it every where to this pass, did not fear and the severity of the magistrats preserve it; which being taken away here, they very easily suffer themselves to globber over their ceremonies, which in other places are kept up with so much zeal and exactness; but methinks they are not to be blamed, since the *rite* seems to me as much religion as the other. In the afternoon, I went to the Carthusians' church; they had their little gentry too, but in finer clothes; and their angels with surplices on, and singing books in their hands; for here is nothing to be done without books. Hither were crowded a great throng of children to see these pretty babies, and I amongst them, as wise and as devout as they, and for my pains had a good sprinkle of holy water, and now I may defy the devil: thus have I begun the holidays with Christmas gambols. But had I understood the language, I believe, at the reformed church, I had found something more serious; for they have two sermons at their church, for Christmas lasts no longer here. That which pleased me most was, that at the same Catholic church the next day, I saw our Lady all in white linen, dressed as one that is newly lain in, and on her lap something that, perhaps twenty years since, was designed for a baby, but now it was grown to have a beard; and methought was not so well used as our country fellows used to be, who, though they escape all the year, are usually trimmed at Christmas. They must pardon me for being merry, for it is Christmas; but, to be serious with you, the Catholic religion is a different thing from what we believe it in England. I have other thoughts of it than when I was in a place that is filled with prejudices, and things are known only by hearsay. I have not met with any so good-natured people, or so civil, as the Catholic priests, and I have received many courtesies from them, which I shall always gratefully acknowledge. But to leave the good-natured Catholics, and to give you a little account of our brethren the Calvinists, that differ very little from our English Presbyterians. I met lately, accidentally, with a young cucking divine, that thought himself no small champion; who, as if he had been some knight-errant, bound by oath to bid battle to all comers, first accosted me in courteous voice; but the customary salute being over, I found myself assailed most furiously, and heavy loads of arguments fell upon me. I, that expected no such thing, was fain to guard myself under the trusty broad shield of ignorance, and only now and then returned a blow by way of inquiry; and by this Partisan way of flying, defended myself till passion and want of breath had made him weary, and so we came to an accommodation; though, had he had lungs enough, and I no other use of my ears, the combat might have lasted (if that may be called a combat, *ubi tu cades ego vapulo tantum*) as long as the wars of Troy, and the end of all had been like that, nothing but some rubbish of divinity as useless and incoherent as the ruins the Greeks left behind them. This was a probationer in theology, and, I believe, (to keep still to my errantry), they are bound to show their prowess with some valiant unknown, before they can be dubbed, and receive the dignity of the order. I cannot imagine why else he should set upon me, a poor innocent wight, who thought nothing of a combat, and desired to be peaceable, and was too far from my own dunghill to be quarrelling; but, it is no matter, there were no wounds made but in Priacian's head, who suffers much in this country. This provocation I have suffi-

ciently revenged upon one of their church, our landlord, who is wont sometimes to Germanize and to be a little too much of the creature. These frailties I threaten him to discover to his pastor, who will be sure to rebuke him (but sparing his name) the next Sunday from the pulpit, and severely chastise the liberty of his cups; thus I sew up the good man's mouth, because the other gaped too much, and made him as much bear my tongue as I was punished with the other's. But for all this, he will sometimes drink himself into a defiance of divines and discipline, and hearken only to Bacchus's inspirations. You must not expect any thing remarkable from me all the following week, for I have spent it in getting a pair of gloves, and think, too, I have had a quick despatch; you will perhaps wonder at it, and think I talk like a traveller; but I will give you the particulars of the business. Three days were spent in finding out a Glover, for though I can walk all the town over in less than an hour, yet their shops are so contrived, as if they were designed to conceal, not expose their wares; and though you may think it strange, yet, methinks, it is very well done, and 'tis a becoming modesty to conceal that which they have reason enough to be ashamed of. But to proceed: the two next days were spent in drawing them on, the right hand glove, (or, as they call them here, hand shoe) Thursday, and the left hand, Friday, and I'll promise you this was two good days' work, and little enough to bring them to fit my hands and to consent to be fellows, which, after all, they are so far from, that when they are on, I am always afraid my hands should go to cuffs one with another, they so disagree: Saturday we concluded on the price, computed, and changed our money, for it requires a great deal of arithmetic and a great deal of brass to pay twenty-eight stivers, and seven doits; but, God be thanked, they are all well fitted with counters for reckoning; for their money is good for nothing else, and I am poor here with my pockets full of it. I wondered at first why the market people brought their wares in little carts, drawn by one horse, till I found it necessary to carry home the price of them; for a horse-load of turnips, would be two horse-load of money. A pair of shoes cannot be got under half a year: I lately saw the cow killed, out of whose hide I hope to have my next pair. The first thing after they are married here is to bespeak the child's coat, and truly the bridegroom must be a bungler that gets not the child before the mantle be made; for it is far easier here to have a man made than a suit. To be serious with you, they are the slowest people, and fullest of delays that ever I have met with, and their money as bad. December 22nd I saw the inscription that entitles the Elector's house here to so much antiquity; it stands at the upper end of a large room, which is the first entrance into the house, and is as follows:—"Anno ab urbe Romanâ conditâ 698 Julius Cæsar Dictator hinc partibus in ditionem susceptis arcem hanc Clivensem fund." I know not how old the wall was that bore it, but the inscription was certainly much younger than I am, as appears by the characters and other circumstances; however, I believe the painter revered the antiquity, and did homage to the memory of Cæsar, and was not averse to a tradition which the situation and antique mode of building made not improbable. The same time, I had the favour to see the kitchen and the cellar, and though in the middle of the first there was made on the floor a great fire big enough to broil half a dozen St. Laurences, yet methought the cellar was the better place, and so I made haste to leave it, and have little to say of it, unless you think fit I should tell you how many rummers of Rhenish I drank, and how many biscuits I ate, and that I had there almost learned to speak High Dutch. December 24,—At the Lutherans' church, after a good lusty, rattling High Dutch sermon, the sound whereof would have made one think it had the design of reproof, I had an opportunity to observe the administration of the Sacrament, which was thus:—the sermon being ended, the minister that preached not (for they have two to a church) stood up at a little desk which was upon the communion table, almost at the upper end of the church, and then read a little while, part of which reading I judged to be prayer, but observed no action that looked like consecration, (I know not what the words were); when he had done, he placed himself at the north end of the table, and the other minister that preached, at the south end, so that their backs were toward one another; then there marched up to him on the north side a

communicant, who, when he came to the minister, made a low bow, and knelt down, and then the minister put water into his mouth; which done, he rose, made his obeisance, and went to the other end, where he did the same, and had the wine poured into his mouth, without taking the cup in his hand, and then came back to his place by the south side of the church. Thus did four, one after another, which were all that received that day, and amongst them was a boy, about thirteen or fourteen years old. They have at this church a sacrament every Sunday morning: in the afternoon, at the Calvinists', I saw a christening. After sermon there came three men and three women, (one whereof was the midwife, with a child in her arms, the rest were godfathers and godmothers, of which they allow a greater number than we do, and so wisely get more spoons,)—to the table which is just by the pulpit. They taking their places, the minister in the pulpit read a little of the Institution, then read a short prayer; then another minister, that was below, took the child, and with his hand poured water three times on its forehead, which done, he in the pulpit read another short prayer, and so concluded. All this was not much longer than the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments; for all their service is very short, beside their preaching and singing, and there they allow good measure."—Pp. 13—18.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW FOREST.

The New Forest: a Novel. By the Author of Brambletye House, &c. Three vols. Colburn. London, 1829.

THE work before us is unlike the other novels of the author, in this respect, that the time of its action is within the present century. We are inclined to think that this difference will be unfavourable to the popularity of 'The New Forest.' People in general like to read of obsolete or outlandish customs; and an author may be pretty sure of finding readers who professes to retail the forgotten scandal of London in the seventeenth century, and Jerusalem in the days of Mark Antony. We can, however, assure the public that if they will take the trouble to examine at all minutely, they will discover the characters and manners of England in our own time, as represented by the author of 'The New Forest,' to be no less strange and fanciful than those which he has assigned to the Roundheads and the Pharisees. We find in this work, people of the highest fashion described as showing their superior breeding, not by ease and elegance, but by peculiar stiffness and affectation. We have a heroine (Fanny) designed to be one of the most delightful of those delightful creatures, pretty and lively young ladies, and yet ejaculating 'lud!' at every second sentence. We have a Southampton smuggler, one of the most generous and high-minded of men; and a captain (of hussars, we believe,) evidently intended to be a picture of a class, and who is only distinguished from other gentlemen by cowardice and mispronunciation. We might add a dozen more of these extravagances; but they all shrink into obscurity before the dazzling absurdity of the hero.

This young gentleman has been educated in the United States, where he has become an 'Utilitarian.' (Thank Heaven! the word is not English! any more than the thing.) The way in which this prudent personage manifests the principle of 'Utility,' in his conduct, is by throwing about his money (of which he has not much) to every one who is willing to relieve him from it; and by keeping a large stock of the readiest and most profound sensibility for the sufferings of every one around him. Yet, some how or other, it never occurs to this paragon of trans-atlantic philosophy, that his sylogistic pedantry and contemptuous affectation are more annoying to every one he meets than would be the thumb-screw or the rack. Mr. Smith is not, perhaps, aware that there is no proof of a strong propensity to examine every thing by the test of reason, in a fondness for putting bad reasoning into the form of a syllogism. Neither does he seem to know, that a person who should profess to despise the wealthy classes, and should take every oppor-

tunity of treating them uncivilly, would simply be kicked in consequence, out of all educated society, with as little mercy as might be shewn to an unlicked North American bear. It is no doubt very true, that there is no natural distinction of ranks, that men are not born with coronets on their heads, or even with whole coats on their backs; and we do not pretend that money is a virtue. But it happens that the richer classes are, in general, the best instructed, and have the most agreeable manners; and a person who does not feel this is thereby only convicted of not comprehending a kind of merit of which he has none himself. The error of the picture of purse-proud arrogance and ignorance, is this, that in the great majority of cases, there is, in truth, more mental cultivation among persons having some property, than among persons having none. And Mr. Smith, by way of writing a novel with a moral, has merely made a gross blunder in 3 vols. 8vo., which has been committed before him by a dozen other writers. The design of his book is, in fact, substantially the same as that of an old novel, 'Hermesprong, or Man as he is not,' which we are convinced the author of 'The New Forest' never saw, as, if it had fallen in his way, he must have immediately perceived the faults of his own plan.

The story of the book is rather confined, and not very original; but some of the descriptions are pleasant, and of these none so much so as the opening chapter. There are no characters nor scenes of any great force or truth; and the author has succeeded best in the very lowest of his attempts, the talk, namely, of an innkeeper who attends scientific lectures, and hashes into his conversation the blundered nomenclature of natural philosophy.

We subjoin a part of the first chapter, which pleasantly reminds us of Miss Mitford's sketches:

"On the southern verge of the New Forest, in Hampshire, and at no great distance from the sea, stands a large and populous village, to which, for special reasons of our own, we shall assign the fictitious appellation of Thaxted. Its situation and appearance were much more picturesque than might have been expected from its vicinity to the sea, an element which, in our northern latitudes, generally imparts a sterile and unlovely character to the contiguous shores, either preventing altogether the growth of trees, or giving such a stunted, warped, and cankered appearance to those that struggle against the chalky soil and stormy winds, as to make them rather disfiguring than ornamental to the scenery. Such was not the case at Thaxted, which was sufficiently removed from the great landscape-spoiler to be beyond the reach of its baneful influence, and yet near enough to derive from it all those scenic embellishments which so eminently enhance the beauty of a rich land view, by affording occasional glimpses of the gleaming sea, or a white sail, caught beneath the boughs of noble trees, athwart the undulating hollows of the intervening downs, or over an enclosed and cultivated level. The village stood upon the extreme edge of a heath, not of such extent as some of those which, forming spacious openings in the interior of the New Forest, are extensive enough to deserve the name of—

"Vast savannas, where the wand'ring eye,
Unfixed, is in a verdant ocean lost;"

and yet sufficiently large to give breadth, distance, and picturesqueness, to the surrounding scenery. Its opposite extremity was bounded by the forest, forming woody bays and promontories, alternately receding from, and advancing into, the heath; now opening upon some deep dark vista, athwart whose distant gloom the deer were occasionally seen to bound, or from which a timber-wain, in Hampshire called a *tug*, was slowly emerging, under the efforts of a numerous team of oxen;—now throwing forward some prominent grove so far upon the open land, that the tuftings of its noble trees fell into rich masses of light and shade, relieved by the umbrageous back-ground of the Forest. Nor was the heath itself by any means so forlorn or dreary an object as might be supposed. Its broken surface, tufted with every variety of fern, furze, and other wild plants, and presenting here and there the red ochreous banks of a road that wound through it, was tinted with the rich harmonious hues

that a painter loves: detached clumps of trees, breaking its monotony, served to unite its woody boundaries with its area; while a large sheet of water that occupied its centre, was nearly bisected by a long projecting tongue of land, upon which, especially in the sunny evenings of summer, might be seen groups of cattle, or forest mares with their foals, sending their long shadows athwart the golden bloom of the little lake. The view from the opposite side of the gentle eminence on which the village stood, though totally dissimilar, was scarcely less attractive—the eye passing over enclosed corn-fields, pastures, and meadows, till it reached the Isle of Wight, the insularity of which not being perceptible to the eye, gave to the intervening channel the appearance of an extensive lake bounded by rugged cliffs and distant mountains.

A clump of lofty elms and lime-trees, branchless for some distance from the ground, but tufting over luxuriously at top, formed an arch across the road leading to the village, around which numerous flights of pigeons were generally to be seen wheeling and carering; while beneath its aperture might be discerned the low spire of the church embosomed in foliage. Athwart the straggling irregular central road of Thaxted, dignified by the name of the High-street, hung the sign of the chief inn, exhibiting a most bellipotent Saint George on a fiery white horse, having obviously the best of it in a conflict with a portentous green dragon, who seemed to be complaisantly opening his mouth for the express purpose of swallowing his adversary's javelin. The building to which this glaring daub was prefixed, was an ancient low edifice, constructed with solid timbers blackened on the outside, the interstices being plastered and white-washed. A sharp-pointed gable, fretted with half-decayed oak wood, crowned the front; and the roof was of large sand-stones, covered with moss and house-leek, from the midst of which issued a ponderous red brick chimney, placed edgewise, and surmounted with numerous ragged mouldings. The upper story projected over the lower, and the cornice that divided them had sunk considerably on one side, without, however, appearing to have injured the general solidity of the building, which, humble as it was, constituted the most important structure in the High-street.

In passing the irregular assortment of barns, sheds, shops, and houses, thatched, tiled, and slated, that made up the straggling village, the attentive traveller might observe, from the various inscriptions, that there seemed to be but four names in the whole place, the two first exhibiting the unmeaning monosyllables of Wilks and Stubbs, and the remaining two the more rural compounds of Penfold and Haslegrave, which, with various baptismal distinctions, were perpetually alternated and interchanged; while a physiognomist would have been tempted to imagine, from the similarity of the faces surrounding him, that the owners of these four appellations had successively intermarried until the whole village had become, as it were, one numerous family. They who have derided their notions from the golden age or the patriarchal times, might dream that such a mutually connected society, inhabiting so beautiful and sequestered a retreat, would form an united brotherhood of peace and love; while they who contemplate our peasantry, "as truth will paint them, and as bards will not," will not widely err in forming a very different conclusion. In most large families, indeed, the claims of consanguinity are too apt to be forgotten in opposing interests, and the consequent feelings of jealous rivalry; in which respect, the greater part of the inhabitants of Thaxted, "a little more than kin and less than kind," offered no exception to the general rule. Towards the end of the village the road branched off in two directions round a little green, furnished with a finger-post, of which, according to the laudable practice of semi-barbarous England, one of the boards was broken off, and the other rendered totally illegible; while a milestone on the opposite side of the road was equally unserviceable, from its figures having been carefully punched out and obliterated. In front of the green stood the stocks, the neglected state of which attested either the orderly habits of the villagers, or the remissness of the constable; and behind this crumbling machine was a pool of muddy water, termed the horse-pond, on the poached margin of which might usually be seen six or eight ducks performing their toilet with busy beak, and now and then detaching a feather from

their plumage, which was lazily wafted by the wind to join those that fringed the opposite bank.

Our history commences on a Sunday, on the afternoon of which the villagers of Thaxted, who, like most other Sabbath idlers of humble life, often found the unemployed hours hang rather heavy upon their hands, were divided into two knots, one of which, including most of the women and old men, went to attend the funeral of old Isaac, one of their own body, canvassing his age, which was a matter of some doubt, and the little property he had left behind him, which seemed to be involved in equal uncertainty: while the other party, embracing the younger portion of the rustic community, betook themselves to the George Inn, to await the arrival of the London coach, which generally passed through about this hour. Nothing could more strongly mark the vacuity of the day, and the listlessness of the assemblage, than the lounging, lazy interest with which they awaited the appearance of the well-known vehicle, though they expected not that it should bring them any thing new, and they had repeatedly collected upon previous Sundays, at the same spot, at the same hour, to witness the driving up of the same coach, which, as it did not change horses at Thaxted, seldom stopped more than three or four minutes at the George. At length it came in sight, passed under the arch of trees to which we have already alluded, blessed the eyes of such dwellers in the High-street as were drawn to the windows by the sound of the horn, and finally drew up at the George, when the spectators, who had been waiting so long for the information, were enabled to ascertain once more, that it was driven by Ned Davis as usual, was drawn by the four customary horses, and conveyed no passenger, either inside or out, whose appearance was calculated to excite the least attention. Fortunately, however, for the gazers, something new was at last discovered, which effectually prevented their dispersion. A portion of the iron binding, or tyre, had been detached from one of the wheels, and the coach could not safely proceed until it had been replaced. A board upon the very next house but one announced that its occupant was—"John Stubbs, Horse-farrier, Bullock-leech, and Blacksmith;" but it was Sunday, the shop was shut up, and the rustic Vulcan was not at home; though several voices simultaneously declared that he would be sure to be found down at the Cricketers.

The driver, as is usual with English coachmen upon every emergency, cursed and swore very heartily at the coach-cleaner, whose business it was to have examined the wheels; the wielder of the whip being now-a-days much too important a personage to attend to any department of his own vehicle, beyond the driving it. The gaping rascals busied themselves in conjectures as to where, when, and how the accident had happened; until one of their body, a little shrewder than his companions, suggested that the truant iron must be somewhere; (a proposition which met with a ready assent and repetition from the others,) and that it might be advisable to despatch a boy in search of it. This advice was taken by the coachman, though not until he had declared that any fool could have thought of that expedient; and lest he should be anticipated in his farther measures by some other of the bystanders, he immediately sent a second lad in quest of Stubbs the blacksmith, and himself called lustily for Sam, the ostler of the George; asking his opinion, when he appeared, whether the wheel would go safely as far as the Mermaid, in case they could not find the missing iron.—Vol. 1, pp. 1—11.

Before we dismiss 'The New Forest,' we really must be allowed to express our wish that men of talent and good intention would not allow themselves to be seduced by their booksellers into writing works for which nature has not designed them. For small ætææ and good-humoured caricatures, the mind of Mr. Smith is admirably qualified; but he has no vocation to fill three volumes with wit, wisdom, eloquence, passion, and character; and much less is he justified in attempting to embody in his personages any set of philosophical opinions. He had much better at once give up the attempt of teaching the world to swear by 'utility,' more especially as it is obvious that he has far too much good taste and good feeling long to remain a preacher of one dull, couched sophism.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1828.

Constantinople in 1828. A Residence of Sixteen Months in the Turkish Capital and Provinces; with an Account of the Present State of the Naval and Military Power, and of the Resources of the Ottoman Empire. By Charles Mac Farlane, Esq. 4to. Saunders and Otley. London, 1829.

(Concluded from p. 388.)

At the conclusion of our former notice of the work of Mr. Mac Farlane, it was hinted that, in the changes now operating in the manners of the Turks, proofs were not wanting that, in their advances towards civilization, the Musulmans were not less disposed to adopt the evil habits than the good customs of their models and masters. The following is an amusing instance of the laxity with which the injunctions of the Koran, on a very important point, are now regarded:

'I was roused from my musings by a shouting among the ruins (of Eurythra). It was one of my Turks, who pointed to the sun, giving me to understand its progress warned us to think of moving.

'When we descended the Acropolis, he told my guide that for some time he had not been able to find me; that I was hidden among the stones, and, he was quite certain, performing some incantation to discover the concealed treasures!

'We spread our provisions by the mill, under a willow that dipped its foliage in the sparkling brook. I had brought some wine with me from Chesmè. To my great surprise, when the forbidden liquor was produced, the Turks asked me for some. I handed them the skin, in which there might be five or four bottles; they returned it, but not a drop of wine was there in it. I well knew that half of the Moslems in this country have conquered their religious scruples in this respect. I have seen them drink wine, but always rather privately—a *l'écarté*. Here there were eight staunch Turks wetting their whiskers in the reprobated draught, without awe or any mis-giving of each other! I admired the proof of their progress in civilization, but wished they had left me a little wine for my supper, as I knew I should get none in the Turkish village where I proposed passing the night. After dinner, the occupant of the little mill, a quiet, good-natured old Turk, prepared us some coffee: we lit our pipes, and enjoyed the oriental *keff* in its perfection. The group we formed was rather a curious one. My eight fiercely mustachoeed, turbaned, bare-legged Turks, sat round me cross-legged, with all their arms hanging cumbrously upon them. Our mules were tied by the legs, near the mill; at a window in which, ever and anon, a veiled face and a pair of black eyes presented themselves to reconnoitre—the daughter, or perhaps the wife of the miller.'

To many of our readers, perhaps, the most agreeable specimens of Mr. Mac Farlane's style would be extracts from some of the highly graphic descriptions in which his work abounds, of Turkish groups and scenes, or of his accidental rencontres with Musulman dames, by no means reluctant to be the object of the admiration of the Frank. But such pictures as those we allude to, and some of them are most happily painted, are numerous scattered throughout the book, and it would be difficult to select one or two more skilfully or more faithfully worked than the rest. The present crisis of Turkish affairs besides attaches more than usual importance to the habits and sentiments of the men, and make us regard the proceedings of the inmates of the harem as of little comparative interest.

We shall, therefore, pass by the many interesting situations into which our traveller is thrown in his excursions in Asia Minor, and attend him on his arrival at Constantinople at the beginning of the first Russian campaign, and during the absence of the ambassadors of the three allied Powers. The following presents a lively picture of a Turkish minister at this period, and of the motives which actuate his conduct in affairs of state:

'By the ambassador's (of the Netherlands) advice, I called on Mr. S——, an English merchant, who had not considered it necessary to leave Constantinople with Mr. Stratford Canning, and who had been nominated by the Turkish authorities as a sort of deputy, or represent-

tative of the British subjects that had remained like himself. It was considered necessary that he should present me to the governor of the Christian suburbs of Pera and Galata. To Mr. S—— I was also kindly recommended by my friend E. as to an upright and hospitable Englishman, whose society could hardly fail to be agreeable in a place where there were only two other Englishmen besides himself. He conducted me at once to the bey, who was no less a personage than Achmet Papooshji, a few years before a maker of slippers (as his name implies) at Galata, where he was now governor, and a few months after captain-pasha, or high-admiral of the Ottoman empire. I have already, I believe, more than once alluded to the rapidity of promotions like the present, and to the facility with which the Turks generally assume manners and dignity adapted to their altered circumstances; I have hinted too, that much of this may depend on the adventitious aid of dress, and flowing robes. With this great set-off Achmet Papooshji was unprovided; he wore the simple dress of a tactics officer, which hung shabbily on him, and did nothing to conceal a low, vulgar person, and a more vulgar face, on which *canaille* was written in characters so pronounced and legible, that "those that run might read." We found him seated in a small room at the Turkish *cancellaria*, or general police office, &c. at Galata. He was on a sofa, covered with scarlet cloth, and was of course smoking. His chiboukji sat on the floor, with his eye fixed on the important pipe-bowl; and some half dozen of fellows in gilt jackets, and armed to the teeth, stood in the corners of the room or by the door. Achmet received us very uncourteously, and when Mr. S—— presented me as an *Ingles*, a traveller who had come to pass a few weeks at Stamboul, he merely said, that I remained under the responsibility of Mr. S——, and dismissed us. The secret, the motive of this incivility I was soon informed of. After the departure of the English ambassador, the porte had thought proper to meddle with our subjects, the Maltese and Ionians, who here, as at Smyrna, live in great numbers, and who, to tell the plain truth of them, are not always the most orderly and respectable of men. Hundreds of these fellows had been arrested by the bey's guards in the streets of Pera and Galata, and without any time being allowed them for preparation, were heaped on board of small and unsafe ships, and sent down the Dardanelles. The professed object of government was to clear the capital of a set of vagabonds, and not to molest any respectable persons; but the measure, like all others, was varied in its application by the officers intrusted with its execution, and Achmet Papooshji, who was at the head of it, caused many respectable men to be seized in the streets. This could be turned to his advantage in two manners, he could sell his protection and a permission to remain, to the persons thus seized, or by sending them off *instantly*, he could put his seal on their property, and help himself with impunity. He had in this manner disposed of the person of a respectable Ionian doctor, who had at the time of his arrest a certain small box containing 20,000 piastres, carefully deposited at his lodgings. This box had fallen into the hands of Achmet, who had shown a strong disposition to keep it, and had been much enraged at my friend S. for bestirring himself in the matter, as he had done on receiving a letter from the poor Ionian. When I afterwards had occasion to visit Achmet with a gentleman who had no subject of dispute with him, I found him much more polite.—Pp. 260, 261.

The subjoined sketch is illustrative of Turkish character, and of the sentiments prevalent at Constantinople on the breaking out of the war with the Russians. The concluding speculations of our author, proceeding as they do from an observer who has taken so enlarged and impartial a view of the circumstances of both parties, well deserve attention:

'Turning from the deserted streets, I entered the vast bazaars, where I could no longer complain of being in a solitude, for Turks, Armenians, and Jews were seated in the front of their open magazines; and I met groups of Turkish women at every step, yet Devide complained of desertion, and said that, compared with the manner in which, at that hour of the day, they used formerly to be thronged, the bazaars were as dull as cemeteries.

'Near the bazaars, we paid a visit to a celebrated chiboukji, an old acquaintance of my friend Mr. Z——. He occupied a room in a spacious khan, where a strange

looking set of Turkish traffickers from different parts of the empire lived in rooms like cells, that served them at once as magazines and dwelling-houses. The chibookji received me graciously as the friend of an old friend, and gave me a pipe and coffee. To inquiries that I suggested to Davide, he replied without reserve, and being naturally rather loquacious for a Turk, we had considerable conversation. The chibookji complained of the exceeding dullness of trade: he had never known times so bad; there was no selling a single amber or enamelled mouth-piece; no disposing of a pipe, except common trash at six piastres the piece, to the Asiatic recruits for the army—articles and customers with which he, as one at the very head of the trade, deemed not to deal. His next door neighbour, a retailer of shawls and embroidered handkerchiefs, he said, was equally slack. "These are bad times, sir," added Davide, as he helped me to the full understanding of the chibookji's speeches, "when Turks can buy no pipes and shawls, and their women no embroidered handkerchiefs, times are bad indeed at Stamboul." I should indeed judge these two trades to be a pretty fair criterion for the state of the rest, (putting aside those connected with the supply of the absolute necessities of life,) and our entertainer assured us that the whole khan was deserted for days together, as if an evil eye had been cast upon it.

"When we came to speak of the war and the Muscovites, the old Turk groaned and shook his head: he partook of the depression of spirits which, as I have already mentioned, was evidently pretty general at the opening of the campaign; but when he heard an allusion to the possibility of the capture of Stamboul, his eyes glistened, and he struck his pipe with such violence on the floor, that the bowl flew from the stick. "Ishallah! that shall never be!" said he, raising his voice that had hitherto been in the usual Turkish tone, (I wish some nations who pride themselves on their civilization would imitate it), soft and subdued—the very voice of gentleness.

"Baccalum!" mildly rejoined my Chaldean, who was tormenting the old man all the time; "but if the Muscovites do take the city after all, what will you do?"

"As there is one God! I will stab to the heart my wife and my children—no Ghisours shall touch them! Mashallah!"

"And what will you do then?"

"I will take my yataghan and pistols and destroy as many of the Muscovites as I can—and then I will run into Asia!"

"But the Muscovites have swords and pistols too—you are an old man—a man of peace, unused to warfare—they may kill you, before you can kill one of them!"

"Allah-Keirim! (God is great!) I shall then die a shehgid!"

"Notwithstanding that fanaticism may be on the decline, and that many Turks giving utterance to such projects, would be incapable of proceeding to such horrible extremities, I cannot doubt but that the last struggle would be a tremendous one. The Russians, or any other power, victorious even to the walls of Constantinople, might there meet a repetition of the horrors that the fanatic Jews offered in Jerusalem to the Romans—if indeed they were not themselves repulsed by the last effort of despair and madness. The weak and the timid might seek safety in Asia, but the hosts driven from their homes in the European provinces already overrun—men deprived of all their earthly possessions—would be admirably prepared for martyrdom, and the ready recipients of the suggestions of fanaticism; to these the more determined portion of the population of the less warlike capital might add many thousands; nor do I conceive that Constantinople could be taken until this multitude was absolutely annihilated, and the city reduced to a smoking ruin, with nought left to peer above its ashes save its ancient walls, its imperial mosques, the stone-built departments of the seraglio, and a few other edifices, from the nature of their construction, impervious to fire.

"In fine, without any pretension to the gift of prophecy, I feel myself a conviction, from what I have read, and directly seen and heard, that the last day of Ottoman misrule in Europe (and that day, though perhaps yet remote, will come,) will be a day of blood and atrocity unparalleled in modern ages, and for a type or diminutive

representation of which, we must recur to what happened on the subversion of some ancient nations."—Pp. 271—274.

We cannot close our notice of this volume without again recommending it strongly as a highly interesting narrative, in which an air of truth is preserved amidst descriptions pleasingly, and sometimes even vividly, wrought. Little inaccuracies, the consequences, perhaps, of haste in bringing out the work, are here and there observable, and may be corrected in a second edition: we allude particularly to a passage in which a Turk is made to betray sad confusion in his notion of the relative value of fractional parts. The atmospheric effects at the Bosphorus, it is to be observed also, must be remarkable indeed, if to the beholder from the Asiatic shore the dwellings on the European side of the channel appear of the same size as the buildings immediately before him: yet so they are represented in the view of Constantinople with which the quarto volume of our author is embellished. These are faults which detract but little from the value of the book, and which we notice less for the purpose of pointing them out to notice, than with the view to show that they have not escaped our observation, and to prove that the praise we have in other respects had the satisfaction of bestowing is not indiscriminate.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

Friedrich der Grosse, seine Familie, &c. Frederic the Great, his Family, Friends, and Court; or, My Twenty Years' Residence at Berlin. By D. Thiébault, formerly Professor at the Equestrian Academy of Berlin. 2 vols. large 8vo. Leipzig, 1828.

THE son of M. Thiébault published a fourth edition of the 'Souvenirs de vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin,' in the year 1827, but administered so strong an opiate to his readers by rendering it the vehicle of personal comment and family episode, that the literary world ought to feel grateful to the anonymous writer of the present condensation for reducing the five tomes of the original into the more portly form of two neat octavos. Thiébault himself was undoubtedly placed in a situation to observe the immortal Frederic, such as he appeared when he became individualized; when, casting aside the trappings and incumbrances of royalty, he filled his allotted station in the busy drama of domestic life: and his biographer would have exhibited better taste had he been less anxious to constitute himself into a leading personage of the drama, and more apt to remember how insignificant must appear the most signal occurrence which befel him, when placed in juxtaposition with even the bagatelles appertaining to the personal history of the greatest man of his age.

The first book of the present publication portrays the Prussian monarch in his every day character, and records his studies, opinions, literary occupations, journeys, private life, old age, last sickness, and dying moments. The second introduces us to his consort, the crown prince, his successor and nephew, Frederic William, and other princely personages. The third book, with which the second volume opens, describes the court, its festivals, and *dramatis personæ*, Pöllnitz, Nesselrode, de Guines, General Nugent, Prince Dolgouki, Cobenzel, et eis similes. The fourth renders an account of Frederic's civil and military administration; and the fifth and last is devoted to his academies, his system of public education, and his literary familiars, Jordan, Voltaire, Maupertuis, d'Argens, Algarotti, de Prades, &c.

Such is the attractive matter of which these two volumes are composed; and we should have been well pleased had our limits permitted us to have brought the reader better acquainted with them. We shall commence by proving with how much injustice Frederic has been charged with harshness and want of feeling; and the following anecdote is but one out of a thousand instances which his private life affords, of the kind and affectionate heart which throbbed within his bosom. It refers to the death of Prince Henry:

"This young prince was in his eighteenth year, and

had just completed his education; the king had given him a regiment of cuirassiers, which he was on his way to join, previously to taking the command of it at the manoeuvres of the spring season, near Berlin. On the journey he fell sick with the small-pox, and in seven or eight days lay a corpse in a small town. The sorrow occasioned by this melancholy occurrence was deeply and universally felt, and it was poignantly enhanced by the hopes justly derived from the prince's intellectual endowments and amiability of character. Some months after this event the king came to Berlin, and, according to custom, ordered me to attend him. As soon as I entered he addressed me in the following words, "You are aware how severe a loss the state and myself have sustained. This calamity has preyed in a particular manner on my own feelings. Not a day has passed in which I have not dwelt upon the estimable qualities by which the prince rendered himself respected and beloved. I did not deem it sufficient to dwell on this recollection only; but considered it my duty to record what he was, by means of a faithful portraiture, which might rescue from oblivion that which was most estimable in his character, and at the same time justifies my own anguish. I think that such a portrait of his youthful career may prove a useful mirror for those whom fortune calls to a similar station, as well as to those who are capable of rising to high eminence. I endeavoured, therefore, to divert my sorrows into a channel which might be beneficial to society, and have sketched out a panegyric on this greatly and sincerely lamented prince. I am desirous that this composition should be read at a public sitting of my academy, and have selected yourself for this purpose. The sketch is, however, by no means in a finished state; several passages in it require to be remodelled; but, whenever I have sat down to the task, the image of my nephew, and that alone, has so engrossed my every faculty, that I have found myself incapacitated from using my pen. This will account for the numberless alterations in my attempt, and I have, therefore, to request you will copy it out in a very plain and legible hand, leaving so large a space between the words and lines that I may be able to insert such variations in it as may appear necessary. But you are not familiar with my hand-writing, and may not be able to read it; indeed it is a scrawl, and not fit to be called writing. On this account I shall read it over to you first of all; and request you will not only prepare the copy I desire, but report to me whatever faults may have escaped me, either against grammar or propriety of expression." The king here took his sketch and laid it on a small square table, which he had always by his side, strewn with books, writing materials, paper, and several snuff-boxes. He commenced reading his composition like a person labouring to suppress his feelings; it was perceptible that his voice was striving to retain the mastery over his emotion; he spoke slowly and made long pauses, but his firmness soon gave way; his tone became tremulous at the second page, and tears started into his eyes; every moment he was forced to stop and have recourse to his handkerchief; it was in vain for him to attempt restraining his tears, or clearing his throat; and he sunk under the effort by the time he had reached the fourth page. A burst of tears now overcame him so completely, that he was deprived of any further power of utterance, and could do no more than silently give me the paper, his hand trembling as he extended it. I took it from him with those feelings of reverence and consolation which arose from the conviction that this exalted individual was no stranger to the most affecting and sacred impressions of which human nature is susceptible. After some minutes of uninterrupted silence, Frederic at last addressed me, "You are aware of my wishes. Fare ye well!"

It has been reported of Napoleon Buonaparte, that he had duplicate sets of his favourite authors in his several libraries at Paris, St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, &c. In this respect, the Prussian sovereign had adopted the same plan long before him:

Frederic had five libraries, each of which was a counterpart of the other; they were stationed at Potsdam, Sans Souci, Berlin, Charlottenburg, and Breslau: by this means, when he travelled from one of these spots to another, he had no further trouble but to note the page at which he had left off, and could then continue his readings without interruption. For this purpose, five copies

were purchased of every publication he ordered. In the first class of his favourite authors stood Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Diodorus of Sicily, and Plutarch; then came Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Sallust, Caesar, Livy, Tacitus, and the philosophical works of Seneca; and last of all, were Corneille, Racine, Molière, Bossuet, Flechier, Fenelon's *Telemaque*, d'Aguésseau, Montesquieu, and Bayle; besides the principal works of the French historians, such as Héaumont, &c. Changes were frequently made in the contents of these libraries; some authors were dismissed, either because the king conceived he had pored over them long enough, or, perhaps, from his estimate of their value having abated; others, like Voltaire, were placed upon his shelves as they successively appeared, or because he deemed them worthy of such an honour. The ancient writers figured in his collections in the shape of the best translations at that time extant in the French language, for he had but a slender knowledge of Latin, and knew nothing at all of Greek.*

A passage of the second volume would lead us to extenuate more readily the credulity which has hallowed the name of that monstrous miracle-monger of our own days, the notable Prince Hohenlohe. In matters of faith, at least, the vulgar have seldom been cried down for aping their betters; and it must assuredly be deemed lawful, that the fooleries achieved by the more enlightened at Frederic's court should be quoted in vindication by the less enlightened, who fill the court of his highness the knight-errant of the actual *regina celi* of Catholic mythology.

* M. von Kleist, says our biographer, 'who was Canon of Brandenburg, together with several other noblemen of distinction, (among whom were generals and persons high in office), became acquainted with a charlatan, who gave out that he was able to discover hidden treasures by the aid of the devil. A species of honourable compact was formed between these several parties; its object was to practise this sublime art for the common benefit of the whole crew; and the impostor was not only richly remunerated in anticipation of his mysterious revelations, but he was promised a certain portion of the treasures which were to be revealed to them. There was no folly in which they did not embark with a view to effect their purpose; every species of mummery which could be extracted from the experience of witches and enchanters, was brought into play; and his Satanic majesty was cited before them by all possible modes of incantation, at every hour of the night, and in the most distant and deserted places. The greatest and most costly sacrifices were made in order to propitiate his adamant heart; but nought would avail; Belsebub was too wary to be caught in their toils. The *dernier resort* was at last adopted, and his altar was to be consecrated by a black ram, which had not a single white hair on any part of his body. But such an animal was not of easy acquisition; all Brandenburg, Mecklenburg, and the adjacent countries, were turned inside out, but without effect; foreign lands were explored in quest of the inestimable creature, and a remote corner of Lithuania brought it ultimately to light. The ecstasy of the party does not admit of description; the ram was obtained almost at the price of his weight in gold, and conveyed with religious care to Brandenburg; nor was a more perfect specimen of this genus ever offered up at the shrine of Bacchus. But with whatever diligence and attention the victim was at length conducted into the presence of the confederates, the peans addressed to the Spirit of Darkness remained bootless, and his diabolical excellency, whether from spite or ingratitude, remained deaf to their vehement supplications. That the parties concerned should not only have been disappointed of their expected treasures, but have brought themselves still nearer to their ultimate ruin, formed no unnatural *dénouement* of this farcical enterprise.'

This occurrence induces some observations on the narrator's part, which affords us a still more amusing peep behind the scenes, with which we close our notice of this interesting work:

'Is it unreasonable to express surprise, that men of rank and education, men who were not devoid of all intellect and merit, should be capable of committing such absurdities? And that this should happen under the reign of a princely philosopher like Frederic, among per-

sons moving about his very court and person? And yet under the nose of that same ruler, who wrote the sacred commentary on the *ass-hide*, Laméthrie, a most inveterate apostle of materialism, was known to beat the cross when it thundered; Maupertuis, who was as little of a Christian as the former, would kneel down every evening and say his prayers; d'Argens, whose mind was encumbered with no religious feelings at all, would avoid sitting down to dinner with thirteen persons, and devote the first Friday in every month, as a *jour de bonne fortune*, to the writing and opening of letters; the Princess Amelia would set out her cards, and have her future destiny expounded from them; and the whole court seriously believed in the white dame, who should make her *début* with a long besom in a certain apartment of the palace, and cleanse it out with might and main, in token of the approaching decease of some member of the royal family.'

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Vol. I. Part II. The Menageries: Quadrupeds, described and drawn from living Subjects, published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 12mo. Knight, London. 1829.

THE completion of the first volume of the 'Menageries' has been looked for with impatience. The general interest attached to the subject so judiciously selected for the commencement of the new Library, the excellent sample afforded by the first part, the popular arrangement of its matter, the variety of entertaining anecdotes it comprised, and the easy and appropriate style in which it was written, created a desire for the speedy appearance of the continuation, which the society, under whose superintendence this series of works is publishing, have done well to indulge, as, we judge by their advertisements, they have deviated from their original intentions for the purpose of doing, by hastening the publication of another part of the 'Menageries.'

This second part contains the natural history of the camel, llama, giraffe, antelope, and deer. The account of the camel, and of the well-known peculiarities by which the care of an all-providing Nature has distinguished that animal, and adapted it for the desert regions in which it is its destiny to exist, is full of lively interest. The most curious particulars relating to its instinct, conformation, and habits have been diligently collected, not only from the reports of the most esteemed travellers, who have given the narrative of their journeys to the world, but from original sources of the same description, with which the public were before unacquainted. Of the latter class are the valuable communications, the result of recent observations, of Mr. Mac Farlane, the author of the newly-published work 'Constantinople in 1828.' One remark especially of this traveller suggests some curious reflections, on the nature of the antipathy which the horse is supposed to entertain for the camel, and which is strongly shown in some instances, while in others the symptoms of it are so slight as to give rise to the opinion that in the countries where both animals abound, an hereditary conquest of the prejudice has been effected*. This inference is not

* A curious instance of an antipathy of this kind in mules, and of the sensitiveness of those animals to the vicinity of the object of their disgust or alarm, occurred, a few years since, to the writer of this notice, on a journey from Palermo to Cefalù. The animals, which were three in number, became uneasy and scarcely manageable (although in a different degree, according to their individual strength and vigour) at a point of the road in which no cause for their alarm was perceptible either to the riders or their guide. The view in front extended only a few hundred yards; the sea was on one side, but all was calm; no Phœdra had been sighted; nor had the trident-bearing god sent any terrible monster to affray the beasts and work the revenge of a deluded parent: on the land side, every thing was equally tranquil; still the mules were restive, nor was it without difficulty that they were compelled to go forward; and it was some time after a promontory had been doubled that their uneasiness was explained by the overtaking a showman with his camel. It is worthy of remark, also, that the terror or dislike of the mules was even less strongly shown on a nearer approach to the camel, and when it

quite satisfactory; the conquest, we think, must be considered less an inherited virtue than the result of individual education. Camels we see led about the streets of European cities without occasioning any great confusion among our charioteers or horsemen; and surely the patience of our steeds in this case is to be attributed to their excellent training and subdued temper, it may be to a philosophical disregard of wonders common to brutes and men of experience, rather than to qualities descending from sire to son.

For the detail of the habits of the camel, we refer our readers to the 'Menageries,' chusing for their present entertainment, and as a specimen of the interesting nature of the contents of this second part, to extract from the natural history of antelopes, a short account of the curious species of that animal the springbok (the *antelope euchore* of Burchell), an inhabitant of Southern Africa, and well known to the colonists at the Cape. Its name of springbok is derived, we are told, from the extraordinary leaps it is in the habit of taking when hastening its pace. 'In these bounds,' says Burchell, 'the animals rise with curved or elevated backs high into the air, generally to the height of eight feet, and appearing as if about to take flight.' 'Some of the herds,' he adds, 'moved by us almost within musket-shot, and I observed that in crossing the beaten road, the greater number cleared it by one of those flying leaps; although as the road was quite smooth and level with the plain, there was no necessity for their leaping over it.' A peculiarity in the exterior of this animal, remarked by Burchell, as distinguishing it from all known species, is the very long white hair lying flat along the middle of the back, and nearly concealed by the fur on each side, except when the animal takes its extraordinary leaps, when it becomes expanded.

A remarkable circumstance in the natural history of this animal are its migrations in innumerable swarms from unknown regions in the interior of Africa to the abodes of man. The following description of these migrations is furnished to the 'Menageries,' by Mr. Pringle, to whom it was addressed by his correspondent Captain Stockenstrom, a native of the country, chief civil commissioner at the Cape:

'It is scarcely possible for a person passing over some of the extensive tracts of the interior, and admiring that elegant antelope the springbok, thinly scattered over the plains, and bounding in playful innocence, to figure to himself that these ornaments of the desert can often become as destructive as the locusts themselves. The incredible numbers which sometimes pour in from the north, during protracted droughts, distress the farmer inconceivably. Any attempt at numerical computation would be vain; and by trying to come near the truth, the writer would subject himself, in the eyes of those who have no knowledge of the country, to a suspicion, that he was availing himself of a traveller's assumed privilege. Yet it is well known in the interior, that on the approach of the *trek-bokken*, (as these migratory swarms are called,) the grazer makes up his mind to look for pasture for his flocks elsewhere, and considers himself entirely dispossessed of his lands until heavy rains fall. Every attempt to save the cultivated fields, if they be not enclosed by high and thick hedges, proves abortive. Heaps of dry manure (the fuel of the Sneeubergen and other parts,) are placed close to each other round the fields, and set on fire in the evening, so as to cause a dense smoke, by which it is hoped the antelopes will be deterred from their inroads; but the dawn of day exposes the inefficacy of the precaution, by showing the lands, which appeared proud of their promising verdure the evening before, covered with thousands, and reaped level with the ground. Instances have been known of some of those prodigious droves passing through flocks of sheep; and numbers of the latter, carried along with the torrent, being lost to the owners, and becoming a prey to the wild beasts. As long as these droughts last, their inroads and depredations continue; and the havoc committed upon them is of course great, as they constitute the food of all classes; but no sooner do the rains fall than they disappear, and was in sight, than at a distance, and when it was only by quickness of their scent that they could have been sensible that any object of their antipathy was near.

in a few days become as scarce on the northern borders as in the more protected districts of Bruinjes-Hoogte and Camdeboo.

'The African colonists themselves can form no conception of the cause of the extraordinary appearance of these animals; and, from their not being able to account for it, those who have not been eye-witnesses of such scenes consider their accounts as exaggerated; but a little more minute inspection of the country south of the Orange River solves the difficulty at once. The immense desert tracts between that river and our colony, westward of the Zeekoe River, though destitute of permanent springs, and therefore uninhabitable by human beings for any length of time, are, notwithstanding, interspersed with stagnant pools, and *vleys*, or natural reservoirs of brackish water, which, however bad, satisfies the game. In these endless plains, the springboks multiply, undisturbed by the hunter, (except when occasionally the Boesjesman destroys a few with his poisoned arrows,) until the country literally swarms with them; when, perhaps, one year out of four or five, a lasting drought leaves the pools exhausted, and parches up the soil, naturally inclined to sterility. Thus want, principally of water, drives those myriads of animals, either to the Orange River or the colony, when they intrude in the manner above described. But when the bountiful thunder-clouds pour their torrents upon our burnt-up country, reanimating vegetation, and restoring plenty to all graminivorous animals,—then, when we could, perhaps, afford to harbour those unwelcome visitors, their own instinct and our persecutions propel them again to their more sterile but peaceful and secluded plains, to recruit the numbers lost during their migration, and to resume their attacks upon us, when their necessities shall again compel them.'

To this, Mr. Pringle himself adds the result of his own observations as follows:

'To the above description of the migratory swarms of springboks, I have little to add from my own observation. I once passed through a most astonishing multitude scattered over the grassy plains near the Little Fish River. I could not, for my own part, profess to estimate their number with any degree of accuracy; but they literally *whitened*, or rather *speckled*, the face of the country as far as the eye could reach over those far-stretching plains; and a gentleman, better acquainted than myself with such scenes, who was riding with me, affirmed that we could not have fewer of these animals, at one time, under our eye, than twenty-five or thirty thousand.

'I am not aware whether any species of antelope nearly allied to the springbok is to be found in the northern parts of Africa, or in Palestine; but it is a singular circumstance that the name of this animal, in the Bichuana language, (*tache*), is precisely the same as that used in the Song of Solomon, to designate an animal of the antelope family, erroneously rendered *roe* in our translation.

'The springbok is easily tamed when caught young. I have seen it, in several places, reared as a plaything for the children, at the farms of the colonists,—sometimes playing like a pet lamb about the doors, among the numerous swarms of dogs and poultry,—in other instances accompanying the flocks of sheep and goats to pasture, and returning as regularly and quietly as the rest.

'Such facts demonstrate how easy it would be, with a little care and management, to enlarge the list of domesticated animals, by adding to them many species of such as are at present considered the most shy and impracticable.'

These swarms, it seems, do not come to the cultivated plains unattended. The Baron Cuvier says:

'The lion has been seen to migrate, and walk in the midst of the compressed phalanx, with only as much room between him and his victims as the fears of those immediately around could procure by pressing outwards.'

The wood-cuts seem as numerous, as faithful, and as full of character as those of the first part: and to the other recommendations of this volume, it is but justice to add, that it is, beyond all comparison, the cheapest book in the market.

HISTORICAL ESSAY ON MAGNA CHARTA.

An Historical Essay on the Magna Charta of King John; to which are added, the Great Charter, in Latin and English; The Charters of Liberties and Confirmation, &c. By Richard Thomson. 8vo. London, 1829. Major, and Jennings.

THIS publication deserves notice on account of the spirited style in which it is got up, and of the great taste displayed in its embellishments. We should be sorry that these should go unrewarded, yet the work is of such a nature that we fear a limited sale only can be expected for it. The admirer, however, of the most excellent of our ancient institutions, and of the charters more especially to which for so many centuries Englishmen have been accustomed to refer as the standard of their liberties, will be glad to find the history and the contents of these documents collected into a small compass, and illustrated by decorations no less beautiful in their kind than characteristic of the age in which the events to which they refer took place.

The principal of these illustrations is the discovery, by Archbishop Langton to the barons of England, of the charter of liberties granted by Henry I. The engraving, which is on wood, is taken from the painting preserved in the Picture Gallery at Oxford, and is executed by Mason, after a drawing by W. H. Brooke. The work is such as would be expected from the united labours of two artists so eminent in their respective branches. The cut, minute as it is, is perfectly beautiful; the figures of King John and of the ecclesiastics and knights of his age, and the drawings of castles and other buildings, most of them faithfully represented after authority derived from ancient monuments, which decorate the heads and corners of the pages, together with the initials and tail-pieces to the chapters, are specimens in which the simple style of drawing of ancient art is happily united with the freedom of execution of modern times. They are remarkable, moreover, for the true feudal character thrown into them.

From the vast mass of illustrative letter-press by which the characters are accompanied, we select, as a specimen of Mr. Thomson's mode of annotation, the following brief memoir of Eustace de Vesci, one of the twenty-five Securities for the performance of the engagements in the Magna Charta by King John. Memoirs of all the Securities are given in a similar manner.

'It has already been noticed, on page 16 of the preceding essay, that the name of Eustace de Vesci was intimately connected with the rise and progress of the baronial insurrections of the time of King John. He was the son of William de Vesci, sometime sheriff of Northumberland; and becoming of full age in 1190, the second year of Richard I. he gave 2300 marks, £1531. 6s. 8d. for delivery of his lands and leave to marry, in which year he also paid £12. 3s. 4d. for the Scutage of Wales. At another Scutage made for Normandy in 1196-97, the 8th of Richard I. he rated himself at £24. 6s. 8d.; which however he was acquitted of at that of Scotland, the 13th of John, 1211-12, as well as of the payment for twelve knights-fee in the Scutage for Wales. In the early part of the reign of John, Eustace de Vesci appears to have been employed by the sovereign, since in 1199 he was one of the ambassadors sent to William, king of Scotland; but in 1212, his fourteenth year, he fled into that kingdom with Robert Fitz-walter, upon their being required to give securities for their faithful allegiance. The reason alleged for their conduct was, that John was then an excommunicated man; but though the English possessions of De Vesci were seized upon, and his castle of Alnwick ordered to be destroyed, the whole of his lands were restored, upon the King's reconciliation to the Cardinal Pandulph. Henry Knighton, a canon-regular of Leicester Abbey, who lived in the time of Richard II. relates an improbable circumstance, particularly connected with this baron, wherein he affirms that the incontinence of John was the real cause of the general insurrection of the peerage against him, charging him with violating their wives, and then deriding them. He adds too, that Eustace de Vesci having married a very beautiful wo-

man—Margaret, daughter of William, king of Scotland—who he kept far distant from the court, John became enamoured of her, and carefully considered how he might possess her. Sitting one day at table with the baron, King John observing a ring which he wore, took it from him, and said that he had a similar stone, which he would have set in gold of the same pattern; and having thus procured it, he immediately sent it in De Vesci's name to his wife, charging her by that token instantly to come to him, if she ever expected to see him alive. Believing this message, she speedily departed to the court, but on her arrival there she met her husband, who happened to be riding out; and an explanation having taken place, a disguised courtesan was sent to the King as her substitute. Upon John's discovery of this deceit, he was so enraged that De Vesci fled into the north, destroying some of the King's houses in his passage; whilst many of the nobles who had experienced the same treatment going with him, they seized upon the King's castles, and at length were joined by the citizens of London. As this baron was so inveterate an enemy to King John, it is not surprising to find him a principal leader in the insurrection that followed: he was one of the peers who met at Stamford and Brackley, one of the twenty-five elected to govern the kingdom, one of those to whom the city and Tower of London were committed, one of those excommunicated by the pope, and one of those who invited Louis the Dauphin over from France. His own death was, however, intimately connected with this last rebellious and unpatriotic action. In attending his brother-in-law, Alexander, king of Scotland, to welcome the Dauphin, and to do homage to him for that kingdom, they passed by Barnard Castle, in the bishopric of Durham, then kept by Hugh de Balliol; and approaching too near to see if it might easily be captured, Eustace de Vesci was shot through the head with an arrow from the garrison, in 1216, the last year of the reign of King John. The armorial ensigns which Pine attributes to this baron are Quarterly Or, and Gules; those assigned by Banks are Gules, a Cross Argent; those quartered by the house of Clifford, as heirs general of that of Vesci, were changed into Or, a Cross Sable; but perhaps the most authentic bearing is Gules, a Cross Patonce, Argent. The male line of this family terminated in William, commonly called William de Vesci of Kildare, who was slain in the battle of Bannocksburn, July 25th, 1314, the illegitimate son of William, the grandson of Eustace. The female line ended in Margery, sole daughter and heir to Warine de Vesci, brother of Eustace, who married Gilbert Aton, of Aton in Pickering-Lithe, in the county of York. In 1315, the 9th of Edward II. Gilbert Aton, her great-grandson was found to be the right heir of William de Vesci, and to him the family estates in Yorkshire descended: the marriage of his great grand-daughter Margaret, with Thomas Bromfielde, brought the title of Vesci into the house of Clifford, by the union of Margaret her grand-daughter, with John, lord Clifford, who was slain in the battle of Towton, March 29th, 1461; from whom the present Lord de Clifford, of the family of Southwell, is descended.—Pp. 190—192.

The Dramatic Magazine, No. 5—July.

THIS is a new monthly periodical, confined, as the title imports, exclusively to matters connected with the theatre. It has reached its fifth number. The last contains a summary of the new pieces brought out at the two winter theatres during the late season. From this it appears, that out of sixteen produced at Drury-lane, four had been damned, and eight were highly successful. Of twelve dramas which were brought out on the boards of Covent Garden, three were damned, and three met with great success.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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UDE ON LITERATURE.

It has been remarked, by historians of the human mind, that no great intellectual or moral revolution has ever been clearly foreseen by those men whose lives preceded it, or even its importance duly estimated by its contemporaries. Innovators in thought have seldom been considered in their own days as any thing more than pretenders or copyists; and there seems little chance that a great regenerator of literature will ever receive the honour due to him, unless he shall at the same time command the approbation of the world by indisputable supremacy in some other kingdom of renown. We have been long convinced that no reformer of book-craft can hope to receive justice in his own life-time, at the hands of men, unless he shall bring to his mental revolution a name otherwise as pre-eminent as that of Wellington, Mahmoud, or Rossini. That one of those giants should undertake the enterprise of literary improvement, we had little expectation. But while we were thinking with despair of conquerors, prime ministers, sultans, and *maestri*, a greater than them all appears; achieves the task which we feared would necessarily be the origin of contempt and hatred to him who should accomplish it; and guards and establishes his work by a previous fame more unquestionable, lofty, and general than that of statesman or artist. M. UDE HAS WRITTEN A BOOK ON LITERATURE.

The volume of which we speak, for into one volume has this author voluntarily restricted his mighty but modest intellect (like the Astral Angel of the Eastern tale, who, for love of a mortal maiden, confined himself within a pearl of her necklace),—the small though massive octavo lately prepared by M. Ude, resembles in every particular but its subject, the book which is at once the familiar alphabet, the scientific system, and the inspired Koran of Cookery. It has been but very recently completed; and we feel no ordinary pride in stating that its publication has only been delayed in order that 'The Athenæum' might convey to the public the first information of its existence, and a specimen of that unrivalled merit which will soon dawn in its orbéd brightness on the world.

We are happy to know that a taste as severe and exquisite as that which governed the meanest details of the former work, displays itself in every line of the new Institutes. A deep and delicate consciousness of the necessary relation between Literature and Cookery, has produced an appropriate correspondence in the style, arrangement, and decorations of the two volumes. This similarity, however, is always made subservient to the highest exigencies of a philosophic spirit. Of this we find, what appears to us, a beautiful example in the two frontispieces. We scarcely need inform our readers that in the beginning of the 'French Cook,' M. Ude is represented (as copied from a portrait) in furs and jewels, seated on a modern easy chair, and with a social and lively, though considerate temper, sparkling in his eye. In the book which we have the honour of introducing to public veneration, the same great man is exhibited to us as engraved by Mr. Deane, from an admirable bust by Chantry. His countenance is here in some degree idealised, and assimilated to the unearthly beauty of the Phidian gods. We believe that every one will feel with how nice a discernment the painting has been engraved for the book of Cookery, and the bust for the book of Literature.

The world, however, will perceive the force of this beautiful distinction but feebly in comparison with the vividness of our conception of M. Ude's design; for he has placed in our hands a little manuscript treatise on the natural connection between Painting and Cookery on the one hand, and Sculpture and Letters on the other. In this he points out that pictures have always been considered the most appropriate decorations of the eating-room; that the dining-halls of Roman luxury were blazoned with pictures; that the masterpiece of Leonardo Da Vinci was painted on the

wall of a refectory, and that the ancestors of many an English peer smile from the canvas on the prandial enjoyments of their successor. On the contrary, do we not always see the library adorned with busts and statues; and the pen of eloquence, and not the ladle of culinary art, called in to complete the sculptured monument by an epitaph? The Hindoos, little skilled in painting, have no refined dish but curry, and are debarred, by their religion, from eating either fowls or beef; while the statues of Hindostan are innumerable, and frequently elegant, and the books of the Brahmins engage and repay the studies of a Wilkins and a Schlegel. The painter, like the cook, draws the subject of his art from all the regions of nature; the vegetable painted by the one is dressed by the other; the ocean, reproduced by the pencil of Collins, has supplied fish for Mr. Crockford's table; and the oxen, which move and ruminate, and all but low in the pictures of a Ward, are employed to furnish raw materials for the enchanted stew-pan of an Eustache Ude. The man lives in the statue and the book; and the barbarian child, that has never entered either a kitchen or a library, would recognise, by an intuition more certain and precious than the notices of the senses, the similarity, or, in a spiritual sense, the identity, between the varied colours of a dinner-table and those of a picture, and between the pale lights and the dark shadows of a printed sheet and a sculptured marble. M. Ude concludes his essay by showing that the Greeks and Romans, admirable for literature and sculpture, were comparatively unimportant as cooks or painters; but that among modern nations, the arts of the spit and pencil have obtained a development unknown in the times of antiquity. We intend to submit the treatise, of which we have thus abridged a part, to the congenial eyes of the German lecturer on dramatic literature and the British authors of the *Guesses at Truth*.

The title of M. Ude's work runs as follows:

*'The French Man of Letters, a System of Fashionable and Economical Literature, adapted to the Use of English Families. By Louis Eustache Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI. and the Earl of Sefton; late Steward to the United Service Club; to his late Royal Highness the Duke of York: now Maitre D'Hotel at Crockford's Club, St. James's Street; Doctor of the Sorbonne; Provost-elect of King's College, London; and Author of a Philological and Philosophical Commentary on the Deipnosophists of Athenæus, and the *symposia* of Xenophon and Plato; and of a critical Preface to Napoleon's early work, the *Souper de Beaucaire*. With an Appendix of Observations on the Reading of the Day—New Method of Fashionable Authorship for Boudoirs and Drawing-rooms, as practised by the Writer for many Ladies of Rank—History of Literature.—Rules for Cutting-up—On the choice of Books, &c.'*

This title does not take notice of a preface, from which we make the following extract, and which corresponds to that of the author's work on cookery.

'I have published,' emphatically writes M. Ude, 'a Book on Cookery. Of the indirect effect of that work on the morals, manners, and opinions of England, it is not for me to speak. I leave to others to proclaim that what mechanic's institutes and infant schools are slowly accomplishing for the lower classes, has been at once achieved for the higher by a single volume. It has sufficed for me to contemplate with silent satisfaction the sure predominance of truth over error, of a philosophic spirit over vulgar and confused empiricism; of knowledge complete and harmonious, over the blind guesses of ignorance, and the rude and inconsistent experiments of semi-barbarous kitchens. I have exulted with a tranquil and modest triumph, in the inevitable success of my labours; and it has been to me no slight testimony of the superiority of my favourite art over every other mode of human activity and intelligence, that while years of hostility, and month after month of nightly contest (fatal alike to sleep and eating, to the enjoyment of the bed and the supper-table,) were hardly enough to settle the Roman Catholic question; one retired student brought about by a single

volume a revolution of far higher importance and more lasting benefit. The distinctions of sects are partial and transitory. But every man to live must eat; and to all who eat, cookery is of paramount interest.

'These reflections might have been sufficient for the happiness of many men. To mine they were not so. No sooner had I finished my labours in one department, than I began to turn my eyes to another. And I speedily determined that I would write a book on literature. My views were directed in this line by the following considerations. All that men can know relates either to their bodies or their minds. The material and the spiritual world are the two spheres in which the region of humanity is appointed. Cookery is the highest of physical arts, and Literature of metaphysical. For a man who has laid down the boundaries and laws of the one, it will be a new triumph to develop to the utmost the nature of the other, and to arrange its results in a lucid order. He will thus, as it were, have legislated for both the kingdoms of human nature; and all the phenomena of existence will find their explanation and their rule in one or other of his systems. I foresaw with a rapt and prophetic eye the time when, by my intervention, the twin stars of literature and cookery shall reign over all the host of heaven, and govern by their subtle influence the movements of every thing on earth. If any one shall seek to determine the respective value of these two powers, I will answer that a comparison between cookery and literature is not so much fruitless or erroneous in its conclusions as unphilosophical in its design. Let us imitate the wise caution of Rousseau, who has left it uncertain whether Julie was more admirable a beauty, a letter-writer, or an epicure. By the constitution of human nature we necessarily look at the pen and the fork, as different in their essences no less than in their objects; and to attempt to estimate the relative values in the system of the universe of ink and soup, is to forget that nature has unchangeably decreed the gall-nuts to grow in the forest, and the ox to wander in the meadow. Neither is it allowable to imitate the later platonists of letters and gastronomy, and to trace the ascending series of dishes, till they lose themselves insensibly in the lower regions of literature. The two must be considered as necessarily parallel, and not as possibly one continuous line. We must compare the respective portions of each; look at an *entremet* side by side with an epigram; study a "rump of beef, Flemish way," with regard to a Tragedy from the German, and discover the hidden relation between Tongue à la Maintenon, and Mr. Canning's speeches.

'These were some of the views with which I began my labours; I had the satisfaction of finding, on farther examination, that the method which had been so valuable in the study of cookery, might be applied with equal success to literature. I have read the books of my day, and I have published this treatise. With my two volumes in my hands, I will boldly present myself at the tribunal of posterity; and if any man can assert that he has done more than I have accomplished for the development and gratification of the intellect and the palate, I consent that his name shall be written above mine in the Temple of Memory.'

We proceed to quote some of the directions of 'the French Man of Letters,' and we persuade ourselves that they will be no less satisfactory to the world than those of 'The French Cook.' After a good deal of introductory matter, M. Ude proceeds as follows:—

(To be continued.)

THE CURATE.

(Continued from p. 395.)

AND strange it were had these things not been so!
If men, but nobler beasts, had will to seek
Beyond their world for life and light! They speak
Most vainly, who by pride, or worse pretence
Upborne, contend that in this sphere of sense,
Aught may by men be found, save sense alone:
This tree's a tree, no more; this stone a stone

To the world's eye, to organs made to scan
The things without: it is the soul of man
That through the husk can see the life of things,
Can mark the inborn power from which there springs
The form, and in the ideal world behold
The truth of shades which are before us rolled
From realms of death; each perishable shade
A chain which doth the inward light invade!
Therefore I hold them guiltless whom the power
Of elevated thought found not, ere the hour
When elevation, like a mantle, fell
Upon mankind in Jewry; when to tell
The wondrous tale that through the clouds of death
We rise to truth and glory, which our breath
Blots from us,—Came the Eternal, and bowed down
To suffering and sorrow! We may own
Thus much and hurt no creed! Therefore they toiled
To harmonize with things of sense, and spoiled
Creation of its soul; which some inquired
With strength, perchance from heaven, apart pursued
Unheeded by their kind, in woe and pain
Labouring, till they the diadem did gain
Which good men wear! But we from light who win
Our being, whose life is light, no venial sin
Be sure admit, when with a careless sneer
We read the wondrous lines in which appear
The seeds of that surpassing harvest, given
To famished multitudes from gracious Heaven;
The dim, faint flashes of the day-spring nigh
While yet the east was dark! He thought as I,
And while with awe profound he traced the mind,
Checked in its loftiest flight by links which blind
The wisest men to earth, he saw the might
Of Heaven preserving through the Pagan night
Some pale, dim streaks of twilight; and revered
The ark which bore the precious freight, nor feared
To think him more than man to whom was shown
Such truth. And often when in lighter tone
His wearied mind sought rest, the tale he read
Of him, the Lydian hind, who won the bed
Of a proud queen, by the enchanted ring
He found in the earth, or of the isles which fling
Their dot-like peaks high through the Atlantic wave,
Which rolls in silence o'er the ocean-grave
Of a sunk continent; and oft in thought
Transported, he would ask, if there he sought
For virtue, he might find it? In the halls
O'er which the slimy ooze, and sea-weed crawls,
And in the temples where the water-snakes
Mock the rich flanes, and patient coral makes
His natural floor, blotting the art of man!
Thus for a while the even tenour ran
Of his pure days, fed from the eternal wells
Of poetry, whose lustrous fountain swells
Yet in his soul, for, as I think, he still
Remains what then he was, unchanged by ill.
At length the withering news were brought that death
Had struck his sire, and that the latest breath
Of the old man with anger had pursued
My unoffending comrade. Long he rued
In after life the arts by which impelled
The old misanthrope his gentle son expelled
From the paternal wealth. Now lone he stood
Amidst the world, most rich in the only good
Which never fails young hearts, in hope, but reft
Of all but hope. The lands and house were left
To strangers, 'That the faith might be made strong
In worldly means;' and though this grievous wrong
Was by the law reversed, long time had fled
Ere to his home he came. But he being bred
Mid hardships till he loved them, this small cure
Accepted from a friend, on which secure
From want, in duty's loved pursuits he past
The golden-pinioned hours. But at the last,
Said Ellen, he was married? You recal
My erring tale, I answered; and if all
The good which men may find on earth can be
Made tenfold dearer by the intensity
Of love, there is no ill which doth not breed
Increase, a thousand-fold when in our need
We look for love, and find hate: such, alas!
In manhood as in youth his fortune was!
'Twas at this time that I first fixed my home
In yonder village: then I loved to roam

As now, o'er hill and mead; and oft at set
Or golden break of day, together met,
We stood on peak and headland till his eyes
Ran o'er with joy at sight of earth and skies
Clothed in their wondrous beauty. With what joy
At times like these he marked the jocund boy
Who in ten thousand childish tricks exprest
The new-born happiness which filled his breast:
How kindly would he train my thought, to see
The wealth which science finds in rock and tree!
Then conjured by his art before my eyes
The dim earth-piercing palaces would rise;
Then sparkled with unearthly rays of light
Ice-fretted roofs, begemmed with stalactite;
And diamond-columned caverns 'neath the sea,
Built where the pearl and coral masons be,
Hung their cool roofs before me, bright with streams
Of scattered water-drops alive with beams
Which flung their starry splendour far and wide
Startling the darkness, while on every side
The sea-flowers wove soft wreaths, and living stone
Self-shaped appeared for nymph's or triton's throne!
Then wondrous tales he mixed of plant and flower:
Taught how the fruits which decked our autumn-bower
Had once been seeds, which on the wafting wind
Had floated the appointed bloom to find,
Within whose cradle rocked they slept away
The lagging hours till summer's genial ray
Awoke their life, and gave them power to spring
From their soft couch, the frail and fading thing
Which else in barren beauty must have past
A useless life. And when the rainbow cast
Its twined colours o'er the sky, he told
To my enchanted ears the story old
Of the devouring deluge, and the ark
Which o'er the boundless pool, a lone, frail bark
Bore all mankind; and of the wondrous pile
Which rose on Shinar, when with fruitless wile
Men thought to brave the Almighty. With such talk
This kind instructor filled our lonely walk;
And higher often mingled, when the stream,
The violet, or any common theme
In his most eloquent converse told a tale
Of loftiest import: then on the warm gale
The painted moth that floated was the sign
Of spirits tending to a sphere divine—
And thus the pleasant years went by.

DEATH OF THE AUSTRIAN GIRAFFE.

[The following account of this melancholy event is given in the leading article of a morning paper. We borrow it without any scruple; because, as there is no human being who does not read the ———, or at least ought not to read it, our readers will merely be presented a second time with intelligence and opinions which must now form a part of the national mind. The translations from the French journals, we beg leave to say, are all taken from that popular source; indeed, nothing but the classical purity which distinguishes that paper could justify so literal a version of French idioms.]

On Monday evening an express was received from our ambassador at Vienna, announcing the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Giraffe, which was sent to the Emperor of Austria by our ally the present enlightened Pacha of Egypt. As we have always considered the donation of these animals to the three great potentates of Europe as an act which had an important influence on the balance of power, we are particularly sorry for an event which may give the ambitious Muscovite any hope of disturbing the equilibrium of Europe, and facilitating his unprincipled designs of aggrandizement at the expense of our ancient and valued allies, the Mussulmen. We should fear also, that this untoward event might tend to disturb the balance between the two remaining Giraffes. In the lamentable absence of a free press no accounts from Austria clear up the mystery of his fate. Surmises are numerous, and several of them have an air of probability; but it would be better to make the matter certain. Let our ministers direct Lord Cowley to demand a specific answer from the Emperor himself. The Emperor had better give us a straightforward answer. If he does not, if he trifles with us, he is not safe on his throne. Let him take warning—we have said it.

At a cabinet council, which was held immediately, and at which, in spite of all assertions to the contrary, we fearlessly maintain that ALL THE CABINET MINISTERS ATTENDED, it was determined that the news should be conveyed to the Giraffe at Windsor. Congeniality of intellectual construction pointed out Mr. ——— as the fittest medium of communication with an irrational being: and that eminent statesman discharged the task with his usual address. The interesting foreigner received the news with the most exemplary resignation, and consoled himself after his accustomed manner, by eating some gingerbread-nuts. From what we could collect, he entertained no alarm respecting his own fate, and appeared fully sensible of the superior advantage which he enjoyed in living under a constitutional government.

Our volatile neighbours, the French, appear to have been much excited by the news, as will appear from the following extracts from the Paris papers just received:

EXTRACTS FROM THE FRENCH PAPERS. (*Messenger des Chambres.*)

'JULY 3rd.—We insert the following advices from Vienna:

'VIENNA, JUNE 19th.—They say the Giraffe which has long been in a very delicate state of health, is in great danger. Strict orders have been issued to prevent any conversation on the subject. It is said that something unexpected will transpire.'

'JUNE 20th.—Yesterday there was a meeting of the court physicians, at Schönbrunn. The result was by no means calculated to still the alarm entertained respecting the health of the Giraffe. Couriers were sent off to the commanders of the Hungarian regiments in Italy.'

'JUNE 22nd.—The Crown Prince demanded admission, yesterday, to the sick-bed of the Giraffe. Will you believe it? He was refused. Metternich's audacity is inconceivable.'

'JUNE 23rd.—The dreadful news is no longer a secret.—The Giraffe is dead. Several arrests have taken place in consequence. It is rumoured that the fatal event took place on Saturday, and has been kept secret in order to further some intrigues of Metternich. What effect will this unexpected catastrophe have on our relations with the Pacha?

(*Gazette de France.*)

'JULY 3rd.—The secret conspiracy, which by its dark machinations prepares the overthrow of the altar and throne, has consummated another crisis of the infernal tragedy! Another victim is fallen! Another martyr swells the bloody list of the holocausts of Liberalism! The Giraffe of Austria is dead! A strict silence is preserved respecting the cause of this catastrophe. Some rumours have even dared to point out the illustrious Metternich as the assassin. Where will the innocence of these scelerates stop? But it is vain for the bravoes of a desperate cause to trust in the confusion of mind caused by the mist of falsehood which they have raised. The authors of this crime are known. Let them tremble! for Europe shall know that the infernal agents of an imbecile administration, which tarnishes the honour of the descendants of St. Louis, have perpetrated a foul murder, in order to accustom the canaille to deeds of blood, and prepare the subversion of all monarchy and religion.'

(*Constitutionnel.*)

'JULY 4th.—Chamber of Deputies. Presidency of M. Royer Collard.

'The discussion of the supply of the Navy was resumed. Several speakers having delivered their sentiments,

'The PRESIDENT said.—The minister of the Interior demands the parole. (*Strong sensation.*)

'M. MARTIGNAC.—Penetrated with the most profound grief, I announce to you a fatal event. The rumours which have agitated the civilized world are but too true. The Ambassador of Austria has announced the death of the Imperial Giraffe.

'Murmurs of grief.—M. Martignac bursts into tears.—All the members rise.—The Chamber presents an animated spectacle for a quarter of an hour.—Several deputies rush up to M. Roy.—"M. Portalis is absent."—The right of the left section of the centre right preserve an immovable aspect.—M. Benjamin Constant goes out to put on his costume.—The

noise subdues.—A morne silence prevails for eight minutes.

M. ROYER COLLARD.—The Minister of the Interior will resume his report.

M. MARTIGNAC.—Yes, Messieurs, you feel as I expected. The expression of your sentiments does not impair the dignity of the Chamber. (*Bravo!*) But it does not agitate itself here of regretting irremediable evils. It is necessary to take measures for the future. (*Prolonged bravos.*) We must recollect that we too have a Giraffe: and that we must preserve the links which bind us to the rulers of Egypt. (*Bravos on the right. A voice from the extreme left.*) "*M. the Minister is a Turk in heart.*" When the enlightened Pacha of Egypt determined to amalgamate the Mussulman character with the civilization of Europe, he sent three Giraffes to Europe. He honoured with these rare presents the illustrious houses of Hohenzollern, of Guelf, and of Bourbon. An unexpected visitation has deprived the descendant of Rudolph of Hapsburg, of the sacred consolation of administering the rites of hospitality to an illustrious stranger. It would be wicked for us to conceal the news that we have received from the Cabinet of St. James's.—(*Strong sensation.*) The air of Windsor has affected a constitution which nature had adapted to an African temperature. The Giraffe of England has experienced debilitation of knees from the British malady of the country. Yes, Messieurs, he has the gout,—the *affroyable* gout—and he has shown a strong penchant for suicide.

Several voices from the right.—Aha! Messieurs les Anglomanes! voilà les effets d'une Constitution!

M. KERATRY.—Non, non—c'est le droit d'aïnesse! (*Bravo!*)

M. MARTIGNAC.—What then must be done? I hear you anticipate my reply. Every thing must be done, Messieurs, to preserve the honour of France, and console the descendant of the great St. Louis. The supply of biscuits for the Giraffe is not sufficient. (*Murmurs.*) I assure you such is the case. Let us increase it; and though we may thereby make a temporary addition to the burdens of the nation, I trust to the liberality of the Grand Nation, which has always prided itself on setting an example to Christendom of the generous discharge of the sacred functions of hospitality towards the distinguished strangers who have visited its shores, and thereby extended its renown to the furthest extremities of time and space.

(*This peroration of the minister excited a deep feeling. Fifty-seven deputies rush to the tribune. A scene of confusion ensues.*)

THE PRESIDENT.—M. Syriens de Marinhac has the parole.

M. S. de M.—Ah! my God! I have not my costume. I will speak without it.

THE PRESIDENT.—M. de Marinhac I call you to order. The law forbids you to speak in an improper dress. The law must be respected. *Le Général* has the parole.

LE GENERAL.—I invoke the names of justice, of glory, and of France. (*Deep attention.*) The sighs of the veterans who have covered themselves with wounds and laurels accuse us of inattention to the honour of Frenchmen. Yes, Messieurs, my heart is torn with unutterable anguish when I utter the mournful words which truth sends forth from my bosom.—The honour of France is tarnished.

(*Loud cries of yes! yes! from all parts—and "It is the imbecile ministry which has done it."*)

M. le GENERAL.—No, Messieurs, it is not the ministry. Truth reigning eternal in my heart compels me to say it is yourselves. (*Deep sensation.*) It is you who have pulled down your country, from the high station to which it was raised by the immortal Napoleon.

(*No! No! He was a tyrant, a regicide.*)

M. le GENERAL.—I know Messieurs, that I tread on dangerous ground; but truth compels me to do justice to the shade of a great hero. He would not have turned a deaf ear to the sighs of his invincible soldiers. What would he have done? Can you doubt, Messieurs, to what he would have been impelled by his love of glory, of humanity, and of science? That great man wished to raise France to the pinnacle of glory. He wished to make it the only repository of science. He wished to bring to a common theatre all the noble monuments of art and na-

ture, which chance had scattered among nations which were unworthy of them. Can you doubt, then, what that great hero would have done? Can you doubt that he would have demanded the giraffes from Austria and the proud islanders? Can you suppose that, if madness had led to a refusal of his just demands, he would have hesitated to vindicate the national honour by arms? He would have led forth his legions, his invincible legions, to the field of honour. The eagles of France would have spread their victorious wings on the banks of the Danube and the Thames. Ten million deeds of heroism would have honoured human nature;—a million warriors would have inscribed their glorious names on the book of honourable death;—a thousand fields would have been rendered illustrious in the page of history by as many sanguinary triumphs;—and millions of families would have had the sweet regret of mourning their heroic brothers and parents, who had sacrificed their lives for the honour of France. Doubtless, the rare genius of that hero would have been again triumphant. Doubtless, the leopard and the black eagle would have crouched before him, and yielded the beautiful beasts of Africa to the moral influence of victory. The citizen would reflect on the glory of his country when he looked on the living trophies in the Jardin des Plantes, and the trumpet of fame.—Ah! Messieurs! what have we not lost in the loss of a hero! That his name may be blest by the people whom he honoured, and the veterans whom he led to victory! That his bright example may be imitated by a degenerate people! It is not yet too late. I propose war with Austria in order to administer some consolation to the wounded honour of our country, and vindicate the outraged feelings of Europe, Christendom, and Natural History. (*The Chamber is stupified with admiration. Murmurs of applause burst out.*)

M. SYRIENS DE MARINHAC.—Yes, I perceive it. In the accents of the honourable deputy, in the words of M. the Minister, in the reiterated bravos of two desperate factions, I hear the tones of anarchy—the distant mutterings of the counter-revolution—

Voices from the left.—Aha! always the counter-revolution!

Voices from the right.—Bravo! Bravo!

From all parts cries of "Question! Question! Aux Voix!"

M. S. de M.—I speak to the question—

Voices from the left.—No, no! What is the question?

M. S. de M.—The question is, whether we shall respect the king and religion—

Voices from the right.—Yes, yes! bravo! live religion.

Some on the left.—No, no! that is not the question. It is you who dishonour religion, and endanger the monarchy.

M. S. de M.—No, scélérats of liberality, it is you. I speak to the question—what is the question?

From the left.—Aha! the Jesuit! he does not know. A deputy.—It is the war with Austria! (*Cries of Aux Voix.*)

Another.—No! it agitates itself of the Marine. (*Aux Voix.*)

Another.—No, no! it rolls on the Catholic religion. (*Aux Voix.*)

Another.—No, no! it is the king! the giraffe! (*Aux Voix.*)

Several others.—No! it is the charter. (*Cries of Vive la Charte.*)

(*M. Charles Dupin rushes to the tribune. M. S. de Marinhac tries to keep him out, and exerts force. Blows of fist interchange themselves. Seven or eight ultras pull M. Dupin by the skirts of the coat. A dozen liberal deputies endeavour to pull M. S. de Marinhac out of the tribune by the collar. The President agitates his bell.*)

Cries of "Order!" "respect the President!"

From the right.—No! he is an atheist, a liberal!

M. S. de Marinhac.—Messieurs, the sacred cause of religion—

MR. C. DUPIN.—The increase of knowledge and liberty—

From the right.—Down with knowledge and liberty!

A liberal Deputy to M. S. de Marinhac.—You are an ultra, a beast, a slave, a Jesuit, one condemned to the gallies, (forcé.)

A royalist Deputy to M. C. Dupin.—Aha! atheist! liberal! traitor! scelerat! thief! incendiary! assassin! one condemned to be broken on the wheel! (*roné.*)

M. the PRESIDENT.—Behold words which it seems to me are a little strong! Messieurs, recollect the dignity of the Chamber—

No! no! you are a liberal! an ultra! unjust!

(*The tumult is at its height. All the members beat themselves. The question of adjournment is put and carried. The sitting is closed.*)

We are sorry to see that our neighbours understand liberty so little. Their infidelity and ferocious democracy are exhibited in their lavish abuse of our happy island, and their admiration of the cowardly tyrannical Corsican whom we beat at Waterloo. Why their deputies set to a-beating themselves at last (we cannot misunderstand "*se battent*") seems rather inexplicable. If they wanted a beating, they might easily get it by a little more insolence to us. The victor of Waterloo will not tarnish in the cabinet the honours he has gained in fields of blood. We have still the gallant fellows who beat ten times the number of the *invincible heroes*, and the moral superiority which those who live on beef and ale must always have over those who get nothing but frogs and vinegar.

TIMBUCTOO.

THE Swedish Consul at Tripoly, M. Graberg de Hemso, justly presuming that the result of the inquiries respecting Timbuctoo, of a person who, like himself, had resided so many years in Morocco and Tripoly, would be interesting to European readers, has addressed a paper on the subject to a friend at Florence, who procured its insertion in the "*Antologia*" of January last. Mr. Hemso first examines the etymology and pronunciation of the name of the city, and seems to doubt the correctness of those who have derived it from *Tin*, a dwelling, and *Buctu*, which, in the language of the country, is the proper name of a woman, from whence it is inferred that the place took its name from some female of great celebrity among the Africans of the Interior. To this, Mr. Hemso objects that in his frequent intercourse with Moorish and Arab inhabitants of the interior of Africa, he had never met with one who could give him any account of the existence or history of such a personage. So far is certain, he says, that the Arabs pronounce the name Tun-buk-tu, and have done so at least since the fourteenth century; for the celebrated African traveller of that epoch, Mohammed Ibn Battuta, has expressly remarked that the first syllable of the word consists of the consonant Ta T, and the vowel Dhomma U, and that it is pronounced tan and not tin.

The population of Timbuctoo, says Mr. Hemso, cannot exceed 100,000 souls. Abd-es-Salam Schiabini, who visited the city about forty years ago, estimates the number of inhabitants at 50,000; later travellers reckon it considerably less. A merchant of Gadama, who has made several journeys to the city, who possesses houses, wives, and slaves there, and who has himself at times dwelt a whole year in the city, positively affirms that the population is not greater than that of Tripoly. In this, however, he is supposed to comprise only the natives and residents, and it is inferred that the number of inhabitants is much greater at the periods when Timbuctoo is filled by the caravans which flock thither, at certain seasons, from all parts of Africa.

There appears to be no doubt that the government of Timbuctoo was independent, and vested in the hands of the native negroes and pagans until it was subdued by the Fellatas, a new warlike nation, which at present acts a conspicuous part in central Africa. When Schiabini made his journey, he found Timbuctoo a dependancy on Houssa. At a later period it was under subjection to the King of Bambarra.

The Dscholibab (Joliba), or the Nile of the Negroes, does not flow by Timbuctoo. The celebrated traveller, Ibn Battuta, had already determined this point so early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. Another river, however, which, in the lan-

guage of the natives, is called Gain, passes near the city in its course, and falls afterwards into the Joliba.

Timbuctoo is not surrounded with walls, nor does it appear that the city ever had walls. The houses are constructed merely of a single story, and are wholly devoid of regularity and symmetry. The Mahometans dwell in suburbs of their own, and were not allowed to settle in the town.

The account of Benjamin Rose, says M. Hemso, as is remarked by Mr. Dupuis, is the best yet given of this city, although the author of it had never visited Timbuctoo himself, but had derived the materials of his description from frequent communication with those who had been there. Some, perhaps, he adds, may justly give the preference to that of Schiabini, the succinct brevity of which deserves more credit.

The dominant religion in Timbuctoo was paganism, a few years ago, and Mr. Hemso expresses a doubt whether the Fellatas have so soon accomplished the establishment of the laws of the prophet in its place. The women of Timbuctoo, according to M. Hemso, are in general handsome, and seem to enjoy the most perfect liberty. Schiabini positively affirms that this is the case, and he is corroborated by the personal testimony of a living witness, the merchant of Gadama, already mentioned. Mr. Hemso concludes his account by saying that his esteemed friend, Major Laing, was certainly the first European traveller who had succeeded in reaching Timbuctoo.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

ONCE more 'Cenerentola'! There is something so exquisitely agreeable in this opera, that we can never witness it without being put in good humour, nor think of it without being inclined to prattle about it. Therefore, although it has already been the theme of our criticism more than once this season, we cannot resist the temptation of saying one or two final words, to serve as prompters to our memory when the season shall be over.

The excellence of this representation arises from a combination of those three stars, Mademoiselle Sontag, Signori Zuchelli, and Donzelli. The failure is the substitution of Galli for a singer of more comic and versatile temper. The part of Dandini, though not so agile and lively as the average of buffo characters, nevertheless requires a sedate humour, a compressed and half dignified absurdity, which Signor Galli is utterly without. He may improve, he has improved in the articulation of the music, but he cannot become an actor, unless it be of serious parts. Our praise has been lavished on Zuchelli's *Don Magnifico usque ad nauseam*. It is, however, so completely his masterpiece in comedy, that some stress may be laid upon it, and be excused. The commencement of the air, 'Miei rampolli femminini,' actually teems with richness of comic expression; and although, perhaps, there is something like a comparative weakness towards its close, yet there is exhibited throughout sufficient force and nicety of execution to set this singer at the head of his bass fraternity. We have seen the scene between him and Dandini, in which the discovery is made of the cheat put upon him, so much better filled out by Pellegrini than by Signor Galli, that a sense of disappointment unavoidably steals upon us despite our excessive admiration of one of the principals in it, and no mean approval of the other. The impatience of the Baron to know the destiny of his daughters,—the tantalising delay of the satisfaction required,—the gradual perception of the plot, and his aristocratic disdain of the fellow whom he just crouched to as a sovereign prince,—this was capital, and cannot fail to be long remembered. His share in the concerted pieces is effective as usual; and this reminds us of the 'true prince' and his sweet lady love, whose celebrity in their respective parts is assuredly not undeserved. The former supports the interest of an *amorous*, with a most gallant bearing; and it puzzles us to think

why 'instinct' should not have detected him, according to Falstaff's code, much earlier than he is really undisguised. But for Cenerentola, how wise and happy a monarch was he, who could steal such a one from her dust and cinders! The singing of Mademoiselle Sontag is more liquid and silvery than ever. From the simplicity of 'Una volta c'era un Re,' to the flowery ornament of 'Non piu mestu accanto al fuoco,' the intermediate styles, as well as the extremes, are most true in point of tone and expression, most delicious in sentiment, most wonderful in execution. And then her portion of the quintett, 'Nel volto estatico,' and of the sestett, 'Questo è un nodo avviluppato,' what can be more masterly, more prominent without destroying the unity of the whole, more marked without becoming ostentatious? In the first, we never remember any thing sweeter than her falling into the air, and leading it in the high regions of her voice, a glittering beacon to the others, as they accompanied her along the more terrestrial levels. Into the harmony, complicated as it is, of the sestett, her voice winds and flies along with the utmost certainty, and lightness, and beauty. It resembles the casual bits of sunshine floating here and there on a wavy sea, beneath the uncertainties of a cloudy autumnal sky. Bright and lovely indeed is the display of so much purity in style, mingled with such vigour of organic power. On Cenerentola her fame may well be rested, without going further or higher.

English Opera House.

'THE Sister of Charity,' a new melo-drama produced at this theatre, on Thursday, was completely successful. It seemed to have been written expressly to bring into contrast the opposite powers of those two admirable performers, Keeley and Miss Kelly; and to those who remember the 'Noyades,' and 'The Serjeant's Wife,' of last season, composed exactly on the same principle, it will be sufficient to say, that 'The Sister of Charity' is as good, if not better, than its predecessors of last year, and its effect equally confounding to the feelings of the audience. People are obliged, indeed, to laugh with one eye and cry with the other; and to observe this conflict of smiles and tears, on the countenance of a pretty neighbour, is almost as interesting as the performance itself. It is owing to the excellent management of Keeley, and his very quiet and subdued style of humour, that the two feelings are made to harmonise rather than clash with each other. The following instance will illustrate this strongly, and serve at the same time, with one or two additional circumstances, to tell the story. An officer of a party of Austrians, demands of Paulo, a peasant, (Keeley) why he has intruded himself so near his lines; he answers, 'Why, Sir, if it please your honour, I came to see my sister Nannetta the poor girl who was taken prisoner by your brave soldiers for carrying bread to the starving smugglers, led out to be shot, at twelve o'clock, to the minute.' The tragic tone of mimicry in which the last words are pronounced, is irresistible in two ways at once. Sister Ursula, a nun, the reputed sister of Nannetta, but in fact her mother by an Austrian of rank, whom she has not seen for seventeen years, recognizes in Captain Weimar, one of the officers of the Austrian detachment, her seducer, and the father of the unfortunate girl who has been condemned to almost immediate execution. This character is of course personated by Miss Kelly, and in a powerfully affecting scene, she discovers herself to Weimar, for the purpose of obtaining his interference on behalf of their child. After a vain attempt to move the sternness of his superior officer, who will only grant him an hour's respite, Weimar sets out to obtain a pardon, in that interval, from head-quarters. In the meantime Sister Ursula obtains an interview with the prisoner; prevails upon her to escape disguised in the nun's dress, and remains for execution in her stead. While this has been doing, Paulo, having eluded the vigilance of a sentinel, by a most comical ruse de guerre reaches the smugglers, whose hiding-place was inclosed by the Austrian lines, and leading

them down from the hills by an unknown path, secures the person of the Austrian commander, who had taken up his quarters in Paulo's cottage. This inflexible worthy being compelled to write a warrant of reprieve, in a language which the peasants do not understand, commands the instant execution of the party who bring it. These are Nannetta and her lover, one of the smugglers, who arrive just in time to save Ursula's life at the sacrifice of their own. In a heart-rending scene, where the soldiers endeavour to separate Ursula and her child, the moments are protracted until the arrival of Weimar, whom accidents had delayed, with a pardon.

It will be seen, from this imperfect outline, that there are several situations peculiarly suited to the exhibition of Miss Kelly's powers; and though the language of the piece is by no means eloquent of itself, still it is sufficiently simple and unaffected to become, in the utterance of Miss K., eloquent and affecting to the last degree. The most striking situation was the one which, in any other hands, would have appeared too common-place to listen to at all; it was where with difficulty she prevails on Nannetta to escape in her dress, and afterwards from a window of the prison watches her faltering departure beyond the line of sentinels. It is even better on the whole than a scene it reminded us of in the 'Serjeant's Wife,' which we remember was almost too horrible and blood-chilling for a mind the most melo-dramatically disposed. There is certainly nothing on the English stage, and in the absence of Pasta, nothing in England, to be compared with the talent and exertions of this inimitable tragic actress; and the English Opera House will be long endeared to our recollections, as the theatre she has particularly chosen for their display.

It would be the greatest injustice not to notice Miss H. Cawse's performance of Nannetta; she sang her little song 'I won't be a Nun,' admirably, and was throughout as interesting as she could possibly be in the presence of Miss Kelly.

Another piece was brought out at this theatre in the beginning of the week, under the title of 'The Middle Temple, a new Comic Operetta.' We understand it is by no means new, though we confess never to have seen it before; we can answer for it also, that it is not an Operetta; yet, it certainly does justify the appellation of comic. In this regard, we need scarce say more for it than that two of the characters are played by that merry little couple, Keeley and his bride, (late Miss Goward); who indeed are the life and soul of all the comic entertainments at this theatre. We think, indeed, the manager scarcely acts fairly by Keeley, to work him so hard as he does at present: he bore a prominent part in all the three performances of Friday, and being encircled in a dance in the Middle Temple, the poor little man was obliged to appeal to the humanity of the audience by saying 'he had done a great deal already that evening, and had a great deal more left to do,' which to those who took all the circumstances into consideration, seemed a much more comical speech than any in the 'New Comic Operetta.' It succeeds, however, and deservedly.

Haymarket.

A new piece, in one act, was brought out here on Thursday, called 'Manceuvring,' translated or taken (whichever the term may be) by Mr. Planché, from a French piece with a similar title, 'Le Diplomate.' The plot is common-place, and otherwise very bad; the dialogue tolerably well written; the acting altogether good; but the reception the whole met with much better than either the composition or the acting deserved. A mischievous valet outwitting a cautious old gentleman on behalf of an imprudent young one, with a lady strictly guarded by one party and to be won by the stratagems of the other, is a subject which seems to have been universally interesting from the days of Menander down to the present, but on which we conceive every possible combination of incidents has been long since exhausted.

Yet such is the story of Mr. Planché's new piece, and such are four out of the five characters which kept the audience of the Haymarket in good humour on Thursday, notwithstanding the re-action of two other 'weary, stale, flat, and (we should hope) unprofitable' pieces which wore out the remainder of the evening. It is a lamentable state of things at our theatres, when we are obliged to seize with avidity such slender opportunities of giving vent to our cheerfulness and hearty disposition to laugh. To say that Cooper surpassed himself as the Count de Villa Mayor, the gentleman to be deceived, is hardly praising him sufficiently on this occasion. Vining was also good as Finesse, the Figaro of the piece; but the person who did most in redeeming us from melancholy was Mrs. Humby, in the character of a pretty (very pretty) but selfish and intriguing milliner, who almost persuaded us by her excellent acting (we suppose) that her part was really a well-drawn one, and characteristic of that class of her sex which she represented. A Mr. Brindall (whom we never saw before) played the part of a young gentleman in what we thought at first a gentlemanlike manner; but we find that though very easy to act the gentleman in looking angry or surprised, it is a matter of much more difficulty to look happy and pleased as a gentleman should do; accordingly, the repeated vows of Frederick to his fair one and her father on the consummation of his hopes, betrayed him to be no adept in that way. Mrs. Ashton, having nothing to do but look pretty, played her part indifferently well.

FOREIGN PLAYS IN PARIS.

A PROJECT is said to be in agitation in Paris, for the formation of a joint establishment for representations in the English, German, Italian, and Spanish languages. As to the performances of the three first of these tongues, no great difficulty seems to present itself: actors are probably more likely to be found than audiences; but whence a Spanish company is to be procured, we confess ourselves at a loss to divine. In the Peninsula itself, even tolerable performers are exceedingly rare: the profession is still regarded as vile, and is only followed by persons devoid of family-respectability, and education. The only three whom we can think of, who have appeared in our days at all likely to attract an audience in such cities as Paris or London, are now either dead or incapacitated. These are Rita Luna, Maiquez, and Quesol. The last was an excellent enactor of what, in the language of the country, are called the *gracioso* parts, humorous characters, valets, buffoons, &c.; he died in harness a few years since, at a very advanced age, and exiting to the last the admiration and applause of his countrymen. Maiquez was tragic, and was eminent in the high characters of the old Spanish plays. He was a man of very low extraction, but was considered in Madrid an excellent performer. The humbleness of his condition, or the low estimation in which men of his calling are held in Spain, did not shield him from the tyranny to which all ranks and classes have fallen victims in that distracted country. Suspected of liberal principles, he became an object of jealousy and persecution to King Ferdinand, and was banished from the capital. Under this infiction he died, some time between the first restoration and the proclamation of the constitution. Rita Luna was a female actress of extraordinary natural genius. Her excellence also consisted in the representation of the heroic characters of the old Spanish plays. Her powers were entirely derived from herself: she could neither read nor write; and in order to learn what she had to declaim, was obliged to have her parts read or repeated to her. She was living three years ago, but retired from the stage in consequence of old age. We have not since heard of her death.

The representation of Spanish musical pieces forms, we conclude, no part whatever of the scheme of the Parisian projectors. Any thing like theatrical music from Spain must be despaired of, so long

as the present state of things exists. It is well known, that all eminent composers are monopolized by the clergy to write church music: they are paid the best prices, but are laid under strict injunctions not to engage in the composition of any thing *profane*.

DIMENSIONS OF THEATRES.

THE following dimensions of several of the principal theatres of Europe may be fully relied on: they are from original measurements, with which we have been favoured by an artist of acknowledged talents. We doubt not that they will afford acceptable information to our readers:

	Naples Teatro S. Carlo.	Milan Teatro alla Scala.	London Covent- garden Theatre.
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
Depth from the front of the stage to the back of the pit	79 4½	77 5	52 9
Depth of the pit - - -	68 6½	64 7	44 3
Depth from the scenic aperture to the back of the pit	99 1½	96 5	63 5
Greatest breadth of the pit -	75 0½	71 5	51 0
Breadth of the scenic aperture	51 9½	50 2	38 4½
N. B. At Covent-garden Theatre this aperture, on ordinary occasions, is diminished more than two feet on each side by a sliding pilaster; no such contrivance exists in the other theatres.			
Breadth at the front of the stage	53 10	54 8	42 9½
Breadth of the stage behind the scenes - - -	115 0	121 3	
Depth of the stage - - -	147 8	149 5	
Total area from the scenic aperture to the back of the pit	Sq. feet. 6068	Sq. ft. 5701	Sq. Ft. 2772

At S. Carlo there are six complete tiers of boxes, each tier containing thirty-two boxes.

The boxes are each six feet nine inches wide.

At La Scala there are six complete tiers of boxes, each tier containing forty-one boxes.

The boxes are each five feet wide.

At Covent-garden there are twenty-eight boxes in each tier.

The largest theatre in Europe, however, is that at Parma, which, according to the estimate of the Ciceroni, of that city, is capable of holding 9000 spectators. It is no longer used.

The following are its exact dimensions, furnished us from the same quarter, to which we are indebted for the particulars above given of the other theatres:

GREAT THEATRE AT PARMA.

Depth from the front of the stage to the back of the pit - - - - - 152 7½

There is no proscenium.

Breadth of the pit - - - - - 90 3

Breadth of the scenic aperture - - - - - 40 0

Depth of the stage - - - - - 125 4

FINE ARTS.

Portrait of His Majesty in the Robes of the Garter; engraved on Steel by Mr. Hodgetts, from the Original Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A. Colnaghi. London.

THE picture from which this engraving is taken is one of the most successful efforts of Sir Thomas Lawrence in the art of portrait painting: it is one of those performances, in short, in which the talent of conveying a faithful likeness is very happily united with the exercise of the imagination to produce a good picture without the sacrifice of personal identity. It is, in fact, the historical portrait of the present King; that resemblance of his Majesty, in which posterity, when they shall read, as they doubtless will do, that George IV. was the most polished and the handsomest prince of his day, will find a full corroboration of the record of the historian. Nor is it to the United Kingdom only that this splendid portrait will have preserved the memory of the lineaments of his Majesty: numerous repe-

titions have been made of the picture, to be presented to several crowned heads; and it is one of these repetitions which, having been transmitted by the King to Pope Pius VII., has an honourable place in the august Museum of the Vatican.

The particular painting, however, from which the engraving we are noticing is taken, is that expressly executed at the King's command, for the city of Dublin, and the publication of the engraving, at this moment of concession by his Majesty to his Catholic subjects of the sister kingdom, of a boon so ardently desired, and which had been in vain implored from his predecessors, is exceedingly politic and well timed.

Mr. Hodgetts, in the engraving, seems to have been influenced by an equal *con amore* feeling to that which inspired the pencil of the painter. The plate is most splendid, bright, and expressive; the drapery is executed in most effective style, full of powerful contrast; the figure is elegant and noble, and the head beaming with life and animation, and the gracious affability of a happy monarch. As the original is a master-piece in portrait painting, so is the plate a triumph in mezzotinto engraving.

SALE OF THE DRAWINGS OF THE LATE MR. BONINGTON.

AMONG the most interesting occurrences connected with the fine arts, which have happened during the present season, was the sale, last week, of the pictures, sketches, and drawings of the late promising artist, R. P. Bonington. The sale produced, altogether, upwards of £2250, and the avidity which was shown to possess the simplest works left by the deceased, and the prices to which his least important productions were raised by competition are quite remarkable. In most cases, no doubt, this eagerness originated in a true love of art and a well-founded admiration of whatever is excellent; in some, however, it too evidently proceeded from a less worthy motive, from affectation or caprice, or the mere blind desire to follow the fashion; for, on what other principle can it be explained, that the mere tracings of this artist, as memoranda or studies for his own use, and which might have been made just as well by any body else as by himself, were anxiously bid for, and run up to an extravagant price.

Among the most extraordinary, but, at the same time, most legitimate sums given for drawings, was that of £26. 10s. for a pencil and chalk view of the 'Ecole des Arts, Paris.' The drawing, however, was exceedingly clever and spirited, and, under all circumstances, well deserved the price at which it was knocked down. The painting in oil, which attracted so much attention in the exhibition last year, where it received very great and merited applause, 'Henry III. of France, receiving the Spanish Ambassadors,' was bought in at £84—a large sum, certainly, were the dimensions of the picture to be taken into consideration in such a case. The other pictures, for which the highest prices were given, were the 'Views of the Maffei Palace in Verona,' in oil, £73. 13s. 6d.; 'Part of Genoa and the Bay,' an oil sketch, £31; pencil sketch, 'View of Abbeville,' on coloured paper, £20; 'Mother and Child at Prayer,' cabinet picture, in oil, £105; 'Picture from Quentin Durward,' also in oil, £14. 10s. The Marquis of Lansdowne and Sir Thomas Lawrence were among the company present, and purchased largely.

NEW MUSIC.

'Oh, can I think of Days gone by,' as sung by Signor Velluti, written composed, and dedicated to him, by Thomas Welsh. Harmonic Institution.

THIS ballad has attracted considerable notice, as being the first English song publicly performed by Velluti. It presents a familiar, quiet, and unpretending melody, written (with the exception of the embellishments) within the very limited number of only eight notes, the E on the first line and fourth space, and is, therefore, easy to be compassed by

almost any voice. It consists of but one brief verse, each strain being written twice. A second verse might with great propriety be added to it.

Here's celebrated Quadrilles, including the admired Gallopade Cotillon, and the favourite Maracha, as danced at Almack's and the Nobility's Balls, composed, arranged, and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Della Reive, by Joseph Hart. Mayhew and Co.

THESE beautiful airs, in the original edition of Herz, are difficult of execution, diffuse in their arrangement, (all the various strains necessary for dancing to as a quadrille being written out at full length,) and requiring a piano forte with the higher additional keys up to F. Hart has, therefore, simplified them, has brought them down to the level of his former arrangements, and rendered them more tangible for the multitude; but, like all abbreviated works, they are any thing but improved by his adaptation. However, they are much easier to be understood and performed, and may, therefore, be more generally useful.

'The Archer Boy,' the celebrated Cavatina, sung by Miss Love, in the historical play, 'The Partisans,' performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane; written by Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson, composed by John Barnett. Barnett and Co.

A VERY pleasing and interesting trifle, quite in Barnett's best style of playful writing: extremely easy to be sung, the highest note being only E in the fourth space, and the lowest C below the stave; thus suitable to voices of low and moderate compass. It is an *allegretto scherzosamente*, in G, 3/4 time, much resembling in character Barnett's popular airs, 'The Light Guitar,' and 'Rise gentle Moon;' and, as sung by Miss Love in the drama, is very pleasing, and (we believe) was always encored.

Bochsa's Rondo, (a la Russe), arranged for the Piano Forte, and dedicated to Mr. W. S. Conran, of Dublin, by Augustus Meves. Cramer and Co.

A GAY, cheerful, and characteristic rondo vivace, in A, so much in the manner of Meves, that we should not have imagined it a mere adaptation.

'Gems à la Masaniello,' a Fantasia for the Piano Forte, in which are introduced the most admired Subjects from Auber's celebrated opera, 'La Muette de Portici,' by T. A. Rawlings. T. Welch.

A CLEVER, well-imagined, and brilliant effusion, possessing the most desirable qualifications of being shewy and pleasing without difficulty. A *moderato e maestoso*, by way of introduction, (of two pages in the key of E flat), precedes the 'Chœur du Marché;' this, by an appropriate cadence, leads into the very beautiful andante, 'Saint bien heureux;' and 'The Tarentelle (in G minor and major) is followed by the favourite 'Barcarolle,' (also in E flat), as a finale. The whole presents a very desirable, interesting, and brief piano forte piece, of excellent pretensions.

No. 3 of Twelve Italian Fantasias, Concertante, for the Flute and Piano Forte, composed by Raphael Dressler. Cocks and Co.

THIS third Number is arranged upon the admired airs, 'Buona Notte,' and Mozart's 'La mia Dorabella,' from his 'Così fan tutte,' and is equal in attractions to the former numbers of this pleasing work, (noticed in 'The Athenæum,' Nos. 69 and 83.) It is dedicated to Edmund Chambers, Esq., and published by Dressler, as his op. 74.

No. 2 of National Melodies, with Variations, for the Harp, composed by N. B. Challoner. Mayhew and Co.

THE Tyrolese air, 'Der Schweizerbue,' or 'The Swiss Boy,' with neat, familiar, and appropriate variations, expressly arranged for the harp, and written in the proper time, 4-8. After four pleasing and not difficult variations, an episode in the Sav-dominant of the key, leads ingeniously into one of

the most admired Swiss melodies, performing by Madame Stockhausen, and known as 'The Swiss Drover Boy of Appenzell;' this is followed by a short Waltz Scherzo Allegretto, as a finale; and the whole adaptation must be exceedingly desirable to a performer upon the harp of but moderate practice and acquirements, although it is by no means a puerile or trifling production.

The two favourite Barcarolles, and the Tarentula, from the admired Opera, 'Masaniello, ou La Muette de Portici,' arranged for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Flute, composed by D. F. E. Auber. Paine and Hopkins.

THIS appears to be an extract from some French edition, and is by no means so good an arrangement as we have before met with: at the same time, perhaps, there is no other publication in which is presented the three favourite dance tunes exclusively.

SOCIETY FOR SUPERSEDING THE NECESSITY OF CLIMBING BOYS FOR SWEEPING CHIMNEYS.

To effect the entire abolition of the cruel custom, of employing climbing-boys in chimney-sweeping, nothing more, we are persuaded, is required than to create a public conviction of the existence of some practicable and efficacious plan by which the necessity for having recourse to it may be avoided. It is with sincere satisfaction, therefore, that we read the last Report (the fourteenth) of the Society which has been formed with the view of superseding the use of climbing boys, and that we observe the progress lately made towards the attainment of the object of this excellent association. By the Report alluded to, we find that such an improvement has been effected in the machine for sweeping chimneys, invented under the auspices of the Society, that there are now very few cases in which it will not operate with complete success. The instrument so improved, has been submitted to the Surveyor of the Board of Works, and on the strength of a favourable written Report on it from him, a document, which is included in the appendix to the Report published by the Society, and through the influence of Mr. Secretary Peel, it has been adopted in the public offices, and by order of the Lord Chamberlain, in the royal palaces. The Annual Report of the Society contains, moreover, numerous testimonies to the effectual operation of the machine from various parts of the kingdom. It now seems to rest with the public, therefore, to complete the good work which has been so charitably and judiciously commenced. All that is required for this purpose is, that individual householders should insist on the use of the machine in the cleansing of their own chimneys, whatever objections servants or master-sweeps may raise against it. The latter are generally hostile to the improvement, because the employment of the machine demands a little more personal trouble, or a trifling additional expenditure on their parts; the management of it requires either the attendance of the master himself, or at least, of older and stronger boys than those who now generally perform the office; hence the charge of wages falls somewhat heavier. The present prices, however, are a fair remuneration for the labour of cleansing chimneys by machinery; and for the purpose of ensuring to individuals the opportunity of enforcing attention to their benevolent wishes in this respect, and of providing a remedy for cases in which masters are refractory, persons, provided by the Society with the necessary machines, are established in two distinct quarters of the town.* They cleanse chimneys by mechanical means only at the prices usually charged in the trade, and with superior cleanliness and effect.

The Society, however, while they appeal to the humanity of the public, urging them to concur in

* These establishments are at 13, Newton Street, High Holborn, Mr. Robert Day, and 2, Moor Lane, Fete Street, Cripplegate, Mr. Joseph Glass, the inventor of the machine.

putting an end to a practise so barbarous, do not propose to depend entirely on the effect of voluntary co-operation. 'Impressed,' they say, 'with the full conviction that, owing to the poverty, ignorance, indolence, and hardened habits, of most of the master chimney-sweepers, the indifference of many householders, and the prejudices of servants, the evil will never be wholly remedied, but by the aid of parliament, they have prepared a bill for the better regulation of chimney-sweepers, and their apprentices, the principal provisions of which are to prohibit climbing for the purpose of extinguishing fires in chimneys by any person under 21 years of age, after twelve months from the passing of the act; and to fix the lowest age at which it shall be lawful to bind a child apprentice to a chimney-sweep at fourteen years. The bill will be submitted to Parliament next session: the application was intended to have been made during that which has just closed, but was postponed in consequence of the devotion of so much of the time of the two Houses to the Catholic question. A revision of the Building Act, with the introduction of clauses providing for the future construction of flues in such a manner as to admit of their being readily swept by machinery, is also in contemplation.

The most cordial wishes for success, of every heart alive to the especial claims for protection of orphanage, infancy, and helplessness, not dead in short to the commonest feelings of humanity, must attend the labours of this truly Christian society.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

THE system of elementary education was not introduced into France until after the general peace, when a few friends to the country, aware of the advantages to be derived from its adoption, occupied themselves in endeavouring to establish it. A society for the purpose was formed, in 1815, and at the beginning met with all the encouragement from the public which could have been expected. The favour, however, in which it was held, did not proceed increasing in a degree adequate to the merit of the system; and, during the greater part of the time which has elapsed since the foundation of the institution, the support afforded it has remained stationary, or even declined, as will be perceived from the following statement recently published by order of the society, whose excellent objects, however, it is satisfactory to perceive, seem at length to be more justly appreciated, as within the last two years it has received a vast increase in its number of subscribers and funds:

Years.	Subscribers.	Subscribers lost.	Receipts.
1815 hf.-year	317	—	2,940fr.
1816	641	70	36,385 75c.
1817	686	165	—
1818	674	64	18,079 75
1819	402	309	20,800
1820	482	—	20,154 00
1821	456	50	16,572 62
1822	427	55	16,435 85
1823	406	42	27,427
1824	383	23	46,800 22
1825	423	—	—
1826	394	47	18,157 30
1827	600	—	21,036 75
1828	1408	—	43,974 70

The falling off in 1819 is attributed to causes connected with politics, and to the retirement from the administration of public affairs of General Desolles, a great promoter of the objects of the society, and who afterwards became its president. He died in the course of that year. The funds, it will be remarked, have not diminished in proportion to the defalcation of subscribers; owing to the zeal of a certain number of the members who have remained constantly faithful to the cause. In 1823, the funds of the society received an augmentation of 10,000 crowns, by the donation of a single individual. The juries at the assizes, convinced of the advantages derived to the country from the

* From the Report of the Secretary to the society

society, are in the habit of making a subscription in its aid. The Bank of France gives annually 2000fr., and the minister of the interior 1000. The year 1829 promises, with certainty, a still further and considerable increase of subscribers and funds. Twenty-eight societies, of a similar description, in different parts of France, correspond with that of Paris. Among other places, Lyons has a society established, with subscriptions to the amount of 150,000frs., to be paid within five years. This association offers to the masters desirous of establishing primary schools, to allow them the necessary funds for setting up schools for mutual instruction, on condition of their receiving five pupils gratuitously for every 100frs. advanced. This measure is represented to have been attended with beneficial consequences. At Marseilles, an old society for the promotion of Christian morality, has been converted into an education society. At Nancy, a Jewish school on the same plan is in existence, and corresponds with the society at Paris. At Rouen, the ancient school is continued, and a new one has been opened: a school for the instruction of adults has also been instituted. The three schools at Paris, under the direction, and maintained at the expense of the society, continue flourishing. That to which the appellation of Gauthier has been given after the Abbé of that name, who has so powerfully contributed to the progress of this system of education, is frequented by 237 children. Of the two schools for girls, that at the Halle aux Draps counts 410 children; that of the Clos de St. Jean de Lateran, 277. To the former of these, the name of Larocheffoucauld-Liancourt, so dear to France, is attached: to the other, that of Basset, after an estimable member of the society, lately deceased. The schools of Paris, including the three just mentioned, amount to thirty. According to the last year's statement, twenty-five of these furnished education to a total of 3,700 children. On the 1st of May, the whole number of pupils, children, and adults, in the thirty schools, was 4,177: of these, the adults amounted to 491, admitted to eight evening schools. By the exertions of the Comte de Chabrol towards the formation of new schools, or the enlargement of old ones, an increase is about to take place of 2,200 pupils. The Normal elementary school, founded by the Prefect of the Seine, is attended by 95 tutors, youths designed for master-ships, of the age of sixteen and seventeen years. An establishment, under the title *Maison Complète*, was opened in 1828, in the 12th Arrondissement, by M. Cochon. It consists of a hall for infants, and schools for boys, for girls, and for adults of the respective sexes. A Monthly Bulletin has been substituted for the *Journal d'Education*, formerly published by the society. The society expresses its acknowledgments to the British and Foreign Bible Society, for placing at its disposal, New Testaments for the purpose of being read in the schools.

VARIETIES.

MOGUL IDOL.—In the Museum of Natural History and Antiquities of Moscow, is a statue of the Mogul Idol Yamântaga, held by the Moguls of the religion of Lama or Bouddha to be the god of destruction. This image was formerly a part of the rich cabinet of antiquities presented to the University of Moscow by the late M. Demidoff. The greater part of the contents of that cabinet fell prey to the flames in 1812. The statue consists of the figure of a man with sixteen feet and thirty-four hands. It has the head of an ox, surrounded by six other heads, somewhat of human form, but differing with each other in grotesqueness of character. Above these seven heads is placed an eighth, equally monstrous, which, in its turn, is surmounted by a ninth, but this is of great beauty. All these heads are surrounded by the representations of flames, and the necks have collars composed of figures of human skulls. The statue embraces a woman, and holds in its hand the symbols of destruction and regeneration; the feet rest on similar symbols. The statue is about

five inches in height, and is of excellent workmanship. Two professors of Moscow, M. Fischer and M. Schmidt have published a work descriptive of this idol, with plates representing a front view and a profile of the figure. In this work it is maintained that Yamântaga is composed of two Sanscrit words, *yama*, (hell, gulph, abyss,) a word which also exists in the Russian language, and signifies a ditch, a hole; and *antaka* (destruction): that the Idol comes from India, and is no other than the Siva of the Indians. The religion of the Bouddhists is not considered by the authors as a schism in the worship of Brama, but on the contrary, they hold that the former was of separate and earlier origin than the latter. It is contended that modern Bouddhism differs from the ancient, which has been modified by other religions. We shall probably obtain no certain knowledge of Bouddhism until the long-expected appearance of the history promised by M. Abel Remusat.

INSECTS IN AMBER AND COPAL.—In the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm, for 1825, is a Treatise on the Insects in Copal, with descriptions of several new genera and species found in that substance. The contents of these articles are represented as calculated to throw light on the phenomenon of the existence of insects in amber, since those which are observed in copal, are in some cases more abundant, in others, more clearly to be seen than in amber. The following conclusions are drawn from the observations on the two substances. In copal, insects of all kinds are to be found: the butterfly is most rare, wood insects are the most abundant: a striking analogy exists between the insects found in copal and amber; in both, several genera and species, not otherwise known, are observable; from them both important conclusions may be drawn as to the geography of insects: kinds, for instance, which have hitherto been considered European exclusively, are found beyond the borders of our quarter of the Globe: in the warmer climates, not only are larger insects produced, but a greater number of smaller ones, which have been overlooked by collectors: lastly, in these substances proofs are found that the parasite insects of the Southern regions differ less from those of the same kind in the Northern countries, than the insects of these respective regions in general. The article describes four new genera of insects with their species discovered in copal, viz. *Palmon bellator clavellatus et capitellatus*; *Pronopus acanthomerus*, *Articerus armatus*, and *Chalimura longipes*, besides several new species belonging to genera already known.

LORENZO DA PONTE.—The writer of the poetry to the Don Juan and other operas of Mozart, Lorenzo da Ponte, a native of Cesena, which was also the birthplace of Pius VII., is still living at New York, where, after having experienced many and great vicissitudes of fortune, he enjoys, in his eightieth year or thereabouts, comfortable and easy circumstances. He carries on the business of a bookseller, and has lately published his memoirs, in four volumes. Among other interesting matter, it contains a curious account of Casanova.

HYDROPHOBIA FROM BATHING FEET IN COLD WATER.—Dr. Barth, a German physician, in his work lately published, entitled 'Medical Observations,' mentions the extraordinary case of a man, forty years of age, who was attacked with all the symptoms of hydrophobia, from checking the perspiration of the feet. The patient was habitually subject to this inconvenience, in an extraordinary degree; and, on one occasion, after bathing the feet in cold water, he was attacked with tetanic spasms, and contraction of the throat. An infusion of elder flowers, which he attempted to swallow, was rejected with violence: at the same time, the outside of the throat swelled excessively, and a suffocating rattling took place. This effect was renewed whenever a liquid was approached to the mouth. Mustard poultices applied to the chest and calves of the legs, an anodyne lavement, and a bath of hot water, heightened by salt and cinders, provoked a profuse general perspiration, and the patient recovered.

OXFORD PRIZES.

THE Oxford University prizes for the last year have been awarded as follows:—

Latin Essay.—'Quibus potissimum rationibus gentes a Romanis debellatae ita afficerentur ut cum victoribus in unius imperii corpus coalescerent?'—To Mr. Sewell, Fellow of Exeter.

English Essay.—'The power and stability of Federative Governments.'—To Mr. Dennison, Fellow of Oriel.

Latin Verse.—'M. T. Cicero cum familiaribus suis apud Tusculum.'—Mr. Wilmot, Scholar of Balliol.

English Verse.—'Voyages of Discovery to the Polar Regions.'—Mr. Cloughton, Scholar of Trinity.

BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The New Forest, by the Author of 'Brambletye House,' 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Loves of the Poets, by the Authoress of 'The Diary of an Ennuyée,' 2 vols. post 8vo., with Frontispiece, 21s.
Old Court, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Sir Philip de Gasteney, a Minor, by Sir Roger Gresley, post 8vo., 8s. 6d.
The third and concluding volume of Memoirs of Josephine, post 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Blue Stocking Hall, a Novel, 2nd edit., 3 vols. post 8vo., 27s.
Dr. Grauville's Travels to St. Petersburg, 2nd edition, improved, 2 vols. 8vo., 2l. 2s.
The German Pulpit, being a Selection of Sermons, by the Rev. R. Baker, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
The Hon. and Rev. A. P. Percival's Christian Peace Offering, 12mo., 4s.
Scott's Church History, vol. 2, part 2, 6s.
The Commandment with Promise, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
The Guilty Tongue, 4th edition, 2s. 6d.
Pionee's Young Ladies' Library, 18mo., 7s. 6d.
Edinburgh Gazetteer, abridged, 2nd edition, 8vo., 18s.
Pratt's Friendly Society, Act 10th Geo. IV. cap. 6d, 3s.
Trotter on Sea Weeds, post 8vo., 6s. 6d.
The Rev. H. I. Rose's State of Protestantism in Germany, 2nd edition, with an Appendix, 8vo., 14s.
Blunt's Jacob, 3rd edition, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Miriam, 2nd edition, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
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The Divisions of Euler; or, Mental Calculation, part 1, by B. Bower, 2s. 6d.
Murray's Life of John Wycliffe, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Diary of Occurrences on a Journey through a part of Belgium, Holland, and up the Rhine to Mayence, and thence to Paris, in August and September 1828, 8vo.
Glimmerings of Light from the Word of God, by Thos. Geyder, 8vo.
An Account of Persons remarkable for their Health and Longevity, exhibiting their Habits, Practices, &c.; with Authentic Cases, Maxims of Health, &c., by a Physician, 8s. 6d.
The Theory and Practice of Brewing from Malted and Unmalted Corn, and from Potatoes, by John Ham, with Plates, 4s.
The Avalanche; or, The Old Man of the Alps, a Tale.
Roberts's Catechism of Elocution.
Lambert's Observations on the Rural Affairs of Ireland, 12mo., 6s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

	July.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
		A.M. P.M.	at Noon			
Temperature registered at 3 A.M. and 5 P.M.	Mon. 29	56 57	29. 37	N. to W.	Rain.	Cirrostratus Cum.-Cirr.
	Tues. 30	55 62	29. 41	S.W.	Showers.	Cum.-Cirr.
	Wed. 31	59 60	29. 35	S.	Rain.	Cirrostratus Cum.-Cirr.
	Thur. 28	56 56	29. 23	SW to W	Fair, Cl.	Cumulus.
	Frid. 30	57 53	29. 30	S. high.	Showers.	Ditto.
	Sat. 4	46 53	29. 20	SW to W	Rain.	Cum.-Cirr.
	Sun. 5	53 56	29. 26	S.W.	Ditto.	Cum.-Nim.

Nights and mornings rainy.

Mean temperature of the week, 63°.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.25.

Highest temperature at noon, 69°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun in Perigee on Thursday.
Mercury in Perihelion on Friday.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 26° 23' in Cancer.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 6° 34' in Sagitt.
Sun's ditto ditto 15° 6' in Cancer.
Length of day on Sunday, 16 h. 24 m. Decreased 10 m.
No real night.
Sun's hourly motion on Sunday, 2' 23" Logarithmic num. of distance, .007249.

On Saturday next will be published, illustrated by Eleven Engravings on Steel and Wood, small 8vo. 5s.

NO. IV. OF THE FAMILY LIBRARY, being Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. Vol. I. (to be completed in 3 vols.)

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When this work appeared and was thus spoken of, it was very easy to answer that the author was not exhibiting himself, but a creation of his brain. We need not inquire whether the book bore out this assertion, for the writer has since supplied us with other means of judging him. In the 'Disowned' the prominent personages are described as very different from that egregious pretender, Pelham. But we are sorry to know that the same character of ignorant dogmatism and school-boy conceit displays itself in every page; and the character of Mordaunt is merely an attempt to force on the acceptance of the world, in black velvet and gold lettering, that 'Westminster Review,' which, in its plain drab cover, had disgusted the instincts of mankind.

Last comes 'Devereux,' heralded and hailed as the master-piece of modern literature. We will tell our reader the story of the book. It is the supposed

auto-biography of a certain Count Devereux, who is stated to have bequeathed the MS. to future generations, (like Lord Bacon bequeathing his eternal legacy,) on condition that it should not be opened for a century. Count Devereux is grandson of Sir Arthur Devereux, a country gentleman of immense fortune, who leaves two sons. The elder, after spending some time about the court of Charles II., returns to his estates in the country. The younger enters the French service, becomes a distinguished soldier, and when he dies is a marshal of France, and father of three sons. These (with their mother) seek the protection of their childless uncle, and Sir William receives them into his house. Count Devereux, the auto-biographer, is the eldest of the three. He is noted even in boyhood for sarcastic wit, and (of course in a book by the author of 'Pelham') for extreme idleness combined with the most extraordinary talents and powers of application. His second brother, Gerald, is a clever and handsome lad; and the third, Aubrey, a gentle and delicate boy. The three go to the same school, and hate each other not only heartily but with the utmost malignity. A Jesuit, Montreuil, the father confessor of the family, and cut out by the long-established pattern of a Jesuit, attempts to gain all the influence he can over the young count, who, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, and knowing nothing whatever of the world, is a perfect match for the accomplished schemer. When the boys leave school, Morton (the count) falls in love with the daughter of a poor Spanish refugee (Isora); but, though she confesses that she loves him, she refuses to give him her hand, and he discovers that a person, whom he believes to be his brother Gerald, is his rival; the father and daughter disappear, and Morton goes to London, in company with a woman of fashion, a Lady Hasselton, whose gallant he becomes. In London, he of course makes himself an extravagant fine gentleman and coxcomb; he then discovers the retreat of Isora, the Spanish lady, and on her father's death secretly marries her. Sir William Devereux dies; and when the will is opened, Morton, the eldest brother and the favourite of the old knight, is only to receive £20,000, while the estates are bequeathed to Gerald. He returns to London, and a packet is given him, which he is assured will prove the will to be a forgery; but he is desired not to open it for a week; and, in the interval, two men break into his room, seize the papers, and murder Isora, while she interposes to save him from their blows.

In the mean time he has become a friend of Lord Bolingbroke's, and on that minister's disgrace and flight he accompanies him to France. Here he sees Louis Quatorze, and becomes a friend of the Regent, Orleans; he quarrels with Dubois, and, being sent out of France, takes service with the Czar Peter. At his death, Count Devereux, now a rich and celebrated man, quits Russia, and goes to Italy to study the question of the Immortality of the Soul. He satisfies his mind on the subject, but unhappily does not think fit to furnish us with any of the arguments which set him at rest. Having achieved this, he falls in with a hermit, in whom he discovers his brother Aubrey. The death of this youth had been announced several years before. But Count Devereux now learns, from a written confession, that this had been part of a plan of the Jesuit Montreuil. Aubrey had, it seems, with the sweetest and most seraphic expression, (which had deceived every one into believing him a saintly personage,) the blackest possible heart. It was he who had made love to

Isora, and been rejected by her; and he had been accessory to Montreuil's plan of forging a will which should transfer the estate from Morton to Gerald. It was he who had murdered Isora, and he had afterwards gone mad, and become a black penitent. He dies; and Morton returns to England, and kills the Jesuit. Gerald is dispatched in a fray; and the count rebuilds the old mansion-house, which had been burnt down, and writes his memoirs.

This story, probably, does not fill one-half of the three volumes; but, in the course of the count's wanderings, he happens to fall in with nearly all the remarkable men of that period, and more especially becomes intimate with Lord Bolingbroke, who is described at length; only the count does not seem to have known that he held any remarkable opinions. It is curious, that the descriptions of Devereux's eminent contemporaries are by far the cleverest things in the book, and yet have not the slightest business to appear in it; for a novel told in the first person should undoubtedly contain nothing which does not bear in some way on the character and fortunes of the hero: and that character and those fortunes would be altogether as intelligible and interesting as they now are, if Lord Bolingbroke, and all the wits of the time, were swept from the volumes. Devereux himself constantly tells us, that he was a man of peculiarly deep and earnest character; but the whole style of his memoirs is like that of 'Pelham,' and 'The Disowned,' one of indescribable impertinence and frivolity, full of agonies, ecstasies, and conceits; far-fetched poverty of expression, and ostentatious theories, which, while they are intended to be paradoxes, have truisms for their premises, and for their conclusions blunders. There are about five hundred phrases or sentences in the work which this proud, severe soldier, so remarkable for his afflicted and solitary spirit, points out to the wonder of the circulating libraries as either peculiarly witty or sublime, by having them printed in Italics; nor would we insinuate that he was wrong in so doing, for it saves a reader a great deal of trouble to be told, on the best authority, where there is a fine thing, and what he is expected to admire.

The portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, about which there is much cackling in the notes to this work, and in some periodical publications, is evidently very satisfactory to the writer. And we should, indeed, have expected that such a man as St. John, of all eminent Englishmen the least English, and more a pretender to talents and accomplishments which he had not, than ever was any one who really had so much to be proud of,—we should have expected that he would be the ideal and model for such a mind as that which produced 'Pelham' and 'Devereux.' But we are also persuaded, that what this author admires in Bolingbroke is not his real merit, but the false glare of his trickeries and assumptions. It is certainly a fine thing and a great triumph for any man's vanity to be allowed to treat the opinions of the world, and the monuments of history, and truth itself with an aristocratic and insolent superiority. This, by the aid of rank and talent, Bolingbroke did, and was admired, and is now (thank Heaven!) nearly forgotten. But it will not do for a mere literary handicraftsman to clothe himself in the tattered and moth-eaten ermine of the peer, and mimic his lordly bearing.

For our parts, we profess to be but little skilled in nice matters of criticism. We own that, but for the statement of the editor, we should have supposed the work before us to be the composition, not of Count Devereux writing a century ago, but of some book-

compounder of our own day. Its folly and conceit might have belonged, indeed, to any century since the flood; but its mock passion and 'intense' exaggeration could scarcely have been displayed by an Englishman in any age before our own. It could never be necessary in any time before our own to point out that a dwarf in convulsions is not a giant.

We must add, that there is a good deal of smart talent in some of the scenes of society described in these pages; and probably we may give in our next number a clever conversation at a supper of the French wits.

THE LIFE OF LOCKE.

The Life of John Locke, with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common-Place Books. By Lord King. 1 vol. 4to. pp. 404. Colburn. London, 1829.

(Second Notice; see p. 420.)

IN our previous notice of this work, we made a few general remarks on the character of Locke's mind and the value of his writings, and subjoined one of his letters, which appeared to us remarkable for spirit and cultivated talent. We now proceed to give an account of the contents of Lord King's volume. The first division of it contains little except a few letters of Locke, one of which we have extracted, and there are two others, written about the same time and from the same place, and no less remarkable for lively ability. A short one to his father is chiefly noticeable as being even more than ordinarily affectionate. Then follow large extracts from Locke's journals, beginning in the year 1675 (he was born in 1632.) They are a curious medley of notices recorded during his journeys and residence in France, and relating to almost every conceivable subject: books, works of art, dress, machinery, eating, religion, the pretty face of a damsel at an inn, parasols, tapestry, mathematics, soldiers, markets, monks, and natural philosophy. Mingled with these are long trains of speculations; and the whole presents an admirable picture of a quiet, observant, acute, and instructed mind. We will extract a passage, all the spirit of which is curiously inconsistent with doctrines deduced from his great work by later reasoners:

'JUNE 24th.—There are two sorts of knowledge in the world, general and particular, founded upon two different principles; *i. e.* true ideas, and matter of fact, or history. All general knowledge is founded only upon true ideas; and so far as we have these, we are capable of demonstration or certain knowledge: for he that has the true idea of a triangle or circle, is capable of knowing any demonstration concerning these figures; but if he have not the true idea of a scalenon, he cannot know any thing concerning a scalenon, though he may have some confused or imperfect opinion concerning a scalenon, upon a confused or imperfect idea of it; or when he believes what others say concerning a scalenon, he may have some uncertain opinion concerning its properties; but this is a belief, and not knowledge. Upon the same reason, he that has a true idea of God, of himself, as his creature, or the relation he stands in to God and his fellow-creatures, and of justice, goodness, law, happiness, &c. &c., is capable of knowing moral things, or have a demonstrative certainty in them. But though, I say, a man that hath such ideas, is capable of certain knowledge in them, yet I do not say that presently he hath thereby that certain knowledge, no more than that he hath a true idea of a triangle and a right angle, doth presently thereby know that three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones. He may believe others that tell him so, but know it not till he himself hath employed his thoughts on and seen the connection and agreement of their ideas, and so made to himself the demonstration; *i. e.* upon examination seen it to be so. The first great step, therefore, to knowledge, is to get the mind furnished with true ideas, which the mind being capable of knowing of moral things as well as figures, I cannot but think morality, as well as mathematics, capable of demonstration, if men would employ their understandings to think more about it, and not give themselves up to the lazy, traditional way of talking one after another. By the knowledge of natural

bodies, and their operation reaching little farther than bare matter of fact, without having perfect ideas of the ways and manners they are produced, nor the concurrent causes they depend on; and also the well management of public or private affairs depending upon the various and unknown humours, interests, and capacity of men we have to do with in the world, and not upon any settled ideas of things. Physique, polity, and prudence, are not capable of demonstration, but a man is principally helped in them by the history of matter-of-fact, and a sagacity of enquiring into probable causes, and finding out an analogy in their operations and effects. Knowledge then depends upon right and true ideas; opinion upon history and matter-of-fact; and hence it comes to pass, that our knowledge of general things are *eternæ veritates*, and depend not upon the existence or accidents of things, for the truths of mathematics and morality are certain, whether men make true mathematical figures, or suit their actions to the rules of morality or no. For that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones, is infallibly true, whether there be any such figure as a triangle existing in the world or no. And it is true, that it is every man's duty to be just, whether there be any such thing as a just man in the world or no. But whether this course in public or private affairs will succeed well,—whether rhubarb will purge, or quinquina cure an ague, is only known by experience; and there is but probability grounded upon experience or analogical reasoning, but no certain knowledge or demonstration.

'By having true and perfect ideas, we come to be in a capacity of having perfect knowledge, which consists in two parts: 1st. The knowing the properties of the thing itself; thus he that hath the true idea of a triangle, may know, if he will examine and follow the conduct of his reason, that its three angles are equal to two right ones, and the like. 2nd. The knowing how it stands related to any other figure, of which he has a perfect idea; viz. that of a triangle. But without the having these ideas true and perfect, he is not capable of knowing any of these properties in the thing itself, or relative to any other, though he may be able to say, after others when he has affirmed it, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones, and believe them to signify truth; though he himself knows not what these words signify, if he have no true ideas of a triangle or right angles, or knows them not to be true, if he have not made out to himself that demonstration which is by comparing the ideas and their parts together.

'The best Algebra yet extant is Outred's, though to all Algebra there needs but two theorems of Euclid, and five rules of Descartes, but those who are not masters of it make use of more.

'"*Les esprits populaires s'offence de tout ce qui repugne à leurs préjugés*;" one ought to take care, therefore, in all discourses, whether narrative or matter-of-fact, instructive to teach any doctrine, or persuasive, to take care of shocking the received opinion of those one has to deal with, whether true or false.'—Pp. 120—122.

Between his French diary and the documents relating to his loss of the studentship, the noble editor inserts a very curious paper, containing Locke's directions to a foreigner for seeing the wonders of England. We confess they strike us as scarcely worthy of the eminent person from whom they proceeded; and it would be wiser to imitate his own practice in travelling on the Continent than to follow his precepts. The document, however, is so singular for the light it throws on many petty details of that period, and is so well adapted to interest our readers, that we give it as we find it in the book:

'ENGLAND.—1679.

'The sports of England, which, perhaps, a curious stranger would be glad to see, are horse-racing, hawking, and hunting. Bowling.—At Marebone and Putney he may see several persons of quality bowling two or three times a week all the summer; wrestling, in Lincoln's Inne Field every evening all the summer; bear and bull-baiting, and sometime prizes, at the Bear-Garden; shooting in the long-bow and stob-ball, in Tothill Fields; cudgel-playing, in several places in the country; and hurling, in Cornwall.

'LONDON:—See the East India House, and their magazines; the Custom-House; the Thames, by water, from

London Bridge to Deptford; and the King's Yard at Deptford; the sawing windmill; Tradescant's garden and closet; Sir James Morland's closet and water-works; the iron mills at Wandsworth, four miles above London, upon the Thames; or rather those in Sussex; Paradise by Hatton Garden; the glass-house at the Savoy, and at Vauxhall. Eat fish in Fish-street, especially lobsters, Colchester oysters, and a fresh cod's-head. The veal and beef are excellent good in London; the mutton better in several counties in England. A venison pasty and a chine of beef are good every where; and so are crammed capons and fat chickens. Railles and heath-polts, ruffs, and reeves, are excellent meat wherever they can be met with. Puddings of several sorts, and creams of several fashions, both excellent, but they are seldom to be found, at least in their perfection, at common eating-houses. Mango and saio are two sorts of sauces brought from the East Indies. Bermuda oranges and potatoes, both exceeding good in their kind. Cheddar and Cheshire cheese.

'Men excellent in their Arts.

'Mr. Cox, in Long Acre, for all sorts of dioptical glasses.

'Mr. Opheel, near the Savoy, for all sorts of machines.

'Mr. —, for a new invention he has, and teaches to copy all sorts of pictures, plans, or to take prospects of places.

'The King's gunsmith, at the Yard by Whitehall.

'Mr. Not, in the Pall-Mall, for binding of books.

'The Fire-eater.

'At an ironmonger's near the May-pole, in the Strand, is to be found a great variety of iron instruments, and utensils of all kinds.

'At Bristol see the Hot-well; St. George's Cave, where the Bristol diamonds are found; Ratcliffe Church; and at Kingwood the coal-pits. Taste there Milford oysters, marrow-puddings, cock-ale, metheglin, white and red muggets, elvers, sherry, sack, (which, with sugar, is called Bristol milk;) and some other wines, which, perhaps, you will not drink so good at London.

'At Gloucester observe the whispering place in the cathedral.

'At Oxford see all the colleges, and their libraries; the schools, and public library; and the physic-garden. Buy there knives and gloves, especially white kid-skin; and the cuts of all the colleges graved by Loggins.

'If you go into the north, see the Peak in Derbyshire, described by Hobbs, in a Latin poem, called "*Mirabilia Pecci*."

'Home-made drinks of England are beer and ale, strong and small; those of most note, that are to be sold, are Lambeth ale, Margaret ale, and Derby ale; Herefordshire cider, perry, meade. There are also several sorts of compounded ales, as cock-ale, wormwood-ale, lemon-ale, scurvygrass-ale, college-ale, &c. These are to be had at Hercules Pillars, near the Temple; at the Trumpet, and other houses in Sheer Lane, Bell Alley; and, as I remember, at the English Tavern, near Charing Cross.

'Foreign drinks to be found in England are all sorts of Spanish, Greek, Italian, Rhenish, and other wines, which are to be got up and down at several taverns. Coffé, thé, and chocolate, at coffee-houses. Mum at the mum houses, and other places; and Molly, a drink of Barbadoes, by chance at some Barbadoes merchants. Punch, a compounded drink, on board some West India ships; and Turkish sherbet amongst the merchants.

'Manufactures of cloth, that will keep out rain; flanel, knives, locks, and keys; scabbards for swords; several things wrought in steel, as little boxes, heads for canes, boots, riding-whips, Rippon spurs, saddles, &c.

'At Nottingham dwells a man who makes fans, hand-bands, necklaces, and other things of glass, drawn out into very small threads.'—Pp. 123—126.

After the narrative of Locke's deprivation, we find some extracts from the journal kept by him in Holland. To these succeed a few letters, and then an account of some of his works, chiefly extracted from Dugald Stewart. We next find two long letters from Lord Ashley, afterwards the excellent and philosophic Shaftesbury; and these we are inclined to hold as among the most valuable in the book; but, unhappily, it would be almost useless to submit them to the general reader without a more extended commentary than we have space to give. The statement

made by Lord King as to the controversy between Locke and Stillingfleet, is quite inadequate, both as to extent and comprehensiveness: a just account of the grounds assumed by the two antagonists, and the deduction of the controversy to our own day, (for so long has it been maintained by successive opponents,) would be one of the most valuable books that could be written. After some miscellaneous matter, several letters of Newton are published; they chiefly relate to his theological views; but from one of them it appears that Locke believed in the possibility of multiplying metals, which Newton, as might be expected, discredits, though by no means so decidedly as any educated person would at present. The letters from Lord Somers are not very remarkable; but several from Lord Peterborough are full of talent, and we should like, if we had sufficient room, to amuse our readers by one or two of them. There is a good prospect, however, that the whole life and character of this extraordinary man will soon be given to the world by the fittest of all living biographers. A letter from Locke himself to a Mr. Cudworth is curious, as it contains many inquiries as to the state of India, and shows that amid declining years and broken health he was eager as ever for knowledge, even on subjects apparently the most remote. A considerable number of letters to his relative, Mr. King, (afterwards Lord Chancellor,) are published in the volume, and are admirable for the good sense, knowledge of the world, and kindness, which display themselves in every line.

Of the extracts from his common-place book and miscellaneous papers, we shall say nothing but that they perfectly sustain his character for acute and honest speculation, though they add but little to our knowledge of the man, or of his opinions. No advantageous examination of them could be made without a wide and difficult comparison of all his published writings, such as would be totally unfit for the extent and nature of this journal. We will conclude with the quotation of one of his letters, which gives us his judgment as to the only one of his English contemporaries, (make what abatement from his fame you will,) who was of larger and more vigorous mind than himself:

'DEAR COUSIN,

Oates, April 30, 1703.

'I am puzzled in a little affair, and must beg your assistance for the clearing of it. Mr. Newton, in Autumn last, made me a visit here; I showed him my Essay upon the Corinthians, with which he seemed very well pleased, but had not time to look it all over, but promised me if I would send it him, he would carefully peruse it, and send me his observations and opinion. I sent it him before Christmas, but hearing nothing from him, I, about a month or six weeks since, writ to him, as the enclosed tells you, with the remaining part of the story. When you have read it, and sealed it, I desire you to deliver it at your convenience. He lives in German St.: you must not go on a Wednesday, for that is his day for being at the Tower. The reason why I desire you to deliver it to him yourself is, that I would fain discover the reason of his so long silence. I have several reasons to think him truly my friend, but he is a nice man to deal with, and a little too apt to raise in himself suspicions where there is no ground; therefore, when you talk to him of my papers, and of his opinion of them, pray do it with all the tenderness in the world, and discover, if you can, why he kept them so long, and was so silent. But this you must do without asking why he did so, or discovering in the least that you are desirous to know. You will do well to acquaint him, that you intend to see me at Whitsuntide, and shall be glad to bring a letter to me from him, or any thing else he will please to send; this perhaps may quicken him, and make him despatch these papers if he has not done it already. It may a little let you into the freer discourse with him, if you let him know that when you have been here with me, you have seen me busy on them (and the Romans too, if he mentions them, for I told him I was upon them when he was here) and have had a sight of some part of what I was doing.

'Mr. Newton is really a very valuable man, not only for his wonderful skill in mathematics, but in divinity too, and his great knowledge in the Scriptures, wherein I know few his equals. And therefore pray manage the

whole matter so as not only to preserve me in his good opinion, but to increase me in it, and be sure to press him to nothing, but what he is forward in himself to do. In your last, you seemed desirous of my coming to town; I have many reasons to desire to be there, but I doubt whether ever I shall see it again. Take not this for a splenetic thought: I thank God I have no melancholy on that account, but I cannot but feel what I feel; my shortness of breath is so far from being relieved by the renewing season of the year as it used to be, that it sensibly increases upon me. 'Twas not therefore in a fit of despondency, or to prevail with you to let me see you, that in my former I mentioned the shortness of the time I thought I had in this world. I spoke it then, and repeat it now upon sober and sedate consideration. I have several things to talk to you of, and some of present concernment to yourself, and I know not whether this may not be my last time of seeing you. I shall not die the sooner for having cast up reckoning, and judging as impartially of my state as I can. I hope I shall not live one jot the less cheerfully the time that I am here, nor neglect any of the offices of life whilst I have it; for whether it be a month, or a year, or seven years longer, the longest any one out of kindness or compliment can propose to me, is so near nothing when considered, and in respect of eternity, that if the sight of death can put an end to the comforts of life, it is always near enough, especially to one of my age, to have no satisfaction in living.

'I am your affectionate cousin,

'And humble servant, J. L.'

TRAVELS TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Travels to and from Constantinople in the years 1827 and 1828, or Personal Narrative of a Journey from Vienna through Hungary, &c. to Constantinople, and from that City to the Capital of Austria, by the Dardanelles, &c. by Captain Charles Colville Frankland, R. N. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn, London.

SOME half-dozen years since, we had the honour of being succeeded as inmates of a miserable hovel, graced with the pompous name of 'Lazzeretto of Syracuse,' by a frank and hearty Englishman, of whom we subsequently heard the following anecdote. About six years (more or less) previous to the period of which we were speaking, Mr. M—— felt a strong desire to become a settled man, and having wherewithal to make a life in town comfortable, he engaged a proper dwelling in a suitable quarter of the capital, and furnished it in a style of splendour becoming his affluence. The upholsterers out, friends were let in, and a merry house-warming took place. Among the guests was a gentleman who was about to depart the following evening for Paris. Mr. M——, who felt that a little change and relaxation after the worry and annoyances of repairing, painting, and furnishing, would be beneficial, volunteered to accompany his friend as far as Calais. It was but the jaunt of a few hours, and three or four days would witness his return. The silk inexpressibles and half-dozen shirts, accordingly soon found their place in the valise; and the twenty-fourth hour after the workmen had dragged their reluctant heels over the threshold of Mr. M——'s new domicile, saw the master himself on board the Calais steam-packet, at the Tower-stairs. Once on the other side of the channel, our jovial friend had too much of the social spirit to allow his companion to go alone from Calais. The new furniture would not spoil in a week, and now that foot had been set in the land of Monsieur, it would at any rate be as well to see Paris and the Palais Royal. To be brief, the Calais trip of our worthy countryman had not seen its termination when we fell in with him in the ancient Ortygia. That was in the year 1823: he was then on his return a second time from Alexandria. Six years more have now elapsed, nor have the damask chairs been yet uncovered. We have more than once had occasion to make inquiries for our friend; he was still wandering, nor had we long lost sight of him, when opening the new book of Captain Frankland, with an early copy of which we

have just been favoured in time for a notice, but not for a review, in this week's 'Athenæum,' we find him the same affable, cordial person as ever—locked in the familiar hug of a Capuchin friar, a recluse in the vicinity of Mount Lebanon, the acquaintance of a former visit to the convent of Solima;

For the sake of this fellow-traveller who had accompanied Captain Frankland thus far, we will give the latter whatever advantage may ensue from an early notice of his travels. We will deviate for once from the rule which we prescribe to ourselves, and furnish our readers with a sample of the contents of his journal before we have had the opportunity of giving the book a thorough perusal.

We alight on a somewhat diverting picture of petty vexations to which the eastern traveller is but too often subjected. Captain Frankland has spent a day at Baalbeck, and is desirous of proceeding on his journey to Damascus:

'I arose before the dawn, to urge the preparations for departure; but, to my no small astonishment, found that my muleteer had decamped, after having induced Giacomo to pay his wages up to last night. I now found the evil consequences of paying Arabs beforehand. He had however forgotten to take with him his mules and his mulet; these I therefore instantly seized upon, resolving *en dernier lieu*, to proceed on to Damascus without him. I despatched Giacomo in search of him, who returned with a message from him, saying that he had made a better bargain to go on to Zahle, a Christian town at the eastern foot of Mount Lebanon, from whence he could carry dried grapes, and figs, and corn, back to his native village, Buckfaya, and that he was afraid to go on to Damascus, dreading ill usage in that city. The fact was he wanted to force me to increase his wages, by leaving me, as he thought, destitute of the means of continuing my journey.

'I now sent for the Cogia Bashas, the only magistrates in the place, and told him how I was situated, and that by agreement made at Buckfaya, I had a right to take the mules on to Damascus, should I desire to do so; that all I required at his hands was justice, for which I hinted I was both willing and able to pay; and concluded by saying, that if he did not choose to force the muleteer to perform his contract, I should proceed on my journey without waiting for him; and in the event of my passage being opposed, that I was resolved to shoot both the mules, as the only means left in my hands of punishing the muleteer for his treachery.

'The Cogia Bashas said that I had reason on my side, and despatched some of his myrmidons to look for the delinquent, who was hidden somewhere in the town. We waited very patiently for him a long while; and as he did not make his appearance, the Cogia Bashas told me I was at liberty to depart without him, and that he would send some of his people with me to protect me, and bring the mules back from Damascus. I was upon the point of starting, when the muleteer arrived, accompanied by a great many others of his profession, Christians of Zahle, a very fierce and powerful tribe of Arabs; these men were all armed, and seemed resolved to screen the muleteer from punishment.

'The Cogia Bashas was overawed, but still said that he would do justice; and proceeded to open his court upon the flat roof of a house near which we were standing. The Metoalis grouped themselves on one side, and the Christians of Zahle on the other side of the Cogia Bashas. I sat down a little in front of them all, backed by the Greeks of the town, having Giacomo, as my dragoman, on my right hand, on his feet, and Ponto on my left.

'I now, through my interpreter, repeated all that I had before said to the Cogia Bashas, and insisted that the muleteer should be well bastinadoed for his breach of agreement, which punishment, I said, I would certainly inflict upon him with my own hands, should the Cogia Bashas suffer himself to be deterred from doing his duty, by the friends of the muleteer, who, I doubted not, were all as great rogues as himself.

'The Cogia asked the culprit what he had to say in his defence; and upon receiving no answer, gave a nod to some of his people, who moved forward to seize the muleteer. The Christians of Zahle interposed to save him, and the Metoalis retired; upon seeing this, I ran

into the centre of the group and seized him by the arm, calling upon Giacomo to assist me in dragging him away. The men of Zahle again interposed to save their fellow mule-driver, and I was compelled to relinquish my grasp.

"We all sat down again as tranquilly as if nothing had happened; and it appeared to me, that I should obtain no justice at the hands of the Cogia Basha, who was evidently afraid to execute the law. I endeavoured again to rouse his spirit, by an appeal to his avarice, and greatly vaunted to him the justice and magnanimity of the Turkish magistrates in general;—all was in vain, and I was proceeding to mount the mules, and to set off in spite of all obstacles, when a Metoali offered to supply me with horses at a cheaper rate than I was paying for the mules.

"This was too advantageous an offer to be refused, and I eagerly accepted it, as it seemed to be the only means of compromising the business with honour to myself. The mules were therefore unloaded, and the muleteer suffered to depart with a whole skin. He, however, had been heartily frightened, and perhaps abundantly punished by the anxiety he must have felt, while under the dread of the bastinado.

"All being now seemingly arranged, the crowd gathered around me, and began to examine my arms, and every article of my equipment; they were more particularly struck with my English pistols, but could not be induced to believe that they would carry far. To gratify their curiosity, I fired one at a black mark upon a wall at some distance, and was lucky enough to strike it. The pistols were rifles, of which description of arm the Turks have no notion. They seemed all very much surprised and delighted.

"One of the Greeks, a fine athletic fellow, armed up to the teeth, came forward and said, that the English were the only people in the world capable of making such weapons; and asked, when England would do something for the Greeks of Syria, as she was doing for those of the Morea.

"I was surprised at his boldness in asking such a question among so many Mussulmans, and did not at first make him any reply; but he, observing my caution, bade me not be afraid; he said that the Greek and Arab Christians in Baalbeck were more than a match for the Metoali, who were indeed themselves as anxious for a change in the order of things as the Christians. I then told him that it depended entirely upon themselves, and upon their own good and courageous conduct, when the sympathies of Englishmen should be attracted towards the cause of the suffering Christians of Syria; but that if they really desired an improvement in their political state, they should depend upon their own exertions, and their own virtues, to obtain it for them, and not upon the aid of foreign arms, which perhaps might eventually be turned against themselves.

"I now returned to my quarters at the Greek curate's, awaiting the arrival of the promised horses; but after waiting some time, and seeing nothing of them, I sent Giacomo to find out the Metoali who had engaged to furnish them immediately. After some delay the Metoali came, but said that the horses were out at grass, and could not be caught up until the morrow, unless I would raise the price which we had agreed upon. His drift was very clear, and he made quite sure of obliging me to pay nearly double the agreement, knowing that the muleteer had set off for Zahle, and that I was totally unprovided with the means of getting forward.

"I was, however, resolved not to submit to any thing like imposition, foreboding that should I once begin to show any symptoms of weakness, attempts of this sort would never end. I called the curate and several of the Greeks, to witness that I was willing to fulfil the agreement which had been made in sight of them all; but that I would not yield to such dishonest attempts upon my purse; that I would rather remain at Baalbeck until the arrival of the first caravan, than allow myself to be imposed upon. That I had frequently heard of the bad character of the inhabitants of Baalbeck, and that however unwilling I might have been to place faith in such general reports, I was now too fully convinced of their being as bad as they were represented to be, and that their conduct to an unprotected stranger was unworthy of any but a set of robbers and ruffians. I then called for

water, and washed the dust of Baalbeck off my hands and feet, in sight of the multitude, showing them the abhorrence and contempt with which I viewed their proceedings towards me.

"The curate now began to take my part, observing that I had spoken "true words," and that the Greeks felt as I did, and would see me righted. Upon this, an immense fracas between the armed ruffians took place in the court-yard; the Greeks all insisting upon my side, and the Metoali against me. Had I not known the nature of Oriental squabbles, I should have anticipated bloodshed; the flashing eyes, wagging beards, uplifted hands, and drawn handjars, all giving apparent indication of such a denouement. After a great deal of shouting, stamping, foaming, and spitting, the mob grew quieter, and all subsided into a calm; each individual sitting down upon the ground as if nothing had occurred. I was reclining meanwhile upon my carpet, watching the event, my man Giacomo looking very pale and uneasy at the storm which had so suddenly gathered around us. The Greek curate at length came to me, and informed me that the Metoali had been obliged, by the Cogia Bashi, to fulfil his agreement, and that I might expect the horses in a short time.

"At fifteen minutes past ten, the cattle came, and I own that I did feel considerable delight in getting into my saddle, and taking leave of such a set of Philistines as these said Baalbeckians, unhurt in person or purse. I made, of course, a trifling present to the curate and the Cogia Bashi, both of whom seemed delighted with my generosity; indeed, to the honour of the curate be it spoken, I had some difficulty in persuading him to accept my gift, and even at last, it was only under the pretext of his distributing it in alms to the poor of his communion, that he would receive it. I saw no more of the Emir's people, nor did I hear another syllable about the present which he usually expects."—Pp. 73 to 83.

The horses, however, were after all but a bad exchange for the mules, since they proved miserable hacks. We may leave them for the present, therefore, in the certainty of being able to overtake them when we please. We purpose in a very short time to put their metal to the proof.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. Vol. 3. 8vo. Colburn, 1829.

THIS is the third volume of a work, of which the earlier ones appeared a few months ago. The book contains a good deal of tediousness and some folly. But mingled with this we have found some original anecdotes, and a more detailed account of an interesting and celebrated woman than ever before existed. The present volume consists almost entirely of letters, some of which are curious, but the majority insipid and worthless. We extract a letter from Josephine to Napoleon, which seems to prove that he was nearly as susceptible of jealousy as of ambition.

"Is it possible, general, that the letter I have just received comes from you? I can scarcely credit it when I compare that letter with others now before me, to which your love imparts so many charms! My eyes, indeed, would persuade me that your hand traced these lines; but my heart refuses to believe that a letter from you could ever have caused the mortal anguish I experience on perusing these expressions of your displeasure, which afflict me the more when I consider how much pain they must have cost you.

"I know not what I have done to provoke some malignant enemy to destroy my peace by disturbing your's; but certainly a powerful motive must influence some one in continually renewing calumnies against me and giving them a sufficient appearance of probability to impose on the man who has hitherto judged me worthy of his affection and confidence. These two sentiments are necessary to my happiness, and if they are to be so soon withdrawn from me, I can only regret that I was ever blest in possessing them or knowing you.

"On my first acquaintance with you, the affliction with which I was overwhelmed led me to believe that my heart must ever remain a stranger to any sentiment resembling

love. The sanguinary scenes of which I had been a witness and a victim constantly haunted my thoughts. I therefore apprehended no danger to myself from the frequent enjoyment of your society, still less did I imagine that I could for a single moment have fixed your choice.

"I, like every one else, admired your talents and acquisitions; and better than any one else, I foresaw your future glory; but still I loved you only for the services you rendered to my country. Why did you seek to convert admiration into a more tender sentiment by availing yourself of all those powers of pleasing with which you are so eminently gifted, since, so shortly after having united your destiny with mine, you regret the felicity you have conferred upon me?

"Do you think I can ever forget the love you once cherished for me? Can I ever become indifferent to the man who has blest me with the most enthusiastic and ardent passion? Can I ever efface from my memory your paternal affection for Hortense, the advice and example you have set before Eugene? If all this appears impossible, how can you for a moment suspect me of bestowing a thought on any but yourself?

"Instead of listening to traducers who, for reasons which I cannot explain, seek to disturb our happiness, why do you not silence them by enumerating the benefits you have bestowed on a woman whose heart could never be reproached with ingratitude? The knowledge of what you have done for my children would check the malignity of these calumniators, for they would then see that the strongest link of my attachment for you depends on my character as a mother. Your subsequent conduct, which has claimed the admiration of all Europe, could have no other effect than to make me adore the husband who gave me his hand when I was poor and unfortunate. Every step you take adds to the glory of the name I bear: yet this is the moment that has been selected for persuading you that I no longer love you! Surely nothing can be more wicked and absurd than the conduct of those who are about you, and are jealous of your marked superiority!

"Yes, I still love you, and no less tenderly than ever. Those who allege the contrary, know that they speak falsely. To those very persons I have frequently written to inquire about you and to recommend them to console you by their friendship, for the absence of her who is your best and truest friend.

"Yet, what has been the conduct of the men in whom you repose confidence and on whose testimony you form so unjust an opinion of me? They conceal from you every circumstance calculated to alleviate the anguish of our separation, and they seek to fill your mind with suspicion in order to drive you from a country with which they are dissatisfied. Their object is to make you unhappy. I see this plainly; though you are blind to their perfidious intentions. Being no longer their equal you have become their enemy, and every one of your victories is a fresh ground of envy and hatred.

"I know their intrigues, and I disdain to avenge myself by naming the men whom I despise, but whose valour and talents may be useful to you in the great enterprise which you have so propitiously commenced. When you return I will unmask these enemies of your glory—but no; the happiness of seeing you again will banish from my recollection the misery they are endeavouring to inflict upon me, and I shall think only of what they have done to promote the success of your projects.

"I acknowledge that I see a great deal of company; for every one is eager to compliment me on your success, and I confess I have not resolution to close my doors against those who speak of you. I also confess that a great portion of my visitors are gentlemen. Men understand your bold projects better than women, and they speak with enthusiasm of your glorious achievements, while my female friends only complain of you for having carried away their husbands, brothers, or fathers. I take no pleasure in their society if they do not praise you; yet there are some among them whose hearts and understandings claim my highest regard, because they entertain sincere friendship for you. In this number I may distinguish Mesdames d'Aiguillon, Tallien, and my aunt. They are almost constantly with me, and they can tell you, ungrateful as you are, whether I have been cognat-

thing with every body. These are your words, and they would be hateful to me were I not certain that you have disavowed them and are sorry for having written them.

"I am terrified at the numerous perils which surround you, and of the extent of which I should have had no idea, had not Eugene insisted on my writing to entreat that you will not fly in the face of danger and unnecessarily expose a life which is precious not merely to your family and friends. Remember, that on you depends the destiny of your companions in arms and of millions of soldiers who would not have fortitude to endure the hardships to which they are exposed, but for the encouragement which your presence affords them.

"Do not, I conjure you, over exert your strength. Listen not to the dictates of your own ever-active mind, but to the advice of those who love you. Berthier, Bourienne, Eugene, and Caffarelli, who are more cool than you, may sometimes view things more justly. They are devoted to you, therefore, listen to them; but to them only, and you and I shall be happy.

"I sometimes receive honours here which cause me no small degree of embarrassment. I am not accustomed to this sort of homage, and I see it is displeasing to our authorities, who are always suspicious and fearful of losing their newly-gotten power. Never mind them, you will say; and I should not, but that I know they will try to injure you, and I cannot endure the thought of contributing in any way to those feelings of enmity which your triumphs sufficiently account for. If they are envious now, what will they be when you return crowned with fresh laurels? Heaven knows to what lengths their malignity will then carry them! But you will be here, and then nothing can vex me.

"But I will say no more of them nor of your suspicions, which I do not refute one by one because they are all equally devoid of probability; and to make amends for the unpleasant commencement of this letter, I will tell you something which I know will please you.

"Hortense, in her efforts to console me, endeavours as far as possible to conceal her anxiety for you and her brother, and she exerts all her ingenuity to banish that melancholy, the existence of which you doubt, but which I assure you, never forsakes me. If by her lively conversation and interesting talents, she sometimes succeeds in drawing a smile from me, she joyfully exclaims: 'Dear mamma, that will be known at Cairo.' The fatal word immediately calls to my mind the distance which separates me from you and my son, and restores the melancholy which it was intended to divert. I am obliged to make great efforts to conceal my grief from my daughter, who, by a word or a look, transports me to the very place which she would wish to banish from my thoughts.

"Hortense's figure is daily becoming more and more graceful. She dresses with great taste, and though not quite so handsome as your sisters, she may certainly be thought agreeable, when even they are present.

"My good aunt passes her life in suffering without complaining, consoling the distressed, speaking of you, and writing poetry. For my part, my time is occupied in writing to you, hearing your praises, reading the journals, in which your name appears in every page; thinking of you, looking forward to the time when I may see you hourly, complaining of your absence, and longing for your return; and when my task is ended I begin it over again. Are all these proofs of indifference? You will never have any others from me, and if I receive no worse from you, I shall have no great reason to complain. In spite of the ill-natured stories I hear about a certain lady, in whom you are said to take a lively interest. But why should I doubt you? You assure me that you love me, and judging of your heart by my own, I believe you.

"Heaven knows when or where you will receive this letter. May it restore you to that confidence which you ought never to have lost, and convince you more than ever, that as long as I live I shall love you as dearly as I did on the day of our separation. Adieu—believe me—love me, and receive a thousand kisses."

THE UNITED STATES.

Travels in North America in the years 1827 and 1828.
By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy. 3 vols.
8vo. Cadell, Edinburgh.

We sincerely rejoice, that after the crowds of ignorant and trifling people who have lately travelled in the United States, and published their observations, a man of talent, knowledge, and reflection has at last paid a visit to that remarkable country, and spoken out for the instruction of Europe. We have not space in our present number to speak as we should wish of Captain Hall's labours; but we can at least furnish a sample of his manner.

'At present I mean to speak only of New York, which is the most populous, wealthy, and, in many respects, the most important of the whole. This state had recently adopted a new constitution—remodelled from that adopted in 1777,—and it came into operation on the 1st of January, 1823. By this instrument, the legislative power is vested in a Senate and House of Assembly; the Senate, consisting of thirty-two members, who must be freeholders, chosen for four years; and the House of Assembly, consisting of one hundred and twenty-eight members, who are elected annually by the whole people of the state, the right of suffrage being universal.

'I was extremely curious to see how a legislature formed on such principles would proceed, and I visited the capitol with the truest wish to be well pleased with all I saw and heard. The hall of the House of Assembly was not unlike the interior of a church; with a gallery for strangers, looking down upon a series of seats and writing-desks, ranged on the floor in concentric semicircles, the Speaker's chair being at the centre, and over his head, of course, the large well-known picture of General Washington, with his hand stretched out, in the same unvaried attitude in which we had already seen him represented in many hundreds, I might say thousands, of places, from the capitol at Albany to the embellishments on the coarsest blue china plate in the country. Each member of the house was placed in a seat numbered and assigned to him by lot on the first day of the session.

'After prayers had been said, and a certain portion of the ordinary formal business gone through, the regular proceedings were commenced by a consideration of the fourth chapter of the Revised Laws. It appeared that a joint committee of the two houses had been appointed to attend to this subject, and to report the result of their deliberations. The gentlemen nominated had no trifling task to perform, as I became sensible upon a farther acquaintance with the subject. All the existing laws of the state, which were very voluminous, were to be compared and adjusted so as to be consistent with one another; after which, the result was printed and laid before the legislature;—so that each chapter, section, and clause might be discussed separately, when, of course, the members of the Committee of Revision had to explain their proceedings.

'Some of the chapters were so completely matters of form, and related to topics upon which no particular interest was felt, that they passed without any opposition. Others, again, which it was supposed would cause no discussion, proved sources of long debate. On the first day I attended, I was sorry to hear from an experienced friend, that in all probability there would be no discussion, as the chapter, No. IV., which related to "the rights of the citizens and inhabitants of the state," was one so perfectly familiar to every native, that it must pass without delay. When the third section, however, came to be read by the clerk, as follows, a subject was started which led the assembled legislators a fine round. "A well-regulated militia," said this clause, "being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms cannot be infringed." Upon this being read, a member rose, and objected to the article as illogical in itself; and even granting it were altered in this respect, it was totally needless, as the same clause was distinctly given, not only in the constitution of the United States, but in that of the state of New York; and, finally, it was quite out of place in the statute book. This appeared simple enough; but another member got up, and vehemently defended the revisers of the laws for having brought forward this chapter, and this particular

section; adding, that if ever the Americans relaxed in their exertions and reiterated declarations of what were their rights, their liberties would be in danger. A third gentleman followed, and declared himself so much of the opinion of the first speaker, that he should move, and accordingly he did move, that the whole chapter relating to the rights of the citizens, be rejected, as out of place. This led to a warm discussion by four or five members, none of whom spoke above a few minutes, excepting one, gentleman, who addressed the House, now in "committee of the whole," as it is called, no less than five times, and always in so diffuse and inconsequential a style, that I could with difficulty comprehend how he had earned the reputation of a close reasoner, which I found him in possession of. He not only objected to the article alluded to, but, without the least pretence of adhering to the subject under discussion, or to any thing analogous to it, read over, one by one, every article in the chapter, accompanying each with a long commentary in the most prosy and ill-digested style imaginable. During this excursion among the clouds, he referred frequently to the History of England, gave us an account of the manner in which Magna Charta was wrested from "that monster King John," and detailed the whole history of the Bill of Rights. In process of time, he brought his history down to the commencement of the American revolution, then to the period of the declaration of independence—the articles of confederation—and so on, till my patience, if not that of the House, was pretty well worn out by the difficulty of following these thread-bare commonplaces.

'The next member who spoke declared his ignorance of Latin, and his consequent inability to study Magna Charta—which, I presume, was a good joke—but thought that, if these occasional opportunities were lost of impressing upon the minds of the people a sense of their rights, their immediate descendants, who were not so familiar, of course, as they themselves were, with the history of their country, to say nothing of posterity, would gradually forget their own privileges; "and then," said he, "the Americans will cease to be the great, the happy, and the high-minded people they are at the present day!"

'At length a man of sense and habits of business got up, and instantly commanded the closest attention of the House. He had been one of the committee, he said, appointed to revise the laws, and as such had voted for the insertion of the particular clause, not from any great or immediate good which it was likely to produce, but simply because it was consistent with other parts of the American Government, and because it was suitable to the present genius of the people, to make these frequent references to their rights. "Here," he observed, "is a fair opportunity to enumerate some of these rights, and I trust the committee will see the propriety of embodying these few but important precepts in the revised code of laws which is to become the standard authority of the state."

'I imagined this clear explanation would put an end to the debate; but the same invincible speaker who had so frequently addressed them before, rose again, and I don't know when the discussion would have ended, had not the hand of the clock approached the hour of two, the time for dinner. A motion to rise and report progress was then cheerfully agreed to, and the House adjourned.

'I do not pretend to have done justice to this debate; in truth the arguments seemed to me so shallow, and were all so ambitiously, or rather wordily expressed, that I was frequently at a loss for some minutes to think what the orators really meant, or if they meant any thing. The whole discussion, indeed, struck me as being rather juvenile. The matter was in the highest degree commonplace, and the manner of treating it still more so. The speeches, accordingly, were full of set phrases and rhetorical flourishes about their "ancestors having come out of the contest full of glory, and covered with scars—and their ears ringing with the din of battle." This false taste, waste of time—conclusions in which nothing was concluded—splitting of straws, and ingeniously elaborate objections, all about any thing or nothing in the world, appeared to me to arise from the entire absence of those habits of public business, which can be acquired only by long-continued and exclusive practice.

'These gentlemen were described to me as being chiefly farmers, shopkeepers, and country lawyers, and other persons quite unaccustomed to abstract reasoning, and therefore apt to be led away by the sound of their own

voices, farther than their heads could follow. It is probable, too, that part of this wasteful, rambling kind of argumentation may be ascribed to the circumstance of most of the speakers being men, who, from not having made public business a regular profession or study, were ignorant of what had been done before—and had come to the legislature, straight from the plough—or from behind the counter—from chopping down trees—or from the bar, under the impression that they were at once to be converted into statesmen.

'Such were my opinions at this early stage of the journey, and I never afterwards saw much occasion to alter them; indeed, the more I became acquainted with the practical operation of the democratical system, the more I became satisfied that the ends which it proposed to accomplish, could not be obtained by such means. By bringing into these popular assemblies men who—disguise it as they may—cannot but feel themselves ignorant of public business, an ascendancy is given to a few abler and more intriguing heads, which enables them to manage matters to suit their own purposes. And just as the members begin to get a slight degree of useful familiarity with the routine of affairs, a fresh election comes on, and out they all go; or at least a great majority go out, and thus, in each fresh legislature, there must be found a preponderance of unqualified, or, at all events, of ill-informed men, however patriotic or well-intentioned they may chance to be.

'On the same distrustful principle, all men in office are jealously kept out of congress, and the state legislatures; which seems altogether the most ingenious device ever hit upon for excluding from the national councils, all those persons best fitted by their education, habits of business, knowledge, and advantageous situation of whatever sort, for performing efficiently the duties of statesmen: while, by the same device, the very best, because the most immediate and the most responsible sources of information are removed to a distance; and the men who possess the knowledge required for the purposes of deliberation are placed out of sight, and on their guard, instead of being always at hand, and liable to sudden scrutiny, face to face, with the representatives of the nation.' Pp. 29—37.

REAL PROPERTY REPORT.

First Report made to his Majesty by the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Law of England respecting Real Property, Inheritance, Dower, Curtesy, Fines, and Recoveries, Prescription, and Limitation of Actions. 8vo. pp. 114. Clarke. London, 1829.

If there be one circumstance more cheering than another for the future prospects of society, it is the suspicion which is awakening in every class, that the old boast about our national perfection is the mere dream of ignorance and conceit; and that though we have been blessed with the privilege of sitting at the feet of our ancestors, we have not imbibed from them—simply because it was not in their power to bestow upon us—the full measure of wisdom that is to fall to the lot of humanity. '*Dans un temps d'ignorance*, says Montesquieu, '*on n'a aucun doute*,' and wrapped up in a state of contented ignorance, in which we never dreamed of doubting, we did not so much as conceive the possibility of imperfections in any part of our institutions; while knaves and bigots were not wanting, in the varying departments of our social relationship, to bind the bandage still closer around our eyes. But now, not the winter, but the spring time 'of our discontent draws nigh.' The frost under which our national energies had stagnated is unsealing,

'*Solvitur acris hiems gratâ vice veris et Favoni*,' and in this moral thaw new channels of thought are bursting from their fountains, and all society displays the symptoms of life and activity. Responding to the public impulse, even dedicated classes have come forward, and applied themselves with zeal and honesty to the renovation of their respective departments; and we see symptoms of a day approaching in which we may hope to jostle honest men in the streets, instead of having to go about in search of them with lanterns.

The Report which stands at the head of our article is a creature of the times. Whether it be to a complete revolution of the whole system of our jurisprudence that we are ultimately to look for a substantial reform in the laws of real property, is a question on which much difference of opinion is entertained, and we do not now pause to canvass it. It can scarcely, however, be denied, even by the warmest advocates of the revolutionary process, that, in the mean time, until a new organization be adopted, much good may be done by working upon and ameliorating the old—by lopping off its redundancies, expunging its fictions, simplifying its modes of action, and for certain insulated rules and principles produced in the temper of a by-gone age and a different condition of society, substituting others more conformable to the spirit of our own. Thus speaking of the defectiveness of the modes now in use for the transfer of property, the commissioners say, in their Report,—

'This proceeds in a considerable degree from rules and maxims which once were suitable and rational, being maintained when the state of society and the modifications of property are changed. *** A long succession of upright and able judges have corrected many abuses, and introduced many improvements; yet their decisions have occasionally exhibited a strange vacillation between rigid adherence to technical forms and respect for the principles of enlightened jurisprudence. They have found themselves unable to break through principles purely arbitrary. Thus, although military tenures have long been abolished, the incidents of military tenure are still often referred to in judicial argument; and the manifest intention of the parties to a deed is at this day liable to be defeated, because the law supposes there must always be a tenant seized of the freehold to attend the lord's court, and to defend any real action that may be brought by an adverse claimant.'—P. 7.

It is to this *corrective* rather than to any *substitutional* system of reform that the commissioners have addressed themselves; and we think we may pronounce that in the execution of their task they have neither betrayed a disposition to shrink from the exposition of evils, nor the warp of professional prejudice to induce them to underrate their extent.

They state that they 'have proceeded to examine the existing state of the law of real property in this country, and to consider how far it may be corrected and improved in its two great divisions of *enjoyment* and *transfer*.'

Under 'enjoyment' they include those modifications which, whether for good or for evil, are rather the creatures of national taste and habit than of law, and fall less within the province of the lawyer, as such, than of the political philosopher; as, for instance, the restrictions upon the establishment of perpetuities, the limitations of entails, and the modifications of the testamentary power. Those are accordingly briefly dismissed with a sweeping tribute of praise, the justice of which it is not now our province to inquire, and it is to the latter alone 'the modes in which estates in real property are created, transferred, and secured,' that the attention of the commissioners is directed. On this, the present Report is but the first of a series, and indeed it is prefaced with the observation,—

'We feel we have as yet made but little progress in the wide field of investigation presented to us. The whole law of real property is so connected, that alterations to be recommended in one branch cannot be definitively arranged without an understanding as to the manner in which others are to be regulated; and if any legislative measures are to be founded on our suggestions, it may be expedient that they should all be brought forward at one time, as parts of a systematic reform.

'We trust, nevertheless, we shall not be thought to have exercised unwisely the discretion vested in us, by thus early stating to your Majesty the course we are pursuing and the opinions we have formed. On some important questions we have, after much deliberation, arrived at conclusions which we now venture to announce for the consideration of your Majesty. We conceive that it will be an advantage to us to act under the public eye;

and from the free discussion to which the Report of our proceedings will probably give rise, we anticipate much useful information and assistance in the further prosecution of our labours.'

The immediate subjects of the present Report are Inheritance, Dower, Curtesy, Fines, and Prescription and the Limitation of Actions. Each is prefaced with a sketch of the law relating to it, drawn up with so much perspicuity, that if it cannot, according to the old proverb, be read running, it may at least be understood with a reasonable portion of attention.

With respect to Inheritance, the two most important points to which the attention of the Commissioners has been drawn, are the exclusion of the ascending line, and of the half-blood.

In consequence of an idiotic maxim of law, founded upon feudal principles, whenever a proprietor dies, leaving lineal ancestors, however near, not only do more remote relations succeed to his property, in preference to these, but, in the absence of collateral relations, under no circumstance can they take at all. Thus, to use the language of the Report—

'An estate may pass to the younger brother of the father, and upon his death it may pass to the father as his heir; but rather than go at once to the father or the mother of the deceased proprietor, the law directs it to escheat, that is, to fall for want of an heir, to the lord of whom the land was holden; that is, in most cases, to the Crown.'

And again, in reference to the half-blood.—

'It has been laid down in the above statement, that collateral relations, in order to be let in to inherit, must be of the whole blood of the person from or through whom they are to derive their claim. Thus, a brother of the deceased proprietor by the same father, but a different mother, cannot inherit to the deceased proprietor, whether he took by purchase or descent. The estate will rather escheat; and the same is the case with an uncle, half-brother of the father, and so on. This rule, like that which excludes the lineal ancestor, has long been felt to rest on no sound principle, and to be hard in its operation.'—(p. 11).

Both rules, it is accordingly proposed to abolish; introducing in one instance, on failure of lineal descendants, the direct ascending line, in preference to collateral, and in the other, subject to a preference in favour of the half-blood, as between persons claiming through the same ancestor, destroying altogether the distinction between whole and half-blood.

It is pretty generally known that, under the present system, the wife is entitled to dower, out of all lands of which the husband was seized, for what is technically termed a legal estate of inheritance, at any period during the marriage. Upon equitable estates, however, or those in which the husband, instead of being invested with the legal seisin, is possessed only of the beneficial ownership, dower does not attach. But the Commissioners state that dower, instead of a substantial benefit to the wife, has in practice been only found an incumbrance on the transfer of property, and it is now almost the universal custom, on taking conveyances of estates, to have recourse to an artificial contrivance described in the Report as—

'A conveyance to uses, to bar dower which, while it confers the whole beneficial ownership, and an absolute dominion over the legal estate, prevents the legal estate so vesting in the purchaser as to make the property subject to the wife's dower.'—(p. 17).

Many inconveniences, however, have been found attendant upon this contrivance, and the title of dower itself, when the precaution has not been taken, giving birth to many more, it is proposed as a remedy, to abolish its existence, except upon property of which the husband may happen to die possessed, but to extend its attachment as well upon that of which the husband was entitled only to the equitable ownership, as to that of which he was seized of the legal estate. This will have the double advantage of abolishing an absurd distinction, and of removing an impediment to the transfer of property.

The law of curtesy, it may be as well to premise, that which gives to the husband an estate for his fe, in the real estates of his wife, in the event of his arriving, conditional on his having by perception of rent, or other similar act, obtained during the life of his wife, what the law terms 'a seisin in fact,' and upon there having been issue of the marriage. Both these conditions it is proposed to abolish, with a provision that the right by curtesy should be restricted to a moiety only of the estate when the wife may have died leaving issue of a former marriage inheritable to it.

But the most sweeping cleansing out of the great Augean is to be found under the head of 'Fines and Recoveries.'—After an admirable exposition of the manifold mischiefs and absurdities of these assurances, the Commissioners boldly recommend for their costly and cumbrous machinery, the substitution of a simple declaratory instrument.

We believe there are few branches of the law, the opping of which would be attended with greater advantages; and most cordially do we agree with the Commissioners in the confidence with which they express their opinion—

'That the abolition of them would be highly beneficial to the owners of real property, while it would relieve both counsel and solicitors from much useless learning and responsibility.

'Several centuries,' says the Report, 'have passed since fines and recoveries were first used as common assurances. With some exceptions they seem to have been since looked upon with a sort of veneration by successive generations of lawyers, who, from their having formed part of their legal studies, and from the working of the machinery, having grown familiar [we might add profitable] to them, have become insensible to the consideration that their utility arises solely from the circumstance, that the law has provided no simple and direct means of effecting the important objects, in regard to real property, to which these processes have been, as it may be said, forcibly applied. So powerful is habit, that men are satisfied with the effect produced, and disregard the intricacy and the expense of the process, and the dangers to which it leads.'—(p. 31).

From the universal concurrence which seems to prevail upon the propriety of abolishing them, however, it appears that this veneration has now subsided; and we believe fines and recoveries will go to their long home without so much as one funeral dirge to show the respect of the lawyers to this remnant of our Protestant Constitution.

The last subject of Report—Prescription and the Limitation to Actions,—is one of considerable importance to every purchaser, and indeed to every possessor of property. At present no possession short of sixty years is capable of conferring an absolute title to lands, and in those in which there are interests created to take effect upon the termination of a previous estate tail, so long as there remain issue inheritable under that entail, unless the entail itself have been destroyed, no period, however long, will bar those interests, and the right to them may accordingly remain in existence for centuries. The consequence is, that in purchases of land, not only has the title in every instance to be investigated for full sixty years back, but, if there be any reason to suspect that there have been, though at a remote period, interests created to take effect upon the termination of an estate tail, the title has to be carried back for a much more remote period to ascertain the reality of their existence. It is obvious that this examination cannot be conducted without prodigious cost and trouble, and the difficulties of carrying it to a successful termination often prevent the sale of the property. Yet does the occasion for all this exist to no purpose, or a bad one; for either the object is to secure protection against individuals, who, in their ignorance of their rights, are as likely to lay claim to the empire of China as to the property in question; or else it is impolitic, after a long continuance of enjoyment, to allow men to be disturbed in their possessions by those whose neglect has operated as a sort of tacit confirmation of title, or to whom, in the balance of pains and pleasures, the gain would not weigh a

feather in comparison with the loss to be sustained by the other party. Nor is this all:

'The statutes,' say the Commissioners, 'which have been passed to create or vary the periods of limitation, have had no regard to uniformity or consistency, and have laid down rules which do not depend upon the nature of the right to be acquired or defended, but upon a number of technical distinctions, with reference to which a confused and unprofitable variety of remedies is afforded to the claimant.'—P. 39.

To obviate these evils, with exceptions for one or two special emergencies, which we have not space to allude to, the Commissioners propose substituting one remedy, and one period of limitation, for the present heterogeneous jumble of times and actions; and with certain provisions for disabilities, with cases of fraud and trust, they propose twenty years to be the universal period of limitation.

Prescriptive rights to profits and easements to be taken and enjoyed over the soil of another, present still greater difficulties in dealing with them than other species of property, for the title to these can only be established by either proof, or presumption taken as a substitute for proof, of an adverse enjoyment from so remote a period as the coronation of King Richard I. To date the period of prescription from the time of Noah's coming out of his ark would be scarcely more absurd; and the Commissioners propose substituting 'for this time,' as it is called, 'whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' the more rational legal memory of sixty years.

The Report ends with allusions to subjects of future inquiry, and the formal draughts of the propositions on the subjects of this.

The specimen which the Commissioners have thus given of their labours, entitles them to the confidence of the public; and we trust no evil genius will arise to turn this Report into what it has been too often the fate of many good reports on the subject of law and other reform to become—'*vox et preterea nihil.*'

THE BRUNSWICK.

The Brunswick, a Poem. In Three Cantos.

"Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen."—Dryden.

8vo. pp. 108. Marsh. London, 1829.

THIS is not as we feared a poem or a denunciation concerning his Majesty's Protestant rebels in Ireland. It relates to a matter now well-nigh forgotten; and is so clever that we wish its author had treated a subject of more stirring interest. The great fault of the poem is, that it adds nothing (but more careful execution) to a style created by Byron, and sustained by him with as much talent as is likely ever to be employed in a similar fashion. The sudden change from groans and agony to mocking laughter, the easy verse, the rapid picturesque, and often grotesque delineation, the odd startling rhymes, the satire, and the eloquence, the very form of the stanza, all are here as they are in *Don Juan*. And we really know not that any Englishman alive can write more fluent and sparkling verses than those before us. The author, however, would do more wisely if he would abstain in future from direct and continued imitation of eminent men: he is clever enough to stand alone; and will never gain more than a fifth rate reputation by leaning on another man's fame. That the style he has chosen is fundamentally vicious we imagine he already knows; and has deliberately made his election. And we presume there can be little hope of persuading the public that its liking for *Don Juan* is as erroneous in criticism as in ethics. We will therefore do no more than make an extract which we think will satisfy our readers on the point which the author, we suppose, was chiefly anxious to establish, namely that he is a very clever fellow.

The nominal subject of the three cantos, is the fall of the Brunswick Theatre:

'In life, as in our voyages there seems,
One mighty moment when the truth comes o'er us;
In life 'tis when the sweet home-sheltered dreams
Of youth subside, and the world stands before us,

The great, bold, busy world, with all its schemes:—
At sea, 'tis when we leave the wave which bore us
All gently near the shore with tranquil motion,
And feel the vast and undeniable ocean.

'Some early rush into life's ocean—some
Bid later farewell to domestic joys:
But soon or late the hour is sure to come,
Which all our early bloom of heart destroys.
Me ling'ring long in the sweet lap of home
Fancy and Hope long cheated with their voice;
Long kept me stranger to the sick'ning strife,
And all the cold realities of life.

'But ah! full sure, the disenchanted came,
And all at once the fairy vision broke;
Hush'd was the voice of hope, the dream of fame,
And bright romance was shiver'd at the stroke;
The sounds I hear around me are the same,
But where the charm in every voice that spoke?
Gone, gone for ever with the light which shone
Within my breast—the charm was there alone.

'What was my heart before?—a joyous dwelling,
Whose chambers echoed to a sparkling throng,
Where infant Hope his hundred tales was telling,
While all the passions listened to his song;
Where music on volupitous gale was swelling,
And life in one bright stream was borne along;
Fancy was there, and Love his garlands wreathing,
And all the flow'rs of life their sweets were breathing.

'Behold it after—many a dreary token
Is scatter'd o'er the halls where gladness rung,
Gay garlands wither'd, and proud arches broken,
And high-toned instruments of joy unstrung;
And many a wish that was in rapture spoken
Hath died away with thoughts no longer young;
While tort'ring memory, like a gloomy ghost,
Yet lingers there, and murmurs, "All is lost!"

'And then we rush into the great gay world,
New-modelling our notions with our state,
The flag of mental freedom is unfurl'd,
And dipp'd in colours of our future fate,
And old opinions from their thrones are hurl'd,
Where they have lain for ages like old plate;
We melt them down, we mould them to our use,
Strong as our feelings, various as our views.

As on we march, the world a thousand ways
Turns from the truth our wayward wand'ring view;
But most the giant Prejudice o'eraways;
With antique garb of many colour'd hue,
Time-rusted sceptre, eye that shuns the gaze,
And specious voice, he lulls his hapless crew,
Who mean their vows for Truth, nor deem them paid
To such foul monster in her guise array'd.

Some Interest guides—some Passion goads along—
Some Pleasure leads in her alluring train—
Some Custom urges with a force as strong;—
These rule the blindfold world, and give to men
Opinions various, violent, and wrong;
Which brings me to my subject back again;
The diff'rent views of people to relate,
About our Theatre's untimely fate.

The largest class in all the King's dominions
Are these who have no notions of their own,
But having fish'd for orthodox opinions,
Adopt them with a grave and solemn tone;
Antiquity's admirers, custom's minions,
Who always are for letting things alone—
These thought, good souls! 'twas providential quite,
That the thing fell by day, and not by night.

'Tis providential when your banker fails,
If you have only half your fortune there;
Among your cattle when the rot prevails,
'Tis providential if it any spare;
'Tis providential, whatsoever ails,
It is not something worse, and I dare swear
'Tis providential when

There happen'd some most wonderful escapes
Upon the morning when the Brunswick fell.
Some call'd it mere good luck in various shapes;
But it's more orthodox, and quite as well

To call it providential—I, perhaps,

May name a few, but should I try to tell
Each case of providential interference,
Before I finish'd it would be a year hence.

One hen-peck'd gentleman had set his mind

On going there quite early, but his wife
Most providentially was disinclin'd

To hurry, so detain'd her dearest life,

Who, as is usual in such case, repin'd,

Grumbled and then gave way after short strife,
And reach'd the Brunswick, sorely vex'd and bother'd,
Just too late by ten minutes to be smother'd.

Another would have shar'd the gen'ral crunch,

But providentially drank over-night

A monstrous quantity of whiskey-punch,

And waking in the morn bewilder'd quite,

Incapable of breakfast or e'en lunch,

He stay'd at home to set his stomach right,

Where bile and acid wag'd a horrid strife,

And nursing thus his liver, sav'd his life!

Another had engag'd to meet a lady,

(Engagements which men punctually attend,)

And at the time was sitting in a shady

Apartment with his fair and smiling friend,

When, had he not this assignation made, he

Must then have met a brick-and-mortar end;

Thus evil may be done that good may come,

A sentence which I us'd to think a hum.'

The Church in Danger from Herself; or, the Causes of her present Declining State Explained. Dedicated to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. By the Rev. John Acaster, Vicar of St. Helen's, York, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Mexborough. 8vo. pp. 171. Seeley, 1829.

THIS is a very earnest and spirited appeal to the heads of the Church of England by one of its ministers. He maintains, and proves, we think, to the conviction of every man, that the church is in no danger but from itself, and that from itself, in its present state, it has almost everything to fear. Indifference, negligence, and worldliness, suffered to run their course, unchecked by the operation of ancient and wholesome, but now slumbering laws, are indeed, as Mr. Acaster states and enforces, the great powers at work for the ruin of the establishment. The author is an honest, a pious, a grave, and eloquent man; and, though we might probably differ from him on some serious points of doctrine, would to Heaven that all the clergy were partakers in his zeal and wisdom. Of all the changes that could be devised for the renovation of the church, (on which its safety will necessarily depend), we are inclined to attach the chief importance to a reform in the education of the young men designed for its ministry. But there are few, if any, of Mr. Acaster's propositions which ought not to be strenuously acted on.

Godsberg Castle: a Poem. By Miles T. Stapleton, Author of 'La Pia, or the Fair Penitent.' 8vo. pp. 51. Ridgway, 1829.

THIS is another of the thousand and one signs of the age. It adds nothing to the current thought of our poetasters, but it is strongly impressed with the character communicated to our literature by two or three remarkable men. It is full of the careless, fluent description introduced by Scott, and of the mad contortions of Byron. But we cannot say that it displays a great deal of the genius of either. The cover, however, is roseate, and the story bloody.

Chozar and Sela; or, The Siege of Damascus; and other Poems. By James Fletcher, of Clare Hall, Cambridge. 12mo. pp. 117. London, 1829.

It may be stated as a general rule, that no one in our day can reasonably look either for profit or reputation from a volume of juvenile poems. Mr. R. Montgomery, to be sure, may be cited against us. But he wrote about the 'Omnipresence of the Deity,'

published in quarto, and had his portrait engraved, with the hair curled and parted on the forehead, so as to overpower at once the lovers of luxurious printing, the religious public, and the young ladies. Mr. Fletcher has emitted a very modest volume, and one which we suspect will attract much less attention. We hope for Mr. Fletcher's sake that it may not be panegyricised in periodicals, or sold to the extent of half a dozen editions. He is evidently a young man of considerable and very improvable talent, and we doubt not that he will turn out a person of high merits and accomplishments if nothing occurs to sell his book, and to persuade him that he is already a great poet, because at eighteen he writes very flowing imitations of Lord Byron and Moore. If his book pays its expenses he will inevitably be persuaded that he is in truth a heart-broken outcast, and will spend his time in apostrophising Ahriamenes instead of reading mathematics. It would really be much wiser and pleasanter to become at once 'a gay man' than to go on persuading oneself that the Cam is the Cocytus, and the world a stage on which young gentlemen are designed to enact sublime melancholics.

Westminster Review, No. XXI. London.

'THE Westminster Review' no longer arrays beneath its whity-brown banners that small but obstinate phalanx of reformers, à l'outrance, to which the work has been indebted for its character and station in the field of polemics and of literature. Those serried squares, that iron front of Aristotelic discipline, have melted like the visionary armies of Ossian, before the breath of some impracticable editor or proprietor; and their place has been supplied by bands of light troops and skirmishers, whose tactics are amusingly different. A remnant of the faithful, however, still appear to impart some portion of the old leaven to the present entertaining number. A paper on the *greatest-happiness* principle, in reply to the attack of 'The Edinburgh' on 'Mill's Essay on Government,' ought either to have been better or worse written:—worse, if it was only intended to fight the northern sophist with his own weapons; better, if a hope were entertained of arriving at the real moral basis of political science. A review of 'The Parliamentary Report on the Civil Government of Canada,' is a far more favourable specimen of the 'faith as it is in Bentham,' and is incomparably more worthy of attention than any political pamphlet of late date which has come before us. It forms the sequel to a former paper in the same review on the same subject; and consummates the exposure of a system of ecclesiastical and civil misrule, petitioned against by eighty-seven thousand aggrieved individuals, and condemned by a Committee of the Commons House of Parliament.

The Extractor, or Universal Repertorium of Literature, Science, and the Arts; comprehending, under one general arrangement, the whole of the popular, scientific, valuable, and entertaining articles of interest to the general reader, from the American and English Reviews, Magazines, and Journals. Vol. II. Ware. London. 1829.

WERE this work literally what on its title-page it professes to be; did it comprehend 'the whole of the popular, scientific, and entertaining articles carefully compiled, digested, and methodized from the American and English reviews, magazines, and journals,' it is quite clear that it would be the most discreditable publication that ever issued from the press. As it is, however, the sources whence the matter with which this publication is filled are so numerous and so vast, and many of them, although occasionally containing matter of universal interest, are, generally speaking, so exclusively devoted to branches of knowledge, about which a small class of individuals only concern themselves, that it is doing a service to the public, and a benefit rather than an injury to the works from which the articles are taken, to extract them. The quarterly volume before us contains nearly five hundred and fifty pages of thickly printed letter-press, in double columns, selected from a variety of

periodical publications; but we believe, in only one or two cases are there more than two articles taken from the same journal.

The Life of Mahomet. Published by the Society for Useful Knowledge. 8vo. pp. 32.

THE author of this pamphlet is evidently one of a set whose elaborate and hollow pedantry is infinitely more intolerable than that of the school-men. The forms those logicians might be filled with a spirit of life and creation by a man of genius, and sometimes were so. The affectation of our modern English schoolmen, which they are pleased to call a *method*, is far too narrow and minute to contain any thing much larger than a quibble, though we confess the experiment has not often been tried by its inventors. We have looked backwards a few months to notice the performance named above, because we think it peculiarly unfitted for the purpose which it is intended to serve, and because we are anxious to entreat that Mr. Hallam and Sir James Mackintosh will not permit their names to appear on the covers of any more such productions. This one is chiefly noticable for its author's want of comprehension, both as regards the character of Mahomet and the spirit of his system.

A New and Complete History of the County of York, by Thomas Allen, Author of 'History of Lambeth,' and illustrated by a Series of Views, Engraved on Steel, from Original Drawings, by Nathaniel Whittock. 8vo. Hinton. London. 1829.

OUR readers, we trust, will dispense, without murmuring, with our pronouncing an elaborate opinion on the historical and topographical parts of this publication. In the former, the author, if not elegant, is at least impartial; and in his account of the eventful transactions of which the extensive and populous county of York was the theatre, at the period of the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament, he, wisely considering the probable diversity of political opinion among the readers he would desire to conciliate, contents himself with giving details, without troubling himself to express an opinion.

The illustrations are in general good and appropriate. The best are a view of the sumptuous 'Minster,' 'Heath Hall, near Wakefield;' and 'Hull Docks.' We cannot say so much for the engraving of 'Trinity Church, Leeds,' which is stiff and harsh.

Deutsches Lesebuch, or Lessons in German Literature, by J. Rowbotham. London, 1829.

THE author of this collection, already known to the public by his German and French Grammars, has added, in this publication, one more to the many translations so useful in the study of languages. Although the lessons are neither abundant nor very select, they are better than the collection of Crabb, and more worthy of recommendation than those known under the title of 'Historisches Magazin.' The author, moreover, deserves praise for the attempt to combine in different progressive sections, the Hamiltonian system with the improvements suggested by various philosophical grammarians. The first section, however, in which the method of inter-linear translation is united with a liberal translation, appears confusing, for a beginner, without being of any use to him.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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SHADES OF THE DEAD.

NO. I.—MILTON.

ONE of the most remarkable changes in the history of the world is that which has substituted the action of circumstances for the influence of individual character. To questions whether this revolution be useful or mischievous, only the one answer can be returned—that it is necessary. But omitting, for the present, all discussion as to the political results of this alteration, we may yet observe, that nothing can be more pernicious than to let it extend to the moulding of our own minds. For whether any man's well-being can be destroyed by adverse fortune (to which almost all Pagan wisdom and example, no less than Christianity, bear witness in the negative), it is clear that the most favourable accidents can never secure it. Yet our education generally tends to turn attention, not on the virtues and accomplishments of illustrious men, but on the precepts left to us by them, or to be drawn from their lives, for advancing ourselves in society, and prudently governing our conduct.

It would, therefore, be in our age especially useful to set up before the eyes of men, the portraits of the great minds which now exist for us only in their thoughts or actions; and to display them for the reverential love of later times in their living personalities, and surrounded, as golden statues in a temple, by unstained and sacred air. Such tasks are not dear to those whom profit or vanity has made skilful in bookcraft, and the attempt is thus remitted to workmen who want perhaps almost every quality required for its success, but the earnestness with which they would willingly devote themselves to its achievement.

Milton stands apart from nearly all the men who hold a permanent place in the estimation of the world. With scarcely an exception, their memories are still, as it were naturally joined to the affairs of society. Shakspeare is read perhaps less for his poetry than for the number of practical maxims, and sayings, and descriptions of general application which crowd his pages. Newton retains his place in fame by the physical direction of his pursuits. Bacon is crowned with both these diadems. But the fourth great name of England dwells aloft, and equally remote from the business of the day and the studies of natural philosophy. The merchant cannot learn from him to grow rich. He has left no proofs to the mathematician. The man of the world can find in his writings no directions for his carriage in courts and assemblages. In the eyes of the present generation his political opinions are an obsolete fancy; his system of church government a baseless dream; and his plan of education but a grotesque rarity for literary museums. He is even hateful to many for his defence of regicide; he is distasteful to more for his heretical doctrine; the works which employed the longer portion of his life are difficult and gloomy, and now half hidden by the rust and cobwebs of the two centuries which have introduced to popularity such different theories from his; his poetry, to persons who read for amusement, is far too massy and learned, and furnishes food but little grateful to the majority of those in whose views his religion is not contemptible.

Whence then comes it that he is still spoken of as a bright and almost an awful spirit? It assuredly does not arise from the merely accidental conformity of a few of his opinions with those of some modern politicians. They employ his eternal name for their own low momentary purposes. They use a forensic lens to kindle from that sun their heaps of weeds and so breed a stench in the nostrils of their enemies. But he spoke so little to the crowd, he lived so long ago, his faith was so sincere, and his morality so exalted, that he will never receive from them that cordial idolatry which rewards their recent champions. He has lately been panegyrised by them in this country, as the Bible when it was taken to Rome after the sack of Jerusalem might have been applauded by some Greek adventuring rhetor-

ician, who had looked for an hour into the volume. And neither can the reverence felt for him be explained by the religious frame of his longest poem. For some of our most admired religious authorities have declared that the Rev. Mr. Pollok's 'Course of Time,' is superior to 'Paradise Lost.' Pure poetry will not maintain an author in the thoughts of Englishmen, or Spenser would not be almost forgotten. There must be some cause different from all these for our national admiration of Milton, and it can be found in nothing but the dignity of his character. That, careless as the learned and the popular are becoming of such titles to renown, is still a claim on the sympathy of mankind; and so it must ever be, unless we shall sink into a horde, externally civilized, but morally uncultivated.

Milton was abundantly skilled in the dialectic art; he had a divine intuition into the logic of poetry; but he was not particularly remarkable, among men of genius, for penetrating and comprehensive intellect. This is very clear from his political and theological writings. His 'Scheme of Government,' is that of a purely ideal commonwealth, and has the fault common to the greater number of such conceptions, that it never could be practised except among beings for whom no government at all would be necessary. His opinions as to a Church Establishment are of exactly a similar description. And no imagination less powerful than his could have realized such visions to any mind. Nor could these phantom plans have obtained in the thoughts of a nation the living force necessary to their action, unless every man had been able to breathe into them from himself a breath of existence as powerful as that with which they were imbued by their Creator. But this could not be. The roots by which institutions hold to the minds of most men and draw nourishment from them, are custom and antiquity, far more than the feeling of security, the love of order, and the reliance on acknowledged right, which influence the few thoughtful heads. Milton cut off these roots in himself, and nourished his theory by stronger and deeper ones, penetrating below the surface into the reason and freedom of his nature. His plans are glorious manifestations of his character. But in politics no more than in poetry could he lay aside the austere and magnificent individuality of his mind, and think for others from a knowledge of what they are, instead of considering them as repetitions of his nobler self. He knew little of the tangled complication of modern society, of the reciprocal action of various classes, which have grown up and been sanctioned by centuries, of all the differences made by the increasing importance of property between the commonwealth of England and that of Rome. He saw, in his idea of Rulers, the combined elements of a moral and a civil guardianship, resembling, but for their elective title, an old priestly aristocracy. The people were, in his eyes, a body whose freedom would best be secured by obedience to these governors; and he took but slight account of that great middle mass of unripe active intelligence which did not exist in the ancient world, but of which the power over civil affairs and literature is the most remarkable characteristic of modern times.

His political opinions with regard to circumstances are of little value as rules for practice. He did not belong to the age in which he wrote, nor peculiarly to any age. He saw no more of the subtle springs and interwoven tendencies of his own day than of any other. He would have walked as much alone in the time of Elizabeth as in that of Charles. And though living in any period of public movement, he would have flung his gigantic shadow over the field of battle contested by dwarfish combatants; his motives would have been entirely different from theirs, and he would have stridden among them without belonging to either faction, though turning perhaps the victory at his will. His political treatises can teach the active statesman very little, but they are splendid and living evidences, for him who reads aright, of the freedom and earnestness which were as necessary to the mind of Milton, as the air of heaven to the world of animal existence. They are

more than this; they are memorable assertions of that possible freedom of human nature, which, though incapable of being made the broad ostensible basis of a government, must be more or less implied in every polity designed to hold together beings at all superior to the brutes. In them, as it were he calls to witness God and man, that liberty is our natural inheritance; and though not knowing or heeding that where it does not exist in the minds of men, institutions pretending to embody it must be hollow and dead, he is yet an inspired moral teacher, proclaiming that for freedom in himself it is every man's first vocation to labour, and his second to struggle for its recognition in the laws of his country. And thus it is, that where it was possible for Milton to succeed there he was successful. He taught to all Europe that the death of Charles was not a mere violence of an aimless and criminal faction, but a deed which could alone make evident the birth and rigour of a new power, a hitherto unheard-of self-reliance among the citizens of a modern state. The execution of that sovereign (than whom a falsar and more treacherous never existed) is now maintained by almost all men to have been both foolish and wicked. But in how different a spirit was it defended by Milton from that in which it was treated of by the Royalists, who condemned it, not as a separate offence, but as part of a rebellion more just and necessary than any foreign war that England ever waged. And mistaken though he probably was in his defence of the English people, let us not forget how nearly the language and doctrines of that mighty pleading are akin to those of the *Areopagitica*, the first great proclamation of a principle which has now become the most familiar and most valuable inheritance of every one among us.

His views of church government are indeed far more opposed to any thing that could safely be practised, than his political theories. But we may draw from them at least the moral of the utter worthlessness of hierarchies and ceremonies without our own co-operation. To Milton such aids were unnecessary. The ladder is needless for him who has an angel's wings. But he has taught us more eloquently than almost any man, that the very ladder of God will not enable the cripple or the sluggish to mount to heaven. In this, in all, he contends for the activity and freedom of the individual mind. It was the treasure which he unceasingly guarded; it was the citadel which he spent his life in defending; it was the faith of which he was the great apostle. And what though he overlooked the humble needs of the wayfaring Christian, who fears to stand alone least he should fall; the time shall come when the meanest and the weakest will be lifted side by side with Milton, and feel that they are upheld by that inward and self-subsisting force on which they now dare not rely.

Nor are his poems less remarkable than his prose writings, for the evidence they afford of the personal loftiness and concentration of his character. It was the glory of Shakspeare to make himself master of the universe as it is; and on that account there is no conjunction of affairs, no subtle variety of character, to which some passage of his dramas is not applicable. It was the glory of Milton to create for himself a universe of his own; and, therefore, every line of his works shows to us an instance of the employment of ordinary materials in relation to a high, internal, moral end. Shakspeare modelled out of his own pure metal a bright image of every thing around him, and a thousand noble human sculptures. The great blind poet collected all that the world could supply of valuable, and melting it into one rich Corinthian substance, cast with it a statue of himself, exhibiting man in his most divine form, and to be recognised by men as long as they shall retain their likeness to God.

Milton's independence of his age, and of all but the laws of his own excellence, is no less remarkable in these poems than in his other writings and in his life. He was in faith a Hebrew prophet; and in knowledge and culture a Greek philosopher. 'Paradise Lost' is the noblest mythological creation that

ever existed. It does not connect itself indeed with the popular belief of any time or country; for Milton of all men was least able to throw himself into another set of thoughts than his own; and those who demand that he should have done so, and lament that his angels are not the angels of our childhood, nor his fiends the devils of a puppet show, forget that the living principle of Milton's being, his sublime and statue-like *aloofness*, must have been destroyed before he could have thus written. Conscience was the moving power, imagination the great instrument, of his mind. For the sport of fancy, the agility of busy Intelligencer he had little propensity.

It is curious to observe how the general opinion has decided with regard to the relative merit of his poems. 'Paradise Lost' is, by the consent of almost all, the greatest poem of England; while 'Paradise Regained' is scarcely more familiar to the majority of educated persons than 'Gondibert,' or 'The Purple Island.' The one which images the struggle and agony of the universe in the task of self-determination, which contains the gigantic impersonations of evil, and the disastrous rout of human hope, finds an apt correspondence in the breast of every one. But the lovely child of the old age of Milton, the serene proclamation of the power to conquer, the even and majestic triumph of tempted humanity, has perished from the memory of the nation as completely as if it had been laid in the sepulchre of its author.

Until there is a stronger inclination to raise out of that oblivious dust what remains to us of his productions, there is but little chance that we shall think of erecting and vivifying the image of himself; yet around what retired student does so calm a glory rest as that which encircles Milton? From his age, so fertile in the greatest men, we look in vain for his compeer, and shrink from setting in comparison with him the perturbed spirit of Vane, the virtue of Falkland, slender and feeble, though pure as diamond, or the less austere morality of the pregnant and fervid Taylor. We see Milton surrounded by a conflict, for humble honesty the most fearful that can exist; but we see him passing through it triumphant. Unlike Hobbes, the cowardly sophist, who fled from England at her utmost need, he left the land which his education and tastes made dear to him above all others, and which he could scarcely have hoped again to visit; he broke away from a train of affectionate admirers, and the ennobling sphere of the old Roman greatness, and came to submit himself to the whirlwind by which his country was shaken. The days of a life which more lately bore the fruit of the 'Paradise Lost and Regained,' he employed in the toil of teaching, that he might devote his nights to the composition of treatises splendid enough to have dazzled a world, but that they were too lofty to engage the vulgar eye. In an age rioting with drunken opinions, he, too, was sometimes misled by a finer and more spiritual intoxication. But the man is untouched by the condemnation which lights on the intellectual error; his heroic, if not rather angelic, excellence remains undimmed, unapproached by censure; suspicion dares not look his memory in the face; his name stands among us as a monumental pillar, elevated enough to be a standard for human nature, and of which stain or decay cannot reach the lowest stone in the pedestal.

He may have erred as to divorce; but it was not from the strength of sensual passion or the weakness of conscience. He overlooked a thousand prudential considerations as to government; but from no want of reverence for the principle of law, or love for all that can maintain, purify, or exalt society. And if in moulding his idea of a church, he forgot that the limit which restrains may also secure and support, how glorious was the error (if the wretchedness of any error can ever by relation be glorified) compared to that of men who would compress and enslave the freest and the most self-sustained spirit on earth, even such an one as that of Milton himself.

Nor is he merely this severe and complete model, awful and holy, but as he is sometimes described,

scarcely at all engaging. The altar-flame which burns on the sacred mountain lighted also with a genial and kindly ray the low domestic hearth. He loved the country, and society, and cheerful books; and delighted in all the cordial elegances and delicate graces of life as keenly as those who far from being able to write the 'Defensio Secunda,' have never even read it. There is all the simplicity and all the liveliness that good Isaac Walton would have desired, in the glimpses that remain to us of his private life. We read of him inviting Mr. Lawrence or Cyriac Skinner to converse with him over wine, and thus to enjoy a pleasure, of which

'Who can judge and spare
To interpose it oft is not unwise.'

We hear of him composing an unrivalled poem in honour of a young lady, at the request of his friend Mr. Henry Lawes. And she, the heroine of 'Comus,' by a singular felicity, after the glory of being celebrated by Milton, achieved the greater glory of protecting Jeremy Taylor. How familiarly does he seem to have conversed with Elwood and his other friends about that which men are often jealous of seeing handled, the progress, namely, of his writings. How profoundly did he love the wife to whom he addressed that most saintly sonnet. And how beautiful, calm, and clear are the hints that remain to us of his latter days, when wrapped with a coarse grey coat, he sat in summer evenings among the flowers at his door, and rejoiced in the fresh air of heaven; or when more solemnly suited with black, he was placed in a room hung with faded green, and bent his pale sightless countenance over the organ on which he delighted to play. And amid the smoke and fury of the fiercest political battle waged in England since the Reformation, with what exquisite sweetness and modest sublimity does he recur to the romances in which, as a boy, he had looked for amusement; and from which, by the necessity of his own nature, he had drawn instruction and moral nourishment.

He had scorn, indeed, and vehemence for all the basenesses that met his eye. But let us not forget that the meekest Being who ever existed drove the money-changers from the temple with a scourge, and threatened to purge the garner with a terrible and destroying fan.

THE NORWEGIAN KNIGHTS IN THE SANDY DESERT.

From the German of La Motte Fouqué.

RUTBERT.

My Adelhard, of all the knights our Norway's snows
Have poured abroad to seek adventures and renown,
None ever had to bear a lot so hard as ours:
Here underneath the parching glow of Afric suns
To burrow through the desert by our mail weighed down,
With strange and loathsome beasts of prey to clog our
spears,
Or sometimes a magician, slight more ghastly still,
Who reels and sprawls and stains the ground with his
black gore.
In truth our brethren's tasks are nothing but mere sport:
Whether in ships they shave round cliffs stark stiff with
ice,
Or make the Asian Paynims bleed and fall and fly:
Whatever be their fate, 'tis bliss compared with ours.

ADELHARD.

What doomed us to these toils, my friend, but our own
choice?
Those chains alone rub sorely, which a stranger bound;
Not the arms we braced ourselves rejoicing in our
strength.
Slaves only murmur. To be free is to be glad.

RUTBERT.

True! But no man can keep in one unvarying mood
For years together. Times change strangely; so will
men.

What at one moment lifted us above the stars,
Will at another almost weigh us to the ground:
Almost indeed, not quite. A knight's heart still is true.

ADELHARD.

Aye! or he must have always been a recreant knight.

RUTBERT.

And thou couldst never deem so meanly of thy friend:
Of that at least I feel assured, my Adelhard.

ADELHARD.

Thy lance may sleep in peace amid the grass and flowers
Of this our desert garden: for I mean thee well.
Thou'lt never need thy spear against thy Adelhard.

RUTBERT.

I'm glad of it, e'en from the bottom of my soul.
It were sore pity that a quarrel should arise
Betwixt two knights whom God has blest with such
strong arms;
Whom every pilgrim wandering through the desert seeks,
As pillared rocks amid the sandsea standing firm;
In whom too all the dwellers on the blooming coast
Trust that our spears' sharp moving hedge will still fence
off

The wild barbarian race that haunt this weird waste;
Yes, who are known throughout the earth by one proud
name,

The giant pair, in friendship wondrous and in strength.

ADELHARD.

And yet, my Rutbert, yet thou murmurest at thy lot.

RUTBERT.

'Tis only that our mighty never-ceasing toil,
Though it bears fruit, bears such a thin and scanty crop,
As stands in no proportion to the gardener's pains.

ADELHARD.

Where will you find a gardener in this earthly world,
Who may not echo back that melancholy cry?
Whether with spade or pen, with sickle or with sword,
His taskwork be performed, one thing is always sure:
A perfect fruitage never will reward his toil.
This is because the world is fallen away from God,
A poor weak thing, that sins in dreams, and dreams
through sins,
Yes! doth not God himself give much, whence little
comes?

But let not mortals therefore idly fold their arms.

RUTBERT.

Behold that slaughtered lion there beside the brook,
That tawny serpent's rigid folds beamed with sand.

ADELHARD.

I know, 'twas thy brave arm that laid them prostrate
there.

RUTBERT.

Is that the way an idle dreamer folds his arms?

ADELHARD.

No truly! thy droll question makes me laugh outright.
But there's another duty, never to allow
Black vapours to o'ergloom our free and open hearts,
Driving fresh confidence from thence and cheerful joy.
All obstacles, when boldly clutched with fearless hand,
Will lose their sting, and only make our spirits leap.
But wherefore lookest thou thus astonished in my face?

RUTBERT.

I know not, can this be the selfsame Adelhard,
Who used so oft to wrestle with his fate of yore,
Whene'er it placed a burthen on his haughty neck?
And now forsooth—I thought, when thy pledged word of
late

Called thee away to Italy for knightly feats
From these our sandy posts of drudgery, of a truth,
When he returns from all those gaily sparkling climes,
His grumbling will keep time with the angry growling
winds,

And give them back their never-ending hollow mean.
Thou art returned; and preachest mirth and patient
cheer.

What wrought the marvel in thy once impatient breast?

ADELHARD.

Most gladly will I tell thee; but, if thou approve'st,
Would rather breathe it in the blither tones of song.

RUTBERT.

Ay surely! 'Tis the ancient custom of the North.
Sing on, my honest Adelhard, with lusty voice.

ADELHARD.

Midst of mountains
Flows a valestream,
Far gentler, more sure than our beloved Norway's
streams;
Softer the hill-slopes,
More leafy their trees,
Greener their carpet that yields to the maiden's foot.

But in this fairy scene
Many a ragged peak
Lifts up its naked brow into the sunny sky;
Many a stone-tower
Looks with a father's eye
Watchfully down on the huts by the riverside.

RUTBERT.

Your pardon, my good friend, how name they that fair stream.

ADELHARD.

We northern knights in our tongue harshly call it Etsch
But the Italian maid's soft lip shapes sweeter sounds.
Now prithee, do not any further thus break in
Upon my song. It wafts me to a muchloved spot:
And I ne'er brooked to have my deeds or words cut short off.

RUTBERT.

Friend, be not angry. Questions surely do no harm.
It was my pleasure in thy song that made me ask.
But sing away, and boldly: I'll not do't again.

ADELHARD.

And my steed bare me
Up to the oldest
Mossiest castle along the steep linden-path:
Dark was the evening air,
Dusky the linden shade:
Here, thought I, spirits dwell pent in these dreary walls.
Athwart the grey darkness
There met me a ghostlike man,
At the steepest most slippery turn of the rocky path,
And brushed along past me;
Almost did my roan steed
Blinded with terror start down the dizzying height:
But forcibly reining him
Forward I drove him
Up to the storm-beaten cloud-like tower's giant gate.
High from the casements
Lights peered through the ragged cloud;
Hollowly sounded my knock from the vaulted door.
But Rutbert, there's a question in thy roving eye.
Is it not so? Then ask it freely, my good friend.

RUTBERT.

'Twas not a question, friend, exactly. I but thought,
If all the ghostly horrors caged within that tower,
With single torches dimly flaring o'er black walls,
If such the terrors that fill thy song, my Adelhard,—
I know not—but the ostriches are hopping round,
Rolling their balls of ghastly white amid the dusk,
And stretching forth their serpent necks from clouds of sand;
Nightbirds are screaming, and the lion's furious roar
Comes hoarsely through his throat that gapes with drought
of blood,—

So that I scarcely know if this be fitting time
To tell the horrors of that tower. But 'tis begun;
So sing away what fearful sights within those walls
That night appalled thine eyes: for fearful sure they were.

ADELHARD.

Dark stone winding stairs,
Echoing chambers,—
Thus onward I went—before me a lamp-bearing page,
A page that spake not,—
Up steps, down steps;
Till we stopped at a door from within which looked out
a light:

The light peeped through the crevices
So stilly, so secretly:—
Back went the door,—O round green garden-like room!
O lady so smiling,
Bright locks floating round thee!
O thou at her bosom, thou laughing, thou blossom-like
child!

And forward to meet me
With noble kind greeting
The castlelord stepped looking friendly and full in my eyes.
Then at the round table
In the guest's seat he placed me:
Bright through the wellcut glass sparkled the blood-red
wine.

Far off the spectres
Prowled through the midnight air;
Here round three blest ones was stillness and gladness
and light:
homelike, so daylike

Was the friendly bright chamber,
No spirit of fear could ever dare enter therein;
Unless a song ushered it,
Or tales that creep shiveringly:
Then many an awful legend of Norway I sang.
Whereto the castle lord
With hand of might touched the harp;
For God had endowed him with lordly sway o'er the
strings.

Of too he buckles on
His helmet of gleaming gold,
And seizes his spear, and into the forest goes forth;
There mid a hunter's feats
Recollecting the combats
Which in the land of the Franks he lately had fought.
Then homeward returning,
By his gentle wife greeted,
And greeting the heaven that smiles in the light of her
eyes,

With his babe playing,
As with an angel child,
Tell me, doth he not live in a Paradise here below?

RUTBERT.

Ay, that he does; and tears of joy into my eyes
Have almost mounted at thy picture of bright bliss.
But how shall this console us dwellers in the waste?
It rather breeds a painful gnawing at the heart,
To hear of joy, from which our lives are thus shut out.

ADELHARD.

Oh Rutbert, thou art far far better than thy words.
When we are cutting through this ocean's dusty waves,
Weary, and parched with thirst, and almost choked with
sand,
Is it no joy, no comfort then, to know that here,
Though far away, amid the desert islands bloom
Thus bright with fruit, where nature's breasts so richly
swell.

RUTBERT.

Yes doubtless: the remembrance has rejoiced me oft.

ADELHARD.

And shall not I rejoice then, that a mate in arms
And mate in song, amid this earthly wilderness,
On such a rich oasis dwells, so fraught with joys?
Shall I not therefore ply my task with stouter heart,
And stouter more victorious arm, if God so wills?

RUTBERT.

Thy words refresh me, like the sight of Norway's snows.

ADELHARD.

And look at that fierce imp there, reeling through the dark
On a bewitched pale ostrich, mocking us. Come charge!

RUTBERT.

Charge! I ne'er grasped my lance with more triumphant
glee.

UDE ON LITERATURE.

(Concluded from p. 425.)

M. UDE begins the practical part of his work
with the following observations:

'Words are the foundation of literature.

'Any fragments of dictionary will serve for the first
vocabulary, provided the old expressions and obscurities
be carefully removed. The words will not otherwise suit
the taste of society. If they be properly prepared, they
will serve for every subject.

'When there is a good book-manufactory, words
should be always at hand; as the language must be set-
tled according to the work intended to be published.

'Many writers complain, and with reason, of the heavy
trouble of writing, but do not consider the immense num-
ber of words in a dictionary, particularly before it is
trimmed. The difficulty will be much diminished by at-
tending to the preceding direction.'—P. 1.

We will add some of the particular receipts, so as
to furnish our readers with a complete conception of
M. Ude's manner:

'13. *L'Essai de Santé, or Wholesome Essay.*—Put
into a thin octavo or pamphlet six truisms, half a smile,
and a quotation from Dr. Johnson. Moisten with milk
and water (No. 5); or if it be designed for gentlemen, as
they have stronger nerves, weak tea (No. 7) may be sub-
stituted. Let it mix so that the moral may appear only
by degrees; skim off all the difficulties, so that it may

be quite clear and simple. When skimmed, throw into
it two authorities, two examples, a metaphor, two lines of
Shakespeare stuck with three of Tate, and three maxims
for conduct. Let the whole be gently diluted till it fills
two hundred pages. Add a little pleasantry, either à la
Joe Miller (No. 90), or à la Westminster-Review (No.
21.) Having strained it through tabinet till it is free
from all allusions to Greta Green or scandal; serve in
a drab cover, and hot-pressed.'—P. 7.

'75. *Roman à la Mode. Fashionable Novel.*—You
must invent a coxcomb, some good livers, and several
accomplished young ladies. The coxcomb is to be pre-
pared in the following manner:—Send him to school,
where he must be the idlest and most learned, the most
ill-tempered and most popular of the boys; let him be
expelled for insulting the master, who must shed tears at
his departure. Dress him with sauce à la financière
(financier's sauce), and put him into a college; there let
him spend all his nights in gambling, and all his days in
riding, and become, by the judicious employment of the
rest of his time, the most profound Greek scholar and ma-
thematician of all his contemporaries. Give him a degree
à la noblesse (nobleman's way, No. 56), and let him come
rapidly into the world; fling in at hazard half a dozen
eminent names; enrich his character with two or three
adulteries; season to your taste with gunpowder and fine
feelings. Boil the whole quickly together, taking care to
preserve the froth; and serve it in three volumes, labelled
in black, with the name of a fashionable publisher (No.
17.)

'181. *Treatise of Metaphysics.*—French Eighteenth
Century way.—Take as many pounds as you can obtain
of abstract terms, the heavier and darker the better;
carefully remove any remains of natural thought or feel-
ing that may stick to them, (keep these till you are making
a poem, à la Wordsworth, or Wordsworth way, No. 213);
grind the abstract terms together in a mill fit for nothing
else, till no difference of shape or colour can be perceived
among them. Add reasoning à l'avocat (lawyer's way),
and go on till your bookseller tells you to stop. Make
your conclusions as opposite as possible to the moral con-
victions of the world. Serve with a sauce libérale (liberal
sauce, No. 1.)

'205. *Poème à la Turque. Poem Turkish way.*—
First catch a brain fever, and next catch a hero; mix
them together; garnish with golden skies, blue waters,
orange-trees, yataghans, (No. 23), sentiment, murder,
and muselman crim. con.; bind with red morocco, and
serve as a collation in boudoirs.'

THE PROMENADES OF PARIS.

THE French are the first promenading people in
the world: they have their promenades à pied, en
voiture, à cheval; their promenades sur l'eau;
and now and then even their promenades dans l'air.
Does a provincial town pretend to civilization? it
justifies its claim by pointing to its Place de prome-
nade. Does a column of the Grande Armée, after
'covering itself with glory,' take possession of a
foreign town, thrusting French *employés* and French
usages down the throats of the subjugated? the first
care of the conquerors, their first step towards the
improvement of the new subjects, is to pull down
their houses or fill up their canals, in order to furnish
them a promenade. The idea of civilization in the
French *baïlaud*, seems scarcely in fact to extend be-
yond the existence of a public walk. No wonder,
then, that accommodations of the kind abound in
Paris, the nucleus of modern civilization; and that,
during the fine evenings of summer, the gardens of
the capital are thronged by shoals of bipeds—men,
women, children; plebeians, nobles, dignitaries of
church and state; the rich and the poor, young and
old, shabby and elegant,—people in short of every
class, of every description of character and physio-
nomy, of all complexions, and of all countries;
forming most picturesque assemblages, rich in
strong and most amusing contrasts.

Every quarter of the great city, in fact, seems to
possess its peculiar place of assembly—its rendez-
vous of daily loungers. Here we have the long
and magnificent avenues of the Boulevards encir-

cling with a girdle of green the heart of the capital; there among the deep shades of the Thuilleries, the wonders of art, and the perfume of pomegranate and orange blossoms, unite to charm at once the intellect and the senses. Quit the Royal Gardens, and the cheerful alleys of the Champs Élysées, terminated by the imposing masses of architecture of the Barrière de l'Etoile present themselves: the quiet inhabitant of the Marais seeks the cool air of evening in the healthy opening of the Place Royale: the Jardin des Plantes receives under the shade of its cedars of Lebanon and other evergreens, the population of those unknown regions towards the latitude of the Pont d'Austerlitz, the antipodes to the inhabitants of the Chaussée D'Antin. In the Luxembourg, that delicious Oasis for the sons of Themis and Esculapius, the student, charmed by the odour of the acacias, instead of poring over class-books and institutes, scribbles his *cinq codes*, with madrigals in honour of the beauties of the *Pays latin*.

Agitation—the move—the promenade—are the second nature of the Parisian, the elements in which he lives. The constant exercise of all his senses is, with him, an absolute necessity: to see and to be seen, to hear and to relate, to be ever abroad, and to live as it were, in others, is indispensable; hence, this assiduous frequenting of the public gardens, and of places of general assembly. Civilization, commerce, knowledge, are the gainers by this incessant contact of man with man, by this perpetual friction of individual against individual. To its influence may be attributed the sudden formation of public opinion, which spreads with electrical rapidity from the first to the last link in the social chain, and which, by an instinctive impulse of sympathy or antipathy, responds to every phenomenon of moral, literary, or social order. And how busy, how active, this apparent idleness—this seeming diversion! The votary of commerce, (like the London stock-broker or attorney at Epsom on the day of the Derby), never loses sight of his main object—his sugar and his spices still are with him. He makes an exchange of the promenade. Among a group of loungers, he strikes bargains for his colonial produce, and his cargoes of log wood. Here, too, the agent of Sidy Mahmoud recruits Circassians destined to embellish the harem of his master. While criticising in the gallery of the Louvre the painting of the *Sacre*, your banker also will negotiate with a plenipotentiary some great national loan which shall add another million to the many which already fill his coffers, and attach to his button hole the only riband wanting to complete his collection of European orders. Odry, seated near a group of commercial-travellers, overhears their jests, and picks up the bon-mots and calembourgs which he retails in the evening on the boards of the 'Variétés.' The opposition député, lounging through the Jardin des Plantes, seizes the bold metaphor, with which, in his eloquent extempore, he enchants the Chamber, from the elegant neck of the giraffe*; and the poet of the romantic school, reciting his dithyrambic under the jet-d'eau of the Thuilleries, would arouse the voice of the swans by the sweet melody of his verse. Not such places, however, it must be owned, has the divine Astræa chosen for her retreat: wo to the countryman whose exterior shall happen to bespeak ingenuousness and simplicity! Figures of this description are real prizes at Paris. The new comer is already in the hands of some hospitable host, whose smile is most winning and gracious—whose manners are most captivating: who is proud to introduce the stranger to the first society; anxious to make him acquainted with all the curiosities of the great metropolis; to procure him a sight of the stud of the Duc de Bordeaux; to make him familiar with the moustaches of the first grenadier of France, with the cocked hat

and green frock of the *petit tondu*. Our stranger accepts the attentions of his influential friend: he is charmed with the gossip, the wit, the cordiality of his cicerone; and on arriving at his lodgings, full of calculations of the advantages to be derived on the morrow from his courtly acquaintance, he finds his pockets empty.

Nothing true, nothing real, in the exterior of these puppets that pass and repass before you! They are gilded pocket-pieces which have nothing but the appearance of glitter—a masked assembly—a constant carnival.

Who can that elegant figure be with the silky cashmere—her features gently shaded by a curtain of fine blonde, surmounted by a weeping plume, and whose attire is altogether so attractive, so picturesque? 'It is the young Countess of —, the Ninon of the Faubourg St. Germain,' says aloud, an exquisite as he passes. 'No such thing,' says a second, in a lower tone, 'she is the chère amie of a money-changer—the Dubarry of the Quartier d'Antin.' 'You are both wrong,' says a third, better informed than his companions, 'she is purely and simply Francisca, the mantua-maker of the Galerie Vivienne: I was with her this very morning giving orders for the wedding dresses of an heiress who is about to be my bride, and whose *rentes* will help me out of the clutches of the rascally duns who are incessantly tormenting me for my college debts: this imposing Aspasia is a mere show figure of the fashions—a sort of walking shop-window.

Under the shade of the wide-leaved sycamore behold a young lady, her long dark lashes shading her brilliant eyes so modestly cast on the ground: in her person the voluptuous form of the mistress of Titian, is ennobled by a face full of the graceful purity of a holy virgin of Raphael: a slight expression of melancholy shadows her countenance and heightens its expression; her bosom seems to heave oppressed by some soft pain, and now and then to find relief in a gentle sigh. An elderly person of her own sex, is her sole companion, and watches, with anxious solicitude, the slightest movement of her interesting charge. Surely, this must be the amiable widow of one of the slain heroes of Trocadero; or, perhaps, the bride of some officer of rank, whom orders to embark for the Morea had torn from his home and the arms of his beloved, at the moment when the sacred rites of the church had hallowed their felicity.

Not far from this charming picture of abstraction, behold, seated at his ease, one arm thrown with graceful negligence over the back of his chair, a young captain of lancers, who seems to have Poniatowsky for his model, as gallant in his bearing, as well made as the noble Pole, as fascinating in his air and attitudes: he sits silent, absorbed, and timid in the presence of so much delicacy and beauty. Yet a natural look of complaisance on the countenance of his neighbour gives him courage; the fall of a withered bough furnishes the smitten lancer with an excuse for addressing a few words to the pensive recluse: moroseness and beauty never were allied—the politeness of the cavalier is acknowledged with due reserve. Emboldened by the condescension, our soldier pushes his advances, and a conversation ensues. In the evening, behold our handsome couple witnessing, from a private box, the representation of Marino Faliero—acquaintances, you would think, from infancy,—having cemented their new alliance with *perdreau aux truffes* and champagne in a cabinet particulier of the sumptuous restaurant of the Rue Rivoli.

But wherefore this sudden rush?—The crowd increases—the press thickens. Has the whale of the Place Louis XVI, escaped from its enclosure to sport in the waters of the basin of the Thuilleries? No: but the Chinese of M. Martignac, as interesting at least as the Osages of M. Villèle, are in the gardens. The demon of curiosity has led them to join the throng: but alas! scarcely are they mixed with the promenaders, when an effective blockade ensues. Prisoners in the middle

of the walk, Kion, Ly, Lic, and Tchün, are the general butt; they sit as it were for their caricatures, until the keeper of the gardens, armed with his silver headed cane, breaks through the crowd, delivers the unfortunate captives, and conducts them with due politeness to the gates. The throng disperses: and then it is that more than one of the curious ascertains that his watchguard has been broken, and his brequet abstracted; but he may console himself, for he has seen the Chinese.

In the midst of a variety of episodes and burlesque scenes, the twilight passes, night throws her shades of ebony over the garden of the Thuilleries, the brilliant lights of the chandeliers begin to shine through the windows of the Palace of Kings, the rattling drums of the *Cent Suisses* give the congé to the promenaders, the empty chairs are built in pyramidal piles, the groups separate, the crowd disperses, and silence and solitude succeed to the scene, lately so full of life and animation.

THE BULLETIN UNIVERSEL.

THE object of the French monthly publication, now generally known throughout Europe under the title of the 'Bulletin Universel,' is to establish a centre of regular communication between the learned and the ingenious throughout the world—to form a chain of correspondence in fact between all those who are engaged in contributing, in any way or degree, to the progress of human knowledge, to whatever country they may belong, however distant may be the theatre of their respective labours, and in whatever language the result of those labours may be originally published. With this view, arrangements are made for procuring regular information on all matters of interest connected with the sciences and arts from the parts of the globe most widely asunder: the journals and periodical collections of every kind, the transactions of academies, public institutions, and learned societies in either hemisphere, as well as new publications, are brought together; and from these whatever is remarkable or novel in science or art is extracted, analysed, or noticed every month, under eight divisions or heads, to every one of which a part or section, forming indeed a separate journal (to be purchased apart) is allotted. These divisions comprise the following subjects: 1. Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry; 2. Natural Philosophy, History, and Geology; 3. Medicine and Surgery; 4. Agriculture and Rural and Domestic Economy; 5. the Mechanical and Useful Arts, &c.; 6. Geography, Statistics, Travels, &c.; 7. History, Antiquities, Language, and Literature; 8. Military and Naval Economy.

The advantages of a work which should constitute an authentic report, every month, of the latest intelligence from the different quarters of the globe, of transactions relating to the important subjects which give the titles to the different sections we have just enumerated, are too obvious to require to be enlarged on; the utility of the object in view is self evident, and that alone will deserve for the enterprise universal approbation and support.

The following are a few details, gathered from the papers on our table relating to this undertaking, of the history of its formation, the mode in which it is conducted, the change which has been lately effected in its management, with a view to procure it a better chance of permanent existence, and the purpose with which the founder has visited this country.

The 'Bulletin Universel' was commenced in the year 1824, as a private speculation, by its present director, the Baron de Ferussac, associated with the two bookselling establishments of Dufour and D'Ocagne and Treutzel and Wurtz, and was carried on by these parties until the spring of the last year, under the general superintendence of the director.

The different sources whence the information to be collected in the 'Bulletin' is to be derived, are submitted to competent individuals, who make the necessary analyses and abstracts or extracts; but the

* We beg our admiring correspondent, who entertains such serious apprehensions for the reputation of 'The Athenæum,' on account of the *stupid* mistranslations in the article on the death of the Austrian Giraffe, to republish that paper.

care of editing every division of the work is more particularly entrusted to persons versed in the branch of science or learning to which the respective section or journal relates, and the names of these persons are affixed to the particular number published under their supervision.

Reasons, of which the ostensible one was the desire to render this undertaking more durable than it could be expected to prove if it remained the mere speculation of private individuals, induced the Baron de Ferussac to take the necessary measures for placing it under the protection of a public association. A society, authorised by a royal decree, and of which the Duke d'Angoulême became the patron, was formed accordingly in the month of March, 1828, with a proposed capital of 450,000 francs, to be produced by the sale of 450 actions or shares, of 1000 francs each. The most distinguished scientific men of France, we are assured, have become members of the society; and the object of the visit of the Baron de Ferussac to this country is to recruit for associates in the undertaking among the learned and ingenious on this side of the channel, as well as among those who may be willing to contribute in a pecuniary way to the success and permanence of the establishment by simply becoming shareholders. Similar steps are taking in Germany and other parts of the Continent, and in the Americas, to extend the number of persons directly interested in the undertaking.

For ourselves, we are ready to avow our cordial good wishes for the success of the project of the Baron de Ferussac. We have had occasion for some time past to observe the advantageous nature of the work of which he is the founder; we perceive in it a publication required by the sciences and arts. We are persuaded that Paris, on account of its central situation, and of its easy accessibility from the different extremities of the civilised world, is the fittest capital for carrying on such a project, if, indeed, it be not the only place at which it could be efficaciously conducted; and no one will deny that the facility and wide diffusion of the French language render that tongue the best possible medium for the desired communication. That the work is capable of improvement we are well aware: we cannot doubt that the correspondence might have been more speedy, direct, and regular, than it has hitherto, if due pains had been taken; or, perhaps, it would be more just to say, if the inadequacy of means had not necessitated too great a reliance on fortuitous as well as gratuitous sources of supply. It is clear that, to render an undertaking of this kind complete, or an object of interest and desire to the well-informed, it must be independent of generosity and chance; that the most active exertions should be used to procure a regular supply of latest intelligence on all matters, from every quarter; and that the information so obtained should be recorded with every possible speed and diligence. We doubt not that, as the difficulties which attend the commencement of a work of such magnitude shall be surmounted, the imperfections hitherto observable in it will be remedied; and that, in a very short time, if the undertaking meets with the support which it certainly merits, the manner in which it is executed will be as complete as the plan of the publication itself is admirable.

The Baron de Ferussac, we understand, on his arrival in London, submitted his plans to the consideration of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and requested the aid of that association. The proposition was referred to a committee, consisting of Mr. Brougham, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Goldsmidt, who, in their report express much approbation of the plan of the work, and recommend it to the notice of individuals. The report, in adding that it was not consistent with the object of their own institution to form any alliance with the association of the 'Bulletin Universel,' recommend that one share should be taken by the society.

* Greater care as to the exactness of figures should be insisted on from the editors of the various sections. Inaccuracy, in this respect, is but too general in French periodicals.

M. CHAMPOLLION, JUN. THE NUBIAN EXPEDITION.

We perceive, with regret, that M. Champollion, with the real and sound claims he unquestionably possesses to the respect of the learned of all countries, cannot divest himself of a species of charlatanerie but too common among his countrymen. His letters would have been sufficiently interesting had he confined them to the discoveries which his interpretations of hieroglyphics have enabled him to make in the history, or rather the chronology of the Egyptians, but the importance with which he blazons forth his observations of monuments which have been often seen before, and even recently described by his own countrymen*, bespeak an egotism quite unbecoming the expounder of the hieroglyphics. An evident exaggeration too, and an affected enthusiasm perceivable in his descriptions, give grounds for receiving his accounts with no inconsiderable measure of qualification. He commenced his tour in Egypt with a *grand discovery*, which, had he carried with him the remembrance of Denon's work, to say nothing of the many drawings of less notoriety in this country, he would have known was no discovery at all. In his accounts of the bas-reliefs at Ibsamboul, he talks of the *perfect* drawing (!) of the figures: comparing it to that of the best Greek vases. This is absolute nonsense. That the drawing is good, that is to say, good for Egyptian sculpture, will not be denied; but to give the epithet perfect to drawings in which the limbs, arms, and hands are stiff, unformed members, with little or no drawing at all, is quite preposterous. Where M. Champollion has derived his notions of the figures on the best Greek vases, we profess ourselves curious to learn.

The conduct of M. Champollion, with regard to the stone discovered by our countryman, Mr. Burton—but we trust the story is not true,—and the manner in which he betrayed the confidence reposed in him by one who was induced to let him into the secret he had withheld from others, in deference to his high reputation, is particularly unfortunate in his particular situation; since a considerable portion of the merit claimed by M. Champollion, (unless our memory deceives us greatly), for his discovery of the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, depends on his own assertion, that, at a certain particular period, he was unacquainted with the labours of Dr. Young, which had preceded his own. Surely a person so situated should have been more than usually cautious of affording reason for doubting whether the principle by which he is generally actuated is of a lofty character. After all, one of the most useful discoveries of M. Champollion is, it seems, that of a cure for the gout, by means of a stove-bath, such as he enjoyed in the interior of the temple at Ibsamboul.

THE COLOSSEUM.

THE new system of admission adopted at the Colosseum, and which makes it optional with visitors either to content themselves with the view of the Panorama, paying two shillings, or to go through the list of curiosities of this extraordinary place, on the payment of additional entrance-money, seems likely to increase greatly the popularity of the exhibition. The change has induced us to repeat our visit to it, and we are happy to find that, amidst all the difficulties by which, according to rumour, the speculators in this concern have been embarrassed, a considerable advance towards completion is observable.

The circular gallery for promenading is completed, and forms a convenient, if not an elegant, resting place. The niches are fitted-up with sofas, and attendants are at hand with ices and confectionary for those who desire such refreshments. The centre of the gallery is adorned by busts, the works of living artists; and at one extremity is a

Crucifixion in relief, by M. Sievier. We do not feel called on to pass criticisms on these productions.

Progress has also been made in the painting of the Panorama, but this part of the work is still imperfect; yet are we safe in pronouncing that the situation, from which it is to be viewed to most advantage, is the first or lower of the two galleries. In the upper one, the spectator is placed above the line of the horizon; the effect of this is unnatural, and by no means happy. It would be better, indeed, if the view from the second gallery were altogether excluded. The same observations are applicable to the peep-holes in a region still higher. Such varieties may be attractions for the vulgar, but they injure the effect of the Panorama and the impression it leaves on the mind. As to the painting itself, it will bear very minute inspection: it excites even greater astonishment, when closely examined by means of the numerous telescopes with which the public are accommodated, than when viewed generally without artificial aid. Contemplated in this way, a regret will perhaps occur, that a portion of the nicety in the details had not been sacrificed to a more powerful general effect, and greater force of colour. The drawing throughout is admirable. The exercise of a little ingenuity we should imagine, might obviate the apparent imperfection which arises from the slanting part of the Panorama which is not painted—we mean the part which represents the roof of the aisle.

The Conservatory and Swiss Cottage are splendid and highly interesting. Among the many rare plants in the former, there is not one perhaps which unites more claims to curiosity and attention than the Papyrus—the Egyptian plant from which the paper of the ancients was manufactured. The little Swiss cottage it was impossible to enjoy, without reflecting what an admirable retreat it would have formed for the unfortunate Mademoiselle Verrey. Here she might have dispensed her bonbons, and enjoyed the homage of admiring beaux, unannoyed by the persecutions of a barbarous populace: she might have flourished a goddess worthy of such a shrine. The temple, however, is not yet consecrated: and we feel too confident in the piety of its founders, to suppose that they will allow so worthy a sanctuary to remain dedicated to a mere imaginary divinity.

We cannot quit the Colosseum without calling attention to the imposing architecture of the portico, and more especially to the tinting or stains by which it is sought, and with remarkable success, to give to the stucco the massive and weather-exposed effect of hard material and of antiquity.

FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVINGS.

Sunday Morning. The Toilet. Engraved by Romney, from a Painting by R. Farrier, in the possession of Edmund Woods, Esq. Ackerman, and Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE original is one of the expressive and cleverly drawn productions of Mr. Farrier's pencil. The figure and face of the rustic coquette are perfect, and excuse, as quite natural, her 'lingering to take a last, last look,' (in the glass). Nor is Granny's pride unpardonable, however imprudent the encouragement she gives to the satisfaction of the self-enamoured maiden. The engraving might be a little less coarse.

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde; engraved by Joseph Swan, from drawings by J. Fleming, with historical and descriptive Illustrations by J. M. Leighton. Part IX. Griffin, Glasgow; Moon, Boys and Grave, London.

THE views contained in this Part are Gloch Lighthouse, Dunoon and Castle from the south west, and Kelly House, the seat of Robert Wallace, Esq. The first is a delightful and picturesque scene, and a bright, clear, and effective plate; the second also is a pretty view, but the engraving is

* See Gau's work.

somewhat muddy. Mr. Swan, we presume, has not the entrée of Kelly House; he is certainly less at home there than at the Lighthouse.

The Rustic Wreath. Engraved by G. H. Phillips, from a Painting by W. F. Witherington, in the possession of G. Morant, Esq. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THIS is a charming plate—a mezzotinto, full of artist-like effect, and of most sweet and delightful expression; creditable to painter and engraver.

View at Brighton—Copley Fielding, engraved by Charles G. Lewis. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE engraver, no doubt, finds his best exertions necessary to do justice to the clever and spirited drawings of Mr. Copley Fielding. We cannot consider this attempt by Mr. Lewis as a successful one. It has a harshness almost repelling.

NEW MUSIC.

'O! fair glides the bonny Birk,' as sung by Miss Paton, arranged from an ancient Border Song, by T. Welsh, the words by Melrose. Welsh.

MANY of the old Scotch reels generally played (for dancing) as 'fast and furious' as possible, have been found to be highly interesting, when performed quite slowly—for example, 'Roy's wife of Aldivaloch,' 'Green grow the rushes O!' &c.—The Air adapted by Mr. Welsh, presents another example, and a very pleasing one it is; with Miss Paton's singing it must be highly interesting, being extremely well adapted to her voice and manner, and a worthy companion to her admired 'Mary of Castle Cary.' Mr. Melrose's words are by no means well adapted, the metre being much too short for the music, and thus parts of every line are necessarily repeated, and the sentiment intended to be conveyed, quite destroyed. For example—

'My swelling heart, is bursting, is bursting,
'The bitter tear, of sorrow flow'd, of sorrow flow'd,
'sorrow flow'd.'

however, the song is very pleasing, and deservedly popular.

The Albion Waltz, for the Piano Forte, arranged, and fingered by J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co.

A PRETTY, useful, and light bagatelle, expressly well adapted for incipient performers, and teachers in schools.

'Slumber lie soft.' Canzonet, the Poetry written by J. R. Henry. The Music composed by John Barnett. Gow and Co.

AN Andantino Cantabile con Espressione (in C, 3-4 time), of a flowing and soothing character, agreeing quite well with the language, very easy to be performed, and with a moderate compass of voice. The first bars remind one of 'Le Gentil Houard,' but the resemblance is accidental. The accompaniment from the beginning to the end being (without a single exception) divided into triplets, creates a little monotony, but it is cleverly arranged, and the 'tout ensemble' is very pleasing and characteristic.

The favourite Airs from Auber's much admired Opera and Ballet, 'Masaniello, or La Muette de Portici,' including the Guaracha, Bolero, Tarantula, Barcarollo, and a Recapitulation of all the Melodies, arranged for the Flute by L. Drouët. Cocks and Co.

WHEN a musical performer and writer of high eminence, adapts and publishes popular music for his instrument, he generally renders it so difficult of execution (not being himself aware of what is difficult to learners) that his arrangement cannot be made generally useful for circulation amongst the multitude. This is not the case in the work we now notice, and therefore is it unusually desirable. This adaptation of the highly popular music of 'Masa-

niello,' is presented in a form the most pure, simple, and pleasing; and although any other flautist might have made a similar work, yet Drouët's 'name is a tower of strength,' and of course gives a consequence to it that must form a striking recommendation. He has adapted twelve of the airs (nearly the whole of the Opera), and subjoins as a 13th piece, a sort of easy fantasia, or pot pourri, recapitulating all the melodies in a trite and familiar style, and in good taste.

The work is neatly brought out, and at the exceedingly cheap price of 3s.

VARIETIES.

PRIZE FOR COLOURED LITHOGRAPHIC PLATES.

The French *Société d'Encouragement* has proposed that two thousand francs be given to the inventor of a certain and economical method for colored printing in lithography. The conditions required are, that the method shall be reduced to practice by the inventor in such a manner, 1stly, as to furnish at least a thousand impressions of one subject, either complete, or so far advanced (in case the work shall demand a fine finish), that the colouring of the plates may be effected at a slight expense; 2ndly, that the results shall be less expensive, without being less perfect, than those which are furnished by the printing in colour on copper. The society do not exact, that the operation shall be confined to the use of a single stone; but they require an exact description of the process, an estimate of the expense, as well as specimens of different plates. The prize will be determined in the course of the second half-year of 1830. The memoirs and proofs to be sent in before the 1st of May of the same year.

HUNGARIAN MUSICAL PRODIGY.—One of the youthful prodigies of the age is the Hungarian, Baron Von Praun, a count palatine and knight of several orders. From his infancy he gave indications of precocious abilities by extraordinary progress in mathematics, languages, and other sciences, but above all, by his talent for music. In his practice of this art he devoted himself exclusively to the violin; and before he was twelve years old had attained such proficiency that he commenced a tour through Italy, Sicily, and France, and gave concerts in the principal towns in which he had occasion to sojourn, equally surprising and delighting all who heard him. We happened to be at Palermo in the year 1823, when he visited that capital, and were frequently present at his private and public performances. He was a lively pleasing boy, and by his manners won the favour of all who conversed with him, as much as he excited the astonishment of the public by his great taste and wonderful execution.

It is not without interest, therefore, that we read of the arrival of this youth, now in his eighteenth year, in Berlin, for the first time, at a season when the almost miraculous performances of Paganini were the exclusive topic of conversation and applause in every circle. The fame of the Hungarian had already preceded him, but the public were hardly prepared to find so young a man enter the list with so formidable a rival. The friends of Von Praun, however, gave out that the Italian violinist was about to be eclipsed, and the rumour was spread that the youth considered his playing equal to Paganini's. The prices of admission to his concert were consequently raised; but this measure had an unhappy effect; the public, it seems, mistrusted the voice of fame on this occasion, and the theatre was almost empty. 'By the pretensions,' says a German critic, 'of the young artist and his friends, he had himself placed the scales in which he desired to be weighed in the hands of the public, and he was judged accordingly.' He performed a violin concert of Mayseder's, arranged for the violin by La-fonte, and a rondo "Alla Polacca," of Benesch. The verdict of the scanty audience, it seems, was not calculated to answer the high expectation of the musician or his friends. It is allowed that his

tones are full and soft, and that his performance called to mind that of the celebrated Rhode; that the length and precision of his bowing were admirable, and that his fingering was dexterous; that the youthful performer possesses abilities and power seldom, if ever, displayed by so young an artist; but it is observed, that although he performs foreign composition, if not with the freedom of a master in his art, certainly with great facility, yet was he ill-advised to subject himself to so unnecessary an ordeal as a competition with Paganini, and to run the risk of raising, by his undue presumption, a prejudice in the mind of the public, which it would be difficult afterwards to overcome. The Baron Von Praun subsequently performed at a lower price of admission, and in another theatre, and repeating his defiance of his rival, played a concerto of Lafont with a capriccio of Paganini's added to it.

COAL MINES IN SPAIN.—The Company of the Guadalquivir having endeavoured to ascertain that the coal mines of the Asturias could supply them with twenty thousand tons per annum, the intend-ant of that principality replied, that it would not only contract to furnish them with the required quantity at the rate of 14s. per ton, inclusive of the expense of shipment, but that the stores of this article which nature had provided, were so considerable and the facility of extracting it so great, that the Asturias were capable of providing coals for the entire consumption of Europe during an unlimited term of years. He adds, that the whole soil is one immense mass of carbonaceous matter.

CHANNELS OF TRADE—ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—England possesses 30,000 miles of roads, nearly 4000 miles of canals, and above 300 miles of railways; whereas the territory of France, which is more than twice as extensive, does not afford above 45,000 miles of roads, 1500 miles of canals, and 114 miles of railways, of which latter, seventy-eight are still in course of completion.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

ON occasion of the recent distribution of prizes at the London University, some of the papers have thought fit to remark that the Institution is useless because the persons whose names appear in the list of successful candidates are not inhabitants of London. It is not quite honest in the champions of religion and morality to assume that the ultimate result of such an experiment as the London University can be inferred from a trial of a single year. For our parts we confess we have been much surprised at the success being already so great; and are delighted to see that the country is so sensible of the general want of good education. We have no doubt that before five years are past the residents in London will very generally avail themselves of the new establishment for the instruction of their sons. But at all events, there can be no question that if not a single metropolitan student were to enter the walls there is abundant room for the exertions of the professors among youths from other places. We trust the University may go on and flourish; and that King's College may soon be enabled to add its exertions to those of the earlier Institution. We add an account of the ceremony which has given rise to such injudicious comments.

The first session of the London University having terminated, the presentation of the prizes took place on Thursday last, the 9th of July. Earl Grey presided, and distributed the rewards, which consisted of handsomely bound copies of various ancient and modern classics.

The prizes had been awarded according to the merits of answers, in writing, to a series of questions printed for the classes of each professor, and delivered to the student after he came into the examination room. Two prizes were given in each class, and certificates of honours to all whose answers attested a certain degree of excellence beyond mediocrity or respectability. The classes, the students of which had submitted to examination, were Latin, Greek, English, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and English.

LATIN CLASS.—Thomas H. Key, M.A., Professor. The number of pupils entered for this class was 102, divided into three other classes according to their proficiency.

The First or Lowest Class contained twenty-five students. Their studies had been five books of Caesar's Gallic War, and the first and one-half of the second book of the Civil War. Twenty had submitted to examination, and six had received certificates of honours.

Second Class.—Number of students, 81. Studies.—Two or three books of Caesar's Gallic War, the first book of the Civil War, the twenty-first book of Livy, and the ninth of the *Æneid* of Virgil. Examined, 20; hon. cert., 8.

First or Highest Class.—Number of students, 47. Studies.—One or two books of Caesar's Gallic War, the Life of Caesar by Suetonius, the twenty-first, twenty-second, part of the twenty-third book of Livy, and the Letters of Cicero, both miscellaneous and those to Atticus, between the years 685 and 686, of Rome. Examined, 33; hon. cert. 19.

Students of the Latin Class who received Prizes:—First Class—J. R. Bunnett, C. H. Barton. Second Class—Wm. Johnson, the Earl of Leicester. Third or Highest Class—J. C. Means, C. Dunkin.

GREEK CLASS.—George Long, M.A., Professor.—Number of students, 79; three Classes.

First or Lowest Class.—Studies.—The first four books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

Second Class.—Three books of the *Anabasis*, and the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus*.

Third Class.—Part of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; the entire first book of Herodotus; parts of the second and third, relating to general geography; the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus*; and a part of the *Œdipus Coloneus* of *Sophocles*.

Prizes.—First Class—T. Fisher. Second Class—W. Johnson, Earl of Leicester. Third Class—J. C. Means, W. A. Salter, C. Dunkin.

ENGLISH CLASS.—Rev. T. Dale, M.A., Professor.—Number of students, 32; average attendance, 24. Examined, 16; cert. 13.

Prizes.—R. Saunders, Frederick Lucas. English Composition—Frederick Lucas.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.—Augustus de Morgan, B.A., Professor.—Number of students, 100; Classes, 2.

First or Junior Class: two Divisions.—Studies of the lower division—First four books of Euclid, and Algebra as far as equations of the second degree.

Second Division.—Six books of Euclid, Algebra as far as the Theory of Equations of the second degree, the Binomial Theorem, the Theory and Practice of Logarithms, the Elements of the Theory, and Series of Plane Trigonometry.

Senior Class.—Conic Sections, Spherical Trigonometry, the Theory of Equations, the application of Analysis to Geometry, and the First Elements of the Differential Calculus, and the Calculus of Differences. A few had proceeded further into the latter subject.

The number of students in two divisions of the Junior Class, 65. Cert. 13; viz. 9 in the lower division, 4 in the upper. Of the Senior Class, 9 were examined; cert. 4.

Prizes.—First Class—A. McCulloch, W. Johnson. Second Class—W. G. Turner, J. C. Means, equal. Third Class—R. L. Powell, T. A. Mitchell.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—No regular class formed, but lectures were delivered three times a week, adapted principally for students of a limited knowledge of elementary mathematics, and embracing the principal parts of mechanics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics. Additional lectures were delivered twice a week for the particular instruction of a few who were found to have made some attainments in mathematics. A very large class of students, from the age of fifteen to thirty, attended several of the lectures into which the business of the session was divided. As many as one hundred attended one of the courses on Mechanics.

Of the students who attended the particular lectures submitted to examination, two were rewarded with

Prizes.—R. L. Powell, Count Calhariz, (son of the Marquis Palmella), equal.

ENGLISH LAW.—Number of students, 144. The prizes were received by E. J. Johns and J. Whitesides.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE contributions of several correspondents, some of which we return with regret, after having kept them long in the hope of finding a place for them in our columns, lie at the publishing office for the respective authors. The paper of B. and one or two others, it seems, must have been mislaid in the confusion consequent on changing the places of printing and publishing.

A. B. C. will find an answer, a satisfactory one we trust, in a note to the article entitled 'French Promenades.'

BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Caledonian Horticultural Transactions, vol. 4, part 2, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
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WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

July.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon	Winds.	Weather.	Prevaling Clouds.
Mon. 6.69	60	29.55	W.	Clear.	Cumulus.
Tues. 7.52	60	29.60	S.W.	M. Rain.	Cirr.-Nim.
Wed. 8.72	60	29.50	SW to W	Fair, Cl.	Cumulus.
Thur. 9.63	57	29.50	W N.W.	Ditto.	Cum.-Nim.
Frid. 10.58	57	29.60	SW to S.	Rn. P.M.	Cirr.-Nim.
Sat. 11.64	60	29.25	SE-SW.	Rain.	Ditto.
Sun. 12.98	62	29.11	S.W.	Ditto.	Cum.-Nim.

Nights fair, excepting on Friday and Sunday. Mornings fair, excepting Tuesday and Saturday.
Mean temperature of the week, 66°.
Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.35.
Highest temperature at noon, 76°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Apogee on Monday.
Mars and Venus in conj. in Cancer, on Wednesday, 5h.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 4° 9' in Leo.
Mars's ditto ditto ditto 1° 52' in Leo.
Jupiter's ditto ditto ditto 6° 4' in Sagitt.
Sun's ditto ditto ditto 19° 46' in Cancer.
Length of day on Sunday, 16 h. 12 m. Decreased 22 m.
No real night.
Sun's horary motion on Sunday, 2' 23" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .007942.

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No. 91.

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HAD Milton never existed, would our writers on English poetry have allowed national pride so far to influence their lucubrations as to induce them to under-rate the value of the Epic, to conclude 'that it corresponded not with English art and the determined taste of the country,' and therefore was not to be cultivated? Would our reading public, and those who aim at conciliating the favour by flattering the self complacency of the multitude, have satisfied themselves by indulging in some such reasoning as the following: 'What concern have matter-of-fact mortals, such as we are, with the exploits of gods and furies, of the heroes and warriors of paganism, with the wars and rebellions of supernatural beings, angels, and demons, or even with the existence of man's first parents in Paradise? Such of these things as have really happened cannot recur, and therefore for us are void of interest. No, the subjects of song most suitable to our present state are surely the scenes of real life; scenes with which every individual is familiar, which are adapted to the comprehensions of the multitude, and come home to the bosoms of all men. The true scope of poetry among a domestic and commercial people is to describe with truth and nature their every-day pursuits; the picturesque occupations of husbandmen, scenes of domestic felicity, the amusements of rustic life, and the diverting and innocent sports of children: in subjects such as these we all sympathise; they are intelligible to the commonest capacity; and it is to the mass, to whom poets who expect renown must address themselves, and not to a chosen few, who affect to be more gifted than their fellows, and who dream away their existence in worlds of their own creating. If, however, some latitude must be allowed to the imagination, a sufficient field is offered for its exercise in characteristic delineations of exalted personages. On such themes the fancy may be indulged without giving a shock to truth, and the poetical portrait, individual and circumscribed though it be, will afford ample opportunity for the union of the imagery of poetry with the interest of biography and the dignity of history.'

Ridiculous as such propositions may appear, while we can turn to a 'PARADISE LOST' as the boast of our literature, and know from experience that the number is not small of those who pretend at least to feel and appreciate the most aerial flights of Shakspeare; yet are they not a whit more absurd than the arguments which we daily find propounded in the pages of authors and in the discourses of individuals, and illustrated by the practice of professors, on the subject of another art intimately connected with that of poetry, namely painting.

False views, indeed, concerning this art are but too prevalent amongst us, and the prejudices which exist in regard to it, give constant anxiety to those who desire to see their country assume that rank among nations, as respects matters of taste and the embellishments of life, which she has long held in the political scale; but who disdain to aim at popularity by concurring with those who flatter others, and perhaps deceive themselves, with the persuasion that whatever is with us is as it should be. Such a false notion as regards at least the subject at present in discussion, is an error too fatal to improvement to be allowed to go unexposed.

It is a notion which proceeds only from the grossest

ignorance or the most wilful perversion; for all who sincerely love the arts and are truly anxious to see them flourish, know also the degree of excellence to which they have been carried in other lands, and cannot be so blinded by national partiality as not to perceive the immense inferiority of their own country. We profess ourselves of this class of persons: however often we may have withheld our opinions on the subject rather than provoke the national pride of our readers, or discourage the efforts of artists by urging at unfit seasons the vast interval which lies between the most successful work in painting ever executed amongst us, and the perfection to which that art has been carried by the Italian masters. Yet we would not be so void of spirit, nor have we so humble an opinion of the capacity of our countrymen, as to resign ourselves to contentment with the degree of excellence they have attained, in mere despair of their arriving at a yet higher eminence. The efforts of our living painters present undoubtedly strong grounds for hope, even when measured by the standard by which it is impossible not to desire to see them estimated, namely, that of the highest degree of excellence to which the art has ever attained; but, so measured, it is hope for the future only, and not satisfaction with the present, that can be indulged in.

In the actual state of matters, however, which regard the arts, it is principally the public mind and taste which have need of cultivation: certain pernicious, although plausible notions and prejudices are still pertinaciously clung to; these must be removed before any very satisfactory improvement can be expected from those who depend for the very bread they eat on their success in gratifying the humour of the people. These notions are the same to which we alluded at the commencement of this paper; they are so obviously erroneous that a very few suggestions directed to the particular point, will suffice to expose their absurdity.

What have we to do with the Italian masters and their eternal Madonnas? This is a popular and a fashionable question; and it contains the pith and marrow of all the error that obscures the view which the vulgar (high and low) are apt to take of works of art, and of painting more especially. We fear not to grapple with it, and to reply to whoever makes the objection:—as a lover of art, as a creature endowed with a mind susceptible of being properly affected by its beauties, you have a great deal to do with these same despised Madonnas, much more than you imagine, but far less than with many other things in Italian art, which, uninformed, superficial, and unreflecting as you are, your philosophy as yet dreams not of.

Does a production of art, a painting, aim at merely recording facts? or is its object to work on the feelings of the beholder, to excite emotions in his soul? If the latter, consider how extensive is the range of the emotions of which man taken abstractedly is susceptible! how different those emotions are in their kinds and degree! Think how various even are those which may be excited in the most earthy and stupid of the sons of Adam! What if we hastily run up the scale by a few steps, each one of which might be illustrated by the work of some admired master? What if, having done this, we give a comparative glance at those emotions, for the purpose of satisfying ourselves whether any are more worthy of being entertained than others; whether there be some, the arousing of which bespeaks different degrees of merit in the master whose spell we acknow-

ledge, and develops a higher or lower order of mind in the person affected.

It is not in man, we have been told of yore, to be indifferent to any thing human: the spectacle of the low excesses of the coarsest of our fellow mortals, of the nauseous effects of intemperance, of the unceremonious obedience to the calls of nature, if presented with skill, will succeed in exciting emotion: the more faithful the artist has been to nature, the more lively will be the feeling he awakens: with some, with many, no doubt, (nor will the many be confined to any particular class in life,) that feeling will be one of sympathy, arising, if from no stronger lien, from the intimate connection between joviality and the consequences of brutal excess: with others the emotion must be accompanied by disgust.

The village dance and romp, one of a numerous class, may be placed a step higher in our ladder of emotion-working subjects: the broad-faced merriment, the rude embraces, the awkward postures of assembled boors, make us smile, and the smile it is true is not altogether in ridicule; but the objects that excite our laughter, although to be prized above those that set the stomach revolting, have not generally a very high place in our esteem or respect.

A cord of a finer tone is struck by the sight of that good-humoured couple, who have 'drudged on together through a long life of toil, sharing every burden and every instance, ardent lovers once, and now affectionate friends, the sentiment of half a century's standing. The aged housewife quaffs the renovating liquor handed to her by her faithful mate, and he the while regards with a look of most happy satisfaction the heartiness with which the draught is swallowed. In such a picture no doubt there is a sentiment that touches the heart, but the feeling produced is comparatively slight, and must yield the palm to affections of a higher cast.

Of all the natural sentiments, which is comparable to the maternal feeling? Even in beings of the coarsest mould, (and in every rank of life the modifications are infinite,) the voice of nature is here heard aloud, and whether at the cottage door, or in the elegant boudoir, the mother, with her first-born at her bosom, is a spectacle, whether beheld or imagined, of universal and most lively interest. The picture, therefore, that presents us such a scene, cannot be regarded with indifference; but who will deny that the intensity of the mother's feeling may be heightened by individual character, and is liable to be affected by circumstances? No doubt the natural feeling towards her offspring is full tender in the affectionate-hearted wife of the honest husbandman; yet will not the sentiment in her be of the same high order as that which affects the spouse in whom native delicacy has been heightened by cultivation and reflection; the cherished wife of a hero, idolized by the object of his love, contemplating the fruit of their union, the heir of a renowned name, the child called to a lofty destiny, to whom, in his very infancy, other parents bring their offspring to pay homage.—Who that desires to be a parent could refuse to sympathise in the feelings of so happy a mother? Where is the man whose heart would remain untouched by the representation of a group so blessed? Yet is not this, or even a still more exalted sentiment, that which is conveyed by the pictures of the Virgin and Child? And is it a subject with which we have no concern? Can another be named of such universal interest?

Yet the accidents of active life place man in situations calculated to call forth feelings more various in their range and emotions, more powerful and soul-

stirring than are even those which we experience while regarding a mother's felicity. Imagine a scene of wide extended conflagration, the terror and consternation of all; the energy of the more hardly to arrest the progress of destruction; the general anxiety to preserve life and property; the admirable traits of courage which occur; the affecting instances of filial devotion, and of parental solicitude; the son bearing on his shoulders the decrepid sire; mothers, divided between alarm and gratitude, clasping to their knees the infants whom Providence has preserved to them; parents, whom the flames envelop, still intent on the safety of their offspring! If it be the object of painting to excite emotion, can such a subject as this, when treated by the hand of a master like Raphael, fail of its purpose?

But the reason of man ranks higher than his passions, and the spectacle of the wise engaged in the loftiest exercises of the human intellect, if it excite emotion of a less stormy nature than such a scene as that we have just referred to, will arouse feelings of a higher order, of an interest, quieter perhaps, but not less intense. If the aspect of a man of wisdom and intelligence be imposing, how should we be affected by an assemblage of sages, of the men into whom the largest portion of the divine spirit has been breathed, the Bacons and Newtons of all countries and all ages symbolled forth under the likenesses of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, and other philosophers of antiquity, in appropriate groups, and whose looks and air and attitudes, no less than their occupations, attest the superiority of their nature!

What if we ascend yet another step to contemplate the blessed mortals with whom 'God conversed, and by whose mouth he deigned to speak,' the Apostles of the new dispensation, announcing the word of truth to the attentive and astonished Gentiles, or the Prophets of old, under all the excitement of divine inspiration!

Or lastly, behold the Son of God—all the majesty of his glory, when the sound of the last trumpet awakens the dead from their slumbers, bidding the gates of heaven open to the righteous, and to the wicked addressing the awful sentence, 'Depart from me, ye cursed.'

Will you, on reflection, persist in preferring what is called the *nature* of the lower school of art to the sublimity of thought that characterises the productions of genius-inspired masters? Are you prepared to confess, that your spirit responds more to the vomiting drunkard of Teniers, than to the Saviour in the Judgment-Seat of Heaven of Buonarroti?

These reflections are not addressed to the author of 'The Lives of the British Painters.' Notwithstanding the sentence quoted from his agreeable little volume at the outset of our article, and one or two seeming inconsistencies to be found in its pages, we have reason to think that his general view of art corresponds with our own, as will be proved by the extracts which we propose to lay before our readers, but which we are obliged to postpone to our next number.

DEVEREUX.

Devereux: a Tale. By the Author of *Pelham*. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

(Second Notice; see p. 433.)

We made in our last number some observations on this work, in which we expressed ourselves very freely against the characters, the general design, and the tone of the observations in the author's works; we stated, at the same time, that some of the separate pictures of society, though adding nothing to the merit of 'Devereux,' as a consistent whole, are yet, if taken apart, very spirited and amusing. We now subjoin an extract, which requires no prefatory account of the personages, and which is not at all connected with the plot:

'Boulainvilliers! Comte de St. Saire! What will our great grandchildren think of that name? Fame is indeed a riddle! At the time I refer to, wit—learning—grace—all things that charm and enlighten—were supposed to centre in one word—*Boulainvilliers!* The good count

had many rivals, it is true, but he had that exquisite tact peculiar to his countrymen, of making the very reputations of those rivals contribute to his own. And while he assembled them around him, the lustre of their *bons mots*, though it emanated from themselves, was reflected upon him.

'It was a pleasant, though not a costly apartment, in which we found our host. The room was sufficiently full of people, to allow scope and variety to one groupe of talkers, without being full enough to permit those little knots and coteries which are the destruction of literary society. An old man of about seventy, of a sharp, shrewd, yet polished and courtly expression of countenance, of a great gaiety of manner, which was now and then rather displeasingly contrasted by an abrupt affectation of dignity that, however, rarely lasted above a minute, and never withstood the shock of a *bien mot*, was the first person who accosted us. This old man was the wreck of the once celebrated Anthony Count Hamilton!

'Well, my Lord," said he to Bolingbroke, "how do you like the weather at Paris?—It is a little better than the merciless air of London—is it not? 'Slife!—even in June, one could not go open-breasted in those regions of cold and catarrh—a very great misfortune, let me tell you, my Lord, if one's cambric happened to be of a very delicate and brilliant texture, and one wished to penetrate the inward folds of a lady's heart, by developing, to the best advantage, the exterior folds that covered his own."

'It is the first time," answered Bolingbroke, "that I ever heard so accomplished a courtier as Count Hamilton reprove, with sincerity, that he could not bare his bosom to inspection."

'Ah!" cried Boulainvilliers, "but vanity makes a man shew much that discretion would conceal."

'*Au diable* with your discretion!" said Hamilton, "tis a vulgar virtue. Vanity is a truly aristocratic quality, and every way fitted to a gentleman. Should I ever have been renowned for my exquisite lace and web-like cambric, if I had not been vain? Never, *mon cher!* I should have gone into a convent and worn sackcloth, and, from Count Antoine, I should have thickened into Saint Anthony."

'Nay," cried Lord Bolingbroke, "there is as much scope for vanity in sackcloth, as there is in cambric; for vanity is like the Irish egling master in the Spectator, and if it teaches the play-house to ogle by candle-light, it also teaches the church to ogle by day! But, pardon me, Monsieur Chaulieu, how well you look! I see that the myrtle sheds its verdure, not only over your poetry, but the poet. And it is right that, to the modern Anacreon, who has bequeathed to Time a treasure it will never forego, Time itself should be gentle in return."

'Milord," answered Chaulieu, an old man who, though considerably past seventy, was animated, in appearance and manner, with a vivacity and life that would have done honour to a youth—"Milord, it was beautifully said by the Emperor Julian, that Justice retained the Graces in her vestibule. I see, now, that he should have substituted the word *Wisdom* for that of *Justice*."

'Come," cried Anthony Hamilton, "this will never do. Compliments are the dullest things imaginable. For God's sake let us leave panegyric to blockheads, and say something bitter to one another, or we shall die of ennui."

'*Vous avez raison*," said Boulainvilliers:—"Let us pick out some poor devil to begin with. Absent or present!—Decide which."

'Oh, absent," cried Chaulieu; "'tis a thousand times more piquant to slander than to rally! Let us commence with his Majesty: Count Devereux, have you seen Madame Maintenon and her devout infant, since your arrival?"

'No!—the priests must be petitioned before the miracle is made public."

'What!" cried Chaulieu, "would you insinuate that his Majesty's piety is really nothing less than a miracle?"

'Impossible!" said Boulainvilliers, gravely,—"piety is as natural to kings as flattery to their courtiers: are we not told that they are made in God's own image!"

'If that were true," said Count Hamilton, somewhat profanely—"if that were true, I should no longer deny the impossibility of Atheism!"

"Fie, Count Hamilton," said an old gentleman, in whom I recognised the great Huet, "fie—wit should beware how it uses wings—its province is earth, not heaven."

"Nobody can better tell what wit is not, than the learned Abbé Huet!" answered Hamilton, with a mock air of respect.

"Paha!" cried Chaulieu, "I thought when we once gave the rein to satire it would carry us *à ple mille* against one another. But in order to sweeten that drop of lemon-juice for you, my dear Huet, let me turn to Milord Bolingbroke, and ask him whether England can produce a scholar equal to Peter Huet, who in twenty years wrote notes to sixty-two volumes of Classics, for the sake of a prince who never read a line in one of them?"

"We have some scholars," answered Bolingbroke; "but we certainly have no Huet. It is strange enough, but learning seems to me like a circle: it grows weaker the more it spreads. We now see many people capable of reading commentaries, but very few, indeed, capable of writing them."

"True," answered Huet; and in his reply he introduced the celebrated illustration which is at this day mentioned among his most felicitous *bons mots*. "Scholarship, formerly the most difficult and unaided enterprise of genius, has now been made, by the very toils of the first mariners, but an easy and common-place voyage of leisure. But who would compare the great men, whose very difficulties not only proved their ardour, but brought them the patience and the courage which alone are the parents of a genuine triumph, to the indolent letterers of the present day, who having little of difficulty to conquer, have nothing of glory to attain? For my part, there seems to me the same difference between a scholar of our days and one of the past, as there is between Christopher Columbus and the master of a packet-boat from Calais to Dover!"

"But," cried Anthony Hamilton, taking a pinch of snuff, with the air of a man about to utter a witty thing—"but what have we—*we* spirits of the world, not imps of the closet,"—and he glanced at Huet—"to do with scholarship? All the waters of Castaly which we want to pour into our brain, are such as will flow the readiest to our tongue."

"In short, then," said I, "you would assert that all a friend cares for in one's head is the quantity of talk in it?"

"Precisely, my dear Count," said Hamilton, seriously; "and to that maxim I will add another applicable to the opposite sex. All that a mistress cares for in one's heart is the quantity of love in it."

"What! are generosity, courage, honour, to go for nothing, with our mistress, then?" cried Chaulieu.

"No; for she will believe, if you are a passionate lover, that you have all those virtues; and if not, she won't believe that you have one."

"Ah! it was a pretty court of love in which the friend and biographer of Count Grammont learnt the art!" said Bolingbroke.

"We believed so at the time, my lord; but there are as many changes in the fashion of making love as there are in that of making dresses. Honour me, Count Devereux, by using my snuff-box, and then looking at the lid."

"It is the picture of Charles the Second, which adorns it—is it not?"

"No, Count Devereux, it is the diamonds which adorn it. His majesty's face I thought very beautiful while he was living; but now, on my conscience, I consider it the ugliest phis I ever beheld. But I pointed your notice to the picture because we were talking of love; and Old Rowley believed that he could make it better than any one else. All his courtiers had the same opinion of themselves; and I dare say the *beaux parsons* of Queen Anne's reign would say, that not one of King Charley's gang knew what love was. Oh! 'tis a strange circle of revolutions, that love! Like the earth, it always changes, and yet always has the same materials."

"*L'Amour—l'amour—toujours l'amour*, with Count Anthony Hamilton!" said Boulainvilliers. "He is always on that subject; and, *sacre bleu!* when he was younger I am told he was like Cacus, the son of Vulcan, and breathed nothing but flames."

"You flatter me," said Hamilton. "Solve me now

a knotty riddle, my Lord Bolingbroke. Why does a young man think it the greatest compliment to be thought wise, while an old man thinks it the greatest compliment to be told he has been foolish?"

"Is love foolish, then?" said Lord Bolingbroke.

"Can you doubt it?" answered Hamilton; "it makes a man think more of another than himself! I know not a greater proof of folly!"

"*Al-mou aimable ami*," cried Chaulieu; "you are the wickedest witty person I know. I cannot help loving your language, while I hate your sentiments."

"My language is my own—my sentiments are those of all men," answered Hamilton; "but are we not, by the by, to have young *Arouet* here to-night? What a charming person he is!"

"Yes," said Boulainvilliers: "He said he should be late; and I expect Fontenelle, too, but he will not come before supper. I found Fontenelle, this morning, conversing with my cook on the best manner of dressing asparagus. I asked him the other day, what writer, ancient or modern, had ever given him the most sensible pleasure. After a little pause, the excellent old man said—'Daphnia.'—'Daphnia!' repeated I—'who the devil is he?' 'Why,' answered Fontenelle, with tears of gratitude in his benevolent eyes, 'I had some hypochondriacal ideas, that suppers were unwholesome; and Daphnia is an ancient physician, who asserts the contrary; and declares,—think, my friend, what a charming theory!—that the moon is a great assistant of the digestion!'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the *Abbé de Chaulieu*. "How like Fontenelle! what an anomalous creature 'tis! He has the most kindness and the least feeling of any man I ever knew. Let Hamilton find a pithier description for him if he can!"

"Whatever reply the friend of the *preux Grammont* might have made, was prevented by the entrance of a young man of about twenty-one.

"In person he was small, slight, and very thin. There was a certain affectation of polite address in his manner and mien, which did not quite become him; and though he was received by the old wits with great cordiality, and on a footing of perfect equality, yet, the inexpressible air which denotes birth, was both pretended to, and wanting. This, perhaps, was however owing to the ordinary inexperience of youth; which, if not awkwardly bashful, is generally awkward in its assurance. Whatever its cause, the impression vanished directly he entered into conversation. I do not think I ever encountered a man so brilliantly, yet so easily witty. He had but little of the studied allusion—the antithetical point—the classic metaphor, which chiefly characterise the wits of my day. On the contrary, it was an exceeding and naïve simplicity, which gave such unrivalled charm and piquancy to his conversation. And while I have not scrupled to stamp in my pages some faint imitation of the peculiar dialogue of other eminent characters, I must confess myself utterly unable to convey the smallest idea of his method of making words irresistible. Contenting my efforts, therefore, with describing his personal appearance—interesting, because that of the most striking literary character it has been my lot to meet—I shall omit his share in the remainder of the conversation I am rehearsing, and beg the reader to recal that passage in Tacitus, in which the great historian says, that in the funeral of Junia, "the images of Brutus and Cassius outshone all the rest, from the very circumstance of their being the sole ones excluded from the rite."

"The countenance, then, of Marie Francis Arouet (since so celebrated under the name of Voltaire,) was plain in feature, but singularly striking in effect; its vivacity was the very perfection of what Steele once happily called "physiognomical eloquence." His eyes were arched, fiery rather than bright, and so restless that they never dwelt in the same place for a moment; his mouth, as at once the worst and the most peculiar feature of his face: it betokened humour, it is true; but it also betrayed malignancy—nor did it ever smile without sarcasm. Though flattering to those present, his words against the absent, uttered by that bitter and curling lip, singled with your pleasure at their wit a little fear at their causticity. I believe no one, be he as bold, as callous, or as faultless as human nature can be, could be one hour with that man and not feel apprehension. Ridicule,

so lavish, yet so true to the mark—so wanton, yet so seemingly just—so bright, that while it wandered round its target, in apparent, though terrible playfulness, it burned into the spot, and engraved there a brand, and a token indelible and perpetual;—this no man could witness, when darted towards another, and feel safe for himself. The very caprice and levity of the jester seemed more perilous, because less to be calculated upon, than a systematic principle of bitterness or satire. Bolingbroke compared him, not unaptly, to a child who has possessed himself of Jupiter's bolts, and who makes use of those bolts in sport, which a God would only have used in wrath.

Arouet's forehead was not remarkable for height, but it was nobly and grandly formed, and, contradicting that of the mouth, wore a benevolent expression. Though so young, there was already a wrinkle on the surface of the front, and a prominence on the eyebrow which shewed that the wit and the fancy of his conversation were, if not regulated, at least contrasted, by more thoughtful and lofty characteristics of mind. At the time I write, this man has obtained a high throne among the powers of the lettered world. What he may yet be, it is in vain to guess: he may be all that is great and good, or—the reverse; but I cannot but believe that his career is only begun. Such men are born monarchs of the mind; they may be benefactors or tyrants: in either case, they are greater than the kings of the physical empire, because they defy armies and laugh at the intrigues of state. From themselves only come the balance of their power, the laws of their government, and the boundaries of their realm.

"We sat down to supper. "Count Hamilton," said Boulainvilliers, "are we not a merry set for such old fellows? Why, excepting Arouet, Milord Bolingbroke, and Count Devereux, there is scarcely one of us under seventy. Where, but at Paris, would you see *bons vivans* of our age? *Vivent la joie!—la bagatelle!—l'amour!*"

"*Et le vin de Champagne*," cried Chaulieu, filling his glass; "but what is there strange in our merriment? Philemon, the comic poet, laughed at ninety-seven. May we all do the same!"

"You forget," cried Bolingbroke, "that Philemon died of the laughing."

"Yes," said Hamilton; "but, if I remember right, it was at seeing an ass eat figs. Let us vow, therefore, never to keep company with asses!"

"Bravo, Count," said Boulainvilliers, "you have put the true moral on the story. Let us swear by the ghost of Philemon, that we will never laugh at an ass's jokes—practical or verbal."

"Then we must always be serious, except when we are with each other," cried Chaulieu. "Oh, I would sooner take my chance of dying prematurely at ninety-seven, than consent to such a vow!"

"Fontenelle," cried our host, "you are melancholy. What is the matter?"

"I mourn for the weakness of human nature," answered Fontenelle, with an air of patriarchal philanthropy. "I told your cook three times about the asparagus; and now—taste it. I told him not to put too much sugar, and he has put none. Thus it is with mankind—ever in extremes, and consequently ever in error! Thus it was that Luther said, so felicitously and so truly, that the human mind was like a drunken peasant on horseback—prop it on one side, and it falls on the other."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Chaulieu, "*le pauvre Secrétaire de l'Académie des Sciences!* Who would have thought one could have found so much morality in a plate of asparagus! Taste this *salafte*."

"But, for my part," said Boulainvilliers, "I think Tacitus is not so invariably the analyst of vice as you would make him. Look at the *Agricola* and the *Germania*."

"Ah! the Germany, above all things!" cried Hamilton, dropping a delicious morsel of *sanglier*, in its way from hand to mouth, in his hurry to speak. "Of course, the historian, Boulainvilliers, advocates the Germany, from its mention of the origin of the feudal system—that incomparable bundle of excellencies, which *Le Comte de Boulainvilliers* has declared to be *le chef d'œuvre de l'esprit humain*; and which the same gentle-

man regrets, in the most pathetic terms, no longer exists in order that the seigneur may feed upon *de gros morceaux de bœuf demi-cru*, may hang up half his peasants *pour encourager les autres*, and ravish the daughters of the defunct *pour leur donner quelque consolation*."

"Seriously, though," said the old *Abbé de Chaulieu*, with a twinkling eye, "the lost mentioned evil, my dear Hamilton, was not without a little alloy of good."

"Yes," said Hamilton, "if it was only the daughters; but perhaps the seigneur was not too scrupulous with regard to the wives."

"Ah! shocking, shocking!" cried Chaulieu, solemnly. "Adultery is, indeed, an atrocious crime. I am sure I would most conscientiously cry out with the honest preacher—'Adultery, my children, is the blackest of sins. I do declare, that I would rather have ten virgins in love with me than one married woman!'"

"We all laughed at this enthusiastic burst of virtue from the chaste Chaulieu. And Arouet turned our conversation towards the ecclesiastical dissensions between Jesuits and Jansenists, that then agitated the kingdom. It was then that Bolingbroke used that magnificent illustration, so significant of all those ecclesiastical quarrels, in which indulging the worst passions is termed zeal for the best cause; and we prove beyond a doubt how intensely we love God, by showing with what delightful animosity we can hate one another! "The priests," said Bolingbroke, "remind me of the nurses of Jupiter; they make a great clamour, in order to drown the voices of their God."

"Bravissimo!" cried Hamilton. "Is it not a pity, messieurs, that my Lord Bolingbroke was not a Frenchman? He is almost clever enough to be one."

"If he would drink a little more, he would be," cried Chaulieu, who was growing gloriously *plein de boisson*.

"What say you, Morton?" exclaimed Bolingbroke; "must we not drink these gentlemen under the table for the honour of our country?"

"A challenge! a challenge!" cried Chaulieu. "I march first to the field!"

"Conquest or death!" shouted Bolingbroke. And the rites of Minerva were forsaken for those of Bacchus."—Pp. 186—206.

TRAVELS IN TURKEY.

Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827. By R. R. Madden, Esq. M. R. C. S. 8vo. in two vols. London, Colburn, 1829.

(Concluded from p. 404.)

THE present state and prospects of the Ottoman Empire engage, of course, a principal place in the attention of our author as of Mr. Mac Farlane; and we trust their united efforts will be successful in dispelling a vast deal of indolent prejudice abroad on this important subject. Ignorance here, as usual, has been fruitful not of doubt, nor of inquiry, but of dogmatism: the government of Turkey is pronounced to be the fittest for its subjects by our fire-side politicians, who know nothing of its internal working; and its acts are affirmed to be no legitimate concern of other powers by grave authorities, equally ignorant of its conduct towards its neighbours. Nor are these decisions grounded on the facts of the case, but announced with all the pomp of general principles in politics. Yet surely it will not be contended that no spectacle of atrocity on the public stage of Europe can justify a departure from the rule of non-interference. And even if the fact that a government exists were to be taken, as these gentlemen would have it, for a proof that it is the best system possible for its subjects, they would be far enough still from having proved that its continuance in a stationary condition is compatible with the advancing growth and culture of its neighbours. It is true that the mere circumstance of lengthened duration is sufficient to establish the presence of some elements of justice and of policy in a system: for even if such elements did not enter at the date of its original institution, they must be supposed to have introduced themselves subsequently, to account

for its obtaining any degree of stability and permanence. But it is quite another question whether these qualities are to be found in a government in just ratio to the wants and the capacities of its subjects: it is a farther question still, whether they so control its conduct as to preserve its place in the federal band of civilized communities. None can be less willing than ourselves to judge of social institutions by their outward forms and lineaments, without reference to the local peculiarities or necessities in which these may find their origin and their justification. But the principles essential to good government are in every age and country the same; for they are identical with the code of human justice, of which the root lies happily deep in human nature, and by their variance or conformity with which must every government on earth be judged. Individual virtue and industry, are they favoured and protected? Political talent, is it fostered and employed? Foreign relations, are they liberal and extended? Such questions are soon answered in Turkey, where the least of all concerns is human existence and enjoyment, and where all that is worked for good is individual or fortuitous. It remains to be seen through what 'abomination of desolation' shall come to pass the end of these things; whether the radical reforms of Sultan Mahmoud will effect the long un hoped regeneration, or whether conquest must (like smuggling) have its swing as civilisation's champion in the last resort.

We insert the following ludicrous description of the *Conversazione* of an Arab man of quality, without too anxiously inquiring whether the admirable humour with which our author has hit off the *quid nunc* circles of Egypt may not owe a poignant stroke or two more to his own original whim than to the characteristic traits of his interlocutors:

'The Navarino business now gave a political turn to their discussions, and many of their opinions of European policy and power were so singular, that I could with difficulty bring myself to believe they were seriously delivered.

'A fierce looking little man with a green turban, high in office, broached the subject of the late battle: "The Giaours have burned our ships," said he, "but God will burn them, hell is a hot couch, and a grievous couch it shall be to them, we are told by the prophet." "Please the Lord," responded a fat merchant, and his Inshallah was doled out with great devotion. "Were all the ships in the world joined against the Sultan in the battle?" asked an Arab Sheikh in the simplicity of his heart; "Ay, all," answered a Ulema of great eminence, "all the Caffres of Fraguistan were leagued against the true believers, how else could they prevail, what ten of them could face one true Moslem? but ten thousand to one are too great odds; and were there not forty thousand of their ships against us?" "Allah Wakbar," said an Effendi, a man of learning, "there is but one God, and if the English were not in Navarino, the Francowa, the Nempowa, and the Muscowa, would now be food for the kelp el bahr!" the sea dogs. "Allah Karim!" ejaculated an old priest, "God is most merciful, it is only the infidels who say that the ships of the sultan were burned; it is impossible, because the Giaours could not burn them." "Callam thaib!" cried a dozen of the party. "It is well spoken, it is the ships of the unbelievers that are burned, not the Sultan's." "Did not the Algerines," said a grave old man, "destroy the entire fleet of the English a few years ago, and where were they to find another all at once? is a ship like a pastek, a water melon? does it fall from the sky? is it like a rain drop? does it fall from the sky?" "Wallah callam thaib!" God was called to witness by several, that it was a good saying.

"The English are a great people," said a young Malim, a secretary of the governor's, "they are a very great people, what razors can be compared to English? what pistols vie with those of England? do not the Pacha's capans come from England?" "It is very true," replied the Ulema, "and they have conquered all the world excepting the dominions of the Sultan. India is theirs, and some say the Indian Moslems are their slaves." "Min Allah, heaven forbid!" exclaimed the priest, "a Moslem under an infidel, it cannot be; the

Lord would not suffer a dog, a Caffre to call a true believer Servant; Min Allah!"

"It is even so," said the Effendi, "and the English now want to be our masters, and they will be one day. It has been long prophesied we must fall; Stamboul will see the son of yellowness, the Russian within her lofty walls, and Maar will be a bone between the dogs of France and England, but the latter must have it." "If either of the Caffres must have it," said the fat merchant, "let it be the French; if we only could keep our money and our women out of their reach, they are good humoured infidels enough, they love *fantasia*, they are always merry."

"It was not easy," said the divine, "when they were here, to keep either our money or our women from the Caffres—confusion to their race; the other infidels plundered the people less; but who loved them more? Were they not both the enemies of God's prophet and his law?"

A good looking young man in an Arnaout uniform, who had hitherto been silent, now gave his opinion of the two powers: "The English Giaours," said he, "have most money, because they have only to send to India for as many ship loads as they please, and they can better afford to pay men for fighting for them than the others. The French bring no money with them; wherever they go they pillage, but they never take a paras away with them after all. Whichever gives the best *thyme*, rations, is the Giaour for an Arnaout."

"Surely," exclaimed the Malim, "you would not draw your sword for a dog, a Christian?"

"For no man who did not pay me," replied the Arnaout, evading the question.

"What, for a Caffre?" rejoined the Malim. "Why not," said the Arnaout, when the business is to cut another Caffre's throat?"

This was a good joke, and every one felt himself bound to laugh. When silence was restored, the lawyer put a question which puzzled the whole assembly exceedingly: "Where is England?" "England," replied the priest, with the supercilious air of superior knowledge, "England is in London!" "La! la! mough kiddi," cried the Effendi, the man of learning; "England is not in London, London is only a belled, a town, but England is in the great sea of the north, it is an island, like America, which is also English."

"That's impossible," said the lawyer, "so great a nation never could be an island; are the people of Scio or Cyprus to be compared to the English, and are not both those places islands?"

"Do the French come from an island too?" said a Sheikh, from Assouan, who had never seen an island but that of Elephantine, "there cannot be many of them then."

"When they were here," said the Malim, "there was no scarcity of them, they were forty thousand strong in Scanderia alone."

"Do not talk of thousands," exclaimed the priest, "*callam millioni*, the word is millions; were they not like locusts from Scanderia to Assouan?" "With ten thousand Arnaouts," said the young soldier, "I would have driven them into the sea, every Caffre of them. How many thousands of English did we not trample on, in Raschid, a few years ago?" "They were five and twenty thousand strong in Rosetta," said the lawyer, "and they were all slain." "Not all," answered the Effendi, "the general got his life, but there were only five thousand of them altogether."

"Five thousand or twenty," cried the lawyer, "is it not all the same thing; were they not all infidels, and were they not vanquished with the sword of Islam?"

"Allah karim," cried the priest, "God is most merciful; such be the fate of all who believe not in the true prophet, to whose name be eternal glory."

"If the Sultan," said the Effendi, "had taken off the heads of the Janissaries a hundred years ago, the law of Islam would now be spread over the whole earth."

"As it is," replied the priest, "are not the true believers like the stars of heaven? who can count them? is not their empire over the whole earth from the rising even to the setting place of the sun."

"It is not in the Frozen Ocean, however," said the Levantine, "there are no Moslems there."

"It is a lie," said the priest, "they are every where, the prophet has said so."

"What, in America?" said the Levantine, "it was only discovered a few years ago!"

"Well, then, if it was not known to the prophet," replied the priest, "of course he had nothing to say to it."

"But," continued the Levantine, in a low voice, "the law of the prophet could not be intended for all mankind."

"It was meant for the universe," said the priest, "and hell's fire is the portion of him who rejects it."

"If every man is bound to fast the Ramadan, from sunrise to sunset," replied the Levantine, "on the pain of reprobation, the Moslems of the Frozen Ocean, where the days are six months long, should feel somewhat exhausted."

"I do not believe it," cried the priest in a fury, "who ever saw a day six months long? who could sleep an entire night of six months long?—no man."

"But I read it in a book," said the Levantine, "written by the famous Volney."

"What is written in the perspicuous volumes of truth," replied the priest, "admits neither of doubt nor disputation: there is not a word in the Koran concerning the days of six months' duration, neither of the nights, therefore I disbelieve it, because it is impossible."

"Kaif," said the Levantine, "do as you please, but truth is one:—a very common expression of the Arabs, and is generally the *no plus ultra* in an argument."—Vol. 2.—pp. 376—383.

THE ROCKITE.

The Rockite: a Tale. London, 1829. Nisbet.

How often have we heard sensible persons say of a book, that if they can only find 'perfect honesty' in it, they can bear with the absence of all other qualifications. And how often have we seen these persons afterwards laying down the book with a much bitter remark against its author, because, though their expectations were so moderate, they had been utterly disappointed.

It would go far towards increasing the charitable dispositions of such persons if they would only consider with themselves, for one moment, what is necessary to ensure perfect honesty in a writer, and how many of all the writers they have met with in the course of their lives possessed that merit. We will leave biography out of the question, the reputation of which is proverbial; we pass over history, for that Sir Robert Walpole, who was a good judge, knew to be false; we will not allude to metaphysics, nearly every writer on which tells some lies consciously, and a great many unconsciously; we will merely speak of what are called works of imagination, when the many temptations at first sight may seem fewest, if these can, in any rational sense of the word, be called 'honest.' Among them, so far as our reading has extended, there is but one who can pretend to that character. Take Shakspeare away, and then point out to us a single man among the noblest and best authors of our land who has not some time or other allowed his personal, political, or religious bias to intrude in such a manner as to destroy the honesty of his work.

Richardson and Fielding will occur to most persons as the best instances; but the villains of the former, with the exception of Lovelace, have never quite fair play, and Square and Thwackem are eternal blots upon the honesty of 'Tom Jones.'

The fact is that the very most wonderful intellectual conformation, we had almost added, the most wonderful felicity of circumstances, is necessary to secure this qualification in a writer. Nothing short of that tranquil power which belonged to Shakspeare because he possessed a fund of humanity superior to any which he has exhibited to us, can be a security for a dramatist or a novelist not taking such interest in some of the feelings which he embodies, as to do injustice to the rest. How that power was

won in the instance when it is most strongly manifested, whether the infant Hercules brought it to perfection by grappling only with the hard realities of nature, or whether there was some superadded discipline to produce that astonishing union of strength and flexibility, will always remain a mystery; but this is certain that even if a mind as great as his were to appear in this day, he would need such an education as few men have ever enjoyed to become equally serene and equally honest.

We thought these observations necessary as a defence of our friends, the literary men and women in Ireland, against whom some very hard and illiberal accusations have been brought. 'Look,' exclaims Jane, 'at that Protestant, pointing to some strongly exaggerated statement of the villainous feelings which enter into the composition of an Orangeman, by the author of the 'O'Hara Tales,'—call you that honest? 'Was ever any thing so unfair as this harangue of a Catholic priest,' exclaims another, referring to a passage in the 'Rockite,'—is that honest? Dear friends, sweet friends, Heaven's for our cause, which is neither Orange nor Catholic, but the cause of good truth and good writing, and be silent that you may hear. Neither of the statements are honest—we know it perfectly well, and yet both of the statements proceed from honest excellent persons, and both of the statements are evidence in favour instead of against their honesty. We will explain our paradox in a few words.

There are some persons who, when two parties are engaged in a fierce strife with each other, can enter thoroughly into the feelings of both, and make us enter into them likewise. Looking to results, this is the only strictly honest class, for it is the only one which leaves a fair impression upon our minds. And this class consists of William Shakspeare, and, probably, of some three other uninspired critics since the beginning of time. Secondly, there are some who, in such cases, can enter into the feelings of neither party, and, consequently, give their own feelings to both. These are, emphatically, the dishonest writers; and they include five sixths of all the persons who attempt to write books. And, lastly, there are some who cannot enter into the feelings of both parties, but can enter into the feelings of one; and this occupying a vastly higher ground than the latter, though immensely below the first, include, in modern times, among many others, almost all the Irish novelists. But since great sympathy with one party of course involves injustice to another, these writers appear much more guilty than those whose incapacity make their impartiality unfair to both. Our readers, however, we trust, will never forget that any person who makes us acquainted with any feelings which we could not get at without his assistance, is a benefactor to his species, and they will not complain of an author for doing much, because he does so now. They will, at the same time, be anxious to guard against assigning too little value to the class of feelings which he is incapable of comprehending, and will be always grateful if they can improve their knowledge of them from some other source.

Upon this ground we very cordially recommend the 'Rockite' to our readers' attention. We admit, without hesitation, that it gives altogether an inadequate and unfair statement of the feelings which influence the Catholic peasantry; and if our readers like its statements for Gospel, in this point they will be imbibing falsehood instead of the truth, which they may obtain if they look for it in the proper direction. But this defect is of no great moment. The feelings of that portion of the Irish nation are expressed in the works of Mr. Banim, with a power and comprehension which leave us and them nothing to wish for. It remains that we should find a friend who will give us the feelings of the other dominant party, who shall show in what way the ideas of law and pure religion connect themselves with their oppressions, as those of liberty and persecuted religion do with the Catholic excesses. This task the authoress of the 'Rockite' has undertaken to fulfil, and she is fulfilled it well. Her book is pleasantly written,ounds in lively and vigorous descriptions, and

often embodies the feelings of her personages in very lively and characteristic language. With her politics we have nothing to do, farther than as they are useful to us in making us understand that to which, but for them, we might have been strangers; and as very high religious feeling pervades the whole story, it demonstrates, we think, the absurdity of a notion which the 'Edinburgh Review' has promulgated, that an Orange novel could not be written—an assertion which we thought ridiculous at the time it was uttered; for there can be no doubt that Orange opinions are fortified by strong feelings of some kind, and what strong feelings of any kind may not find, and ought to find, an exposition?

The following scene, we think, will confirm our favourable opinion of a book, the merits of which we are the more anxious to point out, because its smallness and cheapness might otherwise prevent it from finding favour in the eyes of Burlington-street novel readers.

'Katy hobbled along the road as fast as avarice, her ruling passion, could urge the weary limbs of age. In the prospect of securing the reward, she had ventured on a perilous game. The associates with whom Maurice had last seen her were not sworn members of Rock's fraternity, but mercenary plunderers, whose object was immediate gain, and who would have deemed the traveller's clothes and watch a justification for putting him to death. Cautious, however, to give no offence to the formidable body of Rockites, they had contrived, partly by means of Katy herself, to acquire as much knowledge of their established signs of recognition as sufficed to guard against such implication; and the old woman connived at their barbarities while permitted to share the plunder. From these men she had rescued Maurice, in order to sell his blood at a higher price than they dreamed of valuing it at. She foolishly imagined that the money would be paid to her as soon as the prisoner was in custody, and with this she purposed immediately to decamp; but finding that a mere trifle would be the only recompense until better assurance was received of prosecuting him to conviction, she resolved to keep out of sight, and to find some personal enemy of Maurice who would dare the consequence of appearing against him on the united allurements of profit and revenge, or else to suborn one of the straggling freebooters in aid of her design.

'Guided by their worthless conductress, the colonel and his party wound up the wild and romantic pathway, until the gurgling of St. Kevin's spring warned them that the next turn would bring them close upon its margin, and here Katy pointed out the little niche in the rock, where she purposed awaiting their return; while a stout fellow, formidably armed, was stationed at its entrance. The rest proceeded, and cautiously turning the angle of the rock, formed themselves in the wildly beautiful area to which the well and the round tower imparted a character of interest, as monuments of antiquity; records of man's footsteps, where, but for them, nature had seemed, on a cursory glance, to have reigned untrivalled since those rocks were fashioned. There was a charm of loneliness, a melancholy sweetness not unminged with grandeur, over which even the denuding hand of winter had little power. The fir-tree and the holly abounded, wearing their verdant mantle as in the bloom of spring. A leafless oak stretched its gigantic arms over the well; its rugged bark brightened with the young foliage of an ivy plant that had already wove its way nearly to the summit of the trunk; and on its principal branch flourished in pale green the consecrated misseltoe.

'At a short distance rose a most majestic yew, whose dark and venerable head towered in rivalry above the forest king; and clusters of red berries, pressing amid leaves of variegated holly, lent a glow more vivid than that of summer flowers. The deep azure of a frosty sky and the clear sunbeam darting its radiance on the antique tower left nothing for the eye of taste to wish for. The colonel's nephew forgot his occupation on the first view of so unexpected a scene, and in the undertone of genuine feeling ejaculated

"Beautiful! most beautiful!"

"Aye, William," replied his uncle, with a sigh, "our poor country is a paradise desecrated by spirits of darkness."

'They approached the tower, and loudly summoned its inhabitants to surrender, but, save from a most powerful echo, no response was heard. It was found necessary to explore the apartment, and after a strict and cautious search, unsuccessful of course, one of the party was despatched for Katy, who reluctantly obeyed the command, and more than participated in the disappointment.

"You have deceived us, woman," said the colonel, sternly.

"And what would I get by that but a weary walk and the fear of death? See here, isn't the sods half burnt and the cake crumbled about, and bad luck to the spalpeen, but he's left some token," and she picked up a bright object. On inspection it proved to be a regimental button, which, partly for "good luck" and yet more for "auld lang syne," Maurice had most tenaciously preserved about his person; but, on the preceding night, it had rolled from his pocket unperceived, and now invited the scrutiny of the young police officer. "This," said he, "so far confirms the old woman's story of a discharged soldier, that its owner certainly belonged to the — dragoons, who were disbanded in this country at the last reduction."

"Keep it then," said the colonel, "it may serve as a clue yet."

'The distress of old Katy was extreme, and evidently real. She not only saw the anticipated reward snatched from her grasp, but stood committed with the vindictive confederacy in a manner the most alarming. Naturally shrewd and sagacious, she now endeavoured to dissuade the colonel from giving publicity to the transaction, calling to witness every saint in the calendar she would leave no means untried still to place within his power the object of their fruitless expedition. She told him that all hope of capturing the culprit was totally vain, if it were once publicly known that he was marked and traced; while a prudent silence on the subject would leave them still a fair chance of lighting on him. She recommended a strict search through St. Kevin's boundary, and lamented her hard fortune in losing the reward of her loyal fidelity, in terms strongly characteristic of her ruling passion. A consultation was held by the gentlemen, and Katy's counsel finally adopted; an injunction to secrecy being laid on all concerned, while the colonel and his troop remounted, bearing away the sole and unsatisfactory prize of Maurice's regimental button.

'Katy's next step was a pilgrimage to the distant rendezvous, the concealed head-quarters of Captain Rock. Since the affair of Slievemorán, the former haunt of the gang had been deserted by all but the accustomed retailer of potheen; and a place widely dissimilar from it was selected as affording better promise of security.

'Through a bog of considerable extent, flat, dreary, and neglected, a narrow but deep river wound its eccentric course. Scarcely a shrub arose within the circuit of some miles to vary the cheerless monotony, and so swampy was the ground that few footsteps cared to try its supporting power. Yet almost in the centre of this desert and close upon the river's bank, rose the remains of a stupendous fortress, seated on an artificial elevation, and to all appearance unapproachable, unless by the water, to any but forms of fairy lightness. The river, too, was rendered so unsafe by the immense masses of ruin that had fallen into it, during the lapse of ages, that a boat had not within the memory of man been seen to venture there, and tradition told of spikes and other perilous defences thickly planted between its lazy waters, which generally accumulated against the stony obstructions until they overtopped them and flowed to a great extent beyond their banks in the rainy season; the draughts of summer still reducing them to a compass proportionably narrow.

'Yet across this stream there was a ford of moderate depth and perfect security: along the bog there was a firm track, and to the lawless despots, the midnight legislators of Ireland, these approaches were familiar. The Rock of another district had here established his seat of sanguinary power; and hither did Katy bend her course, with more serious misgivings than had ever before embittered her progress to the Rock council-table.

'On the second evening of her journey, she arrived within half a mile, and proceeded, wrapped up in her blue mantle, whose large hood, shrouding her head and

face, supplied the place of bonnet. The bag was uncut, its nature affording little encouragement to speculate on the progress of such operation, and over the obelinate ridges of coarse matted grass and stunted shrubs, the old woman passed with a difficulty which increased as she approached the building. A mine had been sprung on a small scale to effect the demolition of its stubborn fortress, when Cromwell laid siege to it; and many a masonry fragment lay deeply buried in the bog which had grown up all around it. Obstructions thickened in the traveller's path, and on gaining the foot of the eminence, Katy was glad to rest awhile before she ventured farther.

Night had not as yet closed in, but the black clouds were gathering in the west, with every indication of a storm; and the depth of gloom was more than sufficient to envelop in obscurity the diminutive figure lately moving along the swamp, and which had now become stationary beneath the shadows of gigantic ruins. The remains of an archway stood, or rather impended over the unequal ground, while its corresponding section lay half buried in moors and underwood, at a distance of fifty feet below. Beyond this shattered gateway was a bridge crossing the ancient moat of the castle; and, farther on, the site of a tower, of which scarcely six feet of an unequal wall marked the boundaries; but a deep excavation within, thickly choked up with stones and rubbish, showed where the dungeon was situated. From this spot extended an entire angle of the building, rising to the original height, and displaying its rows of windows in unbroken regularity, but entirely roofless. A turret of considerable dimensions flanked it to the left, and retained in fine preservation its steep and winding staircase, illuminated by successive loop-holes, and terminating in a projection, from whence a noble view of the surrounding country might be enjoyed. This look-out had commanded at one glance an entire sweep from the drawbridge on the left, to the river that meandered on the right of the castle, separated from it only by a strip of ground so swampy as to repel every footstep, even in its drouthy state; and at other seasons overflowed to the very base of the fortress.

But however interesting to the antiquary, this relic of feudal prowess possessed no charms for Katy. She heartily wished it would fall and furnish a tomb to the party whom she expected to find assembled within its recesses. Beyond the allurements of present gain, she had no tie to bind her to their faction. A devotee in religion among those to whom such sanctity might recommend her, she wanted the excuse of even genuine superstition to palliate her outrages on those whom her church anathematized: a sworn leaguer against the government, which she charged with oppression, she would for a bribe have sold her country to a yoke as galling as that which Egypt laid on the necks of the Hebrews. She served the confederacy while it protected and paid her. Incurring, as she had done, the peril of its vengeance, she would have rejoiced in its utter annihilation. And such generally is the character of the instruments with which the work of iniquity is effected. Katy had never yet entered the present abode of the conspirators, but her directions were too full and circumstantial to hazard any error in seeking admission; she waited until the last gleam of twilight was fading, and then making her way across the bridge, she gained the aperture already described at the mouth of the dungeon. A minute or two elapsed before her signals were acknowledged; and then an opening being formed by invisible means, among the heaps of crumbled fragments at her feet, a man's face appeared in the faint glimmer of a smothered light; and some questions were put in the usual figurative style, to which she made the established rejoinders. The aperture widened, and assisted by the hand of her companion, she descended, and soon found herself proceeding through a long, low, narrow, vaulted passage, thickly scattered with loose stones, and charged with an atmosphere scarcely endurable to one just translated from the fresh breeze of the bog. The path was far from being either level or straight; and Katy's resolution began to fail, when the scene suddenly changed. The vault became higher, the air circulated more freely, and she found herself in a misshapen apartment, the centre of which was occupied by a long table of uncouth construction, round which were seated the members of the gang, gathered into parties of three or four, at considerable distance from each other.

In one place, illumined by a thin rush, sat two fellows engaged with an imperfect pack of dirty cards, while two more eagerly watched the game, intent on the success of their bets. A little farther on, appeared some whose enjoyment was derived from the broken can of whiskey, while their haggard countenances displayed a character of heightened ferocity as they recounted their deeds of blood. Some were busily employed fitting flints into their muskets, and repairing the belts and other accoutrements of their lawless warfare; while a solitary dark looking man turned over a large heap of soiled newspapers, selecting and marking such paragraphs as he deemed calculated to excite the bitter feelings of rebel hostility against the governments in church and state. At the end of the table a lamp burned brightly, and beneath its glare lay a heap of notices already penned, and bits of paper prepared for a similar use, on one side of which a diligent scribe was tracing, from the dictation of his companion, a threat of extermination to plunge some defenceless family in despair.

In all this there was nothing new or surprising to Katy, unless in the form and size of the assortment; but at the extreme end of it, stretched on a rude bier, lay what was evidently a corpse, covered with a sheet; and on a sort of table close by it stood the usual insignia of death—a crucifix, with two candles stuck in hollow stands of different sizes, a cup of holy water, and three wooden platters heaped with snuff, tobacco, and coarse biscuits.

A wake was what Katy little dreamed of enjoying in such a spot, and she bridled up with delighted anticipation on beholding the promise of good cheer. The orgies had not yet commenced, and she surmised that the party would experience an addition previous to entering upon them. She had leisure to complete her survey of the abode and its inmates, before any notice was taken of her entrance, beyond the side glance of careless recognition. Secure of her services, under the strong tie of mercenary interest, the gang never wasted upon her any courteous attentions. Seating herself at one end of the rude bench, she commenced sighing and groaning in an under key, and proceeded to expatiate on her devotion to the general cause.

"Silence, you mercenary wretch!" exclaimed the newspaper student, "take your pay, and cease from canting." He flung her a few pieces of money and resumed his employment.

"What is it, honey?" asked Katy after a pause, glancing towards the bier, while she addressed the young man who had been writing the notices.

"Troth and it is a sad tale, Katy," he replied in a low and dejected tone; "he's fallen early, like the green ear beat down in a summer storm. There's blood under that white sheet, and blood must flow to wipe it away."

"And you'll tell me every word on't, Andy dear! Ah, but you're a jewel of a lad; and the civil tongue that never wagged to hurt man or child, nor to mock at old age."

The young man sighed, and a faint colour rose to his cheek as he glanced on the papers spread before him; but ere he could answer, another roughly interposed, "Bad luck to your blarney, you old bugaboo! Have we nothing to care for but tickling your ears with long stories? Pat Hennessy's dead, and he's left many a better man to revenge him. An old crow has a sharp scent after carrion, and you are come for a howl at his wake. More fools they that got broken heads in fighting for the carcass;" and he concluded in a surly muttering tone.

Katy's temper was violent, and now disappointed curiosity, combined with offended pride, completely threw her off her guard; and she angrily responded—

"And a bloodier hate than you bore him never gave the death stroke to Pat Hennessy. A nate boy was he! Carcass! Och, if you took better care of some carcasses, let alone your own; that's well enough looked to, you'd not be letting the best lad among ye be lost and perverted to fatten your spite!"

"What's all this?" cried the newspaper man, in a voice of authoritative inquiry.

"You'll get no more from me," muttered Katy, who felt, with alarm, that she had gone too far.

Many questions were put, to which she gave no reply,

or such as were provokingly evasive; and the altercation was running higher, when a signal from the mouth of the vault occasioned the whole party to arise and range themselves in a line, with looks expressive of reverence, real or assumed, according to the bent of their several characters.

Escorted by two or three fellows, wrapped up in blue surtout coats, and followed by half a dozen others variously equipped, a tall and portly personage now made his appearance, slowly proceeding along the apartment, motioning, as he passed, the sign of the cross, and pronouncing a benediction. Advancing immediately to the corpse, he placed himself at the foot of the bier, while the rest formed a circle about it as wide as the confined space would admit of. More candles were lighted, holy water was sprinkled, and Latin prayers, accompanied with as many ceremonies as could, under such circumstances, be performed, were gone through. The priest then demanded the particulars of the event.

The detail was furnished by him who had been so busy with the newspapers, and nothing was left untold that could excite the indignation or stimulate the vengeance of his hearers. For what purpose the deceased and his companions were abroad in the dead of night, was not explained; but according to the narrator, they had been wantonly attacked by armed foes, and after a gallant resistance, had succeeded in escaping with their bleeding comrade, who died before they could gain a place of concealment. In conclusion, he removed the sheet, and exhibited the still gory wounds that yawned on the face and breast of the ghastly object beneath.

TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA:

Travels in North America, in the Years 1827 and 1828. By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy. 3 vols. 8vo. Cadell and Co. Edinburgh, 1829.

We scarcely know whether to be more pleased or annoyed at the appearance of these volumes, for though we are gratified at gaining an able and useful work, we are disappointed in finding how much less there is of good in North America than a very natural disgust at the Quarterly Reviewers had taught us to hope. It is best, however, that the truth should be known; and we are persuaded that Captain Hall's performance will tend to spread it in England.

The book is far from being as carefully and neatly written as his work on Loo Choo, or that on South America; but it contains a great deal of strong, lively description, and some admirable homely images. There is much clever argumentation, and we have scarcely discovered any attempt at fine writing. But the protestations of impartiality are too many and too long; he apologises too often to his American friends for telling the truth; and, in reading many of the passages, we remembered the profound observation in 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' that the picture would have been better painted if more pains had been taken with it.

There are two classes of people who delight to praise the United States. Those who think that in a wonderfully short time since their first colonization they have become a highly-peopled and orderly country, and that, taking all circumstances into account, they deserve to be admired; and, on the other hand, those English radicals and American patriots who maintain that Washington is the seat of the best government that ever existed; that the polity of the United States is a model for that of all other nations; and that their people are, if not the most civilised, the most moral, the most high-minded in the world, they are, at all events, in a fair way to be so. It is only with this latter class that Captain Hall, or his reviewer, has any quarrel.

We are as much inclined as any American to point out the prosperity of the United States as the most remarkable instance that the modern world has seen of successful colonization. Twelve millions of men living together under the government of law, up to a certain point instructed, and capable of defending themselves against aggression, would at any time have been a considerable portion of the human race. Such the people of the United States are:

but they lay claim to a far more important place among mankind than these characteristics would assign to them. They say that among them a great social experiment is tried for the improvement of the world; that men never were so free or so enlightened as on the banks of the Chesapeake and the Mississippi; and that the institutions by which they are there governed call out virtues and faculties superior to all that the history of the earth records. These would, in fact, be tame and feeble sentences among the self-eulogies of the North Americans. They are, in their own eyes, the wisest, the most heroic, and the best of men; and they constantly anticipate a period when, all other countries having fallen into decay, America shall be the head and front of human society, in place of doating and decrepid Europe.

The ground which the Americans assign for this exultation, is their democratic government. They tell us to look at the map of the people in any other country, and to compare them for intelligence and worth with those of the United States. Among them there is no distinction of ranks, no privileged classes, no hereditary power, nor monopolising sect; the people govern themselves, and are degraded by no superior authority to their own.

Let us consider for a moment how stands the fact before we look at the American reason. The only persons whom this enlightened nation would describe as their great men, were formed while the States were under the English rule. They have produced no eminent thinker, and not a book of any value to the world, except two or three pamphlets by Doctor Channing, and the writings of Washington Irving. Rome, to be sure, did not give birth for many ages to a single book; but Rome had statesmen and heroes, whose like can hardly be found in the history of modern Europe, much less in the meagre and trivial annals of the North American democracy. There is, indeed, comparatively little wretchedness among them, for England sent out her colonists to a land which a thousand years would scarcely suffice to fill. Men multiply there, but they also dwindle; and the mass which is collectively imposing seems to contain no individual to whom we can point with satisfaction, and say 'this is a MAN.'

Now for the cause. The Americans attribute what they call their greatness, to their unmingled democracy. To it also we attribute whatever is peculiar among them, whatever cannot be clearly derived from the influence, the laws, the religion, and the national character of England. It has been the direct design of legislators, and sometimes the secret tendency of various political forces, to sustain the ideal of humanity by raising up from among the crowd, selected classes of men, to surround them with dignity and privileges, and require of them, for the benefit of those over whom they are exalted, peculiar accomplishments and functions. Thus lifted up, they have often attempted to separate their position from all notion of duties attached to it, and have grown aristocratic or priestly oppressors. While on the other hand, when the people, by means of the culture which only these corporations could give it, have begun to think that they had an independent power, and could stand alone; they have rebelled against the supremacy of the privileged classes, have given over all political rights to be exercised by a numerical majority; and as the foolish, the ignorant, and the vicious, are ever the most numerous, human nature has in their commonwealths been always degraded to the lowest level of the crowd. So fell Athens, even though slavery made its free populace, in some respects, an aristocracy. So fell too Rome. So, for a time, France was sunk even below the point to which its despicable nobility, and detestable church had lowered it. To this the preachers of the ballot-box would bring down England. And to this are the United States daily labouring to reduce themselves, while the accident of their position in an unoccupied continent prevents the immediate disorganization which physical wretchedness would otherwise produce; and delays at the same time the commencement of a reaction, which at some future period, when the mob

are tired of obeying even themselves, will necessarily give them masters.

Every page of Captain Hall's work displays, in one respect or other, the debasing influence of this unredeemed ochlocracy. Literature, religion, manners, education, government, all are falling together, down to the comprehension of the many. For where the million govern, it is an aristocratic insolence to think what they cannot understand, to know what they have never learned, to propose plans by which they cannot at the moment profit, to uphold, in any way, the rights and powers of the individual mind. To this kind of feeling the Americans have an evident propensity. It must not be expected, however, that it will develop itself fully amid the counteracting influences for which they have not to thank themselves or their constitution, but laws, a language, a literature, a religion, and some political customs, derived entirely from Europe, and still maintained in the world, not by the patronage of the legislators at Washington, but by the reverence of England for her ancestral inheritance, and by the action of European thought and example on the Trans-Atlantic mind.

The effect of unrestrained democracy is traced by Captain Hall through many particulars of life and opinion, in which we cannot pretend to follow him. The parts of his book which do not relate to this subject are many of them extremely graphic and agreeable; and from his account of his own sensations at Niagara, we suspect that he has narrowly escaped being a philosopher. We congratulate him on enjoying the much more profitable and distinguished station of Post-Captain and Tourist.

We add a curious statement as to the book market in America.

'In America, there is no system of mutual concert and assistance amongst the publishers of books, as there certainly might be, though not very easily, and greatly to the advantage of the public and of themselves. The praiseworthy and spirited exertions of some leading persons in this line of business, to accomplish the point in question, have been always unavailing, and, consequently, there is not at this moment the slightest concert, nor any combined system of subscribing and circulating books, according to the practice in England. It is true many of the circumstances are very different, as I shall presently show; but still plans might easily be devised, which would greatly advance the cause of literature, could 'the Trade,' as they are called, be brought to act cordially together.

'No foreigner, unless he be a resident in the United States, can take out a copyright in America, either openly or by indirect contrivance. An American publisher, therefore, who succeeds in obtaining a copy of a book written in Europe, may reprint and put it into circulation, without sharing the profits with the author, or having any connexion with him at all.

'More extent of sale, it may be observed, is the grand object aimed at by the American republishers; and as nothing secures this but low prices, competition takes the direction of cheapness alone. This circumstance affords a sufficient explanation of the miserable paper, printing, and binding, by which almost all reprinted books in that country are disfigured. It is very true, they serve their purpose; they are read and cast aside, or, if kept for any time, they inevitably go to pieces. Except in the large cities, in the houses of the wealthiest persons, or in public institutions, there is no such a thing to be seen as a library. Undoubtedly, a vehement passion pervades America for reading books of a certain light description; but there does not exist the smallest taste, that I could ever see or hear of, for collecting books, or even for having a few select works stored up for occasional reference. In truth, the rambling disposition of the great mass of the people, their fluctuating occupations and habits of life, even in their most settled state, and various other causes, some domestic, and some political, puts it out of their power to form libraries;—at all events, be the causes what they may, very few individual persons ever seem to think of such a thing—a transient perusal being all that is looked for.

'Messrs. Carey and Lea, of Philadelphia, the repub-

lishers of the Waverley Novels, who happen to be persons of the highest activity, not merely as tradesmen, but as men of letters and science, always get over, at some considerable cost, the proof sheets from England, and having printed a large quantity, throw them into the market before any other English copies can have reached the country. These spirited publishers are sure of a certain amount of profit, in consequence of the avidity with which the works in question are welcomed by the public; the number printed being generally, I believe, above ten thousand. In consequence of the momentary monopoly which these gentlemen enjoy, from obtaining the proof sheets to print from, and thus securing the priority of publication, they are enabled to put a small additional price to each copy above what the book will eventually bear when brought fully into the market from other quarters. But they must take great care not to fix the price one cent higher than the anxiety of the public will counterbalance.

'A Waverley novel, which in England is printed in three volumes at 31s. 6d., is republished in two volumes at 8s. 6d. In the course of a few days afterwards, however, it is often republished on coarser paper and in a smaller size, for several shillings less, and, before many weeks have elapsed, copies are sold for a dollar, or 4s. 3d., and sometimes even cheaper. The price of the American edition of Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, reprinted in three volumes octavo, was 4½ dollars, or about 20s. In England, it was 94s. 6d. Within a short period after its first appearance, it was again republished and put into circulation for two dollars and a half, or about 10s. 6d., being little more than a ninth part of the original English cost. The materials and the execution of these works, compared with those of the original, bear a pretty fair proportion to the above differences in price. But if the original republishers at Philadelphia, guided by their own excellent taste in these matters, were to attempt to get up the works in question in a more respectable style, and consequently at a higher price, the edition might lie on their shelves till doomsday!

'The sale of a book does not go on from month to month, or from year to year, as with us—the whole being over in a few weeks, or, at the most, months; consequently, the printer who is most expert, and most ingenious in cheap devices, makes the most profit while the public curiosity is alive. The precaution used by Messrs. Carey and Lea, of getting out the sheets of any new and popular work before its appearance in England, does not always afford them even a temporary security against competition. Upon one occasion, indeed, they very nearly sustained a heavy loss. They had received, by various opportunities, all the sheets of a Waverley novel but one, and as fast as they received them, printed off about ten thousand copies of the work. The packet, in which this unfortunate last sheet was dispatched, sailed from Liverpool on the 1st of the month, up to which time the book had not been published. But it happened, perversely enough, that a ship which sailed from Liverpool some weeks afterwards, arrived at New York on the same day. In the interim between the sailing of the first and the last of these two vessels, the book made its appearance in England, and a complete copy, sent off by the last opportunity, reached America at the very same moment with the anxiously looked-for missing sheet, sent by the first ship.

'The publisher, a man of great energy and promptitude of purpose, who was waiting at New York for the arrival of the packet, boarded her before the anchor was gone, got hold of his prize, and galloped back to Philadelphia. The unlucky sheet was straightway set up in a dozen different printing-offices, which were kept in motion night and day, by relays of workmen, till the book was not only completed for immediate sale on the spot, in Philadelphia, but, by means of carriages posted on the road, a couple of thousand copies were actually ready for distribution at New York within six-and-thirty hours after the arrival of the ship! Thus the missing pages had first to travel ninety miles before they reached a printing-press, then to be worked off, stitched, packed, and returned to New York, all in a day and a half, so as to supply the market before any of the publishers of that city had time to enter the field.

'It is amusing to think that cases may, and I believe have occurred, in which the early sheets of one of these

works have been printed and ready for publication on the other side of the Atlantic, when the conclusion of the story was yet unwritten on the banks of the Tweed!

'At first sight, it seems hard that English publishers should reap no benefit whatever from this extensive part of the circulation of their works. But, on the other hand, as long as there is little or no home literary manufacture, it is so obviously to the advantage of America to keep clear of the entanglement of copyrights, and every other species of monopoly in books, that no statesman of that country could venture to propose a change, or indeed could reasonably expect to carry any measure, having for its object the advantage of foreigners, to the manifest injury of his countrymen. Were the balance of letters equivoiced between the two countries, it might then, naturally enough, be the subject of discussion and mutual adjustment; but the case is quite different.'—Pp. 356—363.

As a means, however, of improving the taste and information of America, our author strongly recommends the removal of the duty of 30 cents, or about 15 pence per lb. charged on imported books.

TIMBUCTOO.

Timbuctoo: a Poem, which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, by A. Tennyson, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

We have accustomed ourselves to think, perhaps without any very good reason, that poetry was likely to perish among us for a considerable period after the great generation of poets which is now passing away. The age seems determined to contradict us, and that in the most decided manner, for it has put forth poetry by a young man, and that where we should least expect it, namely, in a prize-poem. These productions have often been ingenious and elegant, but we have never before seen one of them which indicated really first-rate poetical genius, and which would have done honour to any man that ever wrote. Such, we do not hesitate to affirm, is the little work before us; and the examiners seem to have felt about it like ourselves, for they have assigned the prize to its author, though the measure in which he writes was never before (we believe) thus selected for honour. We extract a few lines to justify our admiration:

'A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light!
A rustling of white wings! the bright descent
Of a young Seraph! and he stood beside me
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face
With his unutterable, shining orbs.
So that with hasty motion I did veil
My vision with both hands, and saw before me
Such colour'd spots as dance athwart the eyes
Of those, that gaze upon the noonday sun.
Girt with a Zone of flashing gold beneath
His breast, and compass'd round about his brow
With triple arch of everchanging bows,
And circled with the glory of living light
And alternation of all hues, he stood.

"O child of man, why muse you here alone
Upon the mountain, on the dreams of old
Which filled the earth with passing loveliness,
Which flung strange music on the howling winds,
And odours rapt from remote Paradise?
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortality,
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay:
Open thine eyes and see."

'I look'd, but not
Upon his face, for it was wonderful
With its exceeding brightness, and the light
Of the great Angel Mind which look'd from out
The starry glowing of his restless eyes.
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my spirit
With supernatural excitation bound
Within me, and my mental eye grew large
With such a vast circumference of thought,
That in my vanity I seem'd to stand
Upon the outward verge and bound alone
Of full beatitude. Each falling sense
As with a momentary flash of light

Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I saw
The smallest grain that dappled the dark earth,
The indistinctest atom in deep air,
The moon's white cities, and the opal width
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,
And the unsounded, undescended depth
Of her black hollows. The clear galaxy
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,
Blaze within blaze, an unimagin'd depth
And harmony of planet-girded suns
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
Arch'd the wan sapphire. Nay—the hum of men,
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,
And notes of busy life in distant worlds
Beat like a far wave on my anxious ear.'

How many men have lived for a century who could equal this?

The Legend of Einsidlin, a Tale of Switzerland; with Poetical Sketches of Swiss Scenery, &c. By the Rev. William Liddiard. Saunders and Otley, 1829. 8vo. pp. 283.

THE writer of these poems is evidently a person of great sensibility to the beauty of external nature and of moral association. We think that we can discern in his poems traces of his having read attentively the writings of nearly all our modern English poets, and we are happy to see, from a reference to Drayton, that he is a lover of our elder literatures. There are throughout the volume many marks of ingenuity and taste, mingled, we must add, with a good deal of carelessness. The chief defect is the want of that poetic ear, without which no one can hope to give pleasure throughout a long poem. Forced constructions, obscure periods, and inharmonious lines destroy almost all the effect of Mr. Liddiard's fancy and feeling.

Sharpe's London Magazine. The Three Chapters for July, 1829. Sharpe, Piccadilly. 8vo.

We ought sooner to have noticed this new periodical, if for no other reason, yet for the celebrity of some of the names connected with it, and the beauty of an engraving which it contains, from one of Wilkie's foreign pictures. The collection of papers is, on the whole, pleasant; and two or three of the articles are really excellent. We had hoped from hearing that Mr. Allan Cunningham is the Editor, that we should have had something more nearly resembling the First Series of the 'London Magazine,' to which he was a distinguished contributor. But we are sorry to see that the present number exhibits a good deal of the slang, slip-slop, and violence which are so much more amusing than respectable in Blackwood, and which, if accompanied with less degree of talent than is shown in the clever billings-gate of that work, becomes extremely disagreeable. We want a magazine with rather more gravity and variety than the New Monthly, and rather less ferocity and vulgarity than Blackwood; and we very sincerely wish that Mr. Allan Cunningham would supply the deficiency. Nothing can be more beautiful in any respect than the plate which accompanies the present number. The greater portion of the papers are worthy to accompany it; and we trust that when the second number shall appear we may be delighted with all its contents.

Italian Tales, by Luigi Angeloni Frusinate, with Analytical Translations, and a Key to writing Italian on the Principles of the Hamiltonian System. By P. O. Skene. Longman. London, 1829.

THE Italian language is scarce in prose writers, whose works are fit to be put into the hands of youth, so that masters are reduced to one of three alternatives; either to keep prose altogether out of the hands of their pupils; to run the risk of corrupting their morals by allowing the perusal of obscene and immoral productions; or of spoiling their style and taste by silly and ill-written books, such as the anecdotes of Rolandi.

The first of these resources is that most generally resorted to; the most prudent teachers omit the study of Italian prose, and launch at once into the reading of the poets. From this premature acquaintance with Italian poetry, it arises that the language of foreigners attempting to express themselves in that tongue, either by speaking or writing, becomes a strange mixture of poetical phrases with their own native idioms.

The inconvenience we complain of has been remedied by the Tales of Signor Luigi Angeloni, who has expressly written them with a view to supply the acknowledged defect in Italian literature. As a political writer his style has been admired even by the bitterest enemies of his doctrines; and in his Tales, his Italian is no less respectable.

The little work is rendered more useful by the literal English translation of Mr. Skene, and his Hamiltonian Key for reading and writing Italian. This gentleman is the only man who, with philosophical consistency, has brought the Hamiltonian system to anything like practical perfection; and as his translation of 'The Conspiracy of Venice,' of St. Réal, and of 'The Story of Little Jack,' are now the principal works for the study of the French language, we entertain little doubt that the Italian Tales of Signor Angeloni will become, through his means, the chief elementary work in the study of Italian.

Lessing's Fables in German, with a literal English Translation. Taylor. London, 1829.

It was a happy thought to render popular in this country the Fables of Lessing. This author, although he lived at the end of the last century, having flourished from 1729 to 1781, is the first German prose writer. His style is manly and concise; and the amateurs of German will find in this book a collection of original and spirited fables, adapted to both sexes and to all ages. The literal translation is excellent, especially that of the two first books, in which the translator has given the original text, word for word, in English, without changing the construction. It is desirable that in a future edition the third book should be treated in the same manner as the two former. Even as it is, however, this work deserves to be recommended to all teachers and schools, as well for the sake of the text as of the translation, which will serve to render the German language more easy and agreeable.

Retirement: a Poem, by Thomas Stewart, Esq. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1829. Ridgway.

THIS is a collection of very flowing and careful lines, with scarcely enough of that strength which either in imagery, passion, or thought, is necessary for the popularity of a poem of the present day.

The Foreign Review, No. VII.

WE have not read the whole of the present number of an excellent work; but we have examined several of the articles, which appear to us very satisfactory. That on 'Novalis,' (which is evidently, we think, by the distinguished translator of 'Wilhelm Meister') is no less powerful than all the other writings we have seen bearing the marks of the same hand.

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SHADES OF THE DEAD.

NO. II.—ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

THERE is a kind of philosophy adapted to drawing-rooms by which the characters of all conquerors would be at once given over to unmingled and indiscriminate abhorrence. The shedding of human blood is thereby described as something so detestable, that only the last necessity can justify it. We are told that men should visit with curses the memories of those who have given rise to contention and slaughter; and that the meanest peasant is more deserving of respect than victorious kings or triumphant generals. The heroic ideal is brought into contempt by the most ignorant, and the weak and the narrow-minded exult in their philanthropic wisdom, while they expose the real evils of what are called the military virtues.

Nor will any one question that it is a bold and weighty matter to be the immediate cause of pain and death to thousands. For though it might be hard to prove that the sufferings of the soldier are greater than those of other men, or that they are not overbalanced by the enjoyments of activity and hope, yet he who begins a war does doubtless become in truth the direct originator of many miseries. But, alas! what great good was ever achieved for mankind without accompanying sorrow? The greatest benefactor of the world, the teacher of truth, can hardly accomplish his task without uprooting some old sympathies and disturbing the minds which he enlightens. In the education of an individual, his will can be strengthened only by subjecting him to rude and fearful trials. Neither can any great national revolution be brought about which shall not give pain to many. We must judge the leader of every important change with reference to the thought which guided him; we must see whether the shock, the excitement, the exaltation of his name, the pride of transitory victory, were the objects for which he was willing to subdue the immediate impulses of charity; or whether he regarded the innovations, and contests, and bloody triumphs as evils necessarily attendant on a far higher and more lasting end; misfortunes, as much as possible to be diminished by a wise man, but for the avoiding which no effeminate timidity should induce him to sacrifice a great object.

This will not justify such a conqueror as Napoleon, who had no other than a personal purpose, and who was willing, for the attainment of it, to crush whatever was most valuable in Europe. But it will serve as a defence for the general spirit of Roman enterprise, for the conduct of the Spaniards in America, and of the English in Hindostan. And in truth if we are to lop away from the existing culture of Europe whatever has been gained by the results of conquest, we should leave but a meagre and decaying stem. For how large a portion of the character of Christendom may be traced to the Roman and the Teutonic domination! And scarcely has there been a polity capable to save any nation from sinking into a horde of savages, that has not been founded on a conquest. Conquest has been the great instrument of almost every revolution that has improved the world, and we in England have especially little pretence for denying its beneficial results. The Celtic barbarism was unable to advance human nature beyond the point at which Cæsar found it in Britain; and the Romans brought to the country laws, arts, and Christianity. The institutions had decayed, the national character was weak, and we were strengthened by Saxon blood and youth; but the nation remained apart and hardly at all connected with the other portion of the Christian commonwealth; and the Normans, while they introduced their superior refinement and their riper chivalry, became a bond between England and the rest of Europe. All these co-operated to one end, and that was our actual England.

The oriental war waged by Alexander the Great would have come close, in the eyes of every Greek

(had it stood on no other ground), to one of direct self-defence. It was the prolongation of a contest which had endured for many generations, and in the course of which Greece itself had been twice ravaged by hordes of Asiatics, and its fairest city made a spoil. The Grecian patriot, nourished from his boyhood on the Homeric songs, and accustomed to hear of the names of Miltiades and Themistocles as the greatest glories of his country, and of the oppression of the Ionian cities as the chiefest wrong done to a free people by barbarians, could scarcely conceive of any relation between Greece and Persia but that of deadly hostility. A peace was then no more than a truce, a temporary interruption of that warfare which was the natural condition of all countries not bound together by a common language and worship.

The wealth indeed of the Asiatic satrapies, and the factious divisions of every city which made the losing party seek for assistance even from the enemies of his race, brought about some change in this state of things. The neighbouring peril of Macedonian predominance led the greatest of unsuccessful statesmen to receive from the ministers of Darius the money which might enable him to resist Philip. But the laws of political society and the circumstances of the world were stronger even than the will and intellect of Demosthenes, who opposed himself and the fame of Athens against a power to which Phocion, taking calmer council, resolutely submitted. A man of genius, king of Macedon, was necessarily leader of Greece; but let it not be forgotten that, by the same necessity, Greece, having a leader, was conqueror of Asia.

The knowledge, cultivation, and energy accumulated by free institutions, by traditionary religion, by philosophy and the arts, within the circling seas and mountains of the Hellenic land, must have overflowed on the surrounding countries. Without the aid of Philip or Alexander, bands of mercenary soldiers, intriguing politicians, and ambitious chieftains, would have torn the empire of Darius, and made the language and the thoughts of southern Europe familiar in the palaces of the eastern satraps. The methodised and accomplished mind would have found its way to the barbarian thrones, with a current as sure and perpetual as that which pours the waters of the Danube into the sea. But the supremacy of a monarchy was necessary to give singleness and concentration to the efforts of the many jealous cities. Greece needed to be split into numerous republics, that it might put forth the first bright fruits of human cultivation; but the hand of a kingly leader was required to gather and to spread the seeds on the banks of the Orontes and the Nile. This was the office of the King of Macedon.

Demosthenes failed in his opposition to it and him, for the time had come when mankind could gain no more by the continued independence of Thebes or Athens. Democracy had done its utmost for Grecian culture, and thereafter could only be mischievous in popularising and enfeebling the civilisation which it had in many respects advanced. The internal ministry of Greek activity was nearly at an end; and to make it available for the world, a leader must have been found with a more stable and unquestioned title than the vote of a populace or the influence of one among many co-ordinate commonwealths could possibly furnish. He must have been of Grecian race and language, for he was to guide men of that race, and to spread abroad the rich nourishment of that language. It behoved him to be captain of all Greece, for he was to go forth as its representative, and he needed at the same time a support other than the Peloponnese or Attica could supply; for amid envies, factions, and revolutions, that would have been physically inadequate. Above all, it was necessary that in soul and talent he should display whatever either of thoughtful or heroic power the philosophy of the wisest schools could call forth and cherish in human nature; for to mankind and to posterity he was to present himself as the impersonation and champion of the highest culture of that country, which nothing but its moral superiority could entitle to civil predominance. All this was necessary, and it all existed in Alexander.

Supposing Greece to have been freed from those inward distractions which nothing but Macedonian guidance could have, in fact, allayed, it would have been able, by a succession of various impulses, to rend, to seize, or to mould large portions of the Persian empire. Alexander had been educated between Philip and Aristotle, and looked to do more than this. A hundred teachers, innumerable statesmen and warriors, a noble traditional religion, the most wonderful artists that ever existed, many pregnant varieties of polity, had made the country of his fathers what it was, and therein had given him the means he was to employ. The broad and barbarous East was spread before him, full of tyrannies old and new, decayed institutions, oppressed races, undeveloped powers, and in these and in the hopes of the vulgarst Greek a common man might have found a mighty object without bestowing on them any deep reflection. But beyond fame and domination, the ends which almost the very circumstances pointed out, and which were, at all events, proclaimed by the hopes of the populace, and by the names of Pausanias and Xenophon; beyond these, Alexander found in himself an end higher and more permanent, for he was born with unequalled capacity, and his mind was the complete outward result of that method in thought which has given their godlike stations to Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

He was the man of Greece, and was to impress on the continent of Asia not only the skill and valour of his country in the field, but also its reverence for religion, and its power as a creator in the arts, and in moral and political wisdom. He knew that his mission was nobler than either like a chief of free companions, to plunder and lay waste; or, like an oriental conqueror, to trample on all previous rights, institutions, and convictions, and substitute for them the grim and solitary idol of his own supremacy. He went forth to conquer indeed, for by the sword alone could the despotism of the sword be broken; but he went also to raise up, to guard, to renew, to cultivate; and first clearing away, with his iron engines, the hard successive strata of former tyrannies, to lay bare to the sky, to water and fertilize the soil beneath; to permit the secret seed to grow, and to mingle with it many new and some exotic germs. That this is neither dream nor fable, that Alexander was neither a madman nor a ruffian, nor an adventuring knight, would have seemed obvious from all his history. But, unhappily, he left no commentaries behind him; he had no Thucydides nor Livy to chronicle his greatness; and his memory has remained only to excite the wonder of the crowd, the detestation of pseudo-philosophers, and the admiration and reverence of a few retired students.

The first year of Alexander's reign was no more than a loud and complex overture to his after life. His only object appears to have been to subdue and awe the invaders of his kingdom, and the rebels against his federal authority, so that he might begin his great eternal enterprise with the utmost possible rapidity and effectiveness. He performed a series of exploits which (if truly narrated to us) were sufficient to have placed a Roman consul on a level with Camillus and Scipio; but they were merely the transitory and stormy dawn of that day which brought the great luminary of Greece from its rising on the Thermaic Gulf till it set on that of Persia.

The first recorded deed of the Grecian enterprise is singularly consistent with the purpose of the whole expedition, and with the education and character of Alexander. He visited and honoured the spot with which tradition had associated the names of Homer's heroes and his local descriptions. He had been taught through all his boyhood to delight in lays which, besides their poetic value and their relation to the tendency of his mind as a king and captain, had the merit of recording a portion of the great struggle between Europe and Asia, and of displaying in the brightest light his noble ancestor, the swift-footed and god-descended Achilles. All history announced that these poems were the lovely flowers of that Asiatic Greece which now lay helpless and enslaved under the sceptre of the great king, and which

Alexander was about to liberate; and they were thus in every way the work naturally, as it seemed, pointed out to be the manuals of his education. The strength of their influence over him was shown by his first proceeding on the soil of the eastern continent. By performing religious rites on the plain of the Troad, he publicly put away from Macedonia the character, which it bore in the Homeric times, of a barbarous country, apart from Greece, and sending forth its chieftains to combat, in alliance with the Asiatics. He who sacrificed at the tomb of Achilles, and made the Homeric works his daily study, constituted himself the representative of the Hellenic mind and the champion of its cause; and when we know that he went to battle with a shield preserved from the days of Agamemnon borne before him, it is not easy to avoid the fancy that those ancient kings and warriors, whose memories he had celebrated, and who live for ever so brightly in the songs of the heroic age, moved round him and before him from the plain, the mounds, the rivers, and the sea of Troy to the hills of Bactria and the banks of the Indus.

But in how different a spirit from that of the traditional ages did he make war against his enemies. It was his aim to found a larger polity, embracing an immeasurably greater variety of circumstances and habits, and acting by a more complicated mechanism than Grecian statesmen had before conceived. And how uniformly, therefore, and earnestly did he, conqueror and innovator as he was, and creator of a fresh epoch in the history of the world, how constantly did he seek to find, if possible, old foundations for his new establishments; how abhorrent was all his system, a far more benevolent and enlightened one than any before imagined, from the attempt to root out and desolate the old convictions of mankind. He sought to strengthen men's belief and hope in their social condition; to put life into the heart of the world; and to substantiate, in a political body, the subtle and potent spirit of the highest philosophic culture. He did not enslave, massacre, or plunder. But wherever he subdued men, he was ready to respect their human nature. Wherever he found any vestiges of ancient law and order, he zealously restored them; wherever any religious faith, he also did worship to the gods revered by his subjects; wherever skill, valour, industry, he encouraged and rewarded them; wherever open enmity, he met it, overcame it, and then forgot it. To pursue the footsteps of this wise and accomplished genius, would require a comment on every action of the busiest of lives for ten pregnant and unexampled years. But there is a unity of purpose in a great man's conduct which may be comprehended and admired without illustrating it by all that his life would furnish for its display. And in the history of Alexander, above all, is it evident that he had made for himself a generous and permanent scheme of policy, scarcely, as it seems, to have been learned from Aristotle, and certainly opposed to the views of the democratic writers of Greece.

He acted differently from almost all the conquerors of whom he could have read, and differently from those former heroes of legendary song who, probably, were the ideal of his personal feelings; for in him was blooming the latest ripeness of Grecian thought, and he who sacrificed to Achilles, Hercules, and Bacchus, and exceeded in war their traditional exploits, was also to show forth the practical results of whatever laborious knowledge and profound meditation of human affairs his country could glory in. And, therefore, instead of finding in him a wild and reckless adventurer, careful only to outstrip the hurricane, and, like it, to lay waste his path, we see in Alexander the severe judge, the benignant fosterer, the man who delighted to pause in his career of humbling subjugation, and recreate the world with more than kingly generousities, with the rites of a beautiful worship, and the shows and splendours of poetry,—the creator of cities in the solitude, and of commerce in the barren haunts of robbers.

There are other conquerors to whom genius equal with his has been popularly attributed, but between whom and him an essential difference is observable.

The talent which has been shown by some vulgar, modern captains is all displayed in the means and mechanism they have employed; their object was utterly poor, low, narrow, and personal, that of the meanest and weakest-minded of men. The ingenuity and boldness of Alexander in pursuing his end were not inferior to those of any recent idol; but his vast, his unapproachable superiority, was in the greatness of that end itself. Others with vigorous faculties, and large means at their disposal, have endeavoured to lessen and compress whatever they came in contact with, that it might be the more suitable to the intrinsic pettiness of their purpose. They have sought, for instance, to cut off from society the action of many of its chief springs, such as religion, or historic remembrances, or the possibility of personal independence; to enfeeble and beat down the world till it should lie like a crushed and blotted mantle beneath the feet of him who has slain its wearer. Alexander habitually cherished and invigorated whatever feeling and thought he discovered in any nation; his mind even went beyond what moral energy the world contained, and he aimed at increasing it on all sides by the wise arts of the statesman, and of founding on it the power that should govern an immeasurable empire.

But it may be replied, in all this Alexander failed. And, indeed, the reality was far below the thought; for if the world would conform itself to a great idea, we should see the mound of primeval Eden opening out until it should become the only limit of the globe; but, in the measure and fashion in which earthly affairs will yield and assimilate themselves to the conception of genius, the design of the Macedonian conqueror was realised. Shall we say that nothing was done in the stir and loosening of all the roots of thought designedly produced by these wars and this policy? Did civilisation not gain any thing when the world, for the first time, saw a General improving all that he subdued, rather than enriching himself by his appropriations? Can that language, of which the very vocabulary has more of wisdom and poetry than the literature of other tongues, have been communicated to vast regions, and have taught them nothing? Or what shall we say of the many cities the fair posterity of Alexander, surviving when the blood of his offspring had passed away, and preserving so many centres and radiating points of knowledge; of the soul of Greece inhabiting and informing a new frame on the borders of the Nile when it had ceased to find a resting-place on the banks of Ilissus? Or can the result have been contemptible of that mixture and inter-communion of the old polytheisms, which, by taking somewhat of its peculiar character from each, and weakening the exclusiveness of the hold of all over the minds of nations, was probably a great and necessary preparation for the reception of Christianity?

We know not how far the story of the Macedonian meeting with the High-priest of the Jews may have been altered by the vanity of the people through whom it was transmitted, or adorned and rendered wonderful by the talents of Josephus. There is something so impressive in the image of the young conqueror covered with the dust from the shattered walls of Tyre, bending to the name of God, and proclaiming that his minister had before appeared to him in a vision, that every one, but for our modern dread of the marvellous, would be inclined to believe in it. There appears no reason for denying that a spirit like Alexander's, intent, far-seeing, and imbued with the highest revelations of a religious philosophy, may so have brooded among his native hills, over the field that lay open to his enterprise, and the truths which he had learned to revere, as to perceive that, much as he might do for the world, the circle of its moral capacities would yet remain unfilled; that the unity of God could hardly be made by him to supplant the anthropomorphic polytheisms of the nations; and a shaping imagination would then have naturally impersonated, in the form of a celestial instructor, the truth which no one, but by the fore-knowledge of faith, could then expect to become popular. This may have taken place in the mind of a pupil of Aristotle; and the supposition

will explain the reverence and awe of the young commander for a priest presenting himself as the teacher of that great principle which was unknown beyond Judea to any but the wisest masters of science, and their most favoured pupils.

The legend, even if legend it be, is at all events remarkable as bringing together the representatives of the two greatest moral forces then existing in the world, of Grecian thought and Jewish religion. The two afterwards allied themselves in the Egyptian city of Alexander, and conjointly gave a powerful impulse to the mind. Their perfect conciliation and union remained to be effected by Christianity.

Whether this last great consummation was in any way connected with the influence produced by the Grecian conquests on the Heathen modes of belief, is a difficult and perilous question. Most persons will probably think that there is much of mischief in all similar speculations, and will, it is to be hoped, at the same time maintain that Alexander is not to be judged by what we can discover of the distant consequences flowing from his deeds.

It would be melancholy indeed if any theory as to the evil results of a great man's actions, when those themselves were evidently generous, arduous, and the fruits of noble conceptions, should be allowed to rob Fame of her children and human nature of its loftiest examples. Shall the praise of courage, gentleness, endurance, magnanimity, and zeal in high purposes, perish, because a man who died before he had reached the middle term of life, could not complete the largest design that ever animated a statesman or general? Or shall we consider but as a mad adventurer the soldier whom Aristotle advised to treat the conquered as slaves, and who preferred the far more difficult and less glittering attempt to make them subjects of a temperate rule, and citizens of a legal polity; the young and chivalrous leader, who, when the wisest minds of Greece could perceive no radical distinction between nations but the broad difference of Greek and barbarian, studied, comprehended, and turned to the advantage of all, whatever was valuable and characteristic in each of twenty races. We may measure the importance of his life by the permanence of Grecian influence in Asia, till all was swallowed up in Rome; and the loss sustained in his death by the confusion and agonies of empires which succeeded his domination. He perished, having lived scarce more than thirty years, still meditating, on his death-bed, mighty designs for the future; and leaving behind him as his trophy, the noblest empire that had ever existed. The funeral games that celebrated his decease, were contests for kingdoms; and the mantle of the Macedonian soldier was divided into the imperial robes of many monarchs.

SWEET bird that thro' the budding boughs art flinging
Notes of such wild and tremulous delight,
That round my very soul their web is clinging,
Inwoven with the dancing waters light,
And with the feathery wood's melodious sighing,
Now bursting forth, full as a pillar bright
Of flame upsprung, now fading tenderly,
As 'twere an angel winging its slow flight,
The soul of music in sweet sadness dying,
Would I could float like thee,
Within the sphere where thou apart dost sit,
By thy own flood of melodies concealed!
For never yet, I think, to mortal wit
Hath such surpassing vision been revealed,
Or lesson given of such deep mystery
As thou proclaimest in sounds, to them who listenest be:
Time was, when on my solitary walk
The stars shone kindly, when before my feet,
Turn wheresoe'er I might,
The meadows lay asleep in sunny light,
And skies and streams, and every vision bright
With love and joy, my heart of hearts did greet.
Then daisies trembling on their curved stalk,
The violet-studded bank, the pebbly rill,
The crocus and the shaded daffodil

Spoke to me in the music of delight,
And with strong incantations, strong but still,
Within my soul awoke its deep indwelling might!
Why past these glorious powers, this strength, away?
Oh, gentle bird, alas, what had I done,
That for so many days the beautiful face
Of nature, with its many-figured grace,
Lay like a blank before me! Twilight dun
Enveloped me like a pall! Oh, happier lot,
In midnight to be lost, by no dim ray
Of light, called back to think of the clear day,
Which we, with perverse spirit, have regarded not!
Oh, joy! to feel again,
The old affections wake at thy sweet strain!
I feel, I feel thy joy,
Thou happy creature, thou whom no annoy
E'er visited! Oh, pleasant power,
To win the ancient dower
Of natural happiness; to hear the stream
Thus musically babble to the beam
Of noon-tide, and the whispering leaves repeat
The old undying melody, and greet
An abiding spirit in my soul, which springs
Out of myself to joy with all created things!

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE ATHENÆUM':

SIR,—The beastly, lying 'Press' has such a natural, in born love of low, filthy falsehood, that when it has no particular purpose to serve by lying, still it will lie merely for lying's sake. The knavish gang has been working for the last twenty years to injure me; and I suppose when it and the 'Thing' had contrived to drive me out of the country, and plunder me of all I had, they thought they had got rid of William Cobbett. But here I am again in spite of all the 'Thing' and the 'Press' could do; and here I'll stay in spite of them, and Sidmouth, and their 'Power of Imprisonment' bills, to work the downfall of the 'Thing,' and the lying knaves who live by it, which, I hope, please God, to see before I die, unless the 'Collective,' in their wisdom, pass a bill for dissecting me alive, and denying me Christian burial. Now, I observe, that when these base, hireling wretches stop a moment from their chief and constant employment of *slandering* me, they must find some other victim for their scurrility. And I observe, that their natural hatred of anything like talent and honesty always leads them to fasten on any body who particularly deserves praise.

There is a very charming singer at the Italian Opera, called Madame Malibran. I won't attempt to describe her person, her singing, or her acting, because I'm sure no language that I am master of would give my readers any conception of the admiration I feel for her. She isn't yet one-and-twenty—and so beautiful! I'm sure, if heavenly beauty ever was displayed on this earth, Malibran's is such. Her voice has a wonderful compass, the lower part of it being particularly fine. But her acting is above all comparison the finest I have seen. I grant that Pasta is very admirable. But Malibran is equally good in comedy and tragedy: she has certain excellencies which Pasta has not; whatever defects we may presume to discover in her, I have no doubt age will correct.

Her father was Garcia, the famous tenor. She appeared in England five or six years ago, and was much admired. But her father about that time found out that there was no good in his living here, merely to pay taxes to rascally placemen—so he went over to the United States of America, where, thank God, there are no taxes raised more than are necessary for the government of the country, in order to pamper the insolence of lazy, good-for-nothing sinecurists. And here this beautiful creature married Malibran, whom I recollect well, one of the richest, I may almost say, the richest, banker in New York. But

all rag riches must have an end: so a few months after her marriage, Malibran's bank stopped payment. I won't stop here to consider the misery occasioned by this to hundreds of thousands of honest people; but only think what must have been the feelings of this sweet woman, suddenly reduced from elegance and affluence to utter want! Reader, won't you join with me in cursing the beastly Rag System, and the ugly, lying *feelosofer* who uphold it? It was lucky that she was no fine 'Madam,' brought up to think it disgraceful to get her own and her husband's livelihood by honest industry. Instead of moping and repining, and only adding to her misery, she strived to remedy it, and came over here to sing.

I am very fond of the opera, and always go when I can, particularly since last year, as they have not required me to dress so much like a Tom Fool, as before. I don't want a 'stall,' because I am neither a horse nor an ass, and there are always too many of the latter kind alone for all the stalls they have: so I go to the pit, and generally take my seat in one of the front rows, where I hear and see well. I go there to hear and see, not to stand staring and gaping at all the base, smudgy-faced, aristocratic fools, who parade themselves in the boxes to show how much taxes they eat.

Well, you may be sure I did not miss going to see Madame Malibran soon after she came, because I wished to see any body who had lived in a free country, and because I had a fellow-feeling for any one who was a victim of the vile paper-money delusion. I went—I saw her—I heard her. Never, no never, have I felt so pure ecstatic a thrill of pleasure but once, and that was when I heard that Castlereagh had cut his throat at North Cray, in Kent. I have been every night since, *that she has performed*,—(I like some of the others, but not so much as her), and my admiration for her has only grown the greater. Any body might have seen me any of these nights in one of the two first rows. I always wear a black neckcloth and a blue coat.

I never read the base lying papers; but one day I thought I would look into them to see if they could speak truth on any subject which had nothing apparently to do with me. Will these scoundrels, thought I, abuse this woman because I admire her? Or will they think it necessary to vilify her in order to uphold the VILE PAPER-MONEY SYSTEM? Or will they run her down simply because she is every thing that's good and charming? I'm sure I can't make out what was the excellent reason, but sure enough I found the whole, base, mongrel pack of carrion-fed curs had opened their nauseous mouths in one beastly discordant yelp against her. Old lying Anna Brodie, of 'The Times,' of course, was in front of them all; for, to do Anna justice, whenever there is any thing base to be done, she is always the first. You never saw such a heap of lies as the beasts had collected—such filthy venom, such gross, impudent imposture. But it's one consolation, that no one believes any thing they say. One night 'Otello' was advertised, and the next day base old Walter, or some other of Anna's 'jontlemen,' stuck in one of the calumnies which he calls criticism, giving a 'full, true, and particular account' of the performance of 'Otello'; whereas I, and every body else who had been there, knew that the said 'Otello' had not been performed that night, some other opera having been substituted for it. Now, you'd suppose that such a gross blunder as this was enough to stop even Anna's impudent jaw for a time. No such thing. On goes her 'jontleman' reporting, and *cratacaizing*, and slandering charming Madame Malibran, till the other day out comes another bouncer. After abusing Malibran's Romeo, Anna praises Sontag's performance of Giulietta. Are you stone-blind, Mother Anna? Are you deaf? Or is it all a parcel of lies from beginning to end, and you weren't there at all? I can hardly believe that even you, Anna, are so beastly sottishly stupid as not to know Sontag from Castelli. But it's no matter what Anna says, because no one believes what she says. The other 'daily papers' are just as bad, except, to be sure, old *feelosofer* Black, who has let some decent person praise the

angelic creature in 'The Chronicle.' Brave, Scotchman! When you're hanged I'll remember this good deed, and make interest with Jack Ketch to tie the knot under your left ear, and put you out of pain quickly.

But the weekly papers are even worse. Two, in particular, have been more base than all the others: I mean a thing called 'The Spectator,' and another nauseous thing called 'The Literary Gazette.' As for 'The Spectator,' I shall not refute any of its low, filthy stuff; because, to do so, I must insert some of his odious remarks, which I don't mean to pollute these pages with, because I wish them to be read by modest women.

But I mean to say a word more to the hireling who vomits forth 'The Literary Gazette,' because he has insinuated a malignant calumny, which ought to be contradicted without delay. I do not know who is the filthy Scotch hireling who writes 'The Literary Gazette,' but I see the name of one Scripp at the end of it; and I shall treat him as the writer of these vile calumnies which he is vile enough to publish. This Scripp, I have no doubt, is also a Scotchman, a vile, dirty-faced, dirty-handed, dirty-minded Scotchman. The libel of which I complained—But no, I'll tell you the truth first, that you may see the full enormity of the calumny.

Last Saturday fortnight, Madame Malibran acted Romeo. When she fell down dead in the last scene, the sweet young woman was so intent on her acting, thinking of nothing else, that she quite forgot to take care of herself, and gave her arm a desperate blow against the floor; some say she cut it against a piece of glass which had been left there by accident. She was very ill in consequence: I heard she fainted the next day at the Catholic Chapel, in Warwick-street. Of course she could not act all the next week; and, as Laporte behaved in a very shameful manner, she took the precaution of getting a doctor's certificate, and publishing it in the papers. Well, we were obliged to do without her all that week; and the sun didn't shine; and horrid rainy weather it was, and did much harm to the crops. Last Tuesday, however, she felt herself rather better, and acted Rosina. Sweet creature! she looked very pale, and had her arm in a sling, and whenever any body came near it she winced, as if the very motion of the air hurt her. I never saw her lovely face so lovely; she never exerted her sweet voice more; and, in spite of all her pain and fright, never did she act with more archness and spirit. She was so ill in consequence of these exertions, that she could not appear in a new and difficult part, which she had undertaken to perform for Curioni's benefit, on Thursday. It appears she offered Curioni to play any one of three other parts; but, I suppose, he did not wish to run any chance of her injuring herself, and accordingly the benefit proceeded without her. Of course this injured the benefit, and I'm sorry for this, for Curioni's sake.

Now, the base papers insinuated base stories against Madame Malibran, and said she was shamming; and this base Scripp actually printed these words in his vile journal of lies which appeared the next Sunday:—'Malibran is never a very sure card, (witness her undoing Curioni's benefit on Thursday, after all his trouble in preparing a treat of a new and attractive order.)'

Now, Scripp! base Scotchman! stop scratching your head for two minutes, and listen to me. Do you see this white, shining, cubic substance which I hold in my hand? This is a substance which you have never seen before, but perhaps you have heard of it:—it is called SOAP. It possesses wonderful properties. Pour hot water on it, and rub it over your face and hands. When you have done this for six weeks, and furthermore rubbed these parts of your body with a hard scrubbing-brush, they will probably lose some of their present blackness, and become—not white, but, possibly, grey. I see you stare, and wish to try the experiment. Well, only listen to me, and I'll make you a present of two cakes of soap as large as this.

* We give this article, as we found it among the papers in our letter-box: satisfied with its internal evidence of authenticity, we confess that we have taken no further pains to ascertain if it be really from the pen of the renowned person whose name is subscribed to it.—ED.

Do you think, Scripp, because you have long ears that you are a judge of music? Do you think your knowledge of the bagpipe gives you a right to 'cree eceze?' Do you really think, Scotchman, that having the Scotch fiddle makes a man a musician? No, ignorant, vile Scotchman; hold your tongue about these affairs, and keep to your 'leeterature' and 'felosofy'; or, if you must be gabbling about in your vile Scotch accent, don't be flinging dirt on such a noble creature as Malibran.

What do you mean by saying, in your low, filthy, gambling-house language, that she isn't a *sure card*? Does it mean that her health is uncertain? and that, when she's too ill to sing, she can't sing? If not, what does it mean? Do you mean that she could sing and wouldn't, and that she purposely spoilt Curioni's benefit? Could she help undoing it, as you call it? Can you prove that she didn't hurt her arm? Can you prove that the doctor's certificate of her illness was false?

Let us suppose, Scripp, for a moment, that you have some of the common feelings of a man. Did you ever hear of doing to others as you would be done by? How should you like, if you were ill, to have such insinuations directed against you? Madame Malibran injured her arm in a zealous discharge of her duty. Suppose you were to do so in the discharge of your business, which, to do you justice, you do with quite zeal enough. Suppose, some Saturday night, you were to strain your arm in writing some lie too big even for you to manage. Suppose, in consequence, that the next morning your bundle of falsehood and folly could not appear, so that all the Grub-street hacks and milliners were disappointed of their Sunday dinner of nonsense and slander. Suppose that, in consequence, one of these hacks or milliners was to make a great outcry, and say you weren't a *sure card*? Would you think that fair?

And now, Sawney Scripp, I'll speak to you in language you can understand. I bid you, in your very next number, contradict those low falsehoods; I bid you say you lied, and that you're sorry for it. Its only eating your own words; a beastlier mess, to be sure, even than the 'parritch' which you make from the oats which you steal from the hackney-coaches. I bid you carefully to abstain from writing about Malibran ever again. You've no business to pollute her name by uttering it in your harsh Scotch accent.

Now, Scotchman, you must have a reason, I suppose, for doing what I tell you to do. I'll give you two good Scotch reasons. First, if you do as I bid you, I'll give you a whole sheep's head; and if you do it handsomely, I don't care if I give you the tripe and trotters into the bargain. Second, if you dare to disobey me, on Monday next I'll go to your rascally dog-hole, pull you out from under your wife's petticoats, stop your nasty mouth with a pitch-plaster, and give your vile carcass to the 'Collective' to dissect.

I can't say any more, Mr. Editor, because I expect a man who is coming to buy some of my young beech trees, (which, by the by, are very thriving,) and I must go into the City afterwards. I send you this, because I see you have not joined in the vile conspiracy against me and Madame Malibran. You let a red-haired Scotchman write against me in your paper last year; but even he was more civil than the vile 'daily-press,' and spoke a few words of truth.

My 'Register' is quite taken up in putting down the 'THING' and the 'RAO SYSTEM'; so that I may send you some more notices on matters connected with the fine arts.* Your's,

WILLIAM COBBETT.

I have sent Madame Malibran a bushel of my best Indian corn as a token of my esteem for her.

* We shall be most happy to find, at all times, space in our columns for the 'straight forward' views of so honest a correspondent: the more readily so, from our firm conviction that no personal consideration can have influenced his able vindication of a lady in whose cause he has shown himself so zealous a champion.—ED.

UNIVERSITY OF LEIPZIG.

Leipzig, 1st July, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Though the subsequent details are by no means so complete as I could have desired, yet they will serve to convey a tolerably correct idea of the character and present state of our flourishing establishment. When more leisure is at my command, I will endeavour to supply the omissions with which it is chargeable.

In the year 1409, two thousand discontented professors and students, members of the 'German Nation,'* abandoned the University of Prague and came hither: hence originated the foundation of the University of Leipzig, by Frederick the quarrelsome, then elector of Saxony. This prince and the greater part of his successors, particularly the elector Augustus, (who reigned from 1555 to 1586), and King Frederick Augustus (from the year 1768 to 1827), were zealous patrons of learning, and liberal friends to the University, either in the first stages of its establishment, or in after times, when they endowed it with lands derived from the suppression of monasteries at the Reformation, and assisted it with pecuniary means, a portion of which was directed to special purposes out of their own private purses. From these sources, combined with bequests and endowments originating with wealthy members of the University, and occasionally assigned to specific objects, our institution has acquired a pretty considerable extent of funds, consisting of landed estates, houses in the town, woods, capital at interest, corn, and other items. This property is administered by officers appointed by the University, and is carefully applied to the various purposes for which the several endowments were created. The University† possesses a complete jurisdiction of its own, both civil and criminal, extending over all its members, professors, students, and functionaries, as well as all men of letters, physicians, surgeons, and lawyers, who may settle in Leipzig after they have completed their studies. Of the tribunal, by which this jurisdiction is exercised, the rector is the president or *præses*; its other members are the ex-rector, his predecessor, and three others of the professors; but the rector and members going out of office every six months, and every professor being qualified to sit, there is a perpetual judge of the University in the person of a Doctor of Laws, to whom an actuary and two registrars are subordinate.

There are four faculties, viz.

1. *Theology*, in which there are four professorships of ancient institution for Moral Theology,

* There is no portion of the constitution of universities so ancient as that of the classification of their members by separate nations. In the twelfth and subsequent centuries, this denomination implied knots of teachers alone, or of students, or of teachers and students, natives of particular countries, who were congregated into privileged corporations without any reference to the department of learning or science, which they taught or studied: they elected their own regents and officers, enacted their own statutes, and had their own privileges, treasures, schools, archives, places of assembly, festivals, and peculiar usages. The origin of this institution has been traced by some writers to the sophists of the fourth century, whose schools at Athens possessed classes, which somewhat resembled the classification by nations peculiar to the oldest universities of the middle ages.—Meisner's Gesch. vol. 1, p. 29—32.

† I apply this designation to our high school in the fullest and, until lately, the true and original meaning of the word: as a corporation instituted by the state, and distinguished by peculiar privileges, especially that of exercising a local and independent jurisdiction over its members and pupils, as being a spot where every branch of learning and science is taught, and as enjoying the right of conferring degrees; not as being a mere *lyceum* or academy, where there is no universal instruction afforded, and no degree conferred, but where the student walks in and walks out at the beck of his curiosity or caprice, irresponsible to any jurisdiction in his scholastic character, and in this sense, unrecognized by the laws and legitimate institutions of his country.

dogmatics, pastoral science, and homilectics, and history of the church and dogmas; besides one professorship of modern institution for exegesis.

2. *Jurisprudence*, in which there are five professorships of earlier foundation for Roman law, the law of nature, ecclesiastical, feudal, and criminal law; and two professorships of modern foundation for natural and national law.

3. *Medicine*, to which are attached four professorships of ancient institution for pathology and physiology, therapy, anatomy, and surgery; and four professorships of modern date for chemistry, clinical medicine, obstetrics, materia medica, and botany.

4. *Philosophy* possesses ten ancient professorships; viz. Grecian and Roman literature, eloquence and poetry, the theory of philosophy, practical philosophy, history, eastern languages, politics and political economy, mathematics, and natural history; and four professorships of modern foundation; statistics, natural history, husbandry, and technology.

The ancient chairs are supported out of the revenues of the University, and the appointments vary from 90*l.*, 120*l.*, to 150*l.* a-year; but the modern professorships, the incomes of which vary from 45*l.* to 90*l.* per annum, are endowed out of the revenues of the state, or by funds assigned by the Regent.

There is a greater or less number of extraordinary professors attached to each faculty, whereof that of philosophy alone possesses from twelve to twenty; those of this class, who distinguish themselves by their erudition, and the copiousness of their prælections receive an annual remuneration, varying from 15*l.* to 45*l.*, and defrayed out of the public revenue.

The ordinary professors are bound to lecture gratuitously four hours, and the extraordinary professors, two hours per week, upon subjects within the range of the faculty to which they are attached.

In connection with each faculty are five, ten, twelve, or more private lecturers, who must hold the rank of doctors in their respective faculties, and must have publicly maintained a printed thesis of their own composition: this entitles them to deliver lectures, but they do not receive any official remuneration.

Besides public prælections, every professor and lecturer gives as many extra lectures per diem as he thinks fit, and the fees for them are left to his own discretion. The half-yearly cost of each course varies from fifteen to thirty shillings.

Independently of the functionaries, which we have already enumerated, the state provides in part for teachers of the principal foreign languages, fencing, gymnastics, dancing, riding, drawing, painting, engraving, and music.

At the beginning of every half-year, there appears a printed announcement of the several lectures, which will be delivered during the ensuing six months by the respective professors, lecturers, and teachers.

No restrictions are imposed upon the student; it is open to him to attend whatever courses he prefers, and in every other respect, he enjoys entire freedom of action. His expense of lodging varies from seventy-five shillings to fifteen pounds per annum, and he may dine at one of the first hotels for forty-five shillings, or at an inferior one for nine or twelve shillings a month. In the articles of dress, amusement, &c. he is in every sense his own master. Though it cannot be denied that this state of perfect independence, both as concerns his studies and his leisure, has occasioned many a youth's undoing, experience has shewn, that it is the only sure means of rousing great intellectual endowments, and forming men of eminent learning.

Though there are few states in Germany which do not possess their own universities, Leipzig has always maintained a foremost rank among them,

and has been a kind of nursery for nearly all her contemporaries; indeed, the great majority and the most eminent of teachers in other high schools have received their first education within her walls, whilst, in spite of the increase in the number of those schools, she has mustered never less than twelve, and frequently more than fifteen hundred, students.

Parents of affluence, who are anxious for the welfare of their children, are in the habit of providing them, when at the University, with tutors, who direct their studies, attend them in the lecture room, make them recapitulate what they have heard, watch over their conduct, regulate the occupations of their leisure, and control their expenditure. Such as are incapable of encountering such an expense, procure board and lodging for their sons, either with some married professor or in a respectable family, where the morals of their children may be properly attended to.

There are several learned societies, not only connected with the University, but, to a certain extent, conducted under its superintendence, their members consisting chiefly of the lettered class; amongst these are the Societies of Technology, Agriculture, Antiquities, Philology, Natural History, Homilectics, &c. Besides individuals studying at our University, these associations admit land-proprietors, merchants, artists, and other well-educated persons as ordinary members, and individuals, living in foreign parts, as honorary members. They are eminently useful, by means of the essays read at their sittings, in spreading the knowledge of any novel observations or discoveries made in the respective departments of art or science, to which they are severally devoted, as well as in furthering, generally, the advancement of the useful and liberal arts.

Leipzig is richly supplied with all the resources which the students can desire. It is the metropolis of the book-trade in Germany; and the museum and libraries of the university, the corporations, the professors, and other learned persons, are thrown open for the use of the students.

Three years are deemed the shortest period within which a young man, who enters the university with competent scholastic acquirements, can complete a proper course of study. The student, if at the end of this period he should feel himself duly prepared, puts his name down on the list for examination, previously to which he must produce proofs that he has uninterruptedly attended the leading prælections in the faculty into which he seeks admittance, for a space of three years; besides this, the law student is required to compose certain essays, and to declare, upon oath, that they are wholly of his own composition. Those who successfully pass through this ordeal become entitled to the subsequent advantages. If a Theologian, he can be appointed to the ministry or to masterships in schools. If a Jurisconsult, he may fill the station of an Advocate or a Vice-Actuarius in a legal court. If a Medical student, he may establish himself as a medical practitioner in any part of the country.

The individual who feels no inclination to enter upon active practical duties after completing his studies, but prefers the station of a mere man of letters, and seeks promotion in his faculty, is required to defend a thesis in the public hall, from which time he becomes a private teacher: hence the superabundant members of this class.

At an expense of from 9*l.* to 12*l.*, and after passing an examination before the faculty of philosophy, the degrees of Doctor in Philosophy and Master of Arts may be obtained; a similar examination is requisite in the other three faculties, wherein the Doctor's degree may then be obtained upon the payment of a sum, varying from 30*l.* to 60*l.*, according to circumstances, on which it would be tedious to dwell in this place. The fees derived from examinations and promotions

belong to the ancient professors of each faculty, and the Law professors enjoy handsome incomes from giving opinions in contested cases; as it is incumbent upon the courts, on all occasions where opinions are required, to lay the documents appertaining to the suit in question, before the faculty of jurisprudence.

The general incomes of the professors, dependent as they are upon casual receipts, and their popularity as lecturers, vary exceedingly, though none range beyond 1200*l.* per annum. Many of them add to their means by their talent as writers, or as editors of learned works.

A. L. H.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

PERHAPS no opera has been so long and so generally considered as a model in its kind as Cimarosa's 'Matrimonio Segreto.' It has given rules to the theorist from the day of its first representation; and it is appealed to and quoted by those who have learning in these matters, more frequently than even the masterpieces of Mozart. Those who have seen it on the Continent, know well the effect with which it is invariably performed; for when the Rosinian dogstar was raging at the full in the tropical district immediately beneath its influence, there was nothing unseasonable in the different lustre of Cimarosa, whose sweetness endured, and was welcomed with an undying enthusiasm. 'Il Matrimonio Segreto' has not been produced on our stage for many years; we had, therefore, a natural anxiety to know of what kind might be its reception; and for our own gratification, there was no composition we so longed to hear, especially under the good auspices with which it would be now presented to us. This wish we expressed some months ago, but with little idea that it would be gratified. However, there appeared at intervals, at different concerts during the season, some of the choice beauties of the Opera in a detached form; and had we understood the rules of astronomical prophecy, we might have known that these were rays shot from the chief luminary to announce its coming.

One would suppose that the characters of this opera could not be more strongly cast than they are. Zucchelli might appear an admirable Geronimo, the sisters Sontag his daughters to the life, Galli and Donzelli very appropriate in the parts of Il Conte and Paolino, and Madame Malibran, having universal talent, might be only too good for Fidalma. But this promise is not entirely realized. Firstly, Signor Zucchelli is rather tame compared with what he was in Don Magnifico, and compared with what the Buffo Comico is expected to be; then Henriette and Nina should (if there be truth in baptismal registers) have their parts reversed; Signor Donzelli gives a cumbrous character to the music, which is quite foreign to it, and Madame Malibran commits an error in judgment when she thinks it necessary to fill out the personification of an elderly lady by palsy and disguising her voice. Signor Galli, strange to say, is the only one of whom we have nothing to complain; the reason perhaps is, that he is the one from whom we had so little to expect. Count Robinson is not likely to find a better representative in the *secondo* of any theatre, and Signor Galli is not likely to find any other part in which he can be so effective. As for the fault attributed to Madame Malibran, we are disposed to dwell upon it, because it is rather characteristic of her, and because it is in itself dangerous, and might in its consequences do injury to the whole fabric of operatic performances. Why need the sister of Geronimo be so very much older than himself—why should she not be as many years younger? and then, even if the performer were as tender, as Madame Malibran is, of the scenic truth, there would be no necessity for

the quavering voice and tottering limbs, which, without question, interfere with the due effect of the music. The age of Fidalma is left at the mercy of the performer, and Madame Malibran makes her a sexagenarian to give scope for her own powers of acting such a part. But if she were two hundred years old, we should still object to her being allowed to show any decrepitude of voice, any shrillness or quaintness of intonation, that serves to prop an immaterial illusion, by the sacrifice of almost every thing which makes an opera worth hearing. No analogy is to be drawn from male characters; for though age and absurdity are frequently given to the Buffo, yet never to the *Buffo cantante*. Enough of that. As for Donzelli, the defect is in the quality of his voice, which is undoubtedly too heavy and sustained for the effervescent and sylphlike music of Cimarosa. And, with regard to Mademoiselle Sontag and her sister, willingly will we take them as they are, rather than lose one tittle of the sweetness and perfect beauty of our present Carolina.

The Opera has been represented twice. On both nights the house has been crowded in the extreme, and the success of the performance most marked and rapturous. This was not undeserved, for the novelty of style in the music itself, and great excellence in the performers (notwithstanding our words of exception) could scarcely fail to delight the most fastidious. Some of the more familiar pieces met with an applause which we never heard exceeded; in particular, the comic duet, 'Se fiato in corpo avete,' between Galli and Zucchelli, which, despite its length, had to encounter an irresistible encore. The beautiful terzetto, 'Le faccio un' inchino,' which has been previously rehearsed at various concerts and *par excellence* at that given by Mademoiselle Sontag last week, when Madame Pisoni and Mademoiselle Blais were the substitutes for Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Nina Sontag. This, and the merry quartetto, 'Tu mi dici che del conte,' were almost equally applauded. The amusing finale to the first act was, if any thing, too quiet; the old gentleman was a good deal tantalized to be sure, but unless there is great spirit and cleverness in the confusion of persons collected around him, the repetition of his deafness and their bawling, becomes monotonous. The females seemed afraid of soiling their gloves, and the gentlemen were engrossed by what they had to sing, so that Geronimo escaped without the full measure of persecution which is generally dealt out to him. We cannot make the same complaint against the finale of the last act, in which the various voices were blended with the utmost possible harmony, and succeeded each other in that lovely *allegro*, 'Che trasporto d'allegria,' with just the proper variety of tone and similarity of expression. The musical world of England should be much indebted to Signor Donzelli for reviving this Opera on the occasion of his benefit, and to M. Laporte for allowing so much of the talent of his company to be concentrated in it. We have found fault with Madame Malibran, and now we would in some measure atone for it by expressing our unfeigned admiration of her conduct in undertaking a part usually assigned *Terza Donna*, and (according to her own conception) sustaining it with such ingenuity and effect, although labouring under the weakness consequent upon her late accident. We beg to observe that this tribute is paid, not from any fear of our being otherwise liable to the condemnation of an illustrious correspondent this week, whose vast abilities have become her champion, but in a free and honest spirit of merited admiration.

English Opera House.

THE liberal spirit of enterprise which has become a characteristic of the English Opera House, and its management, has been during the last week evinced in the production of an Opera, by Ferdi-

nand Ries, with all the costliness of decoration, fulness of orchestral and vocal strength, and general exactness and care which marked the importations of former years. To every one, the name of Ries is familiar as a bright, though not first-rate, luminary of the German school. His pianoforte compositions give a fair suggestion of his capabilities for grander efforts. He has the learning, the expression, the brilliancy of his sect. He has imbibed what could be imbibed by study, according to the best rules, and genius has thrown its radiance here and there over his more ordinary attributes. Still there is little grandeur, or depth of tenderness, or feeling; little, if any, simplicity; and every where too much colouring for the subject. The performance, then, of 'The Robber's Bride' was clearly an experiment, and an experiment whose success in England could never be very rapturous; but if not rapturous, it has not been equivocal. For the audience on each representation have accompanied the music in its progress, without languor, though perhaps with some slight effort. As to our judgment, we know not for the future, but we cannot be very sanguine that this opera will furnish many favorites to our list, or be attended to with much readiness of satisfaction, unless curiosity or conscience go some way in the matter. That the music is fine, need not be doubted; the concerted pieces amply show the composer's talent; and when we are familiar with the airs, there may then possibly be traced in them the richness of the ore which at present seems so overlaid and encumbered. But we will hear it often before we pronounce very certainly upon its deserts.

The story is of no great consequence, and most of our readers will have perused it by this time in the daily journals. The vocal exertions of the company were very successful. For besides the mere customary names of Phillips, Thorne, &c. we have Mr. Sapio after an absence of three years, and though his tenor compass scarcely extends far enough for the music of his part, yet the main body of it is sweet and expressive as ever. Miss Betts is improved and improving; and yet she wants something which will never be supplied: we must be content with only a measurable quantity of pleasure as derived from her. She can never carry the hearer beyond himself; her powers will never be absorbing. The fact is, that her voice, though musical, true, and flexible, is without pathos, without gentleness, almost without any power of mere expression. And beyond this, we fear that her intellectual and organic faculties are greatly disproportioned, and that she cannot even meditate the sweet mischief of which music should be capable.

Mr. H. Phillips, our favorite of the English school, sings an air in the third act with remarkable vigour and precision: and the Robber's chorus at the opening of the act is singularly spirited. But the chorusses here are always good, or appear so by contrast; for, certainly, no where else are they conducted with such boldness and skill.

On Monday night a musical interlude was produced at this theatre under the title of 'Incog: What's in a name?' The principal characters were sustained by Messrs. Wood, Keeley, Wrench, Russell, Benson, Hill, and by Mrs. Keeley and Miss Cawse. The songs thrown into it were selected from all quarters,—"Gioviette," "Che fate l'amore," "May thy lot in life be happy," &c. &c., being among the number. There were plots more than two, tricks, expedients, and puns without end. The audience were the most good-humoured we ever witnessed, and the piece met with the most entire and deserved damnation.

M. MENDELSON.

We omitted to make mention of the excellent concert given by Madlle. Sontag last week, for the benefit of the sufferers from the inundation in Silesia. Our silence was not voluntary, inasmuch as we received from the performance a pleasure which had

not been equalled in any previous concert of the season, and which we were prepared to express, but the graver matters of the week shut out our notes of admiration. All that can now be permitted, are a few words in praise of a most extraordinary man, whose name we have not hitherto presented to our readers, and whose appearance there was one of the grand features of the concert. We allude to M. Mendelssohn, a piano-forte player of almost transcendent talent, which becomes more admirable when something of the man is known. He is very young, apparently not more than twenty-two years of age, independent in station, his father being an opulent banker at Leipsic; and with a thirst and love of music nearly unparalleled, his modesty blinds him to the success with which he has cultivated it. After reading the 'Midsummer's Night Dream,' he composed that spirited overture of the same title, and in it has represented, not feebly, the emotions and anger which the pencil of the drama left in his mind. He is now gone to the Irish lakes, and it is expected that he will employ them as a subject for some future exercise of his skill in composition. As a performer, his abilities are quite first-rate. In the act of playing he is lost to every thing besides the instrument before him; and, indeed, in the most ordinary affairs of life, this musical enthusiasm is always present, and directs his thoughts and actions into one universal channel. His memory is represented as being the most wonderful of his faculties. After playing through one of Beethoven's most intricate symphonies, he can close the book and repeat it accurately by rote. Mayerbeer, like himself, studies the science as an amateur. Caraffa also is a prince of some petty state, but we believe his nobility of blood has not shielded him from poverty. From M. Mendelssohn the musical world has much to expect hereafter.

ENGRAVINGS.

Prospectus and Specimen of the Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society. Hailes. London, 1829.

The specimen wood-cuts which accompany this Prospectus, are truly beautiful, and, if the work which it is intended to introduce to notice, be executed throughout in the style promised by these preparations, it will be one of the most delightful and elegant productions of the kind ever published. The vignettes also are charming.

National Portrait Gallery of illustrious and eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century, Engraved on Steel, with Memoirs, by the Rev. Henry Stebbing. Nos. I. II. III. Fisher, Son, and Co.; Colnaghi and Son, &c.

A VERY little reflection on the effect which the exciting occurrences of the last half century have had in calling forth the energies of individuals, and affording them a field for the exercise of their several qualities will satisfy our readers of the interest necessarily attached to a publication of this kind. This persuasion will be confirmed by the mention of the names of Wellington, St. Vincent, Byron, and Wollaston, as among the nine illustrious personages whose portraits occur in the numbers already published of the 'National Portrait Gallery.' The engravings are in the dotted manner, by esteemed artists. They are all most respectably executed. Those of the Duke of Wellington, by Wolnoth, from a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence; Lord Amherst, by Freeman, from a picture, by the same artist; and the Marchioness of Stafford, by Freeman, from a portrait, by Phillips, are perhaps the prints which display the greatest uniformity of skill. But the head of Dr. Wollaston, by Thomson, from a picture, by Jackson, is the most effective and animated plate in the three numbers. Mr. Robinson has improved on the original portrait of Lord Byron, from the pencil of Westall, by sinking a shade or two of petit-maitre affectation.

The memoirs are slight and short, and confined to

a sketch of the most memorable occurrences in the life of each person. They are, however, all that the occasion requires.

NEW MUSIC.

No. 7. *Divertimento, 'The Legends of Switzerland,' as performed by the Author on the Apollonicon, arranged for the Piano Forte, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Frances Drake, by John Purkis.* Mahew and Co.

THIS publication presents a melange of favourite Swiss tunes, amalgamated into a pleasing fantasia, of a familiar and teachable nature. The following well known melodies are introduced:—"The Ranz-des-vaches," "The Chimes of Zurich," "The Swiss Peasant Boy," "The Tyrolean Peasant's Song," and "The Swiss Hunter's welcome home."

'Oh tell not of Love.' *A favourite Air in the celebrated Opera 'The Interrupted Sacrifice,' composed and arranged with Accompaniments, for the Piano Forte, by Peter Von Winter, the Poetry by J. H. Ewer and Co.*

THE favourite Andante in A, 2-4, adapted to new English language of a trifling description. The brilliant and striking style of Rossini's music (and that of his imitators) has so eclipsed the compositions of his predecessors, that they appear tame and spiritless; thus, Winter's music (although sound and good) now appears to lose its interest.

No. 3. 'Di piacer mi balza il cor,' from Rossini's admired Opera 'La Gassa Ladra,' arranged for the Flute, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Bernard Lee. Mahew and Co.

THIS is as pleasing and well arranged as the other two effusions of Mr. Lee's (noticed in the 'Athenæum,' Nos. 79 and 85.) The Piano Forte part is merely an accompaniment, thus the work is to be considered a Flute Solo, and not at all a Concertante Duet, for the two instruments. This gay, striking, and sparkling gem of Rossini's (although transposed from its original key of E, into the more familiar one of C,) loses none of its interest by this adaption, none of its spirit evaporates, as is too generally the case in transposition and translation.

TELFORD'S SYSTEM OF ROAD-MAKING.

ACCORDING to Mr. Telford's experience, as appears from his Report to the Commissioners for the improvement of the road from London to Holyhead, the most advantageous mode of constructing a road is to form a strong bottoming of stone pavement, over which the broken material should be laid; but where stone cannot be procured at a moderate expense, Mr. Telford recommends a bottoming of Parker's cement and gravel, with a coat of Hartshill stone laid on it. He caused an experiment to be made of this plan, along a quarter of a mile, at the northern extremity of the road to the Highgate archway; in order to ascertain what would be the comparative effect of using the same stone on the old surface of the road, he had a large quantity of it laid on between the arch and the Holloway road. The result was, that between the months of October and March last, full four inches of the stone on the old road between the arch and the Holloway road was worn away, where eight inches had been laid on, while not one inch was worn down where it was laid on the cement bottoming. Mr. Telford recommends that, at a future period, and by degrees, the middle of the road, all along the whole line to Holyhead, shall be constructed of the solid and perfect bottoming which he has found to answer so well; for the present, however, he thinks the money that can be furnished is better employed in giving the road the greater solidity of which it is capable by the ordi-

nary means. Mr. Telford says that it is proved, by experience, that there are no grounds for a common notion, that when materials are laid on a rough pavement they are soon crushed by the wheels of carriages; when the body of materials is six inches thick, he asserts that no such effect is produced by the wheels. On the contrary, the surface materials, by being on a dry bed and not mixed with the subsoil, become perfectly fastened together in a solid mass, and receive no other injury by carriages passing over them than the mere perpendicular pressure of the wheels, whereas, when the materials lie on earth, the earth that necessarily mixes with them is affected by wet and frost, the mass is always more or less loose, and the passing of carriages produces motion among all the pieces of stones, which causing their rubbing together, wears them on all sides, thence the more rapid decay of them when thus laid on earth, than when laid on a bottoming of rough stone pavement. The road made after Mr. Telford's plan proves economical in the end, on account of the rare necessity for repairs; the expense of scraping and removing the drift is not only diminished; but with Hartshill stone Guernsey granite, or other material equally hard, is nearly avoided altogether.

MISCELLANIES.

THE MENAI BRIDGE.—From the last report of the commissioners of the Holyhead Road it appears that the total amount of the tolls received from the opening of the Menai Bridge, on the 31st of January, 1826, to the 5th of April, 1829, was 3278*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.* The per contra account states the application of this sum as follows: expense of collection of tolls, 283*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.*; expense of painting and repairing bridge, 554*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*; purchase of stock in the names of Trustees, applicable to future repairs of the bridge, 1083*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; amount paid into the Exchequer, 846*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.*; balance in hand, 508*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.*, total 3278*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.* The total amount of tolls received, at the Conway Bridge from the opening, in June 1826, to the 5th of April, 1829, was 1,174*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.*, accounted for as follows: expense of collecting tolls, 100*l.* 6*s.*; expense of painting and repairing bridge, 227*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*; purchase of Stock in names of Trustees, 350*l.*; amount paid into the Exchequer, 261*l.* 18*s.*; balance in hand, 234*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.*; total, 1174*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.* The sums paid into the Exchequer in the year ending the 5th of January, 1829, from additional postage on letters towards the repayment of loans advanced for the building of the Menai and Conway Bridges were, for the Menai Bridge, 6,392*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, for the Conway Bridge, 957*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.* Total sum paid up to the same date for Menai Bridge, 43,577*l.* 1*s.*; for Conway ditto, 12,193*l.* 0*s.* 11*d.*

NEW MUSEUM AT BERLIN.—In aid of the subscription raising for the sufferers by the late inundations in Silesia, the new Museum erecting at Berlin, although yet unfinished, was opened to the public on the Sundays during the month of May, by order of the Minister of the Interior. The price of admission was one franc, the tickets to be procured during the week. This Museum, it would appear, is a very splendid building; among the rooms most worthy of remark, are noticed the Vestibule, ornamented with eighteen Corinthian columns, its walls to be decorated with painting in Fresco; a Rotunda seventy-five feet in height, lighted by a lantern twenty-three feet in diameter; two large halls for sculpture on the ground-floor, having each twelve columns of green porphyry and red-brown granite; and long picture galleries, the walls of which are hung with red flock paper, having a gilt border.

PAGANINI'S LESSON TO THE BERLIN MUSICIANS.—Paganini held his 'positively' last concert at Berlin on the 13th of May, when he availed himself of an opportunity to give a gentle lesson to the Royal Band, with which he before had frequent rea-

son to be displeased. On this occasion, the kettle-drums having gone wrong, he stepped up to the desk of the conductor and caused the piece to be gone over again, *da capo*, to the no small surprise of the audience, and the still greater astonishment of the orchestra. A singular instance of his presence of mind while playing, is spoken of as having occurred on the same evening. In the midst of one of the most difficult rondos, the E string broke, but he continued playing and performed the rest of the rondo on three strings. On a former night he had executed a composition of his own on two strings, and his remarkable performance with one string has been already noticed; so that during his sojourn at Berlin, the musical amateurs of that city had the gratification of hearing him play with one string; and with four, with three and with two strings.

NEWLY DISCOVERED PORTRAIT OF TENIERS.—The connoisseurs of the Netherlands, Native and English, have lately found a new object of interest in a picture of great value, a full-length portrait, the size of life, of the celebrated Teniers, painted by himself. It was discovered among the rubbish of the collection formerly belonging to the abbey of St. Tournay, in the published lists of which it was always mentioned as the work of Vandyck. The merit of its discovery, and of tracing its author, is due to the taste and perseverance of its present possessor, Captain Higgins, an Irish gentleman, residing in Flanders. The picture is now in Brussels, and is exciting the attention and admiration of all the amateurs in that capital.

RUSSIAN LAW OF THE PRESS.—The law of the press in Russia is much more lenient than it was under the late Emperor. The fifteenth section of the present law of the censorship, while it displays a degree of consideration in the actual government, gives a little insight into the nature of the interference that was practised under the former system. Its purport is as follows: The censors are not authorized to engage in inquiries as to the truth or falsehood of particular opinions, or conclusions of authors, when these do not contravene the general principles of censorship; they are not to concern themselves with opinions on the work itself, as to its being advantageous or disadvantageous, provided it be not pernicious as regards religion, the state, morals, and personal and individual character; they are not to alter or improve the style, or to point out the faults of authors in respect to points of literature, when the clear meaning of a phrase does not come within any prohibition on either of the four heads above mentioned. At the time that this regulation was promulgated, (in April, 1828) the law of copyright was also settled, and reserved to the representatives of an author for twenty-five years after his death, all property in his work.

PUBLICATION OF ENGLISH WORKS IN GERMANY.—A collection of English authors, for the gratification of the German admirers of English poetry, has been lately published at Frankfurt on the Maine, under the title of 'The British Poets of the Nineteenth Century, being a supplementary volume to the Poetical Works of Byron, Scott, and Moore.' The publication is in one volume, royal 8vo. and contains, besides an extensive selection from the poems of Southey, Barton, and others, the following fifteen entire works: 'Tales of the Hall' and 'Parish Register' of Crabbe; Wilson's 'Lale of Palms' and 'Miscellaneous Poems'; Coleridge's 'Sybille Leaves'; Rogers's 'Pleasures of Memory'; 'The Pleasures of Hope'; 'Gertrude of Wyoming'; 'Theodoric' of Campbell; the 'Improvisatrice'; 'Troubadour'; and 'Golden Violet', of Miss Landon; Montgomery's 'World before the Flood'; Hogg's 'Queen's Wake'; Barry Cornwall's 'Marcian Colonna'; and other poems; and Canning's Poetical Works. The 'Literary Gazette of Leipzig,' particularly recommends this book on the score of its cheapness. Although well printed, and containing nearly eighty thousand lines in one volume, it is to be purchased for less than half the

price which would have to be paid in London for any single production contained in the volume, not only of Crabbe or Wordsworth, but of Miss Landon.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS.—Monsieur Balbi, in his 'Essay on the Statistics of Russia,' gives the following comparisons of the commerce of that country and France and Great Britain. The shipping of Russia he estimates at 3,594 vessels, or 303,516 tons; that of France, 85,241 vessels, or 3,165,000 tons; that of Great Britain, 129,526 sail, or 11,014,000 tons. The following is his distribution of the population of the principal European Powers after their residence and occupations. Those who reside in towns, he states to be, in every hundred, in Great Britain, more than 50; in France, about 33, in the Prussian States more than 27, in the Austrian empire nearly 23, in Russia, somewhat more than 12. The proportion in every hundred engaged in trade and agriculture respectively, he reckons to be, in Great Britain, in trade and manufactures 45, in agriculture 34; in France, in the former 36, in the latter 45; in the Prussian dominions, in trade, &c. 18, in agriculture 66; in Austria, in trade, &c. 9, in agriculture 69; in Russia, in trade, &c. 6, in agriculture 79.

POPULATION OF TURKEY.—De Cirlacy, in his 'Theatre of War in Turkey in Europe' gives, as the result of careful inquiries, the following classification of the inhabitants of the Grand Signor's European dominions:

Turks	2,000,000
Greeks and Albanians	5,000,000
Servians	1,800,000
Bulgarians	1,500,000
Moldavians and Wallachians ...	1,500,000
	9,800,000

This return exhibits nearly eight millions of Christians held in abject bondage by one fifth part of the total population!

PRIMARY EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.—In the year 1815, the number of children who received primary instruction throughout the districts of the United States which had sent in lists of their scholars, was 140,106, bearing a proportion of 4 to 5, to the children between the ages of 5 and 15, in the same districts. The sum expended by government towards this education was 55,721 dollars. Since that period education has been rapidly increasing, and in the year 1828, the number of children admitted in the same districts, amounted to 468,205; the number of the children between the ages of 5 and 15, in the districts furnishing that amount, being 449,113, which gives a proportion of 25 to 24 in favour of the former. The expense incurred by the state in the same year, amounted to 232,343.

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN MOLDAVIA.—A grand ceremony took place at Jassy, on the 4th of March, in commemoration of the re-establishment of the Gymnasium in that city. This institution was founded by Basilide II, towards the middle of the 17th century, and was furnished by him with a library and printing office, but it was soon suppressed by the arbitrary jealousy of the Greek clergy; and it is only by tradition that it is known that the building was converted into a warehouse. The events of 1821, however, seemed to open a prospect of regaining for the inhabitants of Moldavia the advantages of so useful an establishment; and after the conclusion of the treaty of Ackerman, on the application of the conductors of the National School, it was again called into existence by the Prince Sturdza in a formal document. It has been open for the youth of Moldavia since the beginning of 1828, and is already as flourishing as during the life of its founder.

EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.—The Emperor has appointed a commission, under the presidency of the minister of public instruction, to examine all the old scholastic regulations, and from such of these as practise and experience shall have approved, to gather with any others which the different kinds of instruction may appear to require, to form a set of

complete regulations for every branch of public education. This commission has already promulgated rules which have been ratified by the Emperor for the direction of gymnasia, and district and parish schools within the University circuits of Petersburg, Moscow, Kharkow, and Kasan. A new Gymnasium has been ordered to be established in St. Petersburg, which, with the gymnasium previously existing, and the conversion of the high school into a gymnasium, makes three of those establishments in the capital. In Moscow, two new gymnasia are to be formed, so that there may be three of them in that city as well as in St. Petersburg. In Kharkow, in addition to the school formerly existing, there are to be two new ones. Kasan is to have a new gymnasium in addition to that previously established by the modification into an establishment of that kind, of the existing chief school. Each of the four Siberian provinces is to have its proper gymnasiums: with this view, a new establishment of that kind is to be instituted at Krasnojarsk, for the Jenisseiskisch department.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE author of 'The Revolt of the 19th century' is about to publish 'Hambleton in the Nineteenth Century; or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvements of Society.'

BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

A Week at Christmas, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Key to the Bible, in Questions and Answers, 12mo., 6s.
Short Notes on the Four Gospels, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Emancipation, by Mrs. Sherwood, 2s.
Williams's Auction Laws, by King, 12mo., 7s.
Morning and Evening Prayers, 8vo.
An Analysis of the Second Decade of Livy, by Frederick Russell, 8vo., 5s. 6d.
Good's Lectures on our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, 8vo., 14s.
Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, 8vo., 18s.
Reinhart's German Dictionary, 13s.
Richardson's Physiology, 18s.
The Casket, Second Series. 2 vols. 12mo., 17s.
Parry's Spelling, 12mo., 2s.
Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. 20, 11. 11s. 6d.
Stephen's Systematic Catalogue of British Insects, 8vo., 17. 7s.
Knight's Scroll Ornaments, to be complete in 12 parts, 4s.
Magna Charta, demy 8vo., 14. 11s. 6d.
Valpy's Second Latin Delectus, 6s.
Memoirs of Barbara Ewing, 2d. edit., 3s. 6d.
Monteath's Forester's Guide, 2d. edit., 8vo., plates, 14s.
Monteath on Draining Bogs of Ireland, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
M'Culloch on Wine, 4th edit., 12mo., 7s.
Ellie's British Tariff for 1829 and 1830, 12mo., 5s.
Palin's Persians of Æschylus, Greek and English, 8vo., 7s.
Bridge's Christian Ministry, 12mo., 6s. 6d.
Hind's Veterinary Surgery, 2d. edit., 12mo., 12s.
Sheppard's Discourses on Public Bereavements in the Christian Church, 12mo., 3s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	July.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 13	66.4	64	29.30	S.	Rain.	Cum.-Nim.
Tues. 14	68	65	29.57	S.W.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wed. 15	74	65	29.72	Ditto.	Fair, Cl.	Ditto.
Thurs. 16	73	65	29.72	Ditto.	Rn. P.M.	Ditto.
Fr. 17	67	63	29.50	W to S.W.	M. Rain	Ditto.
Sat. 18	64	63	29.33	S.W. to W.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 19	63	61	29.50	Ditto.	Rn. P.M.	Cirr.-Cum.

Nights and mornings generally rainy. Nights rainy toward the end of the week. Thunder on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Mean temperature of the week, 67.5.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.51.

Highest temperature at noon, 77°.

Astronomical Observations.

Saturn and Venus in conj. on Monday, at 5 h.
Mercury stationary on Thursday.
The Moon in Perigee on Saturday.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 89° 44' in Leo.
Mars's ditto ditto 6° 20' in Leo.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 5° 42' in Sagitt.
Sun's ditto ditto 26° 27' in Cancer.
Length of day on Sunday, 16 h. 58 m. Decreased 36 m.
No real night.
Sun's hourly motion on Sunday, 2' 29" plus. Logarithmic sum of distances, .00029.

This day is published, with plates, post 8vo., 15s.
THE JOURNAL of a NATURALIST.
Second edition.
John Murray, Albemarle-street.

This day is published, price 7s. in boards,
THE BROADSTONE OF HONOUR. Book the First.—GODEFRIDUS.
London: published for Joseph Booker, 61, New Bond-street; where may be had also.
The Second, Third, and Fourth Books, viz., MORUS, TANCREDUS, and ORLANDUS.

FRENCH LANGUAGE.
This day is published, price 2s. the twenty-first Edition of
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London: printed for Baldwin and Cradock.

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THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 92.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1829.

Price 8d.

EDUCATION OF LAWYERS.

MANY voluminous attacks have been made in some of the papers on the benchers of the Inner Temple, because they have determined to institute an examination for the junior members of the Inn over which they preside. Now, in the name of common sense, we would ask, what is a college but a place of education? And how can its conductors be blamed for attempting to make it in reality what it has never ceased to be in theory?

Oh! but public opinion compels a lawyer to learn all that is necessary, or refuses to give him employment. Good heavens, will the public never learn that they are a stupid and ignorant monster—as despicable as Bottom and not one half so amusing? The public are a congregation of people, each of whom knows something of his own trade, but among whom, when collected together, the ignorance of the majority will always predominate. The public can judge, no doubt, of the price and quality of bacon or calico; but what do they know of law, what of education? We are told that they will never employ an ignorant barrister; and that the certainty of this is sufficient to make legal students industrious. Sufficient, no doubt it is, and always will be, to make them diligent readers of whatever is meanest and most worthless in their science;—sufficient to make them Old Bailey brawlers;—sufficient incitement to be the lacqueys of attorneys;—sufficient encouragement to despise whatever is large or generous in law;—to become lovers of quibbles and sophisms, haters of general truths and broad principles, the most wretched, dead, and rotten, of God's creatures,—boisterous, lying, sneering, money-making lawyers.

Can this really be the purposes of our friends to freedom and liberality? Can they actually wish that lawyers should continue to be machines and tradesmen; bad machines, dishonest tradesmen? Why, what is their stock complaint against the English system, but that it gives power to those who have none other than the most petty and miserable views? And how should they have any other? What guide or purpose of their studies is there, but public opinion? And what will, what can, it ever aim at, but the production of serviceable ignorance and rascality, like its own? And yet, when it is attempted to make something of thought and general culture necessary to the station of a barrister, a yelp like that of all the hounds of Scylla, is excited in the very journals where the lawyers are commonly and most justly reprobated.

What is it that most commonly distinguishes the English barrister? Is it not a peculiar and unexampled narrowness and darkness of intellect, an incapacity for conceiving any thought not presented to him in the form of legal precedent, an utter indifference to high and stern principle, a pitiable disregard of every thing which does not seem likely to produce a fee? And how would a man of sense begin to remedy this degradation of the legal character? The remedy cannot come from public opinion. Turn your eyes to that most melancholy spectacle,—see that person in a wig and gown, with an eye hardened, sharpened, and deadened; a forehead of boundless audacity and monkey-like contraction; and lips which never uttered one generous thought that was not calculated to influence a jury, or let one truth escape, which had not been inserted in the brief by an attorney: that mockery

and shame of human nature represents, though not what every lawyer is, yet what public opinion tends to make him. That is the natural offspring of the power to which our philosophers look for legal reform. How would you counteract this evil influence? how introduce into the education of lawyers something stronger and larger than is given at a special pleader's office, or acquired by the example of the courts? Are there any conceivable means of doing this, but by compelling a different kind of education, and requiring from the candidate for the bar a knowledge of that ancient literature in which he will find that some things are beautiful and some true, besides the pages of reports; of those languages, which even the practice of English pleaders could scarcely divest (were they to attempt it) of all the traces of their divine origin, of all their fitness for the expression of human thought and feeling. Make him know that studies may have a value of their own, though they cannot be immediately productive of money; go on, if you can, to teach him a little of the universal principles and general history of the science which he is now instructed to learn as a trade, and you may possibly succeed in rendering him somewhat better than a blot in educated society and a curse to the community.

We confess that we had previously but little hope of seeing any change so beneficial as that which would produce in our lawyers some general cultivation of mind. We feared that, though it might be practicable to improve the qualifications of the clergyman and the physician, the barrister was for ever given up to his own devices. The bar is a 'blatant beast,' which roars directly to the crowd, and is answered by them, and we dreaded that no other power would ever venture to interfere between these high and mighty allies. We are happy to know that (from whatever cause) we were mistaken; and we trust that no alarm at the foolish clamour of some letter-writers in the newspapers will induce the benchers to give way. The gentlemen who speak with so much horror of the intended examination in Greek and Latin, are probably distressed at the prospect of being themselves compelled to labour in recovering the forgotten lore of their boyhood.

We are, moreover, anxious that the authorities of the Inner Temple may not be led to consult public (that is mob) opinion as to the nature of the trial which the neophytes of their profession are to undergo. The vulgar cry will always be in favour of what the vulgar are pleased to denominate useful, in opposition to grounded and scientific education. People, to be sure, do not converse in Greek, nor carve at a dinner-table according to Euclid. But what society requires from us, we have all of us sufficient inducement to learn; and there is no reason for fearing that what is necessary in business, or agreeable in the world, will ever be generally neglected. The difficulty is in prevailing on men to study knowledges, and cultivate powers of no immediate, popular, outward, advantage. It is the business of a wise education to cherish energies and produce habits which, though they do not enable us to gain money or vulgar applause, are sources of inward strength, happiness, and self-reliance. The ancient languages are, above all, precious as enlivening, fostering, and disciplining the mind; and we rejoiced with exceeding joy to hear that an acquaintance with them would be required from the students. We have only to hope that the benchers will not stop short in their reform;

that they will demand a high, rather than a low, qualification; and that they will be imitated by the ruling powers at the other inns of court.

The members of the English bar may be assured that only in this way, only by a rise in the general level of their acquirements and accomplishments will their profession hold the rank in the world of thought, and have the liberal influence over their countrymen, which their ample honours and unbounded wealth can never give them, but to which they might seem to be entitled by the importance of their function. Of all European jurisdictions the English is the most ignorant of the principles and history of general law, and knows his own in the narrowest and most meagre method. He is the least adorned with literature; the least capable of perceiving the connection between the laws of a country and its character and history; and their connection with the human mind and with social politics. To a French lawyer it is a title of honour to be not only acquainted with literature, but profoundly versed in history, or philosophy, or any other branch of thought. To an English lawyer, a similar reputation is an impediment and hindrance. It proves that he is not the very tradesman whom the judges delight to honour, the attorneys to fee, and the public to admire. To a German lawyer, a knowledge of the laws of the chief nations of the world, is a matter of first necessity. The English barrister, who should employ his time in storing up and mastering this kind of learning, would be considered as lost to his profession, and would be lamented over by his friends as if he had become a Trappist or a Bedlamite. Why should this be the case? It is possible that the modern practice of the bar has frittered away into details the lore which in other countries may be most easily obtained in its principles, and has thus made it necessary for a barrister to devote to his peculiar study; the whole of that time which elsewhere suffices for the attainment of knowledge at once more deeply grounded and more extensive. But wherefore should this have happened, if our lawyers had not been devoid of that cultivation of mind and scientific spirit which would enable them to look methodically at the laws they have to administer.

When the education of lawyers is rightly attended to and enforced, they will become a great and learned corporation, worthy to know, to deliver, to maintain, and to improve the jurisprudence of England, and well able to set at defiance both the codifier and the antiquarian; both him who reveres what is dead of the past, and him who follows a phantasmal future. It is immeasurably important to this and to every country that its knowledge, its laws, and its religion, should not be left to float at the will of a capricious and ignorant multitude, but should have some permanent form and professional supporters. But if these are themselves taken from the crowd and distinguished by their dedication to a particular purpose, without losing any thing of the narrowness and triviality of vulgar opinion, they become but licensed clogs and stumbling blocks to the national mind, instead of being its champions, guardians, and promoters.

We have reformers among us who would remedy the evil by throwing every thing open and loose to the casual winds; who would leave all that ought to be kept permanent, and superior to the fluctuations of

tuations of the hour, at the wil of the multitudinous and heterogeneous monster, the many. We trust that there are also others, who would rather be wise in time, and improve and strengthen institutions which will necessarily be swept away if they are not ameliorated. It seems to us strange indeed, that establishments such as the Inns of Court, should be held to exceed their duty in requiring from the members of a learned profession another qualification than the achievement of eating a certain number of dinnes in a public hall. Let them consider themselves as designed to extend and complete the school and college education, to found the legal knowledge of the students in a basis of general culture, and to raise up for the dispensation of justice aid the support of our national polity, a body of men more deeply learned than our loud rhetoricians, and more largely wise than our masters of rick and precedent and juridical handicraft.

The deficiency of books at the Inns of Court is (as some one has recently observed) a disgrace to the niggardliness of the wealthy bodies that ought to have provided them; and the attendance on the law lectures at the London University is a reproach to their supineness.

THE LOVES OF THE POETS.

The Loves of the Poets. By the Author of 'The Diary of an Ennuyée.' 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

A book on this subject might be a very good one. The way to make a good book, however, is not the way in which the business of book-making is commonly undertaken. The usual mode of doing this is to find some matter made up of many parts, each connected to the others by some obvious link, and then to write about the different portions, as if they were entirely separate. The mode in which a subject should be contemplated, if it were wished to treat it satisfactorily, would be very different. A person writing with this view would look for the root and vital principle, and trace up the life-giving sap through every fibre and ramification. We fear that this is not the fashion in which the author of 'Loves of the Poets,' has regarded the business that lay before her.

She appears to us not to have seen that there is any thing in the mind of a poet different from the minds of common men; and nothing, as far as we can judge, distinguishes their love in her eyes from that of common men, but the circumstance of its having been recorded in verse. Now, this is certainly a mistake; and it is one which pervades the whole work before us. Another error is, it seems, to us the almost necessary result of the sex of the writer. No female has ever given a good dissertation on any of the passions; for those which a woman has experienced she feels too strongly to be able to analyse them, and those which she has never felt, from a defect of imagination, she can hardly conceive.

Hence it comes that, in writings by or for women, we scarcely ever find a just representation of any other than quiet feelings. When a female mind attempts to master, and exhibit, passion, it generally makes some little momentary fragment of human experience a standard and law of the whole. We are thus placed in a world of false vehemence and fantastic ecstasy, and are presented with some coarse extravaganzas of a few emotions, instead of the vast intertexture and innumerable complications of actual nature.

The writer of the 'Loves of the Poets' says that Madame de Stael is the only person who would have been equal to the subject. We are not surprised that a woman of sensibility and talent should think so; but it certainly seems to us that she is mistaken. Madame de Stael was a great rhetorician, but she was not a poet or a philosopher; and no one but a poet or a philosopher

could adequately treat of the 'Loves of the Poets.' The lady who has now treated of them is neither the one nor the other; and her book is very different from what we could have wished it to be.

It shows, however, a diligent reading of much poetry, and abundant reverence for poets. It contains a great number of chalky sketches, accompanied by mottoes from a hundred different volumes, and surrounded by a running pattern of gay and various, though not very significant arabesque.

We quote a portion of an essay on 'Dante and Beatrice,' which we think will interest our readers.

'Dante and his Beatrice are best exhibited in contrast to Petrarch and Laura. Petrarch was in his youth an amiable and accomplished courtier, whose ambition was to cultivate the hearts, and please the fair. Dante early plunged into the factions which distracted his native city, was of a stern commanding temper, mingling study with action. Petrarch loved with all the vivacity of his temper; he took a pleasure in publishing, in exaggerating, in embellishing his passion in the eyes of the world. Dante, capable of strong and enthusiastic tenderness, and early concentrating all the affections of his heart on one object, sought no sympathy; and solemnly tells us of himself, in contradistinction to those poets of his time who wrote of love from fashion or fancy, not from feeling,—that he wrote as love inspired, and as his heart dictated.

"Io mi son un che, quando
Amore spirà, noto, ed in quel modo
Ch'el detta dentro, vo significando."

Purgatorio, c. 24.

'A coquette would have triumphed in such a captive as Petrarch; and in truth, Laura seems to have "sounded him from the top to the bottom of his compass;"—a tender and impassioned woman would repose on such a heart as Dante's, even as his Beatrice did. Petrarch had a gay and captivating exterior; his complexion was fair, with sparkling blue eyes and a ready smile. He is very amusing on the subject of his own coxembry, and tells us how cautiously he used to turn the corner of a street, lest the wind should disorder the elaborate curls of his fine hair! Dante, too, was in his youth eminently handsome, but in a style of beauty which was characteristic of his mind: his eyes were large and intensely black, his nose aquiline, his complexion of a dark olive, his hair and beard very much curled, his step slow and measured, and the habitual expression of his countenance grave, with a tinge of melancholy abstraction. When Petrarch walked along the streets of Avignon, the women smiled, and said, "there goes the lover of Laura!" The impression which Dante left on those who beheld him, was far different. In allusion to his own personal appearance, he used to relate an incident that once occurred to him. When years of persecution and exile had added to the natural sternness of his countenance, the deep lines left by grief, and the brooding spirit of vengeance, he happened to be at Verona, where since the publication of the *Inferno*, he was well known. Passing one day by a portico, where several women were seated, one of them whispered, with a look of awe,—"Do you see that man? that is he who goes down to hell whenever he pleases, and brings us back tidings of the sinners below!" "Ay, indeed!" replied her companion,—"very likely; see how his face is scarred with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke, and how his hair and beard have been singed and curled in the flames!"

'Dante had not, however, this forbidding appearance when he won the young heart of Beatrice Portinari. They first met at a banquet given by her father, Folco de' Portinari, when Dante was only nine years old, and Beatrice a year younger. His childish attachment, as he tells us himself, commenced from that hour; it became a passion, which increased with his years, and did not perish even with its object.'

'In one of his canzoni, called "Il Ritratto," (the Portrait), Dante has left us a most minute and finished picture of his Beatrice, "which," says Mr. Carey, "might well supply a painter with a far more exalted idea of female beauty, than he could form to himself from the celebrated Ode of Anacreon, on a similar subject." From this canzone and some lines scattered through his sonnets,

I shall sketch the person and character of Beatrice. She was not in form like the slender, fragile-looking Laura, but on a larger scale of loveliness, tall and of a commanding figure;—graceful in her gait as a peacock, upright as a crane,

'Soava a guisa va di un bel pavone,
Diritta sopra se, come una grua.

'Her hair was fair and curling,
"Capegli crespi e biondi,"

but not golden,—an epithet I do not find once applied to it: she had an ample forehead, "spaciosa fronte," a mouth that when it smiled surpassed all things in sweetness; so that her Poet would give the universe to hear it pronounce a kind "yes."

'Mira che quando ride
Passa ben di dolcezza ogni altra cosa.
Così di quella bocca il pensier mio
Mi aprona, perchè io
Non ho nel mondo cosa che non deasse
A tal ch' un sì, con buon voler dicesse.

'Her neck was white and slender, springing gracefully from the bust—

'Poi guarda la sua svelta e bianca gola
Compressa ben dalle spalle e dal petto.

'A small, round, dimpled chin,

'Mento tondo, fesso e picciolletto:
and thereupon the Poet breaks out into a rapture, any thing but theological,

'Il bel diletto

Aver quel collo fra le braccia stretto

E far in quella gola un picciol segno!

'Her arms were beautiful and round; her hand soft, white, and polished;

'La bianca mano morbida e pulita:

her fingers slender, and decorated with jewelled rings as became her birth; fair she was as a pearl;

'Con un color angelica di perla:

graceful and lovely to look upon, but disdainful where it was becoming:

'Graviosa a vederla,
E disdegnosa dove si conviene.'

'The love of Dante for his Beatrice partook of the purity, tenderness, and elevated character of her who inspired it, and was also stamped with that stern and melancholy abstraction, that disposition to mysticism, which were such strong features in the character of her lover. He does not break out into fond and effeminate complaints, he does not sigh to the winds, nor swell the fountain with his tears; his legs does not, like Petrarch's, alternately freeze and burn him, nor is it "un dolce amaro," "a bitter sweet," with which his fancy can sport in good set terms. No; it shakes his whole being like an earthquake; it beats in every pulse and artery; it has dwelt in his heart till it has become a part of his life, or rather his life itself.* Though we are not told so expressly, it is impossible to doubt, on a consideration of all those passages and poems which relate to Beatrice, that his love was approved and returned, and that his character was understood and appreciated by a woman too generous, too noble-minded, to make him the sport of her vanity.—He complains, indeed, *poetically*, of her disdain, for which he excuses himself in another poem: "We know that the heavens shine on in eternal serenity, and that it is only our imperfect vision, and the rising vapours of the earth, that make the ever-beaming stars appear clouded at times to our eye." He expresses no fear of a rival in her affections; but the native jealousy as well as delicacy of his temper appears in those passages in which he addressed the eulogium of Beatrice to the Florentine ladies and her young companions.† Those of his own sex, as he assures us, were not worthy to listen to her praises; or must perforce have become enamoured of this picture of female excellence, the fear of which made a coward of him.—

'Ma tratterò del suo stato gentile
Donne e donzelle amorose, con lui;
Che non è cosa da parlarne altrui.'

* It borrows even the solemn language of Sacred Writ to express its intensity:

Nelle man vostre, o dolce donna mia!
Raccomando lo spirito che muore.

† I refer particularly to that sublime Canzone addressed to the ladies of Florence, and beginning "Donne ch' avete intelletto d'amore."

Among the young companions of Beatrice, Dante particularly distinguishes one, who appears to have been her chosen friend, and who, on account of her singular and blooming beauty, was called, at Florence, Primavera, (the spring). Her real name was Giovanna. Dante frequently names them together, and in particular in that exquisitely fanciful sonnet to his friend Guido Cavalcanti; where he addresses them by those familiar and endearing diminutives, so peculiarly Italian—

'E monna Vanna e Monna Bice poi.'

It appears from the 7th and 8th Sonnets of the Vita Nuova, that in the early part of their intercourse, Beatrice, indulging her girlish vivacity, smiled to see her lover utterly disconcerted in her presence, and pointed out her triumph to her companions. This offence seems to have deeply affected the proud, susceptible mind of Dante: it was under the influence of some such morose feeling, probably on this very occasion, that his dark passions burst forth in the bitter lines beginning,

'Io maledico il di eh' io vidi imprima
La luce de' vostri occhi traditori.'

"I cursed the day in which I first beheld the splendour of those traitor eyes," &c. This angry sonnet forms a fine characteristic contrast with that eloquent and impassioned effusion of Petrarch, in which he multiplies blessings on the day, the hour, the minute, the season, and the spot, in which he first beheld Laura—

'Benedetto sia l' giorno, e l' mese, e l' anno,' &c.

This fit of indignation was, however, short-lived. Every tender emotion of Dante's feeling heart seems to have been called forth when Beatrice lost her excellent father. Folco Portinari died in 1289; and the description we have of the inconsolable grief of Beatrice, and the sympathy of her young companions,—so poetically, so delicately touched by her lover,—impress us with a high idea both of her filial tenderness and the general amiability of her disposition, which rendered her thus beloved. In the 12th and 13th Sonnets, we have, perhaps, one of the most beautiful groups ever presented in poetry. Dante meets a company of young Florentine ladies, who were returning from paying Beatrice a visit of condolence on the death of her father. Their altered and dejected looks, their downcast eyes, and cheeks "colourless as marble," make his heart tremble within him; he asks after Beatrice—"our gentle lady," as he tenderly expresses it: the young girls raise their downcast eyes, and regard him with surprise. "Art thou he," they exclaim, "who hast so often sung to us the praises of our Beatrice? the voice, indeed is his; but, oh! how changed the aspect! Thou weepst!—why shouldst thou weep?—thou hast not seen her tears;—leave us to weep and return to our home, refusing comfort; for we, indeed, have heard her speak, and seen her dissolved in grief; so changed is her lovely face by sorrow, that to look upon her is enough to make one die at her feet for pity."

It should seem that the extreme affliction of Beatrice for the loss of her father, acting on a delicate constitution, hastened her own end, for she died within a few months afterwards, in her 24th year. In the "Vita Nuova" there is a fragment of a canzone, which breaks off at the end of the first strophe; and annexed to it is the following affecting note, originally in the handwriting of Dante.

"I was engaged in the composition of this Canzone, and had completed only the above stanza, when it pleased the God of justice to call unto himself this gentlest of human beings; that she might be glorified under the auspices of that blessed Queen, the Virgin Maria, whose name was ever held in especial reverence by my sainted Beatrice."

Boccaccio, who knew Dante personally, tells us, that on the death of Beatrice, he was so changed by affliction, that his best friends could scarcely recognise him. He scarcely eat or slept; he would not speak; he neglected his person, until he became "una cosa selvatica e vada," a savage thing to the eye: to borrow his own strong expression, he seems to have been "grief-strung to madness." To the first Canzone, written after the death of Beatrice, Dante has prefixed a note, in which he tells us, that after he had long wept in silence the loss of her he loved, he thought to give utterance to his sorrow in words; and to compose a Canzone, in which he should write (weeping as he wrote,) of the virtues of her who

through much anguish had bowed his soul to the earth. "Then," he says, "I thus began:—gli occhi dolenti,"—which are the first words of this Canzone. It is addressed, like the others, to her female companions, whom alone he thought worthy to listen to her praises, and whose gentle hearts could alone sympathise in his grief.

'Non vo parlare altrui'

'Se non a cor gentile, che 'n donna sia!'

On the anniversary of the death of Beatrice, Dante tells us that he was sitting alone, thinking upon her, and tracing, as he meditated, the figure of an angel on his tablets. Can any one doubt that this little incident, so natural and so affecting,—his thinking on his lost Beatrice, and by association sketching the figure of an angel, while his mind dwelt upon her removal to a brighter and better world,—must have been real? It gave rise to the 18th Sonnet of the Vita Nuova, which he calls "Il dolore annovale," (the mournful anniversary).

Another little circumstance, not less affecting, he has beautifully commemorated in two Sonnets which follow the one last mentioned. They are addressed to some kind and gentle creature, who from a window beheld Dante abandon himself, with fearful vehemence, to the agony of his feelings, when he believed no human eye was on him. "She turned pale," he says, "with compassion; her eyes filled with tears, as if she had loved me: then did I remember my noble-hearted Beatrice, for even thus she often looked upon me," &c. And he confesses that the grateful, yet mournful pleasure with which he met the pitying look of this fair being, excited remorse in his heart, that he should be able to derive pleasure from any thing.

Dante concludes the collection of his *Rime*, (his miscellaneous poems on the subject of his early love) with this remarkable note:—

"I beheld a marvellous vision, which has caused me to cease from writing in praise of my blessed Beatrice, until I can celebrate her more worthily; which that I may do, I devote my whole soul to study, as she knoweth well; in so much, that if it please the Great Disposer of all things to prolong my life for a few years upon this earth, I hope hereafter to sing of my Beatrice what never yet was said or sung of woman."

And in this transport of enthusiasm, Dante conceived the idea of his great poem, of which Beatrice was destined to be the heroine. It was to no Muse, called by fancy from her fabled heights, and feigned at the poet's will; it was not to ambition of fame, nor literary leisure seeking a vent for overflowing thoughts; nor to the wish to aggrandise himself, or to flatter the pride of a patron;—but to the inspiration of a young, beautiful, and noble-minded woman, we owe one of the grandest efforts of human genius. And never did it enter into the imagination of any lover, before or since, to raise so mighty, so vast, so enduring, so glorious a monument to the worth and charms of a mistress. Other poets were satisfied if they conferred on the object of their love an immortality on earth: Dante was not content till he had placed *his* on a throne in the Empyrean, above choirs of angels, in presence of the very fountain of glory; her brow wreathed with eternal beams, and clothed with the ineffable splendours of beatitude;—an apotheosis, compared to which, all others are earthly and poor indeed.

THE PERSIANS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

The Persians of Æschylus, Greek and English. By William Palin.

THIS translation is a work of great pretensions and no utility whatever; it would have been surprising indeed, to have found the least particle of merit attaching itself to such a tissue of presumption as that contained in the author's preface. We should scarcely have condescended to the exposure of such an imposture were it not that we are threatened with a complete series of the Greek tragedians, which the author says 'he designs to publish on the same plan, and in the laborious preparation of which he humbly hopes the reception of this volume will encourage him.' We know not what he means by 'laborious preparation,' possibly it might be so to him; but we are quite sure that any sixth-form boy in a public school, would accomplish

such a book as that before us in the out-of-school hours of one month; consequently what we have to expect of this book-projector is, an inundation of thirty and odd volumes like the present, in the course of a year or two. This is a serious matter both to the public and the author himself; and out of the duty we owe to the one, and a certain degree of compassion we entertain for the other, we think a few remarks on his production, and the probability of his success as a translator, may not be thrown away; particularly if we should be so lucky as to inspire him with a little diffidence of his own competency for the undertaking he proposes to himself.

The title page says this is a translation 'on a new plan from the text of Porson, as corrected by Dindorf, Blomfield, and Schutz; with copious English critical and explanatory notes, elucidating every difficulty of construction or allusion; also parallels and illustrations from the English Poets, and an engraved plan of the battle of Salamis. For the use of Senior Greek Students.' This, with a few extracts from the Preface, will shew the author's design; on which, and the execution of it, we will take the liberty to make a few remarks presently. 'His humble pretensions,' he says, 'are these:

"The Tragedies will be published *separately*, with the original Greek text on the opposite page,—a great advantage, it is presumed, both as to economy and convenience, to those who have not leisure for the whole series,—which every scholar of course wishes, though few but professional men can accomplish. Another advantage is, the translation will answer *line for line* to the original; by which means inverted and obscure constructions are simplified, and a multitude of explanatory notes superseded. But though strictly and invariably faithful, I have endeavoured (by advantages peculiar to my plan) to make it not altogether *inelegant*. Where, for instance, will be found the barbarisms of the Hamiltonian trash, and of certain other publications I could name?—publications not only of an illegitimate, repulsive, and useless nature, but positively injurious. To prove what can be effected in a strictly faithful translation, I beg to refer my reader to from .818 to 881 of this Tragedy, wherein I had the curiosity to make the experiment. He who requires greater assistance (if greater be possible) than is there given, is an absolute dunce, and for such I do not write. And, at the same time, I appeal to my reader, if he do not see there something like the *spirit* of the original?"

We fear to take the translator at his word and transcribe the passage in question, lest the 'spirit of the original' should indeed make its appearance, not in the translator's meagre and ragged travesty of English blank verse, but attired in his own mask and buskins, and looking fiercely indignant at such a profanation of his sacred remains; *ταυράδος βίβραν*, as Aristophanes describes him to have looked when provoked by Euripides in the judgment-hall of Pluto. He goes on—

'But as, in some cases, this is less practicable, and as my object is rather *utility* than elegance,—rather to enable the student thoroughly and speedily to understand the beauties of the *original* than to convey them in my translation,—he will perceive I have invariably submitted to sacrifice sound to sense, where the two (in a faithful translation of this kind) are incompatible, though it would have been much more agreeable to my own taste, and much *easier*, to have done otherwise. The mere English reader I still refer to the splendid (but rambling and often incorrect) translation of Archdeacon Potter. Nor do I wish it, with the student, to supersede *Lexicon and Grammar**; the lesson should be learned with, and said without, the translation,—which, used judiciously in this way, will, I feel convinced, enable him to learn more, and that more thoroughly and agreeably, in one hour, than he would otherwise in two. But I do not think, whatever Mr. Hamilton may, that any language can be learned without grammar, or without a very *steady* and *systematic* attention to grammar; an

* Stephens, Scapula, Hederic, or Jones; and Matthiæ or Valpy. Such works as Schreyvilius and the Eton Grammar are comparatively useless for an author of this description.

of quotation, we should probably apostrophize in the very appropriate words of the poet :

'Here's a large mouth indeed
That spits forth death and mountains rocks and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs:
What cannoner begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bathmado with his tongue;
Our ears are call'd; not a word of his
But buffet better than a flat of France:
Zounds I was never so bethumped with words
Since first I called my brother's father dad.'

We trust, after what has been said, that Mr. Palin will give us credit for sincerity, when we advise him not to publish any more translations of Greek tragedies.

LIVES OF THE BRITISH PAINTERS.

Family Library, No. IV.—The Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, by Allan Cunningham. 3 vols. 12mo. Vol. I. London, 1829. Murray.

(Second Notice; see p. 449.)

At the conclusion of our former notice of Mr. Cunningham's volume of 'Biography of British Painters,' we cautioned our readers against the supposition that the observations which we had taken that opportunity of making on public taste in matters of art, were intended to be applied to the author of the work which had suggested them; or that we considered him an enemy to the practice of historical art. We hinted, on the contrary, our belief that his views on the subject were of the most enlightened description; and we cannot, we think, do better on resuming our review, than commence with giving a proof of the justice of the notion we had formed of Mr. Cunningham's general ideas, by citing a passage from his work, in which his opinion is explicitly and broadly stated. Our satisfaction in making this quotation is the greater, as while we are doing justice to the author by assisting in giving publicity to his sentiments, we feel that we do the greatest possible benefit to the cause of which we are sincere, and would be more efficient advocates, by bringing to its aid a supporter, the spirit and eloquence of whose language we should emulate in vain. The passage we allude to is elicited by the notice of the paradoxical attempt of Hogarth to maintain the claims to preference of comedy above tragedy—of the familiar in art above the sublime; it is as follows:

'Those who are not satisfied with the accuracy of Hogarth's notions by his prints and his pictures have little chance of being overcome by the force of written arguments. I am afraid few will be disposed to rank comedy above tragedy, or common life higher than the heroic. The actions of lofty minds and the pursuits of inspired men, will always maintain a higher place in the estimation of mankind than the mere picturesque exploits of inferior characters. Entertainment and information are not all that the mind requires at the hand of the artist. We wish to be elevated by contemplating what is noble, to be warmed by the presence of the heroic, and charmed and made happy by the sight of purity and loveliness. We desire to share in the lofty movements of fine minds, to have communion with their images of what is god-like, and to take a part in the rapture of their love, and in the ecstasies of all their musings. This is the chief end of high poetry, of high painting, and of high sculpture; and that man misunderstands the true spirit of those arts, who seeks to deprive them of a portion of their divinity, and argues that information and entertainment constitute their highest aim.'

We recommend this passage to the serious contemplation of such of our readers as may have allowed the plausible arguments, which are urged in favour of what Mr. Cunningham calls the *literally natural* in art, to induce them to conclude that history and poetry are beyond the sphere of painting. We recommend them to ponder well these sentiments of an author who is so far from despising comedy in

art as to become, and very justly in our opinion, the eulogist of Hogarth rather than of Reynolds. We conjure them to consider his expressions maturely, and by the sincere adoption of them to contribute, as far as in them lies, to justify him in ascribing his own just and noble sentiments, to the generality of his countrymen. In our own speculations on the state of taste as regards the arts in England, we have, indeed, occasionally indulged the hope that it is more the fault of our artists than of the public, that there exists no British school of painting worthy of the name; and that the predilection too generally shown for productions of a humble, and even of a low, nature is to be attributed rather to the want of a corresponding excellence in performances of higher character, than to any absence of taste or of feeling for the elevated in the public. Facts, however, strong and irrefragable, oppose themselves to this conclusion; and the history of Wilson, as contained in the volume before us, is a fatal instance of the failure of real merit to meet its just appreciation. It is on this account, and in the hope that the narrative may operate as a warning to our readers how they incautiously join in the popular or fashionable cry of the day, that the following select specimens of Mr. Cunningham's performance from his biographical sketch of this eminent and classical painter, so unfortunate and neglected in his life-time, so happy in the name that has lived after him.

'The love of landscape-painting spread very slowly—so slow, that, after the sale of a few of his works among the more distinguished of the lovers of art, he could not find a market for the fruits of his study—and had the mortification of exhibiting pictures of unrivalled beauty before the eyes of his countrymen in vain. He soon began to feel that in relinquishing portrait-painting he had forsaken the way to wealth and fashionable distinction, and taken the road to certain want and unprofitable fame. The appeal which his original pursuit made to individual vanity was felt, and through it he had acquired a decent livelihood, which his present employment seemed to deny him. To paint the varied aspect of inanimate nature—to clothe the pastoral hills with flocks, to give wild fowl to the lakes, ring-doves to the woods, blossoms to the boughs, verdure to the earth, and sunshine to the sky, is to paint landscape it is true—but it is to paint it like a district-surveyor, instead of grouping its picturesque beauties, and inspiring them with what the skillful in art call the sentiment of the scene. Wilson had a poet's feeling and poet's eye, selected his scenes with judgment, and spread them out in beauty and in all the fresh luxury of nature. He did for landscape what Reynolds did for faces—with equal genius, but far different fortune. A fine scene, rendered still more lovely by the pencil of the artist, did not reward its flatterer with any of its productions either of oil, or corn, or cattle; as Kneller found dead men indifferent paymasters—so inanimate nature proved but a cold patroness to Wilson.

'It was the misfortune of Wilson to be unappreciated in his own day;—and he had the additional mortification of seeing works wholly unworthy of being ranked with his, admired by the public and purchased at large prices. The demand for the pictures of Barret was so great, that the income of that indifferent dauber rose to £2000 a-year; and the equally weak landscapes of Smith, of Chichester, were of high value in the market—at the time when the works of Wilson were neglected and disregarded, and the great artist himself was sinking, in the midst of the capital, under obscurity, indigence, and dejection. He was reduced, by this capricious ignorance of the wealthy and the titled, to work for the meanest of mankind. Hogarth, as we have seen, sold some of his plates for half-a-crown a pound weight—and Wilson painted his 'Ceyx and Alcyon' for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese! His chief resource for subsistence was in the sordid liberality of pawnbrokers, to whose hands many of his finest works were consigned wet from the easel. One person, who had purchased many pictures from him, when urged by the unhappy artist to buy another, took him into his shop-garret, and, pointing to a pile of landscapes, said, "Why, look ye, Dick, you know I wish to oblige, but see! there are all the pictures I have paid you for these three years." To crown

his disappointments—in a contest for fame with Smith of Chichester—the Royal Society decided against Wilson.

'To account for the caprice of the public, or even for the imperfect taste of a Royal Society, is less difficult than to find a reason for the feelings of dislike, and even hostility, with which Wilson was regarded by Reynolds. We are told that the eminent landscape-painter, notwithstanding all the refinement and intelligence of his mind, was somewhat coarse and repulsive in his manners. He was indeed a lover of pleasant company, a drinker of ale and porter—one who loved boisterous mirth and rough humour: and such things are not always found in society which calls itself select. But what could the artist do? The man whose patrons are pawnbrokers instead of poets; whose works are paid in porter and cheese; whose pockets contain little copper and no gold; whose dress is coarse and his house ill-replenished; must seek such society as corresponds with his means and condition; he must be content to sit elsewhere than at a rich man's table covered with embossed plate. That the coarseness of his manners and the meanness of his appearance should give offence to the courtly Reynolds is not to be wondered at; that they were the cause of his hostility I cannot believe, though this has often been asserted. Their dislike was in fact mutual; and I fear it must be imputed to something like jealousy.

'In those moments of irritation and animosity, the cold, calm temper of Reynolds gave him a manifest advantage over an opponent irritable by nature, and soured and stung by disappointment and misfortune. The coarse and unskilful vehemence of poor Richard was no match for the cautious malignity of the president, who enjoyed the double advantage of lowering his adversary's talents in social conversation, and *ex cathedra* in his Discourses. Reynolds seems to have been a master in that courtly and malevolent art ascribed by Pope to Addison, of teaching others to sneer without sneering himself, and "damning with faint praise." As a specimen, I transcribe the following passage from one of the president's discourses:

'Our ingenious academician, Wilson, has, I fear, been guilty, like many of his predecessors, of introducing gods and goddesses, ideal beings, into scenes which were by no means prepared to receive such personages. His landscapes were in reality too near common nature to admit supernatural objects. In consequence of this mistake in a very admirable picture of a storm which I have seen of his hand, many figures were introduced in the foreground, some in apparent distress, and some struck dead, as a spectator would naturally suppose, by the lightning, had not the painter injudiciously, as I think, rather chosen that their death should be imputed to a little Apollo who appears in the sky with his bent bow, and that these figures should be considered as the children of Niobe. The first idea that presents itself is that of wonder in seeing a figure in so uncommon a situation as that in which the Apollo is placed, for the clouds on which he kneels have not the appearance of being able to support him.'

'This criticism was uttered, indeed, when Wilson was in the grave, and when it could not hurt him personally; it nevertheless proves the insinuating nature of the critic's hostility; and that long and rooted dislike had made him shut his eyes on excellencies to which he could not otherwise have been insensible.'—pp. 191-195.

It is truly painful to have to reflect on such an instance of human weakness as is exhibited in these petty criticisms from a man who could so well afford to do justice to a contemporary artist as Reynolds. May the contemplation of it and of its consequences have their due effect! The work of Wilson and the malignant comments of Reynolds have both survived; the one to verify the prediction of its author, that the productions of his pencil would be sought for after his death; to adorn the National Gallery of the country, in which half a century previously his paintings were wholly neglected; and to excite the undisputed admiration of posterity: the others to elucidate the true character, to the destruction of the fame, of their pronouncer. Nor is this the only instance of the petty malice of Reynolds towards an artist whose now acknowledged merit leaves no doubt that envy or the dread of superiority was the motive which incited those attempts at depreciation.

'It is related that, at a meeting of the members of the Academy on a social occasion, Reynolds proposed the health of Gainsborough as *the best landscape-painter*; on which Wilson added aloud, *and the best portraits-painter* too. The president pretended not to have been aware of the presence of Wilson, and made a courtly explanation. Wilson, who received the apology with a kind of dissatisfied growl, was afterwards accused by his companions of wanting a proper spirit of conciliation—by which, said they, he might have profited, for the president could endure to be flattered, and was kind to those who submitted to his ascendancy. Reynolds had never experienced any reverse of fortune—the applause of the world was with him, and much of its money in his pocket; he might therefore have afforded to be indulgent to a man of genius suffering under the want of honour, and even the want of bread.

'Nor was the president of the Academy the only person who distressed him with injurious opinions. A certain coterie of men, skilful in the mystery of good painting, came to the conclusion, that the works of Wilson were deficient in the gayer graces of style, and sent Penny, an academician whom Barry worshipped as one of the chief painters on earth, to remonstrate with the artist, and inform him, that, if he hoped for fame or their good opinion, he must imitate the lighter style of Zucarelli. Wilson was bustled on one of his works when this courier from the Committee of Taste announced himself and delivered his message. He heard him in silence—preceeded with his labours—then stooped suddenly, and poured forth a torrent of contemptuous words—which incensed the whole coterie, and induced them to withdraw any little protection which their opinion had extended over him.

'As the fortune of Wilson declined, his temper became touched; he grew peevish, and in conversation his language assumed a tone of sharpness and acidity which accorded ill with his warm and benevolent heart. Some men are raised to stations where the meanness of their nature shows but the more deformed and repulsive by the contrast; while others, originally of amiable character, soured by neglect, and stung by undeserved insult, forget by degrees dignity in despair, and allow their minds to become as squalid as their dress.

'Wilson had, nevertheless, spirit enough at all times to resent impertinence. When Zoffani, in his satiric picture of the Royal Academy, represented him with a pot of porter at his elbow, he instantly selected, like Johnson on an occasion little dissimilar, a proper stout stick, and vowed he would give the caricaturist a satisfactory thrashing. All who knew Wilson made sure he would keep his word; but Zoffani prudently passed his brush over the offensive part, and so escaped the cudgelling. On one occasion Jones, a favourite pupil, invited him to see a large landscape which he had painted; he looked, and exclaimed, "How, Mr. Jones, what have you been doing? you have stolen my temple!" "Is it too dark, sir?" said Jones. "Oh, black enough of all consequence!" answered the other, and instantly retired.

'He was fond of the company of Sir William Beechey, and at his house he frequently reposed from the cares of the world and the persecution of fortune. He was abstemious at his meals, rarely touching wine or ardent spirits; his favourite beverage was a pot of porter and a toast; and he would accept that when he refused all other things. This was a luxury of which he was determined to have the full enjoyment; he took a moderate draught, sat silent a little while, then drank again, and all the time eyed the quart vessel with a satisfaction which sparkled in his eyes. The first time that Wilson was invited to dine with Beechey, he replied to the request by saying, "You have daughters, Mr. Beechey, do they draw? All young ladies draw now." "No, sir," answered his prudent entertainer, "my daughters are musical." He was pleased to hear this, and accepted the invitation. Such was the blunt honesty of his nature, that when drawings were shown him which he disliked, he disdained or was unable to give a courtly answer, and made many of the students his enemies. Reynolds had the sagacity to escape from such difficulties by looking at the drawings and saying "pretty, pretty," which vanity invariably explained into a compliment.

'His process of painting was simple; his colours were few, he used but one brush, and worked standing. He

prepared his palette, made a few touches, then retired to the window to refresh his eye with natural light, and returned in a few minutes and resumed his labours. Beechey called on him one day, and found him at work; he seized his visitor hastily by the arm, hurried him to the remotest corner of the room, and said, "There, look at my landscape; this is where you should view a painting if you wish to examine it with your eyes, and not with your nose." He was then an old man, his sight was failing, his touch was unsure, and he painted somewhat coarsely, but the effect was wonderful. He too, like Reynolds, had his secrets of colour, and his mystery of the true principle in painting, which he refused to explain, saying, "They are like those of nature, and are to be sought for and found in my performances." Of his own future fame he spoke seldom, for he was a modest man, but when he did speak of it, he used expressions which the world has since sanctioned. "Beechey," he said, "you will live to see great prices given for my pictures, when those of Barret will not fetch one farthing."

'The salary of librarian rescued him from utter starvation; indeed, so few were his wants, so simple his fare, and so moderate his appetite, that he found it, little as it was, nearly enough. He had as he grew old become more neglectful of his person; as fortune forsook him he left a fine house for one inferior—a fashionable street for one cheap and obscure; he made sketches for half-a-crown, and expressed gratitude to one Paul Sanby for purchasing a number from him at a small advance of price. His last retreat in this wealthy city was a small room somewhere about Tottenham Court Road;—an easel and a brush, a chair and a table, a hard bed with few clothes, a scanty meal and the favourite pot of porter, were all that Wilson could call his own. A disgrace to an age which lavished its tens of thousands on mountebanks and projectors,—on Italian screamers, and men who made mouths at Shakespeare.

'It is reported that Reynolds relaxed his hostility at last—and, becoming generous when it was too late, obtained an order from a nobleman for two landscapes at a proper price. This kindness softened the severity of Wilson's animadversions on the president; but old age with its infirmities was come upon him; his sight was failing, his skill of touch was forsaking him; and his naturally high spirit had begun to yield at last to the repeated injuries of fortune. London was relieved from witnessing the melancholy close of his life. A small estate became his by the death of a brother; and, as if nature had designed to make some amends for the neglect of mankind, a profitable vein of lead was discovered on his ground. When this two-fold good fortune befel him, he waited on his steady friend, Sir William Beechey, to ask him if he had any commands for Wales. His spirits were then high, but appeared assuaged, for his health was visibly declining, and his faculties were impaired. He put his hands to each side, and pressing them, said, with a sorrowful smile, "Oh! these back settlements of mine!" He took an affecting farewell of Sir William and set out for his native place, where, far from the bitterness of professional rivalry, and placed above the reach of want, he looked to enjoy a few happy days.—pp. 196-200.

Notwithstanding the length to which our extracts have extended, we must not deny ourselves the gratification of quoting the following pleasing anecdote from the life of Gainsborough.

'One of his acquaintances in Bath was Wiltshire, the public carrier, a kind and worthy man, who loved Gainsborough, and admired his works. In one of his landscapes, he wished to introduce a horse, and as the carrier had a very handsome one, he requested the loan of it for a day or two, and named his purpose; his generous neighbour bridled it and saddled it, and sent it as a present. The painter was not a man to be outdone in acts of generosity; he painted the waggon and horses of his friend, put his whole family and himself into it, and sent it well-framed to Wiltshire, with his kind respects. It is considered a very capital performance. From 1761, when Gainsborough began to exhibit his paintings at the Academy, till his removal from Bath in 1774, Wiltshire was annually employed to carry his pictures to and from London; he took great care of them, and constantly refused to accept money, saying, "No—no—I admire painting

too much," and plunged his hands in his pocket to secure them against the temptation of the offered payment. Perceiving, however, that this was not acceptable to the proud artist—the honest carrier hit upon a scheme which pleased both. "When you think (said he) that I have carried to the value of a little painting, I beg you will let me have one, sir; and I shall be more than paid." In this coin the painter paid Wiltshire; and overpaid him. His son is still in possession of several of these pictures, and appreciates their value; many of Gainsborough's productions were not so worthily disposed of.—pp. 330-331.

We cannot take our leave of the first volume of this work without expressing our satisfaction at its appearance, and the gratification we anticipate from its successors. The life of Hogarth is evidently that which the author has written with especial delight, and we can honestly avow our conviction that there is no real admirer or lover of excellence in art, for no real lover or admirer of art is of exclusive taste, who will not concur in his views of the merit and talent of that exquisite satirist. The life of Reynolds is more startling; we fear it is not the less just on that account; but after all it might perhaps have been desired that the biographer might have discriminated with greater nicety between the duties of practice and those of teaching, and given Sir Joshua more credit, than he has done, for the judgment which dictated the admirable lectures. The doctrines these contain are not the less sound because their author wanted the power to put in practice the lessons he gave to others; and we apply the term, admirable, to his lectures, advisedly, regarding them as inculcating not the servile copying of the works of old masters, but the study of their style.

The wood-cuts which accompany this volume are most skilfully executed, but we think more is attempted in them than that branch of engraving is well capable of. The landscape of Wilson is almost the only one to which we should not object.

NEW SYSTEM OF ASTRONOMY.

Idees Nouvelles sur le Systeme Solaire. Par M. Le Chevalier J. Chabrier, Ancien Officier Supérieur, Correspondant de la Société d'Histoire Naturelle, &c. 4to. Paris.

M. CHABRIER is well known to naturalists, by his 'Essay upon the Flight of Insects' and his 'Observations upon the Mechanism of the Progressive Movements of Man and Vertebrated Animals'; but we think he would have done wisely to have confined himself to the motions of things more within his sphere of observation than the distant orbs of the firmament. He seems, indeed, like many other astronomers, to have given his imagination unwarranted scope, and to have fancied rather than reasoned. Besides, he is far too positive and dogmatical in matters of so doubtful a kind as the phenomena of astronomy, respecting which men who have been most skilled in the science have hesitated to express themselves decidedly, amidst conflicting opinions.

Astronomy, indeed, we fear, is regarded by many persons too much in the same light as geometry—as one of the certain sciences now established on unquestionable principles; though the most eminent astronomers have themselves viewed the matter very differently. Copernicus, for example, expressly declares that nobody could expect any thing certain from astronomy. Take, as an example of the uncertainty found in this science, the distance of the sun from the earth, which is set down in our school-books at ninety-five millions of miles. This distance is computed from what is called the annual parallax, concerning which Sir Isaac Newton remarks, that 'if it could be accurately obtained, we might be said to have arrived at a tolerable degree of certainty.' This parallax, however, is far from being established. The observations of the transit of Venus over the sun's disk, made the parallax 9"; Sir Isaac Newton made it 10"; Dr. Halley made it

12"; M. Cassini made it 44; and Mr. Whiston made it 32": and yet all these astronomers followed the same mode of computation. We shall give one other instance of astronomical discrepancy. The two best astronomers of the present age, Sir William Herschell and Professor Schoeter have both given calculations of the new planets; and though their methods were the same, the difference of the results is very remarkable. According to Herschell, the diameter of the planet Ceres is 160 miles; according to Schoeter, it is 1624 miles. The diameter of the planet Pallas is, according to Herschell, 80 miles; while Schoeter makes it not less than 2099. Now which, we ask, of these two eminent astronomers are we to believe?

These discrepant statements, however, it may be remarked, relate to facts of a very different kind from theoretical speculations respecting the cause of gravitation, which Newton himself scarcely made any attempt to solve, but which forms one of the prominent features of M. Chabrier's work. How far he has been successful in making out a plausible system will best appear from his own account, from which we shall here subjoin an extract:

'If the sky is formed by water, that liquid fills the planetary system, and presses with all its weight upon the atmosphere of the sun; it also surrounds the atmospheres of the planets, is put in motion by the sun, and carries the planets along with it in its course. It is also of a transparent nature, since the most distant stars are seen through it, and since it is penetrated by the sun's light, partially obscured by its blue rays.

'This supposition explains in a very probable manner the splendour and perpetuity of the sun's light, produced in part by the excessive pressure, exercised upon the atmosphere; the movements of rotation and translation of that luminous star; its continual action upon the planets; the tails of the comets; the cause of the light of these stars, and their irregular motions; the yellow light which surrounded the atmosphere of the comet of 1811; the zodiacal light produced by the same cause; the invariability of nebulae and stars; the origin of stars; the fixedness and elasticity of the planetary atmospheres, and at the same time the small density of these atmospheres, which would not be in proportion with the immense mass of liquid, which would press upon them if the diverging current of this liquid, flowing into them, was not put into motion and influenced by the centrifugal power; for in the supposition that the liquid which surrounds the stars were in an absolute state of repose, it is probable that the atmospheres of the planets would be so compressed by it as to be rendered luminous.

'It is then not very unlikely that if the planets have appeared in the form of comets in the converging current of the sidereal liquid, in which that liquid is moved by its tendency alone to equilibrium, or by the central force, the intensity of which progressively increases. It is not unlikely, I say, that their atmospheres, being strongly compressed, would produce light.

'I ask, if it be not more natural to suppose that the sun puts the planets in motion by some intermediate liquid, the existence and morbidity of which every thing announces, than to imagine these bodies in motion by virtue of a single impulsion in the universal void, which we have every reason to believe impossible? And how was this impulsion first created, and how are its effects perpetually supported, and whence comes these perfect bodies?

'How is it to be conceived that the nebulae of very irregular forms, such as were observed by Herschell, can exist in the void, can preserve their respective positions, enjoy an intestine motion, become by degrees spherical and luminous, acquire by that means a dense nucleus, and form eventually planetary bodies? We are no more able to conceive these things than it is possible for us to comprehend the existence of the moon without an atmosphere of her own, and placed beyond the limits of the earth's, the existence and elasticity of the latter in the void, and the progressive diminution of its density. We understand much better that the fundamental fluid of the atmosphere is everywhere almost equally dense, and that what is called rarification of the air at great heights above

the surface of the globe, is simply the rarification of oxygen.—P. vii.

Such is a brief *aperçu* of some of the singular ideas which M. Chabrier has deemed fit to designate a new solar system. The following appears no less novel, and to our obtuse judgments fanciful and improbable:

'The existence of a void or vacuum appears as inconceivable as the borders of the universe itself. There is in this hypothesis, and the isolation which is the consequence of it, something absolutely contrary to all the knowledge we possess; to all the notions which we entertain of nature and the existence of beings, their formation and increase, something in fact opposed to ideas of order and appearance.

'We observe, that in nature every thing undergoes change—every thing is renewed; the variety of the combinations is infinite; it is then contrary to our ideas to think that there exists beings of the first order isolated and destined, nevertheless, to have increase, and subsist eternally by themselves. According to such a supposition, the same matter would answer the same purposes without alteration and diminution, which is without example; for all combinations and, consequently, every idea of generation, increase, &c. must be rejected.

'From what we observe and know, it is much more difficult to render supportable an idea of the universal void, of which we are able to cite no example strong enough in this place for a comparison, than to conceive an absolute plenum, of which we are partially convinced, since we perceive it around us and in us under different forms; that we can imagine a part of it in motion by very natural means, and because all bodies which are organized and living on the surface of the earth, can only exist in their integrity in water or in air, the respirable portion of which appears to me to be only water, which has received a particular preparation fit for beings living upon the earth and for combustion.

'It is very probable then that the stars, which consume an enormous quantity of æriform fluids by combinations of every description, could not exist in the vacuum, repair their losses in it at every moment, and preserve their atmospheres in a state of elasticity; for we do not know of any aerial fluid which losing its buoyancy in consequence of its rarification, would be capable in that state, of containing and compressing the elastic fluid of the atmospheres; functions which, by the by, a fluid may discharge with advantage.

'If, for example, the sun were surrounded by a vacuum, he would have no influence upon any thing, nor would any thing have influence upon him; he would not in such a case receive the matter which produces heat and light matter, of which he must consume an immense portion, and which would soon be exhausted if it were received from his own substance: for we do not know of any light of such dazzling splendour which would result from a very active combustion.

'In the same manner, if the moon be situated beyond the atmosphere of the earth, and if she have no atmosphere in the midst of the vacuum, she would have no influence upon the earth; how could she attract or repel if she have no connection with objects?

'The existence of a universal vacuum then it is impossible to prove; it is a mere hypothesis: it is evident, however, that the permanency of light and heat cannot be explained by it, nor the attractive and repelling power of the sun, nor the perpetuity and regularity of the circular motions of the heavenly bodies.—P. 10.

Our readers, we imagine, will already think we have given them enough, and more than enough, of M. Chabrier.

OLDCOURT.

Oldcourt, a Novel. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Colburn.

THANK Heaven! the season of novel publishing, and consequently of novel reviewing, is nearly over. We are a-weary of narratives in three volumes, and long for nothing so earnestly as for that interminable appetite of youthful mantua-makers which Mr. Col-

burn and the Minerva Press together would find it impossible to satiate.

We do not know whether we shall be called to exercise our function on any other novels before the next winter. We hope not, for 'Oldcourt' would have been enough to disgust us with the whole class; we have seldom seen any thing with the same indication of talent, and yet on the whole so rambling and foolish. The personages are in general common place, and the dissertations portentously tedious, more especially that singular discourse in which the author attempts to shew that the Irish are not impudent. Yet there is a portrait of an Irish Peasant as natural and affecting as any we remember. It tempts us to give more than just importance to the book, and to quote a large portion of the narrative in which Conolly records his story. Our readers may be assured that in this extract they have the cream and flower of three dull volumes.

"So then, your honour, having every thing nate and comfortable, my little cow, and my pig, and my poultry, an the ould mother quite agreeable, I thought I might begin to think of slittin' in the world. So I casts about, and fixes my eye on a clane handy little girl, one Biddy Farrell, a neighbour's child. Sure your honour remembers Paddy Farrell, down at the grange, who used to catch hedgehogs for you, and help us to hunt the otters, along the mill-stream in the wood!"

'D'Arcy having answered the appeal to his recollection by an assenting nod, the narrator continued:

"I had often cast a sheep's eye on Biddy afore, and thought to myself, 'that's the little Colleen for my money;' and Biddy herself now and then gave me a sly glance, and would shake back her nice brown locks, and tie her cap more smart, when I used to overtake her on a Sunday, comin' from chapel; and it was always 'God save you, Biddy,' and 'God save you kindly, Billy Conolly,' bechune us.

"So, upon the strength of it, I makes up to Biddy in ra'al earnest, and sure enough, all went smack smooth with me, and I was scrapin' up the little pinny for the ring an' the priest, when a big rogue of a slaveen, the ould miller's man, who thought to knock a leg under me with Biddy, and was mad entirely, because she tould his ugly slut of a sister, she valied my little finger more nor his whole carcass—well, what does the invious spalpeen do, but goes to inform again' me as a Whiteboy, and for what, your honour? only just because I happened to go out one fine night with the boys, to lind a hand with a coat of paint, for the mangy hide of the hearth-money man, who tuck the bit of a bed from under ould Catty Doyle, the poor lone widow woman in the village.

"So there was I shut up till Sixes time, for three long months, with a parcel of thievin' rogues and vagabones, widout any sence of dacency to God or man; and after that condemned to six months more of the same good company. And sure if it wasn't for your honour, they'd have sint me on my thravels with a ring round my leg, but the ould bar'net said, you'd be mad at it, because I was your playfellow.

"Now all this, as a body might suppose, got the better of me entirely. At first I thried to keep myself to myself, and wou'd not mix at all, or make with the wicked imps that used to be a tazin' and plaguin' o' me, and roarin', and rattlin', and makin' their fun with death in their eye, and the devil at the door; but they left me no pace, and I was so down-hearted, thinkin' of Biddy, and the poor ould cratur of a mother, all alone with the pig, and the chickens, and nobody to spancel the cow, or dig up a dish of praties for her, that sure enough, God forgim me! I tuck to the whiskey just for comfort, now and then, whin the dhrop would be goin' round with the rakehellly devils about me.

"Now this, and more, was somehow all brought to Biddy, who cou'dn't abide a boy to be disguised or teased at all, at all, so that whin I came at last to get out of pound, she'd hardly spake, and looked quite crooked at me.

"The ould woman, too, was on her back in 'he faver, the cow driv for the rint, and the p that used to be so plump and lively, about the cabin, quite lank and jane-like. Oh! I was like one crazy. Howsoever, I stirred my stumps a bit, and made after the brownie just in time afore the cant, to replevy her out of the grip of

the agint. And the poor body of a mother, soon got on her legs again too, sitting quite aisy, on her boss in the chimney corner; and as nobody cou'd say black was the white o' my eye, havin' never done an ill turn to man or mortal, barrin' the bit of a frake wi' the vagabone hearth-money man, which you know was nuts to the neighbours, I thought I'd clinch the business with Biddy; and as I promised to take my book oath again the native, for a twelvemonth and a day, I soon brought her to razin again.

"But as ill luck would have it, when all was plain sailin', and she had consinted to go with me to Father Cassidy the very next week, to be tied with the band that neither wears, nor breaks in this world, what should bewitch me but I must go to the fair with a frind, an' there I was tipped just to wet the whiale for the dust in my throat; whin, some how or other, so much of the native slipped down unknown't to me, that I got quite lovin'; and as I done nothin' for the honour of the darlin' that day, I spit in my fist, and twirlin' the saplin' I says, 'Who dare say pasc to purty Biddy Farrell?' But divil a one budged, for the boys all knew I was an ugly customer, with the dhrop in my eye, and the bit of shillelah in my hand; so, as nobody said nothin', I ups and gives a tap of the switch to a curly-poll spalpeen in the tupt, who looked as if he'd like to be saucy."

"For shame! Conolly," cried D'Arcy, now interposing, "I had no idee you were so quarrelsome."

"Is it me, your honour?" exclaimed Conolly, "me quarrelsome! the divil a bit; I was never contrary or cantenarious in my whole life; and by my sowl, nobody should say the word to me but your honour, for sure I was always for pace and quiet, unless whin Biddy was consarned, or my own faction called me to defend 'em."

"Well," said D'Arcy, "how did you adventure at the fair end?"

"Faith! then, your honour, that's the thing I can't very well tell; but as I was sayin', the little hint I give the boy that looked crooked at me, ruffled his timper a bit; and so we went to it kindly, an' my frind an' myself bein' rather handy with the tools, we kicked up a rumpus that tuck in the whole fair."

"What might be the upshot of the skrimmage, after myself was put to sleep, I won't purtind to tell your honour, because I never knew the rights of it exactly; but when I wakened out of the soundest snooze that ever sat murther to music, with nothin' but plaslin' dramas of fighin' an' fastin' an' shouts an' shillelah's, why, I found myself mighty queer and comical; an' openin' my eyes that seemed glued in my head, just to peep about a little, —what shou'd I see, but myself stretched out on a poor wad of straw bechune four naked walls, while every bone in my skin began akin' and painin' like mad, whenever I attempted to stir hand or foot."

"What! I suppose they had put you in prison for your pranks at the fair?" observed D'Arcy.

"Deed then, that you may say," continued Conolly; "but I couldn't make it out at all, an' began to think my drame was changed for the worse; but I was soon made sensible of it, for a black lookin' codger, with a big kay in his fist, an' a bit of a basket on his arm, comes into the place and says, 'Well! Well sir,' says I, 'what's the mather, an' who's so kind as to gi' me this good lodgin'?' 'I'm glad you like it,' says he, with a grin. 'By my sowl! sir,' says I, 'I don't like it at all, an' the sooner we lave it the better, for I'm very ill convenient in it.' 'O you are,' says he; 'I am,' says I; 'and the divil's cure to you,' says he, 'you popish varmint, I wish I had my will of you, an' I'd tache you to break a Protestant head that way again.'"

"Then setting down on the flure aside o' me, a platter of cold praties, with spring water sauce,—There, lap your allowance like a dog, as you are," says he, 'an' give no more tongue or I'll soon larn you to bark at your betthers.'"

"Now this was all mighty uncivil, but I was on the wrong side of the door, and on the broad o' my back, so think's I to myself, 'Patience Billy Conolly,' an' sure enough, it was'n't long before I got bravely again, an' could hardly keep my two hands off the ill lookin' thief that was always aggravatin' me with his clack."

"But by an' by who should come to let me out of my cage but the bar'net's man; and here your honour

did me good service again unknown't to yourself, for he tould me I might thank my stars that I was rocked in the same cradle with your honour, or they would have sint me clane out of the country."

"Well, Conolly," observed D'Arcy, "I am glad to have been of any service to you; but how did you contrive to spoil all again, and come to dandle a musket, as you express it?"

"Why, not to be troublin' your honour with a long story," rejoined Conolly, "you must know, that the frake at the fair settled my hash with Biddy entirely, an' she wouldn't spake or even look at the same side o' the way with me; and, indeed, small blame to her for it, while I carried the marks and tokens of my folly, with a phiz just enough to frighten a horse, all bedevilled with bumps and bruises."

"The ould father, too, warned me off his promises, and tould me to my face, he'd sooner folly his child to her grave than give her to such a scapegrace; but what vexed me more nor all, Biddy herself sent me a message that she wouldn't demane herself any more in my company, and that father Cassidy tould her to have no call to me, for I was nothin' better than a reprobate entirely. God forgive his reverence for the hard word!"

"Now, then, I saw I was out for the rob with every body, savin' and exceptin' the ould mother, who always had a kind word for me, and said, 'She only blemp't those that first driv her poor boy to take up with bad people.' And well I quit (requited) her for it," added he, with great vehemence, clenching his fist, and striking his forehead, "unnatural baste that I am! Ochone! Ochone! but to think of it! your honour. Often and often, would the dear ould soul, when I'd be down low as ditch wather, sittin' a frettin', and fumin', and broodin' black thoughts, may be, whither I'd better let them be fashin' for me some fine mornin' at the bottom of the mill pond. Often, with the big tear a tremblin' in her eye, and the kind heart of her meltin' and burstin', plain enough to be seen in the poor body, often would she say to me, 'Well! never mind, Billy Conolly! I hold up darlin' and don't take on so. To be sure you've been out o' luck for sartin, but it's a long lane that has no turnin', and tho' I can't say but you've run the wrong side of the poet a bit, yet my poor boy's not lost entirely, like them guzzlin' craters that sit swiggin' and smokin' the whole livelong day, willin' to dhrink the river dhry and soak up the say itself, if it's salt wather was whiskey.'"

"My heavy curse light on it for whiskey," exclaimed the poor fellow earnestly, interrupting his story; "and the curse of Crum'll on him who first put it to the lips of Billy Conolly; for sure it's a scorchin' fire that burns up the brains of the world, and hardens the hearts of them that makes or meddles with it."

"And this is the way she'd be talkin' to me, your honour, in my trouble, without onst throwin' it in my teeth, or sayin', 'Ill you've done Billy Conolly'. And one day, thinkin' I had a dr , because I was a little contrary with her, she said, takin' a houl't of my burnin' hand, and lookin' in my face for all the world, as if the ould heart of her was spakin' in her poor eyes, she said:—

"Oh lave it off, darlin' honey, lave it off for the sake of the ould mother that won't be with you long, and has never a want nor wish in this world, but just to see you aisy in it, afore she's cradled in the ould earth."—Oh! I thought I'd dhrop with shame of my ill doin's, and there was such a choakin' in my throat, that I felt as if I'd never spake again, till the bairn's head of me fell weepin' and sobbin' on her shoulder. 'Oh Billy, dear,' says she, 'don't kill me quite, for a salt tear from you is the only blister that rises now on my withered heart! but promise, honey, you won't again go nigh that weary Sheebeen', where the thief of the world that keeps it, first tuck in my child to cocher (associate) with them that done him no good. Cheer up like a man, an' take to the spade again kindly, an' look after your own little place as you used to do, and we may be aisy and happy again; an' Biddy herself maybe 'ill come round to your side when she finds you takin' up entirely, an' attendin' to the main chance once more. Besides,' says she, 'when my child comes

home again,' (for she always made bould to call your honour so,) 'he'll take your part I'm sartin, an' you'll always have a good friend with the bar'net any how.'"

"And sure enough, your honour, I was beginnin' to be a little aisy, and was just tryin' to turn a hand to one little job or another, to make all squares with the rint for the landlord, and the juty fowl for the mistress, when jist comin' out of the cabin door one day, with the pig in my hand, ladin' him to the praty skins in the trough, who should be passin' quite close forenent me, as fine as a horse, with that curse o' God scaldcrow, the vagabone miller's man that was the cause of all my troubles, swiggin' an' smirkin' a one side of her, and she noddin' an' smilin' an' lookin' as plased as punch,—who should it be, as sure as a gun, but Biddy Farrell her own self!"

"Oh sure a flash of lightning ran thro' me that minit, bones an' marra'an' all. The first thing I thought of was, to rush on the fuke niger, that was thremblin' in his skin, (for he was sadly afeard o' me), an' lay him sprawlin' on the earth afore her; but I was so struck all of a heap, that I was as wake as wather, an' fixed like to the spot. I cou'dn't spake for the chokin' in my throat, tho' I was burnin'; the ould dhrops stood on my forehead, an' I cou'd only clasp my two hands and cry,—'Oh Biddy, Biddy, do I live to see this?'"

"Blame yourself," says she, 'Billy Conolly, for it's all your own fault; and she turned from me with a toss of her head, though I thought I saw her pale lip quiverin' as she said it. I leaned for a mit up again' the jam of the door, to look after 'em, and got my strength enough jist to stagger into the cabin again."

"Mother!" says I,—but I cou'dn't say any more till she brought me a dhrop of wather to moisten the tongue that was parched in my mouth. 'Christ save us! my child,' says she, 'what's the mather with you, but you look like the pictur' of death.' 'Mother,' says I, 'it's all over with Billy Conolly, an' there's no livin' here any longer for me.'"

"Oh don't say so, darlin', says she; 'tis only the ould gloom cloudin' you a bit, and you'll be cheered again to-morrow.'"

"I didn't tell her what happened, and she cou'dn't know how bad it was with me; but the ragin' storm was pace and quiet to what was tatterin', an' tamin', an' thumpin' inside o' me that minit. I felt the heart freezin' in my body, and I wondered how I cou'd wish or care for any thing in the whole universal world."

"In this desperate takin' I found the way to the Sheebeen-house again, where I thought I cou'd never squinch the thrust that was a chokin' me; an' as the divil wou'd have it, beggin' your honour's pardon, the rigiment marched into the village that very day, and so, I resolved to go for a sodger an' be revenged of both my frinds and my inimies. An' here I am, your honour, a lost sheep, strayin' far away from the sweet pleasant walks of his early days, an' who never thought to have his heart warmed again with the glance of a kind eye, till he had the good luck to meet with his young master among the Philistines like himself."

"The poor fellow wiped his eye with the skirt of his jacket as he finished his story, and blubbed audibly while he turned away to hide the feelings it revived in him."—Vol. 2, pp. 77—89.

* * At the request of numerous subscribers who desire to make up the 'Athenæum' into half-yearly volumes, we this week devote a leaf of our paper to the Title page necessary to complete the volume ending in June. This is so arranged that the leaf may be cut out without interfering with the paging. In like manner a single leaf in our next week's number will contain the Index.

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SHADES OF THE DEAD.

NO. III.—COLUMBUS.

THE result of the prolonged existence of the earth has been to extend the field of man's free and unfearing agency. This is the natural effect of accumulating experience.

The ancient world, so far as any single nation knew it, was a narrow island of solid soil, rooted to the centre and overarched by its own definite firmament, while all beyond was vision, mystery, and the substance of a dream. Men looked from their fields and watch towers into distant lands as we gaze from some hill-side upon the vague brightness and mingling colours of the evening clouds and the calm ocean. The earth of which they had knowledge was encompassed by imagination and tradition, with a thousand mythological kingdoms, with the cities of Men, the golden bowers of Olympus, the gardens of the Hesperides glimmering through the desert, the icy habitations of Caucasus, and the banquet halls of Ethiopia. The Greek who saw the stars arising out of the sea might fancy that they had won their brightness from the glorious islands of Antilla or Atlantis, in which they reposed by day, and which were hidden in the distance from the eyes of men. Along the doubtful margin of the actual world gigantic monsters and lovely shadows walked half visible. Mighty lands in the conception of the Christian, around the more certain sphere in which he dwelled, were peopled with the holy descendants of Seth, with the progeny of demons, with angels themselves, and loathsome fiends, and innumerable wondrous ministers of human temptation or servants of saintly triumph. A broad belt, filled with beings as strange as the shapes of the Zodiac, encircled in the mind of every one the little region to which he was himself accustomed, commanded his awe, and repelled his inquiry.

Of the men who have dissipated these fancies, have fixed the clouds into solidity, and chased the shadows from the ends of the earth, the chief is Columbus. He accomplished more than any one else towards making us masters of the world on which we tread; and giving us, instead of yawning abysses and realms of vapour, wide waters for our ships and lands for the city and the plough. He has rendered to the world an imperishable service. He stands in history as the completer of the globe; the conqueror who has added to the commonwealth of mankind unheard of provinces and barbarous tribes. The barrier within which we moved with reluctant terror, like a lion in a circle of protruded spears, impetuous but fearful, was broken down by that Genoese sailor, and all around us was laid open to our onset. The mound on which so many phantoms poised themselves, and displayed their wings, was by him uprooted from its foundation, and made to mingle with the sky. Thenceforward there was no limit to the action of any thought; no walls confined the arena of human enterprise but those which the nature of things has appointed.

The kind of good resulting from the success of Columbus is one peculiarly adapted to win the admiration of the present age. He enlarged and strengthened the mechanism by which we work, the material on which we employ ourselves. Could all knowledge of the man be destroyed, the great action of his life would be commonly held up as the most beneficial that any one could perform; for it dispelled innumerable visions, valuable only to men's fancies and affections, and incapable of being employed in the sphere of reality. It brought under our certain knowledge, and subjected to our activity regions and faculties of nature, from which we have drawn unmeasured physical advantages. Neither was there any thing even apparently accidental in this acquisition; Columbus always pointed it out as the certain consequence of his design. The bringing together distant countries, the increase of wealth, the excitement of commerce, were inherent in that thought which occupied half his life. Was he then nothing else than such a man as may invent a spin-

ning-machine or a steam-boat—as may originate great changes in the material possessions of society,—as may show himself earnest in opposing, and incapable of comprehending the seers of visions and the dreamers of phantoms. Did he resemble the idols of the nineteenth century? or was he fit to be a great man of that age which produced the Reformation?

The greatness of that period, no more than of any other, consisted in the neglect of mechanical and material objects, nor naturally involved it; but it implied the estimation of mechanical things as instrumental, and not as ends; and never but in this way has aught seminal been done even in mechanic discovery. So was it with Columbus, who more than almost any man augmented the means of mankind. Look at his whole life and all we know of his mind, and see what it is that distinguishes him. Not that he discovered America, for a fisherman driven to sea by a storm might have done this; but he is marked out from other men by the spirit in which he conceived his enterprise and the objects which he proposed to himself. His intention was to clear up doubts, to solve difficulties, to disperse a thousand misty errors, to gain for European action a new and immense field; but his motive, and it is from this that we must judge the character of the man, was chiefly religious.

In his own letters, addresses, and narratives, that which strikes us as different from the writings of any other bold and instructed seaman, is the constant appeal to religious authority. He looks forward with joy and confidence to the reception of the true faith by great countries, and to the acquisition for himself of wealth which shall enable him to make another crusade, and recover the holy sepulchre from the hands of the unbelievers. He asserts again and again, as the foundation of his enterprise, the trust and certainty that God had given him, in the hope of leading the way for Christianity to vast and unknown kingdoms, then pagan and blind; and, in addition to those sound and scientific reasons for the existence of a western land, which no man in his own day could refute, and the accuracy of which was proved by his success, he supports his plan by a strange variety of arguments taken from religion and prophecy. He was a diligent student of the Bible, and from it he draws a hundred misapplied predictions. In his conviction, the attempt to which he devoted himself was designed from of old by Providence, and he, as its selected minister, was watched over by saints and angels, and the mother of the Lord pointed his path along the waters. The cross was the ensign of his triumph; and his task was almost accomplished when he had first displayed the emblem of his faith on the shores of the new world. Year after year, through all the changes from success and honour and delegated sovereignty to sorrow and shame, amid the vicissitudes of poverty and disease, until his melancholy death, he was constantly occupied by thoughts of the vows which he had made in the freshness of his hopes, and which he had not been able to fulfil; his dreams assumed the shapes of heavenly messengers, and uttered to him discourses of providential warning or holy comfort; and when courtiers and adventurers were alike intent on the one object of enriching themselves in the colonies he had discovered and then commanded, when the priests who had been sent to aid him were busy in plotting against his power, he meditated on the prospect of rescuing Jerusalem from the Mussulmans.

Columbus, the great overthrower of the fantastic and mysterious idolatries which were founded on the ignorance of mankind, the man who more than all others routed the vague phantoms, that to the mind of every one, filled the unknown earth, did not therefore want a child-like simplicity of faith in the truths of religion. He separated for ever the two worlds of the infinite and the finite, and cleared our knowledge of each by drawing a broad line between them. His genius enlarged and completed the domain of man's physical exertion; but his mind was still as true as ever to the existence of a higher region needing not the patronage of courts for its discovery, and revealed to us by a mightier being

than he. He explored and opened to the light of day the provinces of fancy and mythology, but was to the dishonesty of those who overlook that he left to the spirit its own serene kingdom, and bowed before its heavenly tabernacle. What he added to our material world he did not take away from the immaterial; but while he excluded for ever from a part the shadows and superstitions of ignorance, he would have subordinated the whole to religion.

It is true indeed that the religion of Columbus was not the purest Christianity, though exalted in his mind to a nobler faith than that common in his age. He sustained himself through a thousand conjunctures of uncertainty and danger by a trust in Providence, which was the most remarkable quality of his character. In him the latest brightness of Roman Catholicism displayed itself, and when in that form Christianity had reached, if not subdued, every portion of the world, nothing remained but the task of internal reformation.

But though the mind of Columbus was in many respects dark and weak, in this it was strong; in a religious hope and reliance, which taught him to refer immediately to God whatever of clear knowledge and new illumination he possessed. He felt himself marked out and appointed, with the other especial servants of Heaven, to perform a high spiritual work. The vividness of his intuition, the strength of his hope, he did not seek to account for from the accidents of his character or the scattered learning of his life. He thought that all was given to him for a predicted purpose, and that he was ranged among the patriarchs and prophets chosen from of old to do the work of Providence. The wise men of our day will mock at him for his childish credulity; but let no one despise this holy enthusiasm, unless he too has felt as strong a faith as belonged to Columbus in the distant and hidden, and as ready an energy in attempting to substantiate for all men that which before existed but in the thought of one; and having felt these, can assert the possibility of their action without any mixture of humble piety. He was indeed in all things childlike: childlike in his humility, childlike in his confidence, childlike in the keenness and freshness of all his sensations; yet was it he who discovered, and by this very unfearing simplicity of heart, that new world which has changed the whole condition and subsequent history of the old.

The name of the discoverer of America would give us, if we wanted accurate knowledge, the conception of a vast and iron mind, trampling over obstacles, compelling kings and seas to yield to him, and realising the cloudlike dreams of antiquity by an act of will as imperative and irresistible as that by which the ocean god framed and lifted over the water the island of Apollo. He connects himself with the stern benefactors, the heroic shadows of antiquity Jason, and the warlike Bacchus, and the wandering Hercules. The fancy naturally conceives of him as a mighty spectral shape leaning, like some old sea phantom, on a gigantic rudder, and fixed for ever in dim and unmoving sublimity on some icy crag of Darien, with two worlds of water spread below him. A form remote, immense, and unapproachable, alone seems suitable to his fame. We cannot imagine him as a man beat back by daily opposition, impeded by the follies of the vulgar, checked and stung by the reptiles of society; and the act which revealed a second world likens itself in our thought to the simplicity and singleness of a creation.

But alas! this bold, imposing, and right-onward course, this unity and distinctness of action, can scarcely exist among men but in some false and melo-dramatic appearance. To struggle and agonize, to win a little way by much exertion, to be attended in our completest triumphs by the shame of some particular failure, or to be cut off in the midst of hopes brighter than any we have realized, is the fate of humanity. In Columbus we do not discover one great inspiration displaying itself in action as soon as attained, and leaving to him whom it favoured, nothing for the future but to die in its renown. He does not delineate himself in history with a few vague shadowy lines, in which none

the half tints and finer lineaments of man can be discerned. But we see him throughout made up of much greatness and some weakness, encompassed with obstructions so petty that one would wish him to blow them away like cobwebs, yet so strong that giant as he was he frequently could not escape from them; often baffled and sometimes irritated by the despicable; and such, that his effigy ought to be moulded by the historian in gold, not virgin, but tormented into purity by the furnace.

We trace him with more than the interest which follows a hero of romance through the doubtful and adventurous years of his earlier life. There is a meditative curiosity which yearns to discover in what obscure and silent conjuncture of his vigorous manhood the idea of the world's completion by his means first dawned over his imagination: we can only know that his mind was built up into its strength amid the incessant affairs of Mediterranean commerce and war, by experience gathered for a vile price, and at the risk of life, by knowledge slowly and dispersedly collected, and above all by faith the master-principle, not to be learned from without, but drawing the life and strength and loveliness of all things to its own high inward service. With how many strange doubts and misgivings, and momentary temptations of a magical fancy, and recurring terrors at the very rashness of his own conception must this great man have contended, whether in his narrow chamber, or on the unsteady deck of some paltry bark, guided between Spain and Italy, with a crew of a half-score men, by him who was first to break the gates of the Atlantic. Image him in his little cabin studying by the flickering light of a solitary lamp, and to the sound of the winds and waters, the marvellous descriptions of Marco Polo, or the more pregnant pages of Scripture, in which with tremulous yet confident expectation, he taught himself to read the memorable prophecies of his own enterprises, and evidences of his special selection. Image the poor adventurer, the son of the Genoese wool-comber, and a sailor since his early boyhood, wrestling for the sense of some dark saying which he wanted learning to interpret, and finding its significance come gradually glimmering, as it were, out of the page at the call of his earnest reliance; conceive him weighing, hesitating, trembling, turning to the stars an eye of hope, repeating a hasty supplication to the saints, reviewing in his thoughts the large and mixed array of testimonies on which he had employed years in building up his trust, resting at last with secure triumph in the certainty which God had given him, till again he turned away with terror to consider the inadequacy of his means for the fulfilment of his mission: thus by the effort of an honest imagination let us paint Columbus, and we shall help ourselves to think what and how great he was.

The wondrous magic-lantern of history shows him to us a poor wayfarer, accompanied by his son, and appearing on foot at the gate of a monastery to implore bread for his boy. The tall and majestic pauper, with his ruddy cheek tinged by years and hardship, and bright hair so early turned to snow, must have presented a singular portrait of freshness and courage, battered, but not overthrown by misfortune. There was a spirit in his clear grey eye which while he discoursed to the Prior of Santa Maria de Rabida, on his designs and convictions, would indicate that he had in himself that union of the heroic and saintly character required for so perilous an enterprise. And probably he who heard Columbus speak with the honest and earnest simplicity through all his life so peculiarly belonging to him, must have perceived a power in his words that softened the contrast, so strange to us, between the condition of the solitary beggar, and the vastness of the thought which he announced.

O! immeasurable scope of human genius! O! mighty strength of trust in God! O! miserable inequality of earthly fortunes! O! mysterious complication of mortal power and weakness! how wonderfully are they all displayed in the story of Columbus! And how much of faith in the sincere and humble workings of the mind may we certainly

derive from the contemplation of this minister of Providence a mendicant at Palos; in his frail skiff the discoverer of the largest of the world's continents; at Barceloua received by kings, with more than the honours of a triumphant consul; then brought in chains from his own new world; and at last on a neglected bed of pain and death, carrying with him amid his heavenly hopes, the consciousness of how noble a deed his life had accomplished, and leaving to mankind the inheritance of America, and the memory of another pure and creative mind.

A LAMENT

WHERE is the light of many a summer day,
Where is the bloom of many a fresh spring flower,
Where be the beams which with such joy did play,
In every drop yon feathery fountains shower?
Where be the songs of birds beneath the spray?
Oh, where all lovely forms faded from earth away!
Would I could cease to shed
These unavailing tears and be as they!
Too well I know whither ye have fled,
Sweet friends! Hast thou not charioted,
Oh Death, all that I loved to its eternal bed!
Thou hast, thou cruel Death! O most unkind,
To take my sweet friends hence, and leave my heart behind!

THE COQUETTE.

WHAT is she worth, who bendeth back her head
To whispering tongues, when her mute lover's nigh;
Joying to mark the feverish, flushing red
Of jealous rage into his features fly?
Who, hasty despot, useth tyranny
Before those chains be riveted, which bind
For ever to her yoke; what cruel eye,
What hard heart weareth she, what wanton mind
To torture him the beautiful, the true, the kind!
Hath she the bosom which should proudly be
A pillow to his head, when vex'd with care
His weary spirit from the world shall flee,
And look to find a world of comfort there?
Oh! think it not: for rather she, than share
The heavy burden that weighs down his soul,
Shall heap it with her taunts; her words shall tear
The last sigh from his heart; her fierce control
Make the unpitied tear-drops down his bosom roll.
Oh! fly from her, the tyrannous, the strong,
The cunning, the hard-hearted; mate not there!
The honey of her looks shall dry up long
Before their flow'ry blossoms faded are:
The tangles of her soft and silk-like hair
Anger shall turn to grey long ere her prime;
And, when the temple is no longer fair,
Its inmate devil shall win strength from time,
And gather mightier pow'r for cruelty and crime.

D. R.

MILTON'S 'DOCTRINE AND DISCIPLINE OF DIVORCE.'

SIR,—I think the essay upon Milton, in your 'Athenæum' of the week before last, has filled up a yawning chasm in our literature, which, from the failure of previous attempts I had feared would never be closed. Dr. Channing threw into it a great quantity of earth with some rich ore; but there is a certain binding quality which one never finds in the best American soils, and the want of it was proved in this instance. The author of the very elaborate article which appeared in 'The Edinburgh Review,' a few years ago, acted Curtius very valiantly; but then it was not Mr. Macaulay who was wanted to make the ground unite, but Milton. Your contributor has thoroughly understood the difference, and, so far as I may be permitted to judge, from the faint outline of Milton's features, which has dwelt for some years in my imagination, he has brought the living man most completely and admirably before our eyes.

I was particularly obliged to him for not wasting his own time and his readers' in making categorical answers to the different charges against the character of Milton. All the former biographers of the poet have been exceedingly tiresome upon this point, and, what is still worse, very unsuccessful: and well they might be; for, till we have some idea of Milton's character, how is it possible that we can have the most distant notion whether any actions of his life were glorious illustrations of it, or shameful inconsistencies? It is very well to expose the lies, the broad, palpable, probably wilful, lies in Dr. Johnson's biography; but further than this, no wise defender of Milton will go, till he has satisfied himself of many points which neither Dr. Johnson's biography, nor any other, will ever teach him. When Dr. Johnson says of any thing which Milton really did, 'this is wrong;' and when Mr. Simmons answers, 'No; it is right,' who cares for Dr. Johnson or Mr. Simmons? All the one means to say is, 'In similar circumstances, I would have done differently;' all the other means is, 'In similar circumstances, I would have done the same.' And who are you? The friend of Mr. Boswell; and a gentleman who has taken priest's orders in the English church. Both were, no doubt, extremely good judges of the conduct which befitted them in the different emergencies of their lives; but as neither of them happened to be Milton, neither of them could exactly deduce from that knowledge what conduct was proper for him. That we can only tell when we have learned who Milton is; and that learning, as your contributor has discovered, one person only can teach—Milton himself.

Now, however, that so much (in my opinion) has been done to remove our ignorance upon this subject, we are in better condition to examine those few objections which have, from time to time, been raised against this transcendent character. Most of them are very trivial; not one ever left an injurious impression upon any earnest and simple reader of his works; but still they annoy the minds of the weaker brethren, and they are vexatious instruments in the hands of the foolish and the evil-minded. If you will allow me a column in your paper, I will just examine one of them, perhaps the only one, (as Montesquieu's remarks upon the duty of taking office in a republic, are a sufficient defence of the Latin secretaryship,) which materially affects the estimation in which he is held at the present day. I presume those who read this letter to have also read the essay, as only by the light it has afforded me, shall I be able to expose the hollowness of the charge to which I allude.

Milton married a wife; Milton and his wife disagreed; Milton wrote a book in which it was maintained, that other offences, besides adultery, were legitimate reasons for divorce. This is the narrative expressed in the way which is the least favourable to the accused party. The argument grounded upon it is,—that Milton was anxious to be emancipated from his wife; that, to accomplish this purpose, he was willing that other men should enjoy equal liberty; that, in order to secure their enjoyment of it and his own, he made war upon a sacred institution, and wrested scripture to his ends; and that, since he was prompted in this one instance by selfish motives, and since it is evident from all his works that he connected this kind of freedom with all the other kinds for which he pleaded, there is at least a suspicion that he was similarly influenced in every case.

What is my answer to this charge. That Milton was not influenced by his own domestic circumstances in forming his opinions respecting divorce? No, sir! that he *was* influenced by them,—that they added immense weight to all his arguments,—that they furnished him with a new argument,—and that herein we find one of the most striking, the most beautiful, the most consistent manifestations of his character. Before any one reads further in this letter, I request him to take down from his shelves the volume of Milton's works which contains 'The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce;'—I fear it will require first to be dusted,—and that done, let him

open it at random, and read any chapter he pleases in it. What does he find the most obvious peculiarity of the book? Is it not the absence of all arguments drawn from policy and convenience? This, which is the invulnerable side of those who defend the present law, is scarcely assailed; wherever chance brings him into contact with it, he turns away hastily and impatiently, and he withdraws all his force to those high grounds of the controversy—the alleged proofs against unlimited divorce, from reason and scripture. So far, it will be admitted, the book is perfectly Miltonic; it has that which your contributor has so well painted as the sure mark of all his writings—uselessness as a political treatise, because inapplicable to society as it is; harmlessness as a work against existing institutions, because it attacks them upon principles perfectly inaccessible to the vulgar,—yet is it most useful, most inspiring, most sublime, as revealing to us ‘that soul that was as a star and dwelt apart,’ in a region which all must strive to reach, and most by those helps which he discarded. So much for the negative characteristic of the treatise. What is its positive? What is the main pillar of his faith upon this subject—a pillar of which he makes those very passages in scripture that are brought to undermine it the friezes and capitals? Is it not this, that marriage, in the majority of instances, does not fulfil the conditions which are implied in it when it is spoken of as a spiritual union—a joining of hearts, the type, as St. Paul expresses it, of a high mystery, and, as such, partaking the character of that which it typifies; and, consequently, that all the phrases in Christ’s discourse, which declare that man must not put asunder that which God has joined together, are profanely applied to those alliances, which, not God, but convention, has created. Now the charge against Milton is, that he did not agree with his own wife;—that, therefore, he wished to alter the law of divorce.—that, therefore, he was a self-interested hypocrite. Was he indeed? BECAUSE he had experience that marriage was not always an union of hearts; that God did not always bind when the priest bound; that it would in similar cases be an act of blasphemy to suppose marriage, that high mystery, which the Apostle speaks of;—THEREFORE he was wrong to declare this opinion! Because the fact was demonstrated to his feelings, he was to doubt it; BECAUSE the evidence was irresistible, it was not to be produced! To every man who looks this question in the face, instead of in the tail, which is the way in which a great many very sage persons look at all questions, he must see more clearly than daylight that Milton’s arguments on this subject, though they prove nothing against the wisdom of permanent marriages, prove most decidedly that his opinion originated in a most deep and solemn reverence for the scripture, (the words of which, in his mind, had that rare addition of a meaning,) and a reverence not less deep and solemn for this ordinance; both of which feelings derived strength and confirmation from the unfortunate circumstances of his life; which, if he had been a less glorious and heavenly-minded being than he was, would have weakened or destroyed them.

But there may be some person whose malice-begotten idiocy has reached such an intolerable pitch, that he will inquire why Milton should have chosen this kind of argument, from reason and scripture, rather than the one from policy, in using which his experience would have been nothing worth. Why did he not? Why did he not write the *Queerist’s* last contribution to the ‘*Lady’s Magazine*,’ or ‘*The Westminster Review*,’ instead of ‘*Paradise Lost*?’ Why was he not a sneering, snarling, pugnosed puppy of the nineteenth century? Because he was John Milton, to be sure: what other reason would you have? If he had placed the hinging point of his doctrine of divorce in the inconvenience of the existing law, that treatise would have stood in desolate singleness among his works, unlike any thing that his mind ever created, or his pen wrote, a strange mysterious anomaly, which might have given reasonable colour for the explanation, now as unnecessary and ridiculous as it is calumnious,—that

it was prompted by some motive different from any that ever actuated him before or since, and, consequently, a worldly one.

Every child knows by what device wolves were extirpated out of this kingdom. A new, loathsome, and obscene race of creatures has since been generated in the land, by various crosses between hyæna and cur, and public decency calls loud for their instant destruction. It is impossible not to know them by their horrid yelp, and by the assiduity with which they snap at every war horse that will not condescend to kick them. To the perpetual biting of these brutes, the wound upon Milton’s heel, which I have been treating in this letter, is owing. But, I repeat it, the whole tribe, with all its bastard varieties, and whether its delight be in the blood of the living or the dead, must be put down. If it cannot be extinguished after Ethelwolf’s fashion, by a government premium upon heads, much may be done by individual enterprise. Each of you, good readers, occasionally meets some one of the breed at dinner tables, and let him feel it a matter of solemn conscience not to rise from that table till the creature is crushed. He will begin to wag his tail at dinner, fix your eyes upon him then, and swear that he shall not leave the room with one whole limb. None know, till they have tried, what their powers may effect in this way; and it is no act of high self-denial that I am enjoining; it is the most delightful exercise which the human limbs can practice. There is no sensation on earth like the certainty that you have the knife upon his carotid artery; there is no music in nature like the agonised howl with which he expires. The murderer feels himself at that moment within the scope of the Psalmist’s benediction. ‘Blessed is he that shall dash their heads against the stones.’

I was delighted, sir, with that part of your contributor’s paper in which he spoke of the use that is made of Milton’s name by the boy jacobins of the day. I wish some of those persons would have the goodness to inform me in what portion of Milton they claim an inheritance. In his arguments? Let them tell which they have ever used, or would ever think of using, to prop any opinion of theirs. How could they? Their calculations are avowedly made upon the meridian of a society infinitely below any which has ever existed in the world; it is their boast that they provide against possibilities of depravity which human nature has never sounded; his belong to a state of perfection which a less imagination than his can scarcely conceive of. Their republic is a dunghheap compared to which that of Romulus was a fragrant garden; his republic is one, compared with which that of Plato was an earthly dream; they suppose man to be exhausted of every attribute which is not beastly; he supposes him to be purged of every inclination which is not godlike. If the reasonings of the one will sustain the conclusions of the other, then might Circe’s hogs reasonably frame their notion of a polity for their sty, out of the intimations which their wiser companion had received from Pallas respecting the hierarchy of Olympus. But, perhaps, it is not the arguments of Milton on which they rely, but his spirit! Oh, no doubt, that is vastly congenial! No doubt, his feelings respecting ecclesiastical government, for instance, and the evil of an established church, are exactly accordant with those which they entertain. How I should like to see them, side by side, expressed in the words which burst most naturally from the soul of each. There we should have a column of calculations to prove that religion could be done some thousands of pounds per annum cheaper in France and America than it is in England; here a magnificent philippic against some Simon Magus among the prelatists, who fancied that the gift of God could be purchased for money; there a fierce abuse of the clergy, for basing morality upon the unintelligible groundwork of duty, instead of upon the plain, straight-forward principle of self-interest; here an awful arraignment of them before the tribunal of heaven for giving the weak ethics place, where they should present only the sublime motives of religion; there an apostrophe to

the salaried genius of the Constituent Assembly, to take the English church under its guardianship; here a prayer that the prince of all the kings of the earth would come forth out of his bridal chamber, and put on the robes of his visible majesty. But is not our mode of talking vastly superior to his? Does it not indicate what a stride the country has taken in the last one hundred and eighty years? Who denies it? But why then claim Milton? Of course you are far more enlightened than he was, and, therefore, it is that I wonder you should care for such an insignificant ally; that you should suffer yourselves to be disgraced by the co-operation of a person so utterly your inferior. The truth is, you are under a delusion; you had merely heard of Milton, and were perfectly ignorant who and what he was. Now you are wiser. I am sure you will be hasty to disclaim him; eager to admit that, however he may have seemed to resemble you in some faint particulars of your greatness, no living man had ever less real pretension to the honour of your patronage; finally, most glad that he should take his station among the vulgar supporters of those worthless truths, which, instead of being struck in the mint of the nineteenth century, have been in wear since the first day of creation, when they came forth with the image of God stamped by his own hand upon them.—I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

X.

FINE ARTS.

Portraits and Memoirs of the most illustrious Personages of British History. By Edmund Lodge, Esq. Norroy King of Arms. F. S. A. Fourth Edition, with an entirely new set of Plates and sixty additional Subjects, completing the work to the present Period. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. London. 1829. Harding and Lepard.

ON occasion of the opening of the Exhibition of the Drawings made for this undertaking, we expressed a very favourable opinion on the nature of the publication, and our cordial concurrence in the general approbation with which it has been received by the public; yet now that the first numbers of the new edition come before us, we are tempted to return to the subject, and to add, that the work, in its present form, appears to us one of the best adapted, as well as one of the most extensive, applications of the art of engraving ever devised.

The possession of a gallery containing the portraits of British worthies must be an object of almost universal desire; and we cannot imagine a more appropriate mode of fitting up a library, than by hanging its walls with these engraved resemblances of the personages whose exploits and character form the history of our country, and the subject of our studies. The interest excited by such a collection must have been felt by all who visited the exhibition of the drawings; and that interest may now be transferred to the house of every private gentleman throughout the country; for it can be little, if at all diminished by the exchange of painted for engraved likenesses, since it is intrinsic in the individuals represented, and is wholly independent of the material in which the resemblance is executed.

The features, air, and character, and perhaps the costume of the personages, (and it is for these that we seek and not for the work of art) or a specimen of excellence from the pencil of a particular master, can be preserved as well in an engraving as in a drawing of equal dimensions; and few will complain, on turning to the plates in these numbers, that the drawings from whence they are taken have not been done justice to.

The engravings, in short, are excellent specimens of the art, and deserve our warmest commendation. What, for instance, can be more clearly and beautifully executed than the portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, which forms the first in the collection here presented? What could be more lovely, were it not for a little of the Holbein starchiness, (and yet who would desire

the absence of the starchiness so characteristic of the state of art in that age?) than the portrait of Queen Anne Bullen? Nor is the likeness of the unfortunate Earl of Stafford, after Vandyke, the least interesting in the three parts now before us. The head, above all, is remarkable for its expression of life and powerful character. The other portraits are the Countess of Sunderland, after a splendid Vandyke; Wolsey, and Cranmer, the former after Holbein, the latter after Gerbicus Flicciis. The Lord Burghley, by Mark Gerard; and Sir Walter Raleigh, by Zuccherro are, both mannered portraits, but are both excellently engraved. The former is especially brilliant. There is no false pretension nor charlatanism, in fact, in this publication: it is worthy of the country and of the great names it illustrates; and it is a work in short which, as it well deserves to have done, has already become classical.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

Venit summa dies! Mademoiselle Sontag has enraptured us for the last time! She took her farewell of an English audience on Saturday night, after a representation of the opera of *Otello*, having added to her laurels by a quick succession of very varied and talented performances, the two final ones of the train being those which we have now to notice.

On Thursday she appeared in the character of Zerlina, in 'Don Giovanni,' Mademoiselle Blais being her substitute in that of Donna Anna, and Mademoiselle Monticelli having reached the rank of Donna Elvira. These changes, we regret to say, have been rendered necessary by the continued indisposition of Madame Malibran, a circumstance, for which we cannot be consoled by those novelties to which it has thus given rise. For the most part, the opera has lost much of its effect by the transposition of the *personaggi*. Mademoiselle Blais sank rather below the average of her merit, and failed to throw either brilliancy or interest into the character now assigned to her. And witnessing this failure, we could not help recollecting the great comparative beauty of the performance, both last year, (when Mademoiselle Sontag supported Mad. Malibran in the principal part,) and in the former representations of our present season. Neither does Mademoiselle Monticelli at all improve upon acquaintance. Indeed, it surprises us that upon her first début in England, there ever could have existed that lenient, and almost favourable impression of her qualifications which tempted an audience to sit out the opera of 'La Donna del Lago,' with so lamentable a representative of the heroine. Her gait and action are the most ungainly we know; her voice is feeble than ever; and she has not even the skill to disguise its incapacity, or omit the passages which are beyond its power. Though not so good a singer, Graziani is a far more lively and judicious actor than Porto; and his figure, costume, and general bearing through his part of Masetto, had an appropriateness that was certainly an improvement upon former times. Signor Donzelli, the hero of the play, perhaps fails to give his character the prominence which, in most cases, is sure to attend him; but if this be so, he at the same time avoids many of the blemishes which disfigure his execution of Rossini's music; his terrible fondness for andantes, his invariable *sostenuto*, which operates like a clog in the wheel of the music, while the fullness of his voice extinguishes those of his neighbours. There was much curiosity to see Mademoiselle Sontag in her new character. The rustic simplicity and gaiety of Zerlina seemed well adapted to her powers of personation, and a feeling of retributive justice was pleased to have an opportunity of compensating to her in this part, for the want of interest which seems incidental to that of Donna Anna. Accordingly, she encountered a welcome more hearty than ever greeted her before. From first to

last she was the object of all applause. No one could contest it with her; for the feeling of the house was evidently borne along in one direction, and would not deviate for the sake of any but herself. Upon her *entrata*, the duet with Masetto, 'Giovinette che fate all' amore,' was encored, of course, and deservedly, for her animation was beyond herself, and the liquid flow of her singing had never been surpassed. The next duet, that with Don Giovanni, 'La, ci darem la mano,' was also encored; perhaps from habit, or the *furore* of the night, for the performance of it was vitiated by some misplaced embellishments, and a cadence that had no fellowship with Mozart. Then came the beautiful air, 'Batti, batti, o bell Masetto,' the first movement of which was executed with as much tenderness as the concluding allegro displayed playfulness and spirit. This was also encored. Lastly, the cavatina, 'Vedrai Carino,' as beautiful as any, and as sweetly executed;—did not this also receive the same compliment? Never, certainly, was there a stronger body of votaries to the lady's cause, more zealous to show their adoration, and more uniform in their method of proof. The immense theatre, not more fully crammed in the height of the season, had scarcely one dissentient or callous auditor in all its crowd. Had their idol selected this for her last performance, we believe that the extent of their sympathy and enthusiasm would have been shown by acts of absolute puerility. As it was, the part of Desdemona did not so strongly awaken their sensibilities, or, as we suspect, the audience on the latter occasion was one of a different and more phlegmatic temperament.

Strange to say, the house on Saturday evening was not crammed to suffocation. Perhaps the town had thinned in the intermediate time, or had grown philosophical and loved analogies, so that it was led to believe there would be another 'last night of Mademoiselle Sontag's performance,' because such had been the case in the year 1828. But this was not all. The temper of the audience was cold, and never betrayed into one burst of admiration throughout the evening, if we except that at the close of the opera itself. Perhaps the very character of Desdemona prohibits the casual and isolated expressions of applause, which are too frequently taken as the tests of a performer's merits. The music, as well as the dramatic interest of the part, is too continuous and unbroken, to leave room for halting places where one may stop and gaze around, and say, 'this is good:' or, though we deny the fact, it may be, that Mademoiselle Sontag's representation of the character is not a favorite with the public. Another possible cause of the absence of much fervor, on the part of the audience, may have been their discontent at the compression of the opera for the sake of brevity, by which means some of the most beautiful portions, especially the first appearance of Desdemona, and the air 'Oh! quante lagrime,' were squeezed out. The conclusion of the opera suffered terribly by the same process. Every thing after the murder of Desdemona is lopped off, and this amputation both deprives us of some beautiful music, and serves to terminate the drama at a point of too intense interest,—when the emotions require some restorative, some sequel, to recal them to their ordinary degree of calmness. De mortuis nil, &c. But for this impulse, we should be tempted to quarrel with Mademoiselle Sontag for one or two peculiarities in the course of the performance. But she is no more to come under our animadversion—whether to praise or to censure. She has left us for this season, and it is understood that before the opening of another operatic year, she will have deserted the stage for ever. It can serve no end, therefore, whether preventive or remedial, now to note down the inaccuracies and imperfections, which, to the feeble and ignorant judgment of such as we are, have appeared hitherto worthy of notoriety, more perhaps from captiousness or ostentation, or mere error, than with much justice or necessity. Surely, too, it is well to preserve, as

pleasing as possible a remembrance of these sources of our enjoyment, undefiled by the tiny blots and blemishes which it might be in our power to recal. And therefore, we will say no more of this final display of Mademoiselle Sontag's talents, except inasmuch as it gives us an opportunity and excuse for adding our good wishes to those of the thousands who, on that occasion, testified them upon her departure with acclamations which affected her to tears. The history of this most gifted lady will form a singular fragment in the annals of music. Her personal character and situation, the suddenness and universality, and, sorry are we to add, the short life of her public renown, will separate her from the crowd of her predecessors, not one of whom had excited such individual sympathy, or had raised herself to the highest pinnacle of fame, with such modesty of deportment; or had retired from it, in the midst of popular favour, with a spirit so uncorrupted, a memory so respected. A bright brief meteor,—her radiance will long live after her. We did not think to be seduced into these expressions of our feeling with respect to Mademoiselle Sontag, and our loss for the future; but they are written, and so let them go. We must add to them our conviction that the stage is now deprived of one who was its most signal benefactress; for she not only threw around it the lustre of her professional attractions, but also carried with her a purity and delicacy, and gentleness, which went far to disperse the grossness that every where walks upon it. We do not think it equivocal or invaluable praise, when we allege that Mademoiselle Sontag was the most lady-like of all the *artistes* we have known. It will be well if the influence of her amiable disposition shall last as long as the recollection of her accomplishments. Most sincerely do we wish her, in her retirement from a professional life, all the happiness and prosperity she deserves, if for no other cause than as a return for the pleasure she has so abundantly promoted of half the civilized world.

COLLECTION OF MINERALS AT THE WESTERN EXCHANGE.

AN invitation to the view of a model of York Minster has made us acquainted with the interesting collection of natural history, minerals, and fossils of Mr. Walker, in the Western Exchange. This we deem well worthy of a visit by all, but especially by those who have a turn for the study and observation of the curiosities of nature, and who delight in contemplating 'those, her grand movements, which mark the revolutions of the globe.' Mr. Walker's collection is extensive and curious, and comprises several very rare and valuable specimens, which it would be going beyond our province to enumerate; from among them, however, we may be excused for selecting for notice a few articles which seem most calculated to attract popular attention. Such are, of the animal kind, a Guana stuffed, and a large Diodon or Sea-Orb; of the mineral class of curiosities is an immense jasper from the island of Antigua; of the fossil kind, and in these the principal value and interest of the collection consist, are the forehead of an elk or deer, a horn of a similar animal, a fossil palm and root of an aloe, also from Antigua; and several other very curious fossils, formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Parkinson, and collected from the mines and quarries of Great Britain. Besides these, the specimens of amber from Mozambique, containing insects, well preserved under very singular circumstances, also form very interesting objects of observation.

The rare work of illustrations of antediluvian phytozoology by Mr. Tyrrell Artis, from the fossil remains of plants peculiar to the coal-formations of Great Britain, which Mr. Walker possesses, and in which descriptions are to be found of several of his own specimens, gives an additional interest to this exhibition.

As to the model of the York Minster, and the base-

relief in silk of the needle-work illustrative of the Revelations, and which is said, with every appearance of probability, to be of the age of Queen Elizabeth, we shall content ourselves with indicating their existence, and with adding that the former has been much commended, both by 'The Times' and 'Literary Gazette.'

NEW MUSIC.

'*Mélange*,' or *Favourite Airs from Gluck's Operas*, arranged for the *Piano-forte*, and dedicated to Miss Tatton, of Wiltenshaw, Cheshire, by J. B. Cramer. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

A *CLEVER*, well arranged sonata in C, exhibiting Gluck's most favourite motives to advantage, in Cramer's peculiar, chaste, and sensible style. A short Introductory *Vivace Spiritoso*, is followed by an *Allegro* and *Cadenza*, prelude to the favourite minuet in *Iphigenie*, so well known by the auditors of the ancient concerts. This movement is well amplified and varied into three pages. After which, an *Allegretto* (in F 3-8 time) from *Armide*; a *March* (in B flat) from *Orfeo*, modulates again into the key of C, for the *Allegretto Scherzando*, con *legerezza*, forming a *Rondo* finale of four pages, the theme of which is selected from *Iphigenie*. The melodies are well chosen and adapted, and the whole piece does not require a very practised performer to execute it; thus will it be found of general utility.

'*Sweet Evening Star*,' in Answer to *Barnet's celebrated Song*, 'Rise Gentle Moon,' sung by Miss Love, composed by Joseph Hart. Mahew and Lee.

So positive a parody, as to leave originality out of the question. An easy, pleasing, and trifling bagatelle, requiring a voice of only nine notes, including the E on the first, and F on the fifth lines.

Select Melodies of various Nations, arranged with Embellishments for the Flute, with Accompaniments (ad lib.) for the Piano Forte, by Raphael Dressler. No. I. Cocks and Co.

ALTHOUGH we have had opportunities of reviewing a large number of Dressler's publications for the flute, in the 'Athenæum,' we have not before met with a more useful and pleasing work for the amateur flautist than that before us. Twelve interesting scraps, each occupying a page, form the work, of which the following is a brief catalogue,—viz. 1. A French Air, (formed upon the melody known as 'O no we never mention her,'). 2. *Rode's* celebrated Air, sung by Catalani and Sontag. 3. A familiar Swiss melody. 4. *Mayseder's* popular Air, op. 40, as performed by De Beriot. 5. 'La Suisse au bord du lac.' 6. 'We're a' noddin.' 7. *Mozart's* menuet, in *Don Giovanni*. 8. 'Buona notte,' a Venetian Air. 9. The hermit's Song, in *Weber's Der Freyschutz*. 10. 'Come Dolce,' from *Rossini's Tancredi*. 11. 'For tenderness formed.' And 12. The *Andante* movement, from *Haydn's* No. I. of his twelve grand Symphonies.

The whole is neatly and correctly engraved, and stitched in a wrapper, for 3s.!

The celebrated *Bohemian Melody*, 'Day Break,' as sung with the greatest success at the *Argyll Rooms*, by the *Bohemian Brothers*: arranged as a *Rondo* for the *Piano Forte*, and dedicated to Miss M. Blake (of *Athboy*), by T. A. Rawlings. Published by T. Welsh, at the Harmonic Institution.

THIS is the old German tune, to which *Kalkbrenner* put very ingenious and pleasing variations, and which *F. Griesbach* used to play as the theme of a rondo to one of his Oboe Concertos, but now revived by Mr. Welsh, for his *Bohemian Brothers*. Rawlings has offered a spirited Introduction to it (in B flat 3-4 time) and adapted three lively variations after it. Thus the title is a misnomer, the publication being an *Air varied*, and not a *Rondo*. It presents a gay, playful, and rather easy piece, well adapted for the *Piano Forte*, and those who teach upon it.

MISCELLANIES.

HANOVERIAN AND DANISH SYSTEM OF QUARTERING CAVALRY.—A recent German work gives the following account of the curious primitive mode of quartering the cavalry which prevails in his Majesty's Hanoverian dominions. In time of peace the actual service falls lightly, some regiments having five months, others three months' service in the year, leaving them, in the one case, seven, in the other nine months' furlough. During the season of exercise, the horsemen assemble first in thirds of companies, then by squadrons, and lastly, by regiments; during the rest of the year there is no assembling, except in extraordinary cases, and the only service performed is that of the guard to the staff. During this time they are cantoned so widely that generally there are not two cavalry men in the same village; while the half, or two-thirds, of the men are at their homes, on leave, with their horses. A single regiment in cantonment will thus occupy a space of one hundred square miles. The men in the villages are billeted on the householders, and each has a right to demand of his landlord, first, an airy bedroom, furnished with a bed, table, two chairs, and a shelf; and a seat by the fire, and near the candle of his host; a stall for his horse, and a place to hang his accoutrements; for his food he may enter into an agreement with his landlord, and this arrangement is the more easily made since the soldier may serve the landlord in all that does not interfere with the public service. If the two parties cannot agree to terms, the soldier is obliged to provide for himself; but, in that case, the host is required to furnish him with salt, pepper, and vinegar, and the use of the ordinary utensils. The soldier is required to do his cooking at the same time as his host, and to provide his own beverage; he is to be allowed dry forage, consisting of ten pounds of hay, and five pounds of straw for litter, the landlord to have the dung. The inconveniences of this dispersion of the cavalry in Hanover are less felt than they might be elsewhere, from the peculiar circumstances of the country, in which the education of the horses is carried to great perfection, and where the esteem in which the animals are held, and the knowledge necessary in the care of them, is very great and widely diffused. The cavalry service is, in fact, very popular, and the sons of rich peasants engage in it voluntarily, in the fear that the conscription might send them to the infantry. It may easily be conceived also, that the cavalry man, with his horse, is not the most insignificant person in the village, and if he will consent to work for his host, he is well paid. The cavalry man on furlough, on returning with his horse in good condition, is allowed a sum per month adequate to the payment for grass for the animal. The service of the Hanoverian cavalry men is generally of ten years' duration. A similar arrangement is adopted in the distribution of the Danish cavalry, and in the Swedish also; but in the latter, the dispersion is still wider, in consequence of the greater distance between inhabited places.

SCIENTIFIC JOURNEY TO MOUNT ARARAT.—Dr. Frederick Parrot, of the University of Dorpat, is about to undertake, and by this time probably has commenced a scientific journey to the Ararat, accompanied by an astronomer, a mineralogist, a zoologist, and a botanist, and by several students of the university, who pay their own expenses. The Emperor of Russia, when made acquainted with this intention, gave orders to despatch a chasseur, to be in constant attendance on the travellers during the expedition: and he moreover ordered a proper pocket chronometer, from the Imperial Institute of St. Petersburg, to be sent after them.

REMARKABLE CONSEQUENCES OF A FALL.—Doctor Stegman, in a work entitled 'Medical Observations,' mentions the following curious effects produced by a fall, a case in which he was himself the sufferer. He fell from an inconsiderable height on the floor. The force of the blow affected principally the major trochanter of the right thigh, but there was neither fracture nor dislocation; not-

withstanding this, at the end of seven months he could not move without crutches. Immediately after his fall, he felt a remarkable aversion for several kinds of food, of which he had before been fond, especially sugar, milk, and wine; other things on the contrary, which had been disagreeable to him before, as beer, &c. became palatable. The author attributed these effects to a concussion of the spinal marrow, occasioned by the fall.

ROYAL PRESENTS TO GERMAN AUTHORS.—Herr von Schlegel, the author of the Ecclesiastical History of Northern Germany and the Hanoverian States, has been honoured with a gold snuff-box from the King of England and Hanover, in token of his Majesty's approbation of that work: and Herr Düring of Frankfort has been presented with a beautifully worked gold cup, from the Duchess of Clarence, as an acknowledgment of the pleasure received by her Royal Highness from his last novel 'Sonnenberg.'

GERMAN TRANSLATION OF LINGARD.—Lingard's History of England has been translated into German by the Baron von Salis, and published in ten volumes at Frankfort.

THE FRENCH ARMY.—Proportions of various callings in every one hundred of the contingent for 1827:—Men employed in works in wood 7; in iron 4; in leather 3; in stone, including miners 4; agricultural labourers 48; writers or shopmen 2; tailors 2; boatmen and sailors 2; other callings 23; persons without profession living on their means 5. The proportions of the three preceding years offer nearly the same results. The average of the various stature in every hundred, in the examinations of 1826, proved as follows:—between 570 and 651 millimètres* 37; between 652 and 678, 19; between 679 and 703, 17; between 706 and 733, 12; between 734 and 767, 12; 788 and above, 3.

* Millimètre 0.03937 in.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

'*The Golden Lyre*; or, Specimens of the Poets of England, France, Germany, and Italy,' is to be published again this year, by Mr. Hans.

A volume of Autobiography, by Sir James Turner, the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's Captain Dalrymple, is preparing by the Bannatyne Club. The Memoirs extend from 1633 to 1670, comprising a full narration of the Insurrection in Scotland in 1666. A few copies will be printed for sale.

A Map of England and Wales, upon a new plan, in which numerals and letters are substituted for the names of places and rivers, the former being used to denote the places, while the latter designate the rivers. With an Explanatory Key. To be published by Messrs. Dymond and Dawson, of Exeter.

'*The Heraldry of Crests*,' 18mo., containing 3500 Crests, from Engravings by the late J. P. Elven; with the bearer's names alphabetically arranged, and remarks, historical and explanatory; forming a companion to 'Clarke's Easy Introduction to the Study of Heraldry.'

The author of 'The Revolt of the Bees' is about to publish 'Hamden in the Nineteenth Century, or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvements of Society.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

July.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
	A.M. P.M.	at Noon			
Mon. 20	69 60	29.82	W.	Clear.	Cumulus.
Tues. 21	69 64	30.00	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cirrocum.
Wed. 22	73 78	Stat.	S.W. to N.	Fair, Cl.	Cumulus.
Thur. 23	67 65	Stat.	Var.	Ditto.	Cirrocumulus.
Frid. 24	70 66	30.88	E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat. 25	71 63	29.65	sw to N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 26	56 55	29.75	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.

Mean temp. 66; Mean atmospheric pressure 29.52. Nights fair. Rain, with much lightning and thunder from 1 till half-past 2 on Saturday morning.

Highest temperature at noon, 77°.

Astronomical Observations.

Sun entered Leo on Thursday at 5 h. 1 m. A.M.
Mercury at his greatest elongation on Sunday.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 21° 18' in Leo.
Mars's ditto ditto 10° 9' in Leo.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 5° 28' in Sagitt.
Sun's ditto ditto 8° 9' in Leo.
Length of day 15 h. 36 m. Decreased 36 m. Real night began on Sunday.
Sun's horary motion on Sunday, 2' 23". Logarithmic sum of distance, .006722.

This day is published, with plates, post 8vo., 15s.,
THE JOURNAL of a NATURALIST
 Second edition.
 John Murray, Albemarle-street.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.
NUMBER VIII will appear **NEXT WEEK.**
 30, Soho Square, July 28th.

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.
THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES, ILLUSTRATED BY ANECDOTES, will be published on the 10th of August.

This Part of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge will contain two Portraits, engraved on Steel, of **JOHN HUNTER** and **JAMES FERGUSON.**
 London: Charles Knight, Pall Mall East.

ELLIS'S HISTORICAL LETTERS.
 First and Second Series, with Portraits and Autographs, in 7 vols. crown 8vo. beautifully printed by Davison, Price 4l. 4s. boards.

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 'If antiquaries in the fortunate situation of Mr. Ellis, intrusted with the keeping of Literary and Historical treasures, would, like him, give up to the humbler but important duties of Editors, a portion of the time which they are too fond of devoting entirely to abstruse speculations upon points connected with their favourite pursuits, the world of letters would gain incalculably by their labours. Instead of one man of learning, or a few such men, exhausting their ingenuity upon the materials within their reach, while the rest of the world were excluded from the inquiry, the whole force of the literary community would be brought to bear upon the whole fund of disquisition, and the rich treasures now in a great measure hid from the public eye, would become both accessible to all competent workmen, and, through them, available to the use of mankind at large. The gratitude of the republic of letters is therefore, as it appears to us, eminently due to Mr. Ellis for setting so good an example; and we trust, he will be encouraged by the public in such a manner as may both make him persevere in the same course, and induce others to follow him.'—*Edinburgh Review.*

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